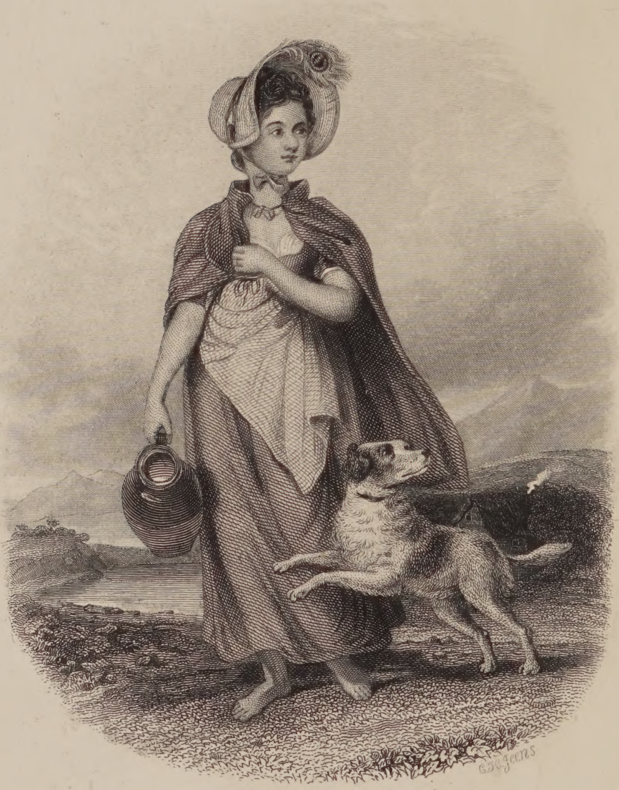
REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.
Archive Collection
This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.



Anne Scott. Sir Walter's Second Daughter.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART

BY

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

Illustrated Library Edition.

NINE VOLUMES IN THREE.

VOLS. VII.-IX.

BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME SEVENTH.

CHAPTER LX.

1824.

PAGE

Publication of Redgauntlet — Death of Lord Byron — Library and Museum — "The Wallace Chair" — House-Painting, &c. — Anecdotes — Letters to Constable, Miss Edgeworth, Terry, Miss Baillie, Lord Montagu, Mr. Southey, Charles Scott, &c. — Speech at the opening of the Edinburgh Academy — Death and Epitaph of Maida — Fires in Edinburgh, ... 9

CHAPTER LXI.

DEC. 29, 1824 — JAN. 10, 1825.

Tales of the Crusaders begun — A Christmas at Abbotsford, in Extracts from the MS. Journal of Captain Basil Hall, R. N. 61

CHAPTER LXII.

1825.

Marriage of Lieutenant Walter Scott — Letter to Lady Davy — Project of Constable's Miscellany — Terry and the Adelphi Theatre — Publication of the Tales of the Crusaders — Preparations for the Life of Buonaparte — Letters to Mr. Terry, Mrs. Walter Scott, &c. — Description of Abbotsford in 1825, . 102

CHAPTER LXIII.

1825.

Excursion to Ireland — Reception in Dublin — Wicklow — Edgeworthstown — Killarney — Cork — Castle Blarney, &c. — Letters

PAGE

from Moore and Canning — Llangollen — Elleray — Storrs — Lowther, ... 148

CHAPTER LXIV.

1825.

Life of Napoleon in progress — Visits of Mr. Moore, Mrs. Coutts, &c. — Commercial Mania and impending Difficulties, . . 193

CHAPTER LXV.

1825.

Sir Walter's Diary begun, November 20, 1825 — Sketches of various Friends — William Clerk — Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe — Lord Abercrombie — The first Earl of Minto — Lord Byron — Henry Mackenzie — Chief Baron Shepherd — Solicitor-General Hope — Thomas Moore — Charles Mathews — Count Davidoff, &c. &c. — Society of Edinburgh — Religious opinions and feelings — Various alarms about the house of Hurst, Robinson, & Company — "Storm blows over" — and Song of Bonny Dundee, written at Christmas, ... 230

CHAPTER LXVI.

JAN. AND FEB. 1826.

Constable in London — Extract from James Ballantyne's Memorandum — Scott's Diary resumed — Progress of Woodstock — Review of Pepys' Diary — Skene, Scrope, Mathews, &c. — Commercial alarms renewed at intervals — Catastrophe of the three houses of Hurst & Robinson, Constable, and Ballantyne, . 276

CHAPTER LXVII.

1826.

Extract from James Ballantyne's Memoranda — Anecdote from Mr. Skene — Letters of January and February 1826, to J. G. Lockhart, Mr. Morritt, and Lady Davy — Result of the embarrassments of Constable, Hurst, and Ballantyne — Resolution of Sir Walter Scott — Malachi Malagrowther, ... 312

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME EIGHTH.

◆

CHAPTER LXVIII.

FEB. AND MARCH 1826.

PAGE

Diary resumed — Anecdote of Culloden — Letter from Mackintosh — Exhibition of Pictures — Modern Painters — Habits of Composition — Glengarry — Advocates' Library — Negotiations with Creditors — First Letter of Malachi Malagrowther — Chronique de Jacques de Lalain — Progress of Woodstock and Buonaparte — Novels by Galt, Miss Austen, and Lady Morgan — Second and third Epistles of Malachi — Departure from Castle Street, ... 9

CHAPTER LXIX.

1826.

Domestic afflictions — Correspondence with Sir Robert Dundas and Mr. Croker on the subject of Malachi Malagrowther, . 44

CHAPTER LXX.

APRIL — MAY 1826.

Diary resumed — Abbotsford in solitude — Death of Sir A. Don — Review of the Life of Kemble, &c. — Conclusion of Woodstock — Death of Lady Scott — Chronicles of the Canongate begun — Letter to Miss Edgeworth, ... 53

CHAPTER LXXI.

JUNE — OCTOBER 1826.

Woodstock — Reception of the Novel — Mrs. Brown's Lodgings —

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME NINE.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

1829.

PAGE

Visit to Clydesdale — John Greenshields, sculptor — Letter to Lord Elgin — The Westport Murders — Execution of Burke — Letter to Miss Edgeworth — Ballantyne's Hypochondria — Roman Catholic Emancipation carried — Edinburgh Petition, &c. — Deaths of Lord Buchan, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Shortreed — Reverend Edward Irving — Anne of Geierstein published — Issue of the "Opus Magnum" begun — Its success — Nervous attack — Hæmorrhages — Reviewals on Ancient Scottish History, and Pitcairn's Trials — Third Series of Tales of a Grandfather, and First Volume of the Scottish History in Lardner's Cyclopædia, published — Death and Epitaph of Thomas Purdie, 9

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

1830.

Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy — Second Volume of the History of Scotland — Paralytic seizure — Letters on Demonology, and Tales on the History of France, begun — Poetry, with Prefaces, published — Reviewal of Southey's Life of Bunyan — Excursions to Culross and Prestonpans — Resignation of the Clerkship of Session — Commission on the Stuart Papers — Offers of a Pension, and of the rank of Privy-Councillor, declined — Death of George IV. — General Election — Speech at Jedburgh — Second paralytic attack — Demonology, and French History, published — Arrival of King Charles X. at Holyrood-House — Letter to Lady Louisa Stuart, . . . 49

PAGE
Edward Cheney — Journey to Frankfort — The Rhine Steamboat — Fatal seizure at Nymwegen — Arrival in London — Jermyn Street — Edinburgh — Abbotsford — Death and Burial 185

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Conclusion 229

Appendix: Chronological List of the Publications of Sir Walter Scott 233
Alphabetical Index 239

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER LX.

Publication of Redgauntlet — Death of Lord Byron — Library and Museum — "The Wallace Chair" — House-Painting, &c. — Anecdotes — Letters to Constable, Miss Edgeworth, Terry, Miss Baillie, Lord Montagu, Mr. Southey, Charles Scott, &c. — Speech at the opening of the Edinburgh Academy — Death and Epitaph of Maida — Fires in Edinburgh.

1824.

IMMEDIATELY on the conclusion of St. Ronan's Well, Sir Walter began the novel of *Redgauntlet;* — but it had made considerable progress at press before Constable and Ballantyne could persuade him to substitute that title for *Herries.* The book was published in June 1824, and was received at the time somewhat coldly, though it has since, I believe, found more justice. The reintroduction of the adventurous hero of 1745, in the dulness and dimness of advancing age, and fortunes hopelessly blighted — and the presenting him — with whose romantic portraiture at an earlier period historical truth had been so admirably blended — as the moving principle of events, not only entirely, but notoriously imaginary — this was a rash experiment, and could not fail to suggest many disagreeable and disadvantageous comparisons; yet, had there been no Waverley, I am persuaded the fallen and faded Ascanius of Redgauntlet would have been universally pronounced a masterpiece. About the secondary personages there could be little ground for controversy. What novel or drama has surpassed the grotesquely ludicrous, dashed with the profound pathos, of Peter Peebles — the most tragic of farces? — or the still sadder merriment of that human shipwreck, Nantie Ewart? — or Wandering Willie and his Tale? — the wildest and most rueful of dreams told by such a person, and in such a dialect! Of the young correspondents Darsie Latimer and Allan Fairford, and the Quakers of Mount Sharon, and indeed of numberless minor features in Redgauntlet, no one who has read the first part of these Memoirs will expect me to speak at length here. With posterity assuredly this novel will yield in interest to none of the series; for it contains perhaps more of the author's personal experiences than any other of them, or even than all the rest put together.

This year, — *mirabile dictu!* — produced but one novel; and it is not impossible that the author had taken deeply into his mind, though he would not *immediately* act upon them, certain hints about the danger of "overcropping," which have been alluded to as dropping from his publishers in 1823. He had, however, a labour of some weight to go through in preparing for the press a Second Edition of his voluminous Swift. The additions to this reprint were numerous, and he corrected his notes, and the Life of the Dean throughout, with considerable care. He also threw off several reviews and other petty miscellanies — among which last occurs his memorable tribute to the memory of Lord Byron, written for Ballantyne's newspaper immediately after the news of the catastrophe at Missolonghi reached Abbotsford.*

The arrangement of his library and museum was, however, the main care of the summer months of this year; and his woods were now in such a state of progress that his most usual exercise out of doors was thinning them. He was an expert as well as powerful wielder of the axe, and competed with his ablest subalterns as to the paucity of blows by which a tree could be brought down. The wood rang ever and anon with laughter while he shared their labours; and if he had taken, as he every now and then did, a whole day with them, they were sure to be invited home to Abbotsford to sup gaily at Tom Purdie's. One of Sir Walter's Transatlantic admirers, by the way, sent him a complete assortment of the tools employed in clearing the Backwoods, and both he and Tom made strenuous efforts to attain some dexterity in using them; but neither succeeded. The American axe, in particular, having a longer shaft than ours, and a much smaller and narrower cutting-piece, was, in Tom's opinion, only fit for paring a *kebbuck* (*i. e.* a cheese of skimmed milk.) The old-fashioned large and broad axe was soon resumed; and the belt that bore it had accommodation also for a chisel, a hammer, and a small saw. Among all the numberless portraits, why was there not one representing the "Belted Knight," accoutred with these appurtenances of his forest-craft, jogging over the heather on a breezy morning, with Thomas Purdie at his stirrup, and Maida stalking in advance?

---

* See *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, (Edin. Ed.) — Mr. Andrew Shortrede, who was in 1824 learning the printing business in Edinburgh, says — "Sir Walter came down from the Court of Session to the printing-office the day the intelligence of Byron's death reached Edinburgh, and there dictated to James Ballantyne the article which appeared in the Weekly Journal. I think it was inserted without correction, or revisal, except by Ballantyne. From these circumstances, I with others imagined James had himself produced it in some moment of inspiration; but when I afterwards told him how I had been misled, he detailed *suo more* the full, true, and particular history of the article. Separate copies, I remember, were thrown off for some of Byron's friends." — [1839.]

Notwithstanding the numberless letters to Terry about his upholstery, the far greater part of it was manufactured at home. The most of the articles from London were only models for the use of two or three neat-handed carpenters whom he had discovered in the villages near him: and he watched and directed their operations as carefully as a George Bullock could have done; and the results were such as even Bullock might have admired. The great table in the library, for example (a most complex and beautiful one), was done entirely in the room where it now stands, by Joseph Shillinglaw of Darnick — the Sheriff planning and studying every turn as zealously as ever an old lady pondered the development of an embroidered cushion. The hangings and curtains, too. were chiefly the work of a little hunch-backed tailor, by name *William* Goodfellow — (save at Abbotsford, where he answered to *Robin*) — who occupied a cottage on Scott's farm of the Broomielees; one of the race who creep from homestead to homestead, welcomed wherever they appear by housewife and handmaiden, the great gossips and newsmen of the parish, — in Scottish no menclature *cardooers*. Proudly and earnestly did all these vassals toil in his service; and I think it was one of them that, when some stranger asked a question about his personal demeanour, answered in these simple words — "Sir Walter speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations." Not long after he had completed his work at Abbotsford, little Goodfellow fell sick, and as his cabin was near Chiefswood, I had many opportunities of observing the Sheriff's kind attention to him in his affliction. I can never forget the evening on which the poor tailor died. When Scott entered the hovel he found everything silent, and inferred from the looks of the good women in attendance that their patient had fallen asleep, and that they feared his sleep was the final one. He murmured some syllables of kind regret; — at the sound of his voice the dying tailor unclosed his eyes, and eagerly and wistfully sat up, clasping his hands with an expression of rapturous gratefulness and devotion, that, in the midst of deformity, disease, pain, and wretchedness, was at once beautiful and sublime. He cried with a loud voice, "the Lord bless and reward you!" and expired with the effort.

In the painting of his interior, too, Sir Walter personally directed everything. He abominated the commonplace daubing of walls, panels, doors, and window-boards, with coats of white, blue, or grey, and thought that sparklings and edgings of gilding only made their baldness and poverty more noticeable. He desired to have about him, wherever he could manage it, rich, though not gaudy, hangings, or substantial old-fashioned wainscot-work, with no ornament but that of carving; and where the wood was to be painted at all, it was done in strict imitation of oak or cedar. Except in the drawing-room, which he abandoned to Lady Scott's taste, all the roofs were in appearance of antique carved oak, relieved by coats-of-arms duly blazoned at the intersections of beams, and resting on cornices to the eye of the same material, but really composed of casts in plaster of Paris, after the foliage, the flowers, the grotesque monsters and dwarfs, and sometimes the beautiful heads of nuns and confessors, on which he had doated from infancy among the cloisters of Melrose and Roslin. In the painting of these things, also, he had instruments who considered it as a labour of love. The master-limner, in particular, had a devoted attachment to his person; and this was not wonderful, for he, in fact, owed a prosperous fortune to Scott's kind and sagacious counsel tendered at the very outset of his career. A printer's apprentice attracted notice by his attempts with the pencil, and Sir Walter was called upon, after often admiring his skill in representing dogs and horses and the like, to assist him with his advice, as ambition had been stirred, and the youth would fain give himself to the regular training of an artist. Scott took him into his room, and conversed with him at some length. He explained the difficulties and perils, the almost certain distresses, the few and narrow chances of this aspiring walk. He described the hundreds of ardent spirits that pine out their lives in solitary garrets, lamenting over the rash eagerness with which they had obeyed the suggestions of young ambition, and chosen a career in which success of any sort is rare, and no success but the highest is worth attaining. "You have talents and energy," said he, "but who can say whether you have genius? These boyish drawings can never be relied on as proofs of *that*. If you feel within you such a glow of ambition, that you would rather run a hundred chances of obscurity and penury, than miss *one* of being a Wilkie, — make up your mind, and take the bold plunge; but if your object is merely to raise yourself to a station of worldly comfort and independence, — if you would fain look forward with tolerable assurance to the prospect of being a respectable citizen, with your own snug roof over your head, and the happy faces of a wife and children about you, — pause and reflect well. It appears to me that there is little demand for fine works of the pencil in this country. Not a few artists, who have even obtained high reputation, find employment scarce, and starve under their laurels. I think profit in Britain is, with very rare exceptions, annexed to departments of obvious and direct utility, in which the mass of the people are concerned; and it has often struck me, that some clever fellow might make a good hit, if, in place of enrolling himself among the future Raphaels and Vandykes of the Royal Academy, he should resolutely set himself to introducing something of a more elegant style of house-painting." The young man thus addressed (Mr. D. R. Hay) was modest and wise enough to accept the advice with thankfulness, and to act upon it. After a few years he had qualified himself to take charge of all this delicate limning and blazoning at Abbotsford. He is now, I understand, at the head of a great and flourishing establishment in Edinburgh; and a treatise on the Science of Colour, which has proceeded from his pen, is talked of as reflecting high credit on his taste and understanding. Nor should I omit what seems a particularly honourable trait in Mr. Hay: — he is said to be one of the most liberal patrons of native art now in existence; in fact, to possess an unrivalled collection of the works of contemporary Scottish painters.

Meantime, the progress of Abbotsford stimulated largely both friends and strangers to contribute articles of curiosity towards its final adornment. I have already alluded with regret to the non-completion of the Poet's own catalogue of his literary and antiquarian rarities, begun under the title of "Reliquiæ Trottcosianæ," and mentioned Mr. Train, the affectionate Supervisor of Excise, as the most unwearied and bountiful of all the contributors to the *Museum*. Now, he would fain have his part in the substantial "*plenishing*" also; and I transcribe, as a specimen of his zeal, the account which I have received from himself of the preparation and transmission of one piece of furniture, to which his friend allotted a distinguished place, for it was one of the *two* chairs that ultimately stood in his own *sanctum sanctorum*. In those days Mr. Train's official residence was at Kirkintilloch, in Stirlingshire; and he says, in his *Memoranda*, —

> "Rarbiston, or, as it is now called, Robroyston, where the valiant Wallace was betrayed by Monteith of Ruskie, is only a few miles distant from Kirkintilloch. The walls of the house where the first scene of that disgraceful tragedy was acted, were standing on my arrival in that quarter. The roof was entirely gone; but I observed that some butts of the rafters, built into the wall, were still remaining. As the ruin was about being taken down to make way for the ploughshare, I easily succeeded in purchasing these old stumps from the farmer upon whose ground it stood. When taken out of the building, these pieces of wood were seemingly so much decayed as to be fit only for fuel; but after planing off about an inch from the surface, I found that the remainder of the wood was as hard as a bone, and susceptible of a fine polish. I then resolved upon having a chair of the most antique description made out of these wasted blocks, as a memorial of our most patriotic hero, with a feeling somewhat similar to theirs who remember their Saviour in the crucifix.

"In the execution of this undertaking, workmen of various denominations were employed. It was modelled from an old chair in the Palace of Hamilton, and is nearly covered with carved work, representing rocks, heather, and thistles, emblematic of Scotland, and indented with brass, representing the *Harp of the North*, surrounded with laurels, and supported by targets, claymores, Lochaber axes, war horns, &c. The seat is covered with silk velvet, beneath which is a drawer, containing a book bound in the most primitive form in Robroyston wood, with large clasps. In this book are detailed at length some of the particulars here briefly alluded to, with the affirmations of several persons to whose care the chair was entrusted in the course of making.

"On the (inside) back of the chair is a brass plate, bearing the following inscription: —

THIS CHAIR,
MADE OF THE ONLY REMAINING WOOD
OF THE
HOUSE AT ROBROYSTON,
IN WHICH THE
MATCHLESS SIR WILLIAM WALLACE
'WAS DONE TO DEATH BY FELON HAND
FOR GUARDING WELL HIS FATHERS' LAND,'
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY PRESENTED TO
SIR WALTER SCOTT,
AS A SMALL TOKEN OF GRATITUDE
BY HIS DEVOTED SERVANT,
JOSEPH TRAIN.

"Exaggerated reports of this chair spread over the adjacent country with a fiery-cross-like speed, and raised public curiosity to such a height, that persons in their own carriages came many miles to see it. I happened to be in a distant part of my district at the time; but I daresay many persons in Kirkintilloch yet remember how triumphantly the symbolic chair was borne from my lodgings to the bank of the Great Canal, to be there shipped for Abbotsford, in the midst of the town-band playing 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' and surrounded by thousands, who made the welkin resound with bursts of national enthusiasm, justifying the couplet of Pope —

> 'All this may be, the people's voice is odd;
> The Scots will fight for Wallace as for God.' "

Such arrivals as that of "the Wallace Chair" were frequent throughout 1824. It was a happy, and therefore it need hardly be added an ineventful year — his last year of undisturbed prosperity. The little incidents that diversified his domestic interior, and the zeal which he always kept up for all the concerns of his friends, together with a few indications of his opinions on subjects of literary and political interest, will be found in his correspondence, which will hardly require any editorial explanations.

Within, I think, the same week in January, arrived a copy of Montfauçon's Antiquities, in fifteen volumes folio, richly bound in scarlet, the gift of King George IV., and a set of the Variorum Classics, in a hundred and forty volumes octavo, from Mr. Constable. Sir Walter says —

"*To Archibald Constable, Esq.*

"Abbotsford, 6th January 1824.

"My Dear Sir, — Yesterday I had the great pleasure of placing in my provisional library the most splendid present, as I in sincerity believe, which ever an author received from a bookseller. In the shape of these inimitable *Variorums*, who knows what new ideas the Classics may suggest? — for I am determined to shake off the rust which years have contracted, and to read at least some of the most capital of the ancients before I die. Believe me, my dear and old friend, I set a more especial value on this work as coming from you, and as being a pledge that the long and confidential intercourse betwixt us has been agreeable and advantageous to both. — Yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT."

Miss Edgeworth had written to him to inquire about the health of his eldest daughter, and told him some anecdotes of an American dame, whose head had been turned by the Waverley Novels, and who had, among other demonstrations of enthusiasm, called her farm in Massachusetts, *Charlie's Hope.* This lady had, it seems, corresponded with Mrs. Grant of Laggan, herself for a time one of the "Authors of Waverley," and Mrs. Grant, in disclaiming such honours, had spoken of the real source, in terms of such perfect assurance, that the honest American almost fancied her friend must have heard Scott confess; yet still she was in doubts and tribulations, and unhappy till she could hear more. The theory prevalent in her own neighbourhood was, it seems, that the authorship was a joint-stock business — Sir Walter being one of the partners, and the other an unfortunate lunatic, of whose papers he had got possession during a lucid interval. Scott answers thus: —

"*To Miss Edgeworth, Edgeworthstown, Ireland.*

"Parliament House, 3d Feb. 1824.

"My Dear Miss Edgeworth, — I answer your kind letter immediately, because I am sure your sisters and you will interest yourselves in Sophia's state of health. My news are not of the best —

'Yet not so ill, but may be well reported.'

On Saturday, 31st January, she had a daughter, but the poor little stranger left us on the Monday following; and though Sophia is very patient in her temper, yet her recovery is naturally retarded, and I am sorry to say she has been attacked in her weak state by those spasms which seem a hereditary disorder in my family, — slightly, however, in comparison of the former occasion; and for the last two days she has been so much recovered as to take a grain or two of calomel, which is specific in the complaint. I have no doubt now, humanly speaking, that her recovery will proceed favourably. I saw her for a quarter of an hour yesterday, which was the first *permanent* visit I have been permitted to make her. So you may conceive we have been anxious enough, living, as is our clannish fashion, very much for and with each other.

" Your American friend, the good-wife of Charlie's Hope, seems disposed, as we say, ' to sin her mercies.' She quarrels with books that amuse her, because she does not know the author; and she gives up chicken-pie for the opposite reason, that she knows too much about the birds' pedigree. On the last point I share her prejudices, and never could eat the flesh of any creature I had known while alive. I had once a noble yoke of oxen, which, with the usual agricultural gratitude, we killed for the table; they said it was the finest beef in the four counties, but I could never taste Gog and Magog, whom I used to admire in the plough. Moreover, when I was an officer of yeomanry, and used to dress my own charger, I formed an acquaintance with a flock of white turkeys, by throwing them a handful of oats now and then when I came from the stable: — I saw their numbers diminish with real pain, and never attempted to eat any of them without being sick. And yet I have as much of the *rugged and tough* about me as is necessary to carry me through all sorts of duty without much sentimental compunction.

" As to the ingenious system of double authorship, which the Americans have devised for the Waverley novels, I think it in one point of view extremely likely; since the unhappy man, whom they have thought fit to bring on the carpet, has been shut up in a madhouse for many years; and it seems probable that no brain but a madman's could have invented so much stuff, and nc leisure but that of a prisoner could have afforded time to write it all. But, if this poor man be the author of these works, I can assure your kind friend that I neither could, would, nor durst have the slightest communication with him on that or any other subject. In fact, I have never heard of him twice for these twenty years or more. As for honest Mrs Grant, I cannot conceive why the deuce I should have selected her for a mother-confessor; if it had been yourself, or Joanna, there might have been some probability in the report; but good Mrs. Grant is so very cerulean, and surrounded by so many fetch-and-carry mistresses and misses, and the maintainer of such an unmerciful correspondence, that though I would do her any kindness in my power, yet I should be afraid to be very intimate with a woman whose tongue and pen are rather overpowering. She is an excellent person notwithstanding. Pray, make my respects to your correspondent, and tell her I am very sorry I cannot tell her who the author of Waverley is; but I hope she will do me the justice not to ascribe any dishonourable transactions to me, either in that matter or any other, until she hears that they are likely to correspond with any part of my known character — which, having been now a lion of good reputation on my own deserts for twenty years and upwards, ought to be indifferently well known in Scotland. She seems to be a very amiable person; and though I shall never see Charlie's Hope, or eat her chicken-pies, I am sure I wish health to wait on the one, and good digestion on the other. They are funny people the Americans: I saw a paper in which they said my father was a tailor. If he had been an *honest tailor*, I should not have been ashamed of the circumstance; but he was what may be thought as great a phenomenon, for he was an *honest lawyer*, a cadet of a good family, whose predecessors only dealt in pinking and slashing doublets, not in making them.

"Here is a long letter, and all about trash — but what can you expect? Judges are mumbling and grumbling above me — lawyers are squabbling and babbling around me. The minutes I give to my letter are stolen from Themis. I hope to get to Abbotsford very soon, though only for two or three days, until 12th March, when we go there for some time. Mrs. Spicie seems to be recovering from her asthmatics, which makes a curious case, providing the recovery be completed. Walter came down at Christmas, and speedily assembled three more terriers. One day the whole got off after a hare, and made me remember the basket beagles that Lord Morton used to keep in my youth; for the whole pack opened like hounds, and would have stuck to the chase till they had killed the hare, which would have been like being pricked to death with pins, if we had not licked them off so soon as we could for laughing. This is a dull joke on paper; but imagine the presumption of so many long-backed, short-legged creatures pursuing an animal so very fleet. You will allow it is something ridiculous. I am sure Count O'Halloran would have laughed, and Colonel Heathcock would have been scandalized.* Lady S. sends her best and kindest remembrances, in which she is joined by Anne and Sophia (poor body). My fair friends, Harriet and Sophia, have a large interest in this greeting, and Lockhart throws himself in with tidings that Sophia continues to mend. — Always, my dear Miss E., most faithfully yours, WALTER SCOTT."

This is the answer to a request concerning some MS. tragedy, by the late Mrs. Hemans, which seems to have been damned at one of the London theatres, and then to have been tried over again (I know not with what result) at Edinburgh : —

"*To Miss Joanna Baillie, Hampstead.*

"Edinburgh, February 9, 1824.

"My Dear Miss Baillie, — To hear is to obey, and the enclosed line will show that the Siddonses are *agreeable* to act Mrs. Hemans's drama. When you tell the tale say nothing about me, for on no earthly consideration would I like it to be known that I interfered in theatrical matters: — it brings such a torrent of applications which it is impossible to grant, and often very painful to refuse. Everybody thinks they can write blank verse — and *a word of yours to Mrs. Siddons*, &c. &c. I had one rogue (to be sure he went mad afterwards, poor fellow) who came to bully me in my own house, until he had almost made the mist of twenty years, as Ossian says, roll backwards from my spirit, in which case he might have come by an excellent good beating. I have great pleasure, however, in serving Mrs. Hemans, both on account of her own merit, and because of your patronage. I trust the piece will succeed; but there is no promising, for Saunders is meanly jealous of being thought less critical than John Bull, and may, perhaps, despise to be pleased with what was less fortunate in London. I wish Mrs. H. had been on the spot to make any alterations, &c., which the players are always demanding. I will read the drama over more carefully than I have yet done, and tell you if anything occurs. I need hardly apologize for being late in letting you hear all this — for the terror of the cramp attacking poor Sophia in her weak state kept us very feverish; but thank God it did little more than menace her, and the symptoms having now given way, her husband talks of going to town, in which case I intend to take Sophia to Abbotsford, and

---

* See "The Absentee," in Miss Edgeworth's *Tales of Fashionable Life*.

> ‘Till she be fat as a Norroway seal,
> I'll feed her on bannocks of barleymeal.’ *

“Betwixt indolence of her own, and Lockhart's extreme anxiety and indulgence, she has foregone the custom of her exercise, to which, please God, we will bring her back by degrees. Little Charles is come down, just entered at Brazen Nose, where, however, he does not go to reside till October. We must see that he fills up the space between to good advan tage; he had always quickness enough to learn, and seems now really to have caught the

---

* Old Ballad.

> ——'fever of renown,
> Spread from the strong contagion of the gown.' *

"I am sorry for Mr. Crabbe's complaint, under which he suffered, I recollect, when he was here in 1822. Did you ever make out how he liked his Scottish tour? He is not, you know, very *outspoken*, and I was often afraid that he was a little tired by the bustle around him. At another time I would have made a point of attending more to his comforts — but what was to be done amid piping, and drumming, and pageants, and provosts, and bailies, and wild Highlandmen by the score? The time would have been more propitious to a younger poet. The fertility you mention is wonderful, but surely he must correct a great deal to bring his verses into the terse and pointed state in which he gives them to the public. — To come back to Mrs. Hemans. I am afraid that I cannot flatter myself with much interest that can avail her. I go so little out, and mix so seldom either with the gay or the literary world here, that I am reduced, like Gil Blas, much to the company of my brother clerks and men of business — a seclusion which I cannot say I regret greatly; but anything within my power shall not be left undone. I hope you will make my apology to Mrs. Hemans for the delay which has taken place; if anything should occur essential to be known to the authoress, I will write immediately. — Always yours, my dear friend, WALTER SCOTT."

In the next letter Scott mentions an application from Mr. James Montgomery for some contribution to a miscellaneous volume, compiled by that benevolent poet, for the benefit of the little chimney-sweeps.

---

* Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

"*To Miss Baillie, Hampstead.*

"Edinburgh, Feb. 12, 1824.

"My Dearest Friend, — I hasten to answer your kind enquiries about Sophia. You would learn from my last that she was in a fair way of recovery, and I am happy to say she continues so well that we have no longer any apprehensions on her account. She will soon get into her sitting-room again, and of course have good rest at night, and gather strength gradually. I have been telling her that her face, which was last week the size of a sixpence, has in three or four days attained the diameter of a shilling, and will soon attain its natural and most extensive circumference of half-a-crown. If we live till 12th of next month we shall all go to Abbotsford, and between the black doctor and the red nurse (pony and cow, videlicet) I trust she will be soon well again. As for little Johnnie I have no serious apprehensions, being quite of your mind that his knowingness is only a proof that he is much with grown-up people; the child is active enough, and I hope will do well — yet an only child is like a blot at backgammon and fate is apt to hit it. I am particularly entertained with your answer to Montgomery, because it happened to be precisely the same with mine: he applied to me for a sonnet or an elegy, instead of which I sent him an account of a manner of constructing chimneys so as scarcely to contract soot; and 2dly, of a very simple and effectual machine for sweeping away what soot does adhere. In all the new part of Abbotsford I have lined the chimney-vents with a succession of cones made of the same stuff with common flower-pots, about one and a half inch thick, and eighteen inches or two feet high, placed one above another, and the vent built round them, so that the smoke passing up these round earthen tubes, finds neither corner nor roughness on which to deposit the soot, and in fact there is very little collected. What sweeping is required is most easily performed by a brush like what housemaids call a *pope's head*, the handle of which consists of a succession of pipes, one slipping on the top of another like the joints of a fishing-rod, so that the maid first sweeps the lower part of the vent, then adds another pipe, and sweeps a little higher, and so on. I have found this quite effectual, but the lining of the chimneys makes the accumulations of soot very trifling in comparison with the common case. Montgomery thanked me, but I think he would rather have had a sonnet; which puts me in mind of Mr. Puff's intended comedy of The Reformed Housebreaker, in which he was to put burglary in so ridiculous a point of view, that bolts and bars were likely to become useless by the end of the season.* Verily I have no idea of writing verse on a grave subject of utility, any more than of going to church in a cinque pace. Lottery tickets and Japan blacking may indeed be exceptions to the general rule. I am quite delighted at us two cool Scots answering in exactly the same manner, but I am afraid your *sooty men* (who are still in regular discharge of their duty) and my *pope's head* and lined vents will not suit the committee, who seem more anxious for poetry than for common sense. For my part, when I write on such subjects, I intend it shall be a grand historico-philosophico poem upon oil-gas, having been made president of the Oil-Gas Company of this city; the whale fishery might be introduced, and something pretty said about *palm* oil, which we think is apt to be popular among our lawyers. I am very sorry for poor Richardson, so much attached to his wife, and suffering so much in her suffering. I hope Tom Campbell gets on pretty well, and wish he would do something to sustain his deserved reputation. I wrote with Mrs. Siddons's consent to give Mrs. Hemans's tragedy a trial. hope that her expectations are not very high, for I do not think our ordinary theatrical audience is either more judicious or less fastidious than those of England. They care little about poetry on the stage — it is situation, passion, and rapidity of action, which seem to be the principal requisites for ensuring the success of a modern drama; but I trust, by din

---

* Sheridan's *Critic*, Act I.

of a special jury, the piece may have a decent success—certainly I should not hope for much more. I must see they bring it out before 12th March, if possible, as we go to the country that day. I have not seen Mrs. Siddons and her brother William Murray since their obliging answer, for one of my colleagues is laid up with gout, and this gives me long seats in the Court, of which you have reaped the fruits in this long epistle from the Clerks' table, done amid the bustle of pleaders, attorneys, and so forth. I will get a frank, however, if possible, for the matter is assuredly not worth a shilling postage. My kindest remembrances attend Mrs. Baillie and Mrs. Agnes.— Always yours, with sincere respect and affection,
WALTER SCOTT."

"*To D. Terry, Esq., London.*

"Abbotsford, Feb. 18, 1824.

"My Dear Terry,— Your very kind letter reached me here, so that I was enabled to send you immediately an accurate sketch of the windows and chimney-sides of the drawing-room to measurement. I should like the mirrors handsome and the frames plain; the color of the hangings is green, with rich Chinese figures. On the side of the window I intend to have exactly beneath the glass a plain white side-table of the purest marble, on which to place Chantrey's bust. A truncated pillar of the same marble will be its support; and I think that, besides the mirror above, there will be a plate of mirror below the table; these memoranda will enable Baldock to say at what price those points can be handsomely accomplished. I have not yet spoken about the marble table; perhaps they may be all got in London. I shall be willing to give a handsome but not an extravagant price. I am much obliged to Mr. Baldock for his confidence about the screen. But what says Poor Richard?* 'Those who want money when they come to buy, are apt to want money when they come to pay.' Again Poor Dick observes —

---

* See the Works of Dr. Franklin.

'That in many you find the true gentleman's fate:
Ere his house is complete, he has sold his estate.'

So we will adjourn consideration of the screen till other times; let us first have the needful got and paid for. The stuff for the windows in the drawing-room is the crimson damask silk we bought last year. I enclose a scrap of it that the fringe may be made to match. I propose they should be hung with large handsome brass rings upon a brass cylinder, and I believe it would be best to have these articles from London — I mean the rings and cylinders; but I dislike much complication in the mode of drawing them separate, as it is eternally going wrong; those which divide in the middle, drawing back on each side like the curtains of an old-fashioned bed, and when drawn back are secured by a loop and tassel, are, I think, the handsomest, and can easily be made on the spot; the fringe should be silk, of course. I think the curtains of the library, considering the purpose of the room, require no fringe at all. We have, I believe, settled that they shall not be drawn in a line across the recess, as in the drawing-room, but shall circle along the inside of the windows. I refer myself to Mr. Atkinson about the fringe, but I think a little mixture of gold would look handsome with the crimson silk. As for the library, a yellow fringe, if any. I send a draught of the windows enclosed; the architraves are not yet up in the library, but they are accurately computed from the drawings of my kind friend Mr. Atkinson. There is plenty of time to think about these matters, for of course the rooms must be painted before they are put up. I saw the presses yesterday; they are very handsome, and remind me of the awful job of arranging my books. About July, Abbotsford will, I think, be finished, when I shall, like the old Duke of Queensberry who built Drumlanrig, fold up the accounts in a sealed parcel, with a label bidding 'the deil pike out the een of any t my successors that shall open it.' I beg kind love to Mrs. Terry, Walter the Great, and Missy; delicious weather here, and birds singing St. Valentine's matins as if it were April. — Yours ever, WALTER SCOTT."

"P. S. — Pride will have a fall — I have a whelp of one of Dandie Dinmont's Pepper and Mustard terriers, which no sooner began to follow me into the house than Ourisque fell foul. The Liddesdale devil cocked its nose, and went up to the scratch like a tigress, downed Ourie, and served her out completely — since which Ourie has been so low that it seems going into an atrophy, and Ginger takes all manner of precedence, as the best place by the fire, and so on, to Lady Scott's great discomfiture. — Single letters by post: double to Croker — with a card enclosed, asking a frank to me."

About this time Miss Edgeworth announced the approaching marriage of her sister Sophia to Mr. Fox.

"*To Miss Edgeworth, Edgeworthstown.*

"Edinburgh, February 24, 1824.

"My Dear Miss Edgeworth, — I do not delay a moment to send my warmest and best congratulations upon the very happy event which is about to take place in your family, and to assure you that you do me but common justice in supposing that I take the warmest interest in whatever concerns my young friend. All Abbotsford to an acre of Poyais* that she will make an excellent wife; and most truly happy am I to think that she has such an admirable prospect of matrimonial happiness, although at the expense of thwarting the maxim, and showing that

'The course of true love *sometimes may* run smooth.'

It will make a pretty vista, as I hope and trust, for you, my good friend, to look forwards with an increase of interest to futurity. Lady Scott, Anne, and Sophia, send their sincere and hearty congratulations upon this joyful occasion. I hope to hear her sing the *petticoat of red* some day in her own house. I should be apt to pity you a little amid all your happiness, if you had not my friend Miss Harriet, besides other young companions whose merits are only known to me by report, to prevent your feeling so much as you would otherwise the blank which this event must occasion in your domestic society. Sophia, I hope, will be soon able to make her own gratulations; she is recovering very well, and overjoyed to hear such good news from your quarter. I have been on a short trip to Abbotsford, to set painters to work to complete what Slender would call, 'Mine own great chamber;' and on my return I was quite delighted to see the change on my daughter. Little John Hugh is likewise much better, but will require nursing and care for some years at least. Yet I have often known such hot-house plants bear the open air as well as those that were reared on the open moor.

---

* One of the bubbles of this bubble period, was a scheme of colonization at Poyais.

"I am not at all surprised at what you say of the Yankees. They are a people possessed of very considerable energy, quickened and brought into eager action by an honourable love of their country and pride in their institutions; but they are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good-breeding, which consists chiefly in a postponement of one's own petty wishes or comforts to those of others. By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence of their own, they make one feverish in their company, though perhaps you may be ashamed to confess the reason. But this will wear off, and is already wearing away. Men, when they have once got benches, will soon fall into the use of cushions They are advancing in the lists of our literature, and they will not be long deficient in the *petite morale*, especially as they have, like ourselves, the rage for travelling. I have seen a new work, the Pilot, by the author of the Spy and Pioneer. The hero is the celebrated Paul Jones, whom I well remember advancing above the island of Inchkeith with three small vessels to lay Leith under contribution. I remember my mother being alarmed with the drum, which she had heard all her life at eight o'clock, conceiving it to be the pirates who had landed. I never saw such a change as betwixt that time, 1779, in the military state of a city. Then Edinburgh had scarce three companies of men under arms; and latterly she furnished 5000, with complete appointments, of cavalry, artillery, and infantry — enough to have eaten Paul Jones and his whole equipage. Nay, the very square in which my father's house stands could even then have furnished a body of armed men sufficient to have headed back as large a party as he could well have landed. However, the novel is a very clever one, and the sea-scenes and characters in particular are admirably drawn; and I advise you to read it as soon as possible. I have little news to send from Abbotsford; *Spice* is much better, though still asthmatic; she is extremely active, and in high spirits, though the most miserable, thin, long-backed creature I ever saw. She is extremely like the shadow of a dog on the wall; such a sketch as a child makes in its first attempts at drawing a monster — with a large head, four feet, and a most portentous longitude of back. There was great propriety in Miss Harriet's dream after all, for if ever a dog needed six legs, poor Spice certainly requires a pair of additional supporters. She is now following me a little, though the duty of body-guard has devolved for the present on a cousin of hers, a fierce game devil, that goes at everything, and has cowed Ourisque's courage in a most extraordinary degree, to Lady Scott's great vexation. Here is a tale of dogs, and dreams, and former days — but the only pleasure in writing is to write whatever comes readiest to the pen. My wife and Anne send kindest compliments of congratulation, as also Charles, who has come down to spend four or five months with us; he is just entered at Brazen Nose — on fire to be a scholar of classical renown, and studying (I hope the humour will last) like a very dragon. — Always, my dear Miss Edgeworth, with best love to the bride and to dear Harriet, very much yours,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"*To Daniel Terry, Esq., London.*

"Abbotsford, March 13, 1824.

"My Dear Terry, — We are now arrived here, and in great bustle with painters, which obliges me to press you about the mirrors. If we cannot have them soon, there is now an excellent assortment at Trotter's, where I can be supplied, for I will hardly again endure to have the house turned upside down by upholsterers — and wish the whole business ended, and the house rid of that sort of cattle once for all. I am only ambitious to have one fine mirror over the chimney-piece; a smaller one will do for the other side of the room. Lady Scott has seen some Bannockburn carpets, which will answer very well, unless there are any bespoken. They are putting up my presses, which look very handsome. In the drawing-room, the cedar doors and windows, being well varnished, assume a most rich and beautiful appearance. The Chinese paper in the drawing-room is most beautiful, saving the two ugly blanks left for these mirrors of d———n, which I dare say you curse as heartily as I do. I wish you could secure a parcel of old caricatures which can be bought cheap, for the purpose of papering two *cabinets à l'eau.* John Ballantyne used to make great hauls in this way. The Tory side of the question would of course be most acceptable; but I don't care about this, so the prints have some spirit. Excuse this hasty and pressing letter; if you saw the plight we are in, you would pity and forgive. At Baldock, as I have had at you. My mother whips me, and I whip the top. Best compliments to Mrs. Terry. — Believe me always yours,

"WALTER SCOTT."

'*To Archibald Constable, Esq., Polton House, Lasswade.*

"Abbotsford, 29th March 1824.

"My Dear Constable, — Since I received your letter I have been on the look-out for a companion for you, and have now the pleasure to send one bred at Abbotsford of a famous race. His name has hitherto been Cribb, but you may change it if you please. I will undertake for his doing execution upon the rats, which Polton was well stocked with when I knew it some seventeen or eighteen years ago. You must take some trouble to attach Mr. Cribb, otherwise he will form low connexions in the kitchen, which are not easily broken off. The best and most effectual way is to feed him yourself for a few days.

"I congratulate you heartily, my good old friend, on your look-forward to domestic walks and a companion of this sort; and I have no doubt your health will gradually be confirmed by it. I will take an early opportunity to see you when we return to Edinburgh. I like the banks of the Esk, which to me are full of many remembrances, among which those relating to poor Leyden must come home to you as well as to me. I am ranging in my improvements — painting my baronial hall with all the scutcheons of the border clans, and many similar devices. For the roof-tree I tried to blazon my own quarterings, and succeeded easily with eight on my father's side; but on my mother's side I stuck fast at the mother of my great-great-grandfather. The ancestor himself was John Rutherford of Grundisnock, which is an appanage of the Hunthill estate, and he was married to Isabel Ker of Bloodylaws. I think I have heard that either this John of Grundisnock or his father was one of the nine sons of the celebrated Cock of Hunthill, who seems to have had a reasonable brood of chickens. Do you know anything of the pedigree of the Hunthills? The Earl of Teviot was of a younger branch, Rutherford of Quarrelholes, but of the same family. If I could find out these Rutherfords, and who they married, I could complete my tree, which is otherwise correct; but if not, I will paint clouds on these three shields, with the motto *Vixerunt fortes ante.* These things are trifles when correct, but very absurd and contemptible if otherwise. Edgerstane cannot help me; he only knows that my grandfather was a cousin of his — and you know he represents Hunthill. My poor mother has often told me about it, but it was to regardless ears. Would to God I had old Mrs. Keddie of Leith, who screeded off all the alliances between the Andersons of Ettrick House and the Andersons of Ettrick Hall, though Michael was the name of every second man, and, to complete the mess, they intermarried with each other. — Yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT."

A bad accident in a fox-chase occurred at this time to Sir Walter's dear friend Mr. Scott of Gala. The ice-house at Abbotsford was the only one in the neighbourhood that had been filled during the preceding winter, and to Tom Purdie's care in that particular, Mr. Scott's numerous friends owed the preservation of his valuable life.

"*To the Lord Montagu, &c., Ditton Park.*

"Edinburgh, 14th April 1824.

"My Dear Lord, — You might justly think me most unmerciful, were you to consider this letter as a provoke requiring an answer. It comes partly to thank you twenty times for your long and most kind letter, and partly, which I think not unnecessary, to tell you that Gala may now, I trust, be considered as quite out of danger. He has swam for his life though, and barely saved it. It is for the credit of the clan to state that he had no dishonour as a horseman by his fall. He had alighted to put his saddle to rights, and the horse, full of corn and little work, went off with him before he got into his seat, and went headlong down a sort of precipice. He fell at least fifteen feet without stopping, and no one that saw the acciden could hope he should be taken up a living man. Yet, afte losing a quart of blood, he walked home on foot, and no dangerous symptoms appeared till five or six days after, when they came with a vengeance. He continues to use the ice with wonderful effect, though it seems a violent remedy.

"How fate besets us in our sports and in our most quiet domestic moments! Your Lordship's story of the lamp makes one shudder, and I think it wonderful that Lady Montagu felt no more bad effects from the mere terror of such an accident; but the gentlest characters have often most real firmness. I once saw something of the kind upon a very large scale. You may have seen at Somerset House an immense bronze chandelier with several hundred burners, weighing three or four tons at least. On the day previous to the public exhibition of the paintings, the Royal Academicians are in use, as your Lordship knows, to give an immensely large dinner-party to people of distinction, supposed to be patrons of the art, to literary men, to amateurs in general, and the Lord knows whom besides. I happened to be there the first time this ponderous mass of bronze was suspended. It had been cast for his Majesty, then Prince Regent, and he not much liking it — I am surprised he did not, as it is very ugly indeed — had bestowed it on the Royal Academicians. Beneath it was placed, as at Ditton, a large round table, or rather a tier of tables, rising above each other like the shelves of a dumb-waiter, and furnished with as many glasses, tumblers, decanters, and so forth, as might have set up an entire glass shop — the numbers of the company, upwards of 150 persons, requiring such a supply. Old West presided, and was supported by Jockey of Norfolk on the one side, and one of the royal Dukes on the other. We had just drunk a preliminary toast or two, when — the Lord preserve us! — a noise was heard like that which precedes an earthquake — the links of the massive chain by which this beastly lump of bronze was suspended, began to give way, and the mass descending slowly for several inches, encountered the table beneath, which was positively annihilated by the pressure, the whole glass-ware being at once destroyed. What was very odd, the chain after this manifestation of weakness, continued to hold fast the skilful inspected it and declared it would yield no farther — and we, I think to the credit of our courage, remained quiet, and continued our sitting. Had it really given way, as the architecture of Somerset House has been in general esteemed unsubstantial, it must have broke the floor like a bombshell, and carried us all down to the cellars of that great national edifice. Your Lordship's letter placed the whole scene in my recollection. A fine paragraph we should have made.*

"I think your Lordship will be much pleased with the fine plantation on Bowden Moor. I have found an excellent legend for the spot. It is close by the grave of an unhappy being, called *Wattie Waeman* (whether the last appellative was really his name, or has been given him from his melancholy fate, is uncertain), who being all for love and a little for stealing, hung himself there seventy or eighty years since (*quere*, where did he find a tree ?) at once to revenge himself of his mistress, and to save the gallows a labour. Now, as the place of his grave and of his suicide is just on the verge where the Duke's land meets with mine and Kippilaw's — (you are aware that where three lairds' lands meet is always a charmed spot) — the spirit of Wattie Waeman wanders sadly over the adjacent moors, to the great terror of all wandering wights who have occasion to pass from Melrose to Bowden. I begin to think which of his namesakes this omen concerns, for I take Walter Kerr of Kippilaw to be out of the question. I never heard of a Duke actually dying for love, though the Duke in the Twelfth Night be in an alarming way. On the other hand, Sir John Græme of the West Countrie, who died for cruel Barbara Allan, is a case in point against the Knight. Thus, in extreme cases, your Duke loses his head, whereas your Knight or Esquire is apt to retain it upon a neck a little more elongated than usual. I will pursue the discussion no further, as the cards appear to turn against me. The people begin to call the plantation Waeman's Wood — rather a good name.

---

* This story is also told in Scott's Essay on the Life of Kemble See *Quarterly Review*, No. 67, or *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, (Edin Ed.) vol. xx. pp. 195–7.

"It is quite impossible your Lordship should be satisfied with the outside view of my castle, for I reckon upon the honour of receiving your whole party, *quotquot adestis*, as usual, in the interior. We have plenty of room for a considerable number of friends at bed as well as board. Do not be alarmed by the report of the gas, which was quite true, but reflects no dishonour on that mode of illumination. I had calculated that fifteen hundred cubic feet of gas would tire out some five-and-twenty or thirty pair of feet of Scotch dancers, but it lasted only till six in the morning, and then, as a brave soldier does on his post, went out when burned out. Had I kept the man sitting up for an hour or two to make the gas as fast as consumed, I should have spoiled a good story.

"My hall is in the course of having all the heavy parts of my armorial collection bestowed upon it, and really, though fanciful, looks very well, and I am as busy as a bee, disposing suits of armour, battle-axes, broadswords, and all the knick-knacks I have been breaking my shins over in every corner of the house for these seven years past, in laudable order and to the best advantage.

"If Mr. Blakeney be the able person that fame reports him, he will have as great a duty to perform as his ancestor at Stirling Castle;* for to keep so young a person as my chief, in his particular situation, from the inroads of follies, and worse than follies, requires as much attention and firmness as to keep Highland claymores and French engineers out of a fortified place. But there is an admirable garrison in the fortress — kind and generous feelings, and a strong sense of honour and duty, which Duke Walter has by descent from his father and grandfather. God send him life and health, and I trust he will reward your Lordship's paternal care, and fulfil my hopes. They are not of the lowest, but such as must be entertained by an old and attached friend of the family who has known him from infancy. My friend Lord John wants the extreme responsibility of his brother's situation, and may afford to sow a few more wild oats, but I trust he will not make the crop a large one. Lord * * * * and his tutor have just left us for the south, after spending three or four days with us. They could not have done worse than sending the young Viscount to Edinburgh, for though he is really an unaffected natural young man, yet it was absurd to expect that he should study hard, when he had six invitations for every hour of every evening. I am more and more convinced of the excellence of the English monastic institutions of Cambridge and Oxford. They cannot do all that may be expected, but there is at least the exclusion of many temptations to dissipation of mind; whereas with us, supposing a young man to have any pretensions to keep good society — and, to say truth, we are not very nice in investigating them — he is almost pulled to pieces by speculating mammas and flirting misses. If a man is poor, plain, and indifferently connected, he may have excellent opportunities of study at Edinburgh; otherwise he should beware of it.

---

* General Blakeney, grandfather to Lord M.'s friend, was Governor of Stirling Castle in 1745.

"Lady Anne is very naughty not to take care of herself, and I am not sorry she has been a *little* ill, that it may be a warning. I wish to hear your Lordship's self is at Bath. I hate unformed complaints. A doctor is like Ajax — give him light, and he may make battle with a disease; but, no disparagement to the Esculapian art, they are bad guessers. My kindest compliments, I had almost said *love*, attend Lady Isabella. We are threatened with a cruel deprivation in the loss of our friend Sir Adam, the first of men. A dog of a banker has bought his house for an investment of capital, and I fear he must trudge. Had I still had the Highland piper* in my service, who would not have refused me such a favour

---

* John of Skye had left Abbotsford — but he soon returned.

I would have had him dirked to a certainty—I mean this cursed banker. As it is, I must think of some means of poisoning his hot rolls and butter, or setting his house on fire, by way of revenge. It is a real affliction. — I am happy to hear of Lady Margaret's good looks. I was one of her earliest acquaintance, and at least half her godfather, for I took the vows on me for somebody or other, who, I dare say, has never thought half so often of her as I have done. And so I have written out my paper, and, I fear, your Lordship's patience. My respectful compliments attend Lady Montagu and the young ladies of Ditton. — Always most truly yours,

"WALTER SCOTT."

The estate of Gattonside was purchased about this time by Mr. George Bainbridge of Liverpool — and Sir Adam and Lady Fergusson, to Scott's great regret, went a year or two afterwards to another part of Scotland. The "cursed banker," however, had only to be known to be liked and esteemed. Mr. Bainbridge had, among other merits, great skill in sports — especially in that which he has illustrated by the excellent manual entitled "The Fly-fisher's Guide;" and Gattonside-house speedily resumed its friendly relations with Abbotsford.

The next letter was in answer to one in which Lord Montagu had communicated his difficulties about fixing to which of the English Universities he should send the young Duke of Buccleuch: —

"*To the Lord Montagu, &c. &c.*

"Edinburgh, 15th June 1824.

"My Dear Lord, — I was much interested by your Lordship's last letter. For some certain reasons I rather prefer Oxford to Cambridge, chiefly because the last great University was infected long ago with liberalism in politics, and at present shows some symptoms of a very different heresy, which is yet sometimes blended with the first — I mean enthusiasm in religion — not that sincere zeal for religion, in which mortals cannot be too fervid, but the far more doubtful enthusiasm which makes religion a motive and a pretext for particular lines of thinking in politics and in temporal affairs. This is a spirit which, while it has abandoned the lower classes — where perhaps it did some good, for it *is* a guard against gross and scandalous vice — has transferred itself to the upper classes, where, I think, it can do little but evil, — disuniting families, setting children in opposition to parents, and teaching, as I think, a new way of going to the Devil for God's sake. On the other hand, this is a species of doctrine not likely to carry off our young friend; and I am sure Mr. Blakeney's good sense will equally guard him against political mistakes — for I should think my friend Professor Smyth's historical course of lectures likely to be somewhat Whiggish, though I dare say not improperly so. Upon the whole, I think the reasons your Lordship's letter contains in favour of Cambridge are decisive, although I may have a private wish in favour of Christ Church, which I dare say will rear its head once more under the new Dean.* The neighbourhood of Newmarket is certainly in some sort a snare for so young persons as attend college at Cambridge: but, alas! where is it that there be not snares of one kind or other? Parents, and those who have the more delicate task of standing in the room of parents, must weigh objections and advantages, and without expecting to find any that are without risk, must be content to choose those where the chances seem most favourable. The turf is no doubt a very forceful temptation, especially to a youth of high rank and fortune. There is something very flattering in winning, when good fortune depends so much on shrewdness of observation, and, as it is called, knowingness; the very sight is of an agitating character; and perhaps there are few things more fascinating to young men, whose large fortune excludes the ordinary causes of solicitude, than the pleasures and risks of the race course; and though, when indulged to excess, it leads to very evil consequences, yet, if the Duke hereafter should like to have a stud of racers, he might very harmlessly amuse himself in that way, provided he did not suffer it to take too eager possession of his mind, or to engross his time. Certainly one would rather he had not the turn at all, but I am far more afraid of sedentary games of chance, for wasting time and fortune, than I am of any active out-of-doors sport whatsoever.

---

* Dr. Samuel Smith became Dean of Christ Church in 1824.

"Old Paradise did not number a neighbourhood among its pleasures; but Gattonside has that advantage, and great will be the regret of the said neighbours, if Sir Adam and Lady Eve are turned out. I parted with them at Blair-Adam on this day — for, taking a fit of what waiting-maids call *the clevers*, I started at six this morning, and got here to breakfast. As it blew hard all night, there was a great swell on the ferry, so that I came through

'Like Chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Crying, boatman, "do not tarry—"' *

or rather,

'Like Clerk unto the Session bound.'

"I could have borne a worse toss, and even a little danger, since the wind brought rain, which is so much wanted. One set of insects is eating the larch — another the spruce. Many of the latter will not, I think, recover the stripping they are receiving. Crops are looking well, except the hay, which is not looking at all. The sheep are eating roasted grass, but will not be the worse mutton, as I hope soon to prove to your Lordship at Abbotsford. — I am always, my dear Lord, yours faithful to command, WALTER SCOTT.

"P. S. — I am here, according to the old saying, *bird-alane;* for my son Charles is fishing at Lochleven, and my wife and daughter (happy persons!) are at Abbotsford. I took the opportunity to spend two days at Tyninghame. Lord Haddington complains of want of memory, while his conversation is as witty as a comedy, and his anecdote as correct as a parish register.*

---

* Campbell's *Lord Ullin's Daughter.*

"I will be a suitor for a few acorns this year, if they ripen well at Ditton, or your other forests. Those I had before from you (raised in the nursery, not planted out) are now fine oak plants."

Among Scott's visiters of the next month, first in Edinburgh, and afterwards on Tweedside, were the late amiable and venerable Dr. Hughes, one of the Canons-residentiary of St. Paul's, and his warm-hearted lady. The latter had been numbered among his friends from an early period of life, and a more zealously affectionate friend he never possessed. On her way to Scotland she had halted at Keswick to visit Mr. Southey, whom also she had long known well, and corresponded with frequently. Hence the following letters.

" *To Robert Southey, Esq., Keswick, Cumberland.*

"My Dear Southey, — Do you remember Richardson's metaphor of two bashful lovers running opposite to each other in parallel lines, without the least chance of union, until some good-natured body gives a shove to the one, and a shove to the other, and so leads them to form a junction? Two lazy correspondents may, I think, form an equally apt subject for the simile, for here have you and I been silent for I know not how many years, for no other reason than the uncertainty which wrote last, or which was in duty bound to write first. And here comes my clever, active, bustling friend Mrs. Hughes, and tells me that you regret a silence which I have not the least power of accounting for, except upon the general belief that I wrote you a long epistle after your kind present of the Lay of the Laureate, and that I have once every week proposed to write you a still longer, till shame of my own indolence confirmed me in my evil habits of procrastination — when here comes good Mrs. Hughes, gives me a shake by the collar, and assures me that you are in pretty nearly the same case with myself — and, as a very slight external impulse will sometimes drive us into action when a long succession of internal resolutions have been made and broke, I take my pen to assure my dear Southey that I love him as well as if our correspondence had been weekly or daily.

---

* Charles, eighth Earl of Haddington — remarkable for the graces of his person and the humour of his conversation — died in March 1828, aged 76.

"The years which have gone by have found me dallying with the time, and you improving it as usual, — I tossing my ball and driving my hoop, a grey-headed schoolboy — and you plying your task unremittingly for the instruction of our own and future ages. Yet I have not been wholly idle or useless — witness five hundred acres of moor and moss, now converted into hopeful woodland of various sizes, to the great refreshment, even already, of the eyes of the pilgrims who still journey to Melrose. I wish you could take a step over the Border this season with Mrs. Southey, and let us have the pleasure of showing you what I have been doing. I twice intended an invasion of this sort upon your solitude at Keswick — one in spring 1821, and then again in the summer of the same year when the coronation took place. But the convenience of going to London by the steam-packet, which carries you on whether you wake or sleep, is so much preferable to a long land journey, that I took it on both occasions. The extreme rapidity of communication, which places an inhabitant of Edinburgh in the metropolis sooner than a letter can reach it by the post, is like to be attended with a mass of most important consequences — some, or rather most of them, good, but some also which are not to be viewed without apprehension. It must make the public feeling and sentiment of London, whatever that may chance to be, much more readily and emphatically influential upon the rest of the kingdom, and I am by no means sure that it will be on the whole desirable that the whole country should be as subject to be moved by its example as the inhabitants of its suburbs. Admitting the metropolis to be the heart of the system, it is no sign of health when the blood flows too rapidly through the system at every pulsation. Formerly, in Edinburgh and other towns, the impulse received from any strong popular feeling in London was comparatively slow and gradual, and had to contend with opposite feelings and prejudices of a national or provincial character; the matter underwent a reconsideration, and the cry which was raised in the great mart of halloo and humbug was not instantly echoed back, as it may be in the present day and present circumstances, when our opinion, like a small drop of water brought into immediate contiguity with a bigger, is most likely to be absorbed in and united with that of the larger mass. However, you and I have outlived so many real perils, that it is not perhaps wise to dread those that are only contingent, especially where the cause out of which they arise brings with it so much absolute and indisputable advantage.

"What is Wordsworth doing? I was unlucky in being absent when he crossed the Border. I heartily wish I could induce him to make a foray this season, and that you and Mrs. Southey, and Miss Wordsworth, my very good and well remembered friend, could be of the party. Pray think of this, for the distance is nothing to well resolved minds, and you in particular owe me a visit. I have never quite forgiven your tour in Scotland without looking in upon my poor premises. Well, as I have re-appeared like your floating island, which I see the newspapers aver hath again, after seven years' soaking, become visible to mortal ken, it would not be fair in me to make my visit too long a one — so, with kindest respects to Mrs. Southey, in which my wife sincerely joins, I am always most truly yours,

"**Walter Scott.**

"**8th July 1824, Edinburgh.**

"**Address Abbotsford, Melrose.**

"You may have heard that about four years since I was brought to death's door by a violent, and at the same time most obstinate complaint — a sort of spasms in the stomach or diaphragm, which for a long time defied medicine. It gave way at length to a terrific course of calomel, such as made the cure almost as bad as the disease. Since that time, I have recovered even a better portion of health than I generally had before, and that was excellent. I do not indeed possess the activity of former days, either on foot or horseback, but while I can ride a pony, and walk five or six miles with pleasure, I have no reason to complain. The rogue Radicals had nearly set me on horseback again, but I would have had a good *following* to help out my own deficiencies, as all my poor neighbours were willing to fight for *Kirk* and *King*."

Mr. Southey's next letter enclosed a MS. copy of his Ode on the King's Northern Progress of 1822. Sir Walter, in his reply, adverts to the death of Louis XVIII., which occurred on the 17th of September 1824 — and prophesies the fate of his successor.

"*To Robert Southey, Esq., Keswick, Cumberland.*

"Bowhill, 26th Sept. 1824.

"My Dear Southey, — I did not immediately thank you for your beautiful poem on the King's Visit, because I was afraid you might think that I was trespassing too much on time which is always well employed; but I must not let the ice settle again on the stream of our correspondence, and therefore, while I have a quiet morning, I employ part of it to thank you for the kindness you have done me as a friend, and still more for the honour you have bestowed on my country. I hope these verses are one day to see the light, and am too much personally interested not to expect that period with impatience.

"I had a letter from Gifford some time since, by which I perceive with regret he renounces further management of the Quarterly. I scarce guess what can be done by Murray in that matter, unless he could prevail on you to take the charge. No work of the kind can make progress (though it may be kept afloat) under a mere bookselling management. And the difficulty of getting a person with sufficient independence of spirit, accuracy of judgment, and extent of knowledge, to exercise the profession of Aristarch, seems very great. Yet I have been so long out of the London circles that new stars may have arisen, and set for aught I know, since I was occasionally within the hemisphere.

"The King of France's death, with which one would think I had wondrous little to do, has produced to me the great disappointment of preventing Canning's visit. He had promised to spend two or three days at Abbotsford on his road to Edinburgh,* and it is the more provoking, as I dare say, after all, there is no farther occasion for his being at his post than arises from matter of mere form, since I suppose there is no reason to think that Charles X. will change the line of policy adopted by his brother. I remember him in Edinburgh about 1794, one of the most elegant men in address and exterior whom I ever saw. Strange times we have lived in! I am speaking of Charles X. as a Frenchman of 1661 might have spoken of Charles II. By the way, did you ever observe how easy it would be for a good historian to run a parallel betwixt the great Rebellion and the French Revolution, just substituting the spirit of fanaticism for that of soi-disant philosophy. But then how the character of the English would rise — whether you considered the talents and views of the great leaders on either side, or the comparative moderation and humanity with which they waged their warfare! I sometimes think an instructive comparative view might be made out, and it would afford a comfortable augury that the Restoration in either case was followed by many amendments in the Constitution. I hope Louis Baboon will not carry the matter so far as to require completing the parallel by a second Revolution — but it would be very singular if the devotion of this King to the Catholic priests and forms should occasion such a catastrophe. — Heber has promised to come down here, and if so, I will perhaps return with him as far as Rokeby, and, if we can, take Keswick on our way, were it but to see you for an hour. All this, however, is speculation. I am just sending off my younger son to Oxford. My eldest is an officer in the 15th Hussars, and I believe will soon get that object of every young officer's ambition, a troop, which would be great luck. — Believe me, dear Southey, most truly yours, WALTER SCOTT."

---

* Mr. Canning spent some part of the summer of 1824 in a visit to the Marquess Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and had proposed to return from Dublin by the way of Scotland. I think there was to have been a public dinner in his honour at Edinburgh.

In October of this year, Sir Walter's son Charles began his residence at Brazen-nose College, Oxford. The adoption of this plan implied finally dropping the appointment in the civil service of the East-India Company, which had been placed at his disposal by Lord Bathurst in the spring of 1820; a step, I need not observe, which, were there any doubt on that subject, would alone be sufficient to prove, to the conviction of the most envious sceptic, that the young gentleman's father at this time considered his own worldly fortunes as in a highly prosperous situation. A writership in India is early independence; — in the case of a son of Scott, so conducting himself as not to discredit the name he inherited, it could hardly have failed to be early wealth. And Sir Walter was the last man to deprive his boy of such safe and easy prospects of worldly advantage, turning him over to the precarious chances of a learned profession in Great Britain, unless in the confidence that his own resources were so great as to render ultimate failure in such a career a matter of no primary importance.

The Vicar of Lampeter, meanwhile, had become a candidate for the rectorship of a new classical academy, founded this year at Edinburgh; and Sir Walter Scott's influence was zealously exerted in behalf of his son's learned and estimable tutor. Mr. Williams was successful in his object; and at the opening of the institution (1st October) the Poet appeared in Edinburgh to preside over the ceremonial in which this excellent friend was so deeply concerned. I transcribe what follows from a report prepared at the time (but never until now published) by the honorary secretary of the academy, Mr. John Russell, W. S.: —

"The Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood, Bart.* (minister of the parish), at the request of Sir Walter Scott, opened the business of the meeting, by an eloquent and impressive prayer, in which he invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the Institution.

"Sir Walter Scott then rose, and observed, that it had been determined by the Directors, that some account should be given on this occasion of the nature and meaning of the Institution. He wished that some one better qualified had been appointed for this purpose; but as the duty had been imposed upon him, he should endeavour to discharge it as briefly as possible. In Scotland, and before such an assembly, it was unnecessary for him to enlarge on the general advantages of education. It was that which distinguished man from the lower animals in the creation — which recorded every fact of history, and transmitted them in perfect order from one generation to another. Our forefathers had shown their sense of its importance by their conduct; but they could little have conceived the length to which discoveries in science and literature had gone in this age; and those now present could as little anticipate to what extent posterity might carry them. Future ages might probably speak of the knowledge of the 18th and 19th centuries, as we now do of that of the 15th and 16th

---

* This venerable clergyman died 9th August 1827, aged 77.

But let them remember that the progress of knowledge was gradual; and as their ancestors had been anxious to secure to them the benefits of education, so let it be said of the present age, that it paved the way for the improvement of the generations which were to follow. He need not repeat to Scotsmen, that at an early period the most anxious solicitude had been shown on this subject. While Scotland was torn with convulsions, and the battle-brand was yet red, our forefathers had sat down to devise the means of spreading the blessings of knowledge among their posterity, as the most effectual means of preventing those dark and bloody times from recurring. We had but lately sheathed a triumphant sword, and lived now in a period of profound peace; and long, long might it be before the sword was again unsheathed! This was therefore a proper time for improving the institutions of the country, and endeavouring to cause its literature to keep pace with its high martial achievements. In forming an institution like the present, there was something generous and disinterested. The founders of a library might enjoy the benefit of reading in that library — the founder of an hospital had had sometimes the melancholy gratification, in the decline of his fortunes, of reposing under the roof of the asylum which his charity had erected for others: but such could not be the case with those who subscribed for this institution. It was like a torch held out in the hand of a dead man, which imparted light to others, but to the bearer it gave none. He therefore called on the young to attend to the instructions that would be addressed to them in this Academy, erected exclusively for their benefit, and not for that of those by whom it had been founded.

"The establishment of those excellent institutions, the Parochial Schools, had early induced the moral and orderly habits which had so much tended to raise the character of our countrymen. King James, whatever had been his failings in other respects, had attended to the education of the youth, and had founded an institution (the High School), which flourished at this moment, the pride and boast of our City; but, from the great increase of population, its size was now found inadequate to the duty originally intended. Since its establishment, the city had increased to six times the extent it then was; and the great number of subscribers to the present Institution proved the general feeling that something must be done to relieve the Metropolitan school. It was true there were many private seminaries, whose teachers were men of great talent; but schools of that description were not so well calculated to secure the education of children as an institution like the present. It was plain to the most common understanding, that one man could not teach four or five classes of pupils with the same success that one man could teach one class; that was quite plain. A jealousy had been entertained that the design of the present institution was to hurt the more ancient seminary. Look at those who were the leading members of this society; — many of them who had received their education at the High School, whose fathers and grandfathers had been instructed there, and who also had their children there: they were not capable of entertaining a thought to the prejudice of that seminary. The effect of the present institution would only be to relieve the High School of superfluous scholars, and thereby leave the hands of its teachers more at liberty to educate those who were left. He trusted he should hear nothing more of such an unworthy motive. He was sure there would be no petty jealousies — no rivalry between the two institutions, but the honourable and fair rivalry of scholarship. He was convinced Palinurus would not slumber at the helm, while he beheld another vessel striving to gain the port before him.

"In appropriating the funds which had so liberally been placed at their disposal, the Directors had observed the strictest economy. By the ingenuity of Mr. Burn the Architect, whose plans for, and superintendence of the buildings, had been a labour of love, it would be observed, that not much had been lost. If they had not the beauty of lavish ornament, they had at least taste and proportion to boast of — a more important part of architecture than high finishing.— The Directors had a more difficult and delicate duty to per form than the rearing of stone walls, in choosing the gentlemen who were to carry into execution their plans; a task important beyond the power of language to describe, from the number of certificates produced by men of talent who were willing to abandon their situations in other seminaries, and to venture the credit of their reputation and prospects in life on this experimental project of ours — a task so delicate, that the Directors were greatly at a loss whom to choose among seventy or eighty individuals, of almost equal merit, and equally capable of undertaking the task. The one principle which guided the Directors in their selection was — who were most likely to give satisfaction to them and to the public? He trusted they had been successful in the performance of this task. The University of Oxford has given them one of its most learned scholars (the Rector), in the flower of his age, with fifteen years' experience as a teacher, and of whose acquirements, in that gentleman's presence, he would not speak in the terms he would employ elsewhere. To him the Directors trusted as the main pillar of the establishment: he was sure also, he would be well supported by the other gentlemen; and that the whole machine would move easily and smoothly.

"But there was still another selection of no mean difficulty. In the formation of a new, they must lose some of the advantages of an ancient and venerable institution. One could not lay his hands on the head of his son, and say, this is the same bench on which I sat; this is the voice which first instructed me. — They had to identify their children with a new institution. But they had something to counterbalance these disadvantages. If they had not the venerable Gothic temple, the long sounding galleries, and turreted walls — where every association was favourable to learning — they were also free from the prejudices peculiar to such seminaries, — the 'rich windows which *exclude* the light, and passages that lead to nothing.' Something might be gained from novelty. The attention of the Directors had been particularly turned to the fact, that while Scotland was, on the whole, the best informed country in Europe, it had not of late produced many eminent classical scholars. The observation of Dr. Johnson was well known, that in learning, Scotland resembled a besieged city, where every man had a mouthful, but no man a bellyful. It might be said, in answer to this, that it was better education should be divided into mouthfuls, than served up at the banquet of some favoured individuals, while the great mass were left to starve. But, sturdy Scotsman as he was, he was not more attached to Scotland than to truth; and it must be admitted, that there was some foundation for the Doctor's remark. The Directors were anxious to wipe off this reproach, and for this purpose had made every provision in their power. They had made some additions to the course adopted in the High School, but in no case had they made any innovation from the mere love of change. It was a part of their plan to lay a foundation for a thorough knowledge of the Latin tongue, by the most precise and careful study of its elemental principles. With this they meant to conjoin the study of Greek, to be begun at an earlier period, and prosecuted to a greater extent, than hitherto was customary in Scotland. It was the language of the fathers of history, and of a people whose martial achievements and noble deeds were the ornament of their pages. At no moment was the study of that beautiful language so interesting as at present, when the people among whom it was still in use, were again, as he trusted, about to emancipate themselves from slavery and barbarism, and take their rank among free nations. There would also be instruction in Writing and Arithmetic — and a class for the study of Mathematics, from which the Directors hoped great advantage would accrue to the pupils. There would be another class in this institution, which was not to be found in any other similar academy — a class for the study of English Literature. It had been justly remarked, that the study of classics had sometimes led to the neglect of our own language, and that some scholars could express themselves better in Latin than in English. To avoid this error, a teacher was added to the institution, who was to instruct the boys in the principles of English Composition, and to connect with this a knowlege of the history of their own country. He would have the youths taught to venerate the patriots and heroes of our own country, along with those of Greece and Rome; to know the histories of Wallace and Bruce, as well as those of Themistocles and of Cæsar; and that the recollection of the fields of Flodden and Bannockburn should not be lost in those of Platæa and Marathon. The Masters would open their classes every morning with prayer; and a portion of Scripture would be read by one of the boys every Monday morning, before the commencement of the week's labours.

"In conclusion, Sir Walter addressed a few words to his young friends around him. He observed, that the public could not have given a more interesting mark of their confidence in the managers of the Seminary, than they had done, in placing under their direction these young persons, characterised by the Roman matron as her most precious jewels, for every one of whom he was sensible more than one bosom was at present beating, anxious for their future happiness and prosperity. He exhorted them to give their whole souls and minds to their studies, without which it was little that either their Teachers or Directors could do. If they were destined for any of the learned professions, he begged them to remember that a physician without learning was a mere quack; a lawyer without learning was a pettifogger; and a clergyman without learning was like a soldier without a sword, who had not the means of enforcing the authority of his Divine Master. Next to a conscience void of offence towards God and man, the greatest possession they could have was a well cultivated mind; it was that alone which distinguished them from the beasts that perish. If they went to India or other distant quarters of the globe, it would sweeten their path and add to their happiness. He trusted that his words, poor as they were, would sink into their hearts, and remain on their memories, long after they had forgotten the speaker. He hoped they would remember the words of their reverend friend, who had just implored the blessing of God upon their studies, for they were the outpourings of the soul of one not young in years, nor void of experience; and when they were come to manhood, they might say to their children, 'Thus and thus were we taught, and thus and thus we teach you. By attending to these things we rose to honour and distinction.' Happy (said Sir Walter) will it be if you can say, 'I have followed that which I heard.' May you do so and live!"

The Academy, opened under these auspices, throve from the beginning, and may now be considered as one of the most important among the national establishments of Scotland; nor have Sir Walter's anticipations as to the result of honourable rivalry between it and the old High School been disappointed.

As it happens, I have to place in the same page with Sir Walter's speech in honour of classical learning, the record of a *false quantity* which his generosity may almost be said to have made classical. In the course of that same October, died his faithful friend and servant Maida, the noblest and most celebrated of all his dogs — might I not safely say, of all dogs that ever shared the fellowship of man? His exit was announced in this letter to the young Oxonian: —

"*To Charles Scott, Esq., Brazen-nose College, Oxford.*

"Abbotsford, 22d October 1824.

"My Dear Charles, — I am glad to hear that you are safely settled at College, I trust with the intention of making your residence there subservient to the purposes of steady study, without which it will only be a waste of expense and of leisure. I believe the matter depends very much on a youth himself, and therefore I hope to hear that you are strenuously exerting yourself to hold an honourable situation among the students of your celebrated university. Your course will not be unmarked, as something is expected from the son of any literary person; and I sincerely hope in this case those expectations will be amply gratified.

"I am obliged to Mr. Hughes* for his kind intentions in your favour, as I dare say that any to whom he introduces you will be acquaintance worth cultivating. I shall be glad to hear that you have taken up your ground at College, and who are like to compose your set. I hope you will make your way to the clever fellows, and not put up with Doldrums. Every man soon falls behind, that does not aspire to keep up with the foremost in the race.

"I have little domestic news to tell you. Old Maida died quietly in his straw last week, after a good supper, which, considering his weak state, was rather a deliverance. He is buried below his monument, on which the following epitaph is engraved — though it is great audacity to send Teviotdale Latin to Brazen-nose —

'Maidæ Marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maida,
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis.'

"Thus Englished by an eminent hand —

'Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.'

"Yesterday we had our solemn hunt, and killed fourteen hares, — but a dog of Sir Adam's broke her leg, and was obliged to be put to death in the field. Little Johnnie talks the strangest gibberish I ever heard, by way of repeating his little poems. I wish the child may ever speak plain. Mamma, Sophia, Anne, and I, send love. — Always your affectionate father, WALTER SCOTT."

---

* John Hughes, Esq. of Oriel College — son of Sir Walter's old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Hughes — the same whose *Itinerary of the Rhone* is mentioned with high praise in the Introduction to *Quentin Durward.* — In a poem by Mr. Hughes, entitled *Walter Childe*, published in 1838, the reader will find an elegant and affectionate tribute to Sir Walter Scott's memory. See *Bentley's Miscellany*, No. xvii. p. 433.

The monument here mentioned was a *leaping-on-stone*, to which the skill of Scott's master-mason had given the shape of Maida recumbent. It had stood by the gate of Abbotsford a year or more before the dog died, and after he was laid under it, his master, dining that evening at Chiefswood, said, over his glass of toddy and cigar, that he had been bothering his brains to make an epitaph for his ancient favourite, but could not please himself. He said it must be in Latin, because *Maida* seemed made on purpose to close a hexameter — and begged, as I was fresher off the irons than himself, that I would try to help him. The unfortunate couplet above printed was what suggested itself at the moment — and though his own English version of it, extemporized next minute, was so much better, on his way home he gave directions to have it engraved, and engraved it was before many hours had passed. Mr. James Ballantyne was the first person that saw it; believing it to be Scott's, he admired it, of course — and of course, also, he thought fit to print it soon after (as Sir Walter's) in his newspaper — but his memory had played him a trick before he reached Edinburgh, and as he printed the lines they showed not only their original blunder, but another of his own creation; he had put *jaces* for *dormis*. His printing the thing at all was unfortunate; for some friend (I believe it was Lord Minto) had pointed out in the interim the false quantity of *januam,* and the mason was just about to rectify that by substituting some legitimate dactyl or spondee, suggested by this critic, when the newspaper reached Abbotsford. Sir Walter on seeing it said, — "Well, well, since Ballantyne has printed the lines at all, I shan't have any corrections made here — I shall write and tell him of *his* blunder, and let the other stand as it is." But meantime "*Sir Walter Scott's false quantities*" had headed various paragraphs in the newspapers both in Edinburgh and in London; and, strange to say, even the undoubted double blunder of Ballantyne's edition found gallant defenders. A Mr. Lionel Berguer, who, I think, had published some poems, and dedicated them to Scott, was one of these champions: and Sir Walter himself had twice pleaded guilty in the newspapers, before the matter was allowed to rest. It is sufficient to quote the following: —

"*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

"Abbotsford, Nov. 12, 1824.

"Sir, — As I am a friend to truth, even in trifles, I cannot consent to shelter myself under the classical mantle which Mr. Lionel Berguer and some unknown friend have chosen to extend, in their charity, over my faults in prosody. The two lines were written in mere whim, and without the least intention of their being made public. In the first line, the word *jaces* is a mistake of the transcriber (whoever took that trouble;) the phrase is *dormis*, which I believe is good prosody. The error in the second line, *ad januam*, certainly exists, and I bow to the castigation. I must plead the same apology which was used by the great Dr. Johnson, when he misinterpreted a veterinary phrase of ordinary occurrence — "ignorance — pure ignorance" was the cause of my blunder. Forty years ago, longs and shorts were little attended to in Scottish education; and I have, it appears, forgot the little I may then have learned. I have only to add, that I am far from undervaluing any branch of scholarship because I have not the good fortune to possess it, and heartily wish that those who succeed us may have the benefit of a more accurate classical education than was common in my earlier days.

"The inscription cannot now be altered; but if it remains a memorial of my want of learning, it shall not, in addition, convey any imputation on my candour. I should have been ashamed, at a more stirring time, to ask admission for this plea of guilty; but at present you may think it worth a place in your paper. *Pugna est de paupere regno.* — I remain your obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT."

The culprit whose sin had brought this controversy on Sir Walter, was not in his vicinity when it was going on — nor cognizant of it until he had committed himself; and on the same 12th of November, being the Poet's last day at Abbotsford for the long vacation, he indited the following rhymes — which savour of his recent overhauling of Swift and Sheridan's doggrel epistles.

" *To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Northumberland Street, Edinburgh.*

" Dear John, — I some time ago wrote to inform his
Fat worship of *jaces*, misprinted for *dormis;*
But that several Southrons assured me the *januam*
Was a twitch to both ears of Ass Priscian's cranium.
You, perhaps, may observe that one Lionel Berguer,
In defence of our blunder appears a stout arguer.
But at length I have settled, I hope, all these clatters,
By a *rowt* in the papers — fine place for such matters.
I have, therefore, to make it for once my command, sir,
That my gudeson shall leave the whole thing in my hand, sir,
And by no means accomplish what James says you threaten,
Some banter in Blackwood to claim your dog-Latin.
I have various reasons of weight, on my word, sir,
For pronouncing a step of this sort were absurd, sir. —
Firstly, erudite sir, 'twas against your advising
I adopted the lines this monstrosity lies in;
For you modestly hinted my English translation
Would become better far such a dignified station.
Second — how, in God's name, would my bacon be saved,
By not having writ what I clearly engraved?
On the contrary, I, on the whole, think it better
To be whipped as the thief, than his lousy resetter.
Thirdly — don't you perceive that I don't care a boddle
Although fifty false metres were flung at my noddle,

For my back is as broad and as hard as Benlomon's,
And I treat as I please both the Greeks and the Romans;
Whereas the said heathens might rather look serious
At a kick on their drum from the scribe of Valerius.
And, fourthly and lastly — it is my good pleasure
To remain the sole source of that murderous measure.
So *stet pro ratione voluntas* — be tractile,
Invade not, I say, my own dear little dactyl;
If you do, you'll occasion a breach in our intercourse:
To-morrow will see me in town for the winter-course,
But not at your door, at the usual hour, sir,
My own pye-house daughter's good prog to devour, sir.
Ergo — peace! — on your duty, your squeamishness throttle,
And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen with a canny third bottle.
A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,
A fig for all dunces and dominie Grundys;
A fig for dry thrapples, south, north, east, and west, sir,
Speates and raxes * ere five for a famishing guest, sir;
And as Fatsman † and I have some topics for haver, he'll
Be invited, I hope, to meet me and Dame Peveril,
Upon whom, to say nothing of Oury and Anne, you a
Dog shall be deemed if you fasten your *Janua.*

"P. S. — *Hoc jocose* — but I am nevertheless in literal earnest. You incur my serious displeasure if you move one inch in this contemptible rumpus. So adieu till to-morrow. — Yours affectionately, W. S."

---

* There is an excellent story (but too long for quotation) in the *Memorie of the Somervilles* (vol. i. p. 240) about an old Lord of that family, who, when he wished preparations to be made for high feasting at his Castle of Cowthally, used to send on a billet inscribed with this laconic phrase, "*Speates and raxes,*" — i. e. *spits and ranges.* Upon one occasion, Lady Somerville (being newly married, and not yet skilled in her husband's hieroglyphics) read the mandate as *spears and jacks,* and sent forth 200 armed horsemen, whose appearance on the moors greatly alarmed Lord Somerville and his guest, who happened to be no less a person than King James III. — See Scott's *Miscellaneous Prose,* (Edin. Ed.) vol. xxii. p. 312.

† *Fatsman* was one of Mr. James Ballantyne's many *aliases.* Another (to which Constable mostly adhered) was "Mr. Basketfill" — an allusion to the celebrated printer Baskerville.

In the course of that November several of the huge antique buildings, which gave its peculiar character to the Old Town of Edinburgh, perished by fire; and no one, it may be believed, witnessed this demolition with more regret than Sir Walter. He says to Lord Montagu, on the 18th, —

"My Dear Lord, — Since I came here I have witnessed a horrible calamity. A fire broke out on Monday night in the High Street, raged all night, and great part of the next day, catching to the steeple of the Tron Church, which being wood was soon in a blaze, and burned like regular fire-works till all was consumed. All this while the flames were spreading down to the Cowgate amongst those closes where the narrowness of the access, and the height of the houses, rendered the approach of engines almost impossible. On Tuesday night, a *second* fire broke out in the Parliament Square, greatly endangering the Courts of Justice, and the Advocates' more than princely Library. By great exertions it was prevented approaching this public building; and Sir William Forbes' bank also escaped. But all the other houses in the Parliament Square are totally destroyed; and I can conceive no sight more grand or terrible, than to see these lofty buildings on fire from top to bottom, vomiting out flames like a volcano from every aperture, and finally crashing down one after another into an abyss of fire, which resembled nothing but hell; for there were vaults of wine and spirits which sent up huge jets of flame, whenever they were called into activity by the fall of these massive fragments. Between the corner of the Parliament Square and the South Bridge, all is destroyed excepting some new buildings at the lower extremity; and the devastation has extended down the closes, which I hope will never be rebuilt on their present — I should say their *late* form. The general distress is, of course, dreadful — Ever yours, W. Scott.'

CHAPTER LXI.

Tales of the Crusaders begun — A Christmas at Abbotsford, in Extracts from the MS. Journal of Captain Basil Hall, R.N.

DEC. 29, 1824 — JAN. 10, 1825.

DURING the Winter Session of his Court, Sir Walter resumed his usual course of literary exertion, which the supervision of carpenters, painters, and upholsterers, had so long interrupted. The Tales of the Crusaders were begun; but I defer, for the present, the history of their progress.

Abbotsford was at last finished, and in all its splendour; and at Christmas, a larger party than the house could ever before have accommodated, were assembled there. Among the guests was one who kept a copious journal during his stay, and has kindly furnished me with a copy of it. I shall, therefore, extract such passages as bear immediately upon Sir Walter Scott himself, who certainly was never subjected to sharper observation than that of his ingenious friend Captain Basil Hall.

EXTRACTS FROM CAPTAIN HALL'S JOURNAL.

"Abbotsford, December 29, 1824.

"This morning my brother James and I set out from Edinburgh in the Blucher coach at eight o'clock, and although we heard of snow-storms on the hills, we bowled along withou the smallest impediment, and with a fine bright sun and cheerful green fields around us, with only here and there a distant streak of snow in some shady ravine. We arrived in good time — and found several other guests at dinner. . . . . . .

"The public rooms are lighted with oil-gas in a style of extraordinary splendour. The passages, also, and the bedrooms, are lighted in a similar manner. The whole establishment is on the same footing — I mean the attendance and entertainment — all is in good order, and an air of punctuality and method, without any waste or ostentation, pervades everything. Every one seems at his ease; and although I have been in some big houses in my time, and amongst good folks who studied these sort of points not a little, I don't remember to have anywhere met with things better managed in all respects.

"Had I a hundred pens, each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one half of those which our host, to use Spenser's expression, 'welled out alway.' To write down one or two, or one or two dozen, would serve no purpose, as they were all appropriate to the moment, and were told with a tone, gesture, and look, suited exactly to the circumstances, but which it is of course impossible in the least degree to describe.

"Abbotsford, 30th December.

"This morning Major Stisted, my brother, and I, accompanied Sir Walter Scott on a walk over his grounds, a distance of five or six miles. He led us through his plantations, which are in all stages of advancement, and entertained us all the way with an endless string of anecdotes, more or less characteristic of the scenes we were passing through. Occasionally he repeated snatches of songs, sometimes a whole ballad, and at other times he planted his staff in the ground and related some tale to us, which, though not in verse, came like a stream of poetry from his lips. Thus, about the middle of our walk, we had first to cross, and then to wind down the banks of the Huntly Burn, the scene of old Thomas the Rymer's interview with the Queen of the Fairies. Before entering this little glen, he detained us on the heath above till he had related the whole of that romantic story, so that by the time we descended the path, our imaginations were so worked upon by the wild nature of the fiction, and still more by the animation of the narrator, that we felt ourselves treading upon classical ground; and though the day was cold, the path muddy and scarcely passable, owing to the late floods, and the trees all bare, yet I do not remember ever to have seen any place so interesting as the skill of this mighty magician had rendered this narrow ravine, which in any other company would have seemed quite insignificant.

" On reaching an elevated point near a wild mountain lake, from whence we commanded a view of many different parts of his estate, and saw the progress of his improvements, I remarked that it must be interesting to engage in planting. 'Interesting!' he cried; 'You can have no idea of the exquisite delight of a planter — he is like a painter laying on his colours — at every moment he sees his effects coming out. There is no art or occupation comparable to this; it is full of past, present, and future enjoyment. I look back to the time when there was not a tree here, only bare heath; I look round and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which, I may say almost each of which, have received my personal attention. I remember five years ago looking forward, with the most delighted expectation, to this very hour, and as each year has passed. the expectation has gone on increasing. I do the same now: I anticipate what this plantation and that one will presently be, if only taken care of, and there is not a spot of which I do not watch the progress. Unlike building, or even painting, or indeed any other kind of pursuit, this has no end, and is never interrupted, but goes on from day to day, and from year to year, with a perpetually augmenting interest. Farming I hate; what have I to do with fattening and killing beasts, or raising corn only to cut it down, and to wrangle with farmers about prices, and to be constantly at the mercy of the seasons? There can be no such disappointments or annoyances in planting trees.'

"It is impossible to touch for an instant on any theme, but straightway he has an anecdote to fit it. 'What is the name of that bright spot,' I said, 'on which the sun is shining, just there in the line of Cowdenknowes?'—'That,' said he, 'is called *Haxel Cleugh.* I was long puzzled,' he added, 'to find the etymology of this name, and inquired in vain on every hand to discover something suitable. I could learn nothing more than that near the Cleugh there was a spot which tradition said had been a Druidical place of worship. Still this did not help me, and I went on for a long time tormenting myself to no purpose. At length, when I was reading very early one fine summer's morning, I accidently lighted upon a passage in some German book, which stated that Haxa was the old German term for a Druidess.* Here, then, the mystery was solved, and I was so enchanted with the discovery, that I was wild with impatience to tell it to some one; so away I mounted up stairs to my wife's room, where she was lying fast asleep. I was well aware that she neither knew nor cared one jot about the matter; that did not signify—tell it I must immediately to some one; so I roused her up, and although she was very angry at being awakened out of her comfortable doze, I insisted upon bestowing Haxa, and Haxel Cleugh, and all my beautiful discovery of the Druid's temple upon her notwithstanding. Now, don't you understand this?' said he, turning to me—'Have not you sometimes on board your ship hit upon something which delighted you, so that you could not rest till you had got hold of some one down whose throat you might cram it—some stupid dolt of a lieutenant, or some gaping midshipman, on whom in point of fact it was totally thrown away?—but still you had the satisfaction of imparting it, without which half the pleasure is lost.'

"Thus we strolled along, borne as it were on this strange stream of song and story. Nothing came amiss to him; the most trivial and commonplace incident, when turned in his hand, acquired a polish and a clearness of the first water. Over all, too, there was breathed an air of benignity and good-will to all men, which was no less striking than the eloquence and point of his narrations. The manner in which he spoke of his neighbours, and of distant persons of whose conduct he disapproved, was all in the same spirit. He did not cloak their faults — he spoke out manfully in contempt of what was wrong; but this was always accompanied by some kindly observation, some reservation in favour of the good they possessed, some natural and proper allowance. I say natural, because I should be giving a wrong impression of the character of his conversation, were I to let it be supposed that these excuses or extenuations were mawkishly uttered, or that he acted a part, and as a matter of rule said something in favour even of those he condemned. . . . . . .

---

* *Hexe* is modern German for *witch*.

"He is loyal to the back-bone, to use a vulgar phrase; but with all this there is nothing servile or merely personal in his loyalty. When the King was coming to Edinburgh, and it was known he was to pass over Waterloo Bridge, a gentleman suggested to him the fitness of concealing or erasing the inscription respecting Prince Leopold * on the arch of the bridge, as it was known there was a coolness between the King and his son-in-law. 'What!' said he, 'shall we insult the King's son-in-law, and through him the King himself, by any allusion to, or notice of, what is so unworthy of all parties? Shall we be ashamed of our own act, and without any diminution of our respect for those to whom the compliment was paid, draw back and eat our words because we have heard of a petty misunderstanding? Shall we undo that, which our respect for the King and his family alone prompted us, right or wrong, to do? No, sir! sooner than that inscrip-

---

* Prince Leopold had been present at the opening of this bridge — and the inscription records that circumstance.

tion should be erased, or even covered with flags or flowers, as you propose, or that anything, in short, should be done to show that we were ashamed of our respect for Prince Leopold, or sought to save the King's feelings by a sacrifice of our own dignity, I would with my own hand set the town of Edinburgh on fire, and destroy it!' . . . .

"In the evening we had a great feast indeed. Sir Walter asked us if we had ever read Christabel, and upon some of us admitting with shame that we had never even seen it, he offered to read it, and took a chair in the midst of all the party in the library. He read the poem from end to end with a wonderful pathos and variety of expression — in some parts his voice was deep and sonorous, at others loud and animated, but all most carefully appropriate, and very sweetly modulated. In his hands, at all events, Christabel justified Lord Byron's often-quizzed character of it — 'a wild and singularly original and beautiful poem.'

"Sir Walter also read us, with the utmost delight, or, as it is called, completely *con amore*, the famous poem on Thomas the Rhymer's adventure with the Queen of the Fairies; but I am at a loss to say which was the most interesting, or even I will say poetical — his conversational account of it to us to-day on the very spot, Huntly Burn, or the highly characteristic ballad which he read to us in the evening.*

"Interspersed with these various readings were hundreds of stories, some quaint, some pathetical — some wild and fairy-like, and not a few warlike, especially of the old times, and now and then one of Wellington and Waterloo; and sometimes he gave anecdotes of things close to his own doors, — ay, and incidents of this very day, which we had passed unseen, but which were now kindled into interest and importance, as if by the touch of a magician's wand.

"There was also much pleasing singing — many old ballads, and many pretending to be old ballads, were sung to the harp and pianoforte. The following is so exquisitely pathetic, that I copied it, after I went to my room, from the young lady's book, and give it a place, though perhaps it is to be found somewhere in print: —

---

* See this ballad in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv.

'My love he built me a bonnie bower,' &c. &c. *

" Abbotsford, 31st December 1824.

" The fashion of keeping up old holidays by bonfires and merriment, is surely decreasing. Or is it that we, the recorders of these things, are getting older, and take consequently less interest in what no longer amuses us, so that we may be deceived in supposing the taste of our juniors to be altered, while in fact it is only our own dispositions and habits that are changed in complexion? It may be so — still I suspect that the progress of education, and the new habits of industry, and the more varied and generous objects which have been opened of late years to all classes, have tended greatly to banish those idle ceremonies and jovialities which I can just recollect in my childhood as being of doubtful pleasure, but which our ancestors describe as being near the summit of their enjoyments. Be this as it may in the eyes of others, I confess, for my part, that your Christmas and New-years' parties seem generally dull. There are several causes for this· The mere circumstance of being brought together for the express purpose of being merry, acts in opposition to the design in view no one is pleased on compulsion; then it seldom happens that a party is quite well sorted; and a third reason is, that it will scarcely ever happen that a family circle can be drawn together on two successive years, without betraying to the eye of affection some fatal blanks 'that were not there before.'

" I took notice at supper. as we waited for the moment that was to give birth to a new year, that there was more than one 'unquiet drooping of the eye;' and amidst the constrained

---

* See *The Border Widow's Lament*, in the *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. pp 94–7.

hilarity of the hour I could trace a faltering in some voices, which told distinctly enough to an ear that was watching for it, that however present the smiling cheek and laughing eye might seem to be, the bleeding heart was far away.*

" It is true enough that it is to 'moralize too deeply' to take things in this way, and to conjure up with an ingenuity of self-annoyance these blighting images. So it is, and so I acted; and as *my* heart was light and unloaded with any care, I exerted myself to carry through the ponderous evening — ponderous only because it was one set apart to be light and gay. I danced reels like a wild man, snapped my fingers, and hallooed with the best of them, flirted with the young ladies at all hazards — and with the elder ones, of which there was a store, I talked and laughed finely. As a suite of rooms was open, various little knots were formed, and nothing would have been nicer had we been left alone, but we must needs be dancing, singing, playing, jesting, or something or other different from that which we might be naturally disposed to be doing. Wherever the Great Unknown went, indeed, there was a sort of halo of fun and intelligence around him; but his plan of letting all things *bide* was not caught up somehow, and we were *shoved* about more than enough.

" Supper was over just at midnight, and as the clock was striking twelve, we all stood up, after drinking a hearty bumper to the old year, and having joined hands cross-wise, each with his right hand seizing his neighbour's left, all joined chorus in an appropriate song by Sir Adam Ferguson, a worthy knight, possessed of infinite drollery. Then followed other toasts of a loyal description, and then a song, a good red-hot Jacobite song *to the King*† — a ditty which, a century ago, might have cost the company their heads, or at least their hands — but now it did no more than draw broad smiles of affected apprehension, and that roguish sort of look natural when people are innocently employed in doing what is held to be mischievous, but harms no one.

---

* The widow and daughters of the poet's brother, Mr. Thomas Scott, were of the party.

† " Here's to the King, boys,
Ye ken wha I mean, boys," &c. &c.
See HOGG's *Jacobite Relics*

"Still, still it was ponderous. Not all the humour and miraculous vivacity and readiness of our host could save it — long blank pauses occurred — and then a feeble whisper — but little more, and the roar of a jolly toast subsided into a hollow calm. I dwell upon all this merely to make people consider how useless it is to get up such things now-a-days — for if Walter Scott, with all appliances and means to boot — in his noble house — surrounded by his own choice friends — full of health and all he can wish, is unable to exempt a Hogmanay party from the soporific effect proverbially attendant upon manufactured happiness, who else need venture on the experiment? At about one we broke up, and every one seemed rejoiced to be allowed to go about at pleasure: while the horses were putting to, to carry off our numerous company, and shawls were hunting for, people became bright again, and not being called upon to act any part, fell instantly into good-humour; and we had more laughing and true hilarity in the last half hour than in all the evening before. The Author of Waverley himself seemed to feel the reviving influence of freedom, and cruized about from group to group, firing in a shot occasionally to give spirit to what was going on, and then *hauling off* to engage with some other — to show his stores of old armour — his numerous old carved oak cabinets, filled with the strangest things — adder-stones of magical power — fairies' rings — pearls of price, and amongst the rest a mourning ring of poor Lord Byron's, securely stowed away in one of the inmost drawers!

"On one of those roving expeditions he pushed his head into the circle of which I happened to make one, and seizing upon some casual analogy, said, 'that reminds me of a story of a fair, fair lady,' &c. All became mute and crowded about him, and he began, in a low, solemn, and very impressive voice, with a sort of mock earnestness which fixed the attention in a wonderful degree, and gave an air of truth and importance to what he was telling, as if it were some material fact which he had to communicate for our serious consideration. 'There was,' said he, 'a very merry party collected in a town in France, and amongst all the gay lords and ladies there assembled, there was none who caused so great a sensation, as a beautiful young lady who danced, played, and sang in the most exquisite style. There were only two unaccountable circumstances belonging to her — one was, that she never went to church, or attended family prayers; the other, that she always wore a slender black velvet band or girdle round her waist. She was often asked about these peculiarities, but she always evaded the interrogatories, and still by her amiable manners and beauty won all hearts. One evening, in a dance, her partner saw an opportunity of pulling the loop of her little black girdle behind; it fell to the ground, and immediately the lady became pale as a sheet — then gradually shrunk and shrunk — till at length nothing was to be seen in her place but a small heap of grey ashes!' . . . .

"I forgot to mention that in the course of a conversation about ghosts, fears in the dark, and such matters, Sir Walter mentioned having once arrived at a country inn, when he was told there was no bed for him. 'No place to lie down at all?' said he. 'No,' said the people of the house — 'none, except a room in which there is a corpse lying.' 'Well,' said he, 'did the person die of any contagious disorder?' 'Oh no — not at all,' said they. 'Well, then,' continued he, 'let me have the other bed. — So,' said Sir Walter, 'I laid me down, and never had a better night's sleep in my life.'

"Abbotsford, January 1, 1825.

"Yesterday being Hogmanay, there was a constant succession of *Guisards* — *i. e.* boys dressed up in fantastic caps, with their shirts over their jackets, and with wooden swords in their hands. These players acted a sort of scene before us, of which the hero was one Goloshin, who gets killed in a 'battle for love,' but is presently brought to life again by doctor of the party.

" As may be imagined, the taste of our host is to keep up these old ceremonies. Thus, in the morning, yesterday, I observed crowds of boys and girls coming to the back door, where each one got a penny and an oaten-cake. No less than 70 pennies were thus distributed — and very happy the little bodies looked, with their well-stored bags.

" People accustomed to the planting of trees are well aware how grateful the rising generations of the forest are to the hand which thins and prunes them. And it makes one often melancholy to see what a destructive sort of waste and retardation goes on by the neglect of young woods — how much beauty is lost — how much wealth is wantonly thrown away, and what an air of sluttishness is given to scenery which, with a very little trouble, might have adorned and embellished, not to say enriched, many a great estate.

" I never saw this mischievous effect of indolence more conspicuously made manifest than in a part of the grounds here Sir Walter's property on one side is bounded by a belt of fir trees, say twenty yards across. The 'march' runs directly along the centre of this belt, so that one-half of the trees belong to his neighbour, the other to him. The moment he came in possession he set about thinning and pruning the trees, and planting a number of hardwood shoots under the shelter of the firs. In a very short time the effect was evident: the trees, heretofore choked up, had run into scraggy stems, and were sadly stunted in growth; but having now room to breathe and to take exercise, they have shot up in the course of a few years in a wonderful manner, and have set out branches on all sides, while their trunks have gradually lost the walking-stick or hop-pole aspect which they were forced to assume before, and the beeches and oaks and other recent trees are starting up vigorously under the genial influence of their owner's care. Meanwhile the obstinate, indolent, or ignorant possessor of the other half of the belt, has done nothing to his woods for many years, and the growth is apparently at a stand in its original ugliness and uselessness. The trees are none of them above half the height of Sir Walter's, and few, if any, of half the diameter. So very remarkable is the difference, that without the most positive assurances I could not believe it possible that it could have been brought about by mere care in so short a period as five years. The trees on the one side are quite without value, either to make fences or to sell as supports to the coal-pits near Berwick, while Sir Walter already reaps a great profit from the mere thinning out of his plantations. To obtain such results, it will be easily understood that much personal attention is necessary, much method and knowledge of the subject. It happens, however, that in this very attention he finds his chief pleasure — he is a most exact and punctual man of business, and has made it his favourite study to acquire a thorough knowledge of the art.

"His excellent taste in planting has produced a very important effect. In laying out his plantations, he was guided, partly by a feeling that it was natural and beautiful to follow the 'lie of the ground,' as it is called, and partly by an idea that by leading his young wood along hollows and gentle slopes, he would be taking the surest course to give it shelter. But though he had only the prosperity and picturesqueness of the wood in view, he has also, he finds, added to the value of the adjoining fields that remain unplanted. The person who formerly rented one farm came to him and offered to take the unplanted part again, and to pay the same rent for it as he had paid originally for the whole, although one-half of it is now a young forest, and effectually enclosed. On Sir Walter's expressing his surprise at this, the man said that, both for growing corn and for the pasture of sheep, the land was infinitely improved in value by the protection which his rising woods and numerous enclosures afforded.

"This will seem still more remarkable when it is mentioned that, whenever circumstances permitted, his best land has been selected for planting trees. 'I have no patience,' he exclaimed, 'with those people who consider that a tree is not to be placed except on a soil where nothing else will grow Why should the noblest of all vegetables be condemned to the worst soil? After all, it is the most productive policy to give trees every advantage, even in a pecuniary point of view, as I have just shown you. The immediate return in cash is not so great indeed as from wheat, but it is eventually as sure, if matters be properly attended to — and this is all over and above one's great and constantly increasing source of enjoyment in the picturesque beauty which rising woods afford.

"Abbotsford, January 2, 1825.

"At breakfast to-day we had, as usual, some 150 stories — God knows how they came in, but he is, in the matter of anecdote, what Hudibras was in figures of speech — 'his mouth he could not ope — but out there flew a trope' — so with the Great Unknown, his mouth he cannot open without giving out something worth hearing — and all so simply, good-naturedly, and naturally! I quite forget all these stories but one: — 'My cousin Watty Scott,' said he, 'was a midshipman some forty years ago in a ship at Portsmouth; he and two other companions had gone on shore, and had overstaid their leave, spent all their money, and run up an immense bill at a tavern on the Point — the ship made the signal for sailing, but their landlady said, "No, gentlemen — you shall not escape without paying your reckoning;" — and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the tender keeping of a sufficient party of bailiffs. They felt that they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released. "No, no," said Mrs. Quickly, "I must be satisfied one way or t'other: you must be well aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time." They made long faces, and confessed that it was but too true. "Well," said she, "I'll give you one chance — I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband, or at all events I must be able to produce a marriage certificate; and therefore the only terms on which you shall all three have leave to go on board to-morrow morning is, that one of you consent to marry me. I don't care a d—— which it is, but, by all that's holy, one of you I will have, or else you all three go to jail, and your ship sails without you!" The virago was not to be pacified, and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was lost, and off they marched to church, and my poor relative was forthwith spliced. The bride, on returning, gave them a good substantial dinner and several bottles of wine a-piece, and having tumbled them into a wherry, sent them off. The ship sailed, and the young men religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had taken previous to drawing lots. The bride, I should have said, merely wanted to be married, and was the first to propose an eternal separation. Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipmen's berth, and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them carelessly, reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, in his ecstasy forgot his obligation of secrecy, and cried out, "Thanks be to God, my wife is hanged!"'

"Mixed up with all this fun, Sir Walter has much admirable good sense, and makes many valuable reflections, which are apt sometimes to escape notice from the unpretending manner in which they are introduced. Talking of different professions to-day, and of the universal complaint of each one being overstocked, he observed — 'Ay, ay, it is the same in all: we wear our teeth out in the hard drudgery of the outset, and at length when we do get bread to eat, we complain that the crust is hard; so that in neither case are we satisfied.'

"Taking up a book with a pompous dedication to the King, he read the first paragraph, in which the style was inverted in such a manner as scarcely to be intelligible, but yet was so oddly turned as to excite curiosity. 'Now, this,' he said, 'is just like a man coming into a room bottom foremost in order to excite attention: he ought to be kicked for his pains.'

"Speaking of books and booksellers, he remarked that, considered generally, an author might be satisfied if he got one-sixth part of the retail price of his book for his share of the profits; — this seems very moderate — but who should have such means of making a right calculation on such a point?

"Some conversation arose about stranger tourists, and I learned that Sir Walter had at length been very reluctantly obliged to put a stop to the inundation of these people, by sending an intimation to the inns at Melrose and Selkirk to stop them, by a message saying it was not convenient to receive company at Abbotsford, unless their visit had been previously announced and accepted. Before this, the house used to be literally stormed: no less than *sixteen* parties, all uninvited, came in one day — and frequently eight or ten forced themselves in; so that it became impossible for the family to have a moment to themselves. The tourists roved about the house, touched and displaced the armour, and I dare say (though this was not admitted) many and many a set carried off some trophy with them.

"Just as breakfast was concluded to-day he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read prayers at eleven, when I expect you all to attend.' He did not treat the subject as if ashamed of it, which some do. He did not say, 'those who please may come, and any one who likes may stay away,' as I have often heard. He read the Church of England service, and did it with singular beauty and impressiveness, varying his voice according to the subject; and as the first lesson was from a very poetical part of Isaiah, he kindled up, and read it with a great deal of animation, without, however, overstepping the solemnity of the occasion.

"We had an amusing instance of his playfulness this evening. Something introduced the subject of lions. 'Well,' said he, 'I think it amusing enough to be a lion: what think you, Captain Hall?' 'Oh,' I answered, 'I am always too much flattered by it — and nothing gratifies me more than being made to wag my tail and roar in my small way.' 'That's right,' he said, turning to the company; 'nothing is more diverting than being handed about in that way, and for my part I enjoy it exceedingly. I was once hunted by a well-known lion-catcher, who I found was also in search of Miss

O'Neill, and it so chanced that we met together at Highgate, or in that neighbourhood, and we were carried out to see some grounds, in the course of which both the lion and the lioness found themselves in a place where there was an iron railing all round. "Now," said I, "if you have got a lock there to turn upon us, you have us both for ever, and your fortune is made. You have only to hoist a flag on a pole at the top of the hill, and stick up a few bills, saying that you have just caught those two beautiful animals, and in an hour's time you have half the metropolis to see us at a shilling a-head, and we shall roar in grand style — shall we not, Miss O'Neill?"'

"He then laughed much at some lions about town, who disdained being stirred up with a long pole, as every good lion ought to be. 'You and I, Captain Hall, know better, and we enjoy ourselves accordingly in our noble-beast capacity; — whereas those poor wretches lose all the good things we get — because, forsooth, they must be loved and admired, and made much of for their mere *human* qualities — while we are content with our pretensions as monsters!'

"Abbotsford, January 3.

"There has been an immense flood in the Tweed lately, which overflowed its banks, and did a world of mischief, though not quite so great as that at St. Petersburgh. But what is comical, this rise of the river actually set Abbotsford on fire: at least the offices on the *haugh* below the house, where the water rose three feet perpendicular above the floor; and happening to encounter a pile of unslaked lime in the corner of a cow-house, presently set it in a blaze! There was no want of water, you may be sure — 'too much of water, poor Ophelia' — and no great damage was done. This flood raised the water considerably more than a foot — exactly three inches higher than that of 1812, the highest ever known up to that date.

"A neighbouring laird and his son joined our party yesterday, Mr. Henderson of Eildon Hall, and the proprietor of the well-known hills of that name. His history may amuse you He was, long ago, clerk of the Cocket at Leith, an office worth £50 a-year, and this was his whole substance. It chanced that Mr. Ramsay, the banker, was in want of a clerk, and said to a friend, 'Do you know any one who writes a good hand, is honest and steady, and who never opens his mouth from one year's end to the other?' 'I know your man exactly,' said the other; and Mr. H. was accordingly made clerk under Mr. Ramsay, with whom he kept up the necessary communication by means of a sort of telegraph, as it is alleged, as Mr. R. had a great dislike to speech. In process of time our hero insinuated himself so completely into the good graces of his patron that he got a small share in the bank, then a larger, and so on. It happened about this time that the man who had taken Craigleith quarry failed for want of capital; and our friend, the silent clerk of the Cocket, who had the bank under his lee, bought up the contract, and cleared ten thousand a-year for nine or ten years by this one job. So that what with the bank, and sundry other speculations, which all turned out well, he amassed great wealth, and resolved to turn country gentleman.

"One day in company he was making inquiries about land, and a gentleman opposite was so eloquent in praise of Eildon Hall, then in the market, that he was seized with a desire to be the purchaser. 'What is the price?' asked he. 'Why,' said the other, 'I dare say you may get it for forty thousand pounds.' 'Indeed!' said our quarryman, 'I will give that with pleasure — and I authorize you to make the offer.'

"Now, the amusing thing about this transaction is, that the estate in question had been some time advertised for sale for thirty-seven thousand pounds only; thus our worthy friend of the telegraph gave three thousand more for the property than was asked, to the great delight and astonishment of Messrs. Todd and Romanes, the agents for the sale. A fact, by the way, which goes far to support the Lord Chancellor's estimate of a banker's intellects.

"With all this, our taciturn friend makes 'a very decent lord,' is well esteemed in the neighbourhood, and, as he has the discretion now to take good advice, he is likely to do well.

"Sir Adam Fergusson, who is the most humorous man alive, and delights in showing up his neighbour, mentioned to him the other day that the Eildon estate was sadly in want of lime. 'Eh!' said the laird, 'I am much obliged to you for that hint — I am just ruined for want o' hints!'

"At this moment there is a project for making a railway from Berwick to Kelso, as all the world knows; but the Great Unknown and several other gentlemen are anxious to tail on a branch from Melrose to meet the great one; and as Mr. H., with his long purse and his willingness to receive hints, is no bad card in the game, he has been brought up to Abbotsford for a week: his taciturnity has long ago fled, and he is now one of the most loquacious Borderers going. Torwoodlee, too, and his son the Skipper, came to breakfast to-day, in order that the whole party might have a consultation before going to the railroad meeting at Melrose. I should suspect that when the Author of Waverley sets his shoulders to any wheel, it must be in a devilish deep slough if it be not lifted out.

"As my brother James was obliged to return to Edinburgh, and I thought that I had stayed long enough, we set out from Abbotsford after luncheon, very reluctantly, for the party had grown upon our esteem very much, and had lately been augmented by the arrival from England of Mr. Lockhart, whom I wished to get acquainted with, and of Captain Scott, the poet's eldest son. The family urged me very much to stay, and I could only get away by making a promise to return for their little dance on Friday evening; so that it is not impossible this journal may have some additions made to it in the same strain."

"Abbotsford, 7th January, 1825.

"To-day my sister Fanny and I came here. In the evening there was a dance in honour of Sir Walter Scott's eldest son, who had recently come from Sandhurst College, after having passed through some military examinations with great credit.

"We had a great clan of Scotts. There were no less than nine Scotts of Harden, and ten of other families. There were others besides from the neighbourhood — at least half-a-dozen Fergussons, with the jolly Sir Adam at their head — Lady Fergusson, her niece Miss Jobson, the pretty heiress of Lochore — &c. &c. &c. . . . .

"The evening passed very merrily, with much spirited dancing; and the supper was extremely cheerful, and quite superior to that of Hogmanay.

"Abbotsford, 8th January.

"It is wonderful how many people a house can be made to hold upon occasions such as this; and when, in the course of the morning, the neighbours came to stream off to their respective homes, one stared, like the man in the Arabian Nights who uncorked the genie, thinking how the deuce they ever got in. There were a few who stayed a while to saunter about the dressed grounds, under the guidance of Sir Walter; but by one or two o'clock my sister and I found ourselves the only guests left, and on the Great Unknown proposing a walk to a point in his plantations called Turn-again, we gladly accepted his offer and set out.

"I have never seen him in better spirits, and we accompanied him for several hours with great delight. I observed on this occasion the tone of his innumerable anecdotes was somewhat different from what it had been when James and I and some other gentlemen formed his companions. There was then an occasional roughness in the point and matter of the stories; but no trace of this to-day. He was no less humorous, however, and varied than before; — always appropriate, too — in harmony with the occasion, as it were — never lugging in stories by the head and shoulders. It is very difficult, I may say impossible, to give a correct conception of this by mere description. So much consists in the manner and the actual tone and wording of what is said; so much, also, which cannot be imparted, in the surrounding circumstances — the state of the weather — the look of the country — the sound of the wind in the trees close at hand — the view of the distant hills: — all these and a thousand other things produce an effect on the minds of those present which suits them for the reception of the conversation at the moment, and prevents any transfer of the sentiments produced thereby, to any one differently circumstanced.

" On reaching the brow of the hill on the eastern side of one of his plantations, we came in sight of Melrose Abbey, on which there was a partial gleam of sunshine lighting up an angle of the ruins. Straightway we had an anecdote of Tom Purdie, his gamekeeper and *factotum.* Tom has been many years with Sir Walter, and being constantly in such company, has insensibly picked up some of the taste and feeling of a higher order. 'When I came here first,' said Tom to the factor's wife, 'I was little better than a beast, and knew nae mair than a cow what was pretty and what was ugly. I was cuif enough to think that the bonniest thing in a country-side was a corn-field enclosed in four stane dykes; but now I ken the difference. Look this way, Mrs. Laidlaw, and I'll show you what the gentlefolks likes. See ye there now the sun glinting on Melrose Abbey? It's no aw bright, nor it's no aw shadows neither, but just a bit screed o' light — and a bit daud o' dark yonder like, and that's what they ca' picturesque; and, indeed, it maun be confessed it is unco bonnie to look at!'

" Sir Walter wished to have a road made through a straight belt of trees which had been planted before he purchased the property, but being obliged to return to Edinburgh, he entrusted it to Tom Purdie, his 'right-hand man.' 'Tom,' said he, 'you must not make this walk straight — neither must it be crooked.' 'Deil, Sir! than what maun it be like?' 'Why, said his master, 'don't you remember when you were a shepherd, Tom, the way in which you dandered hame of an even? You never walked straight to your house, nor did you go much about; now make me just such a walk as you used to take yourself.' Accordingly, '*Tom's walk*' is a standing proof of the skill and taste of the *ci-devant* shepherd, as well as of the happy power which his master possesses, in trifles as well as in great affairs, of imparting his ideas to those he wishes to influence. . . . .

"In the course of our walk he entertained us much by an account of the origin of the beautiful song of 'Auld Robin Gray.' 'It was written,' he said, 'by Lady Anne Lindsay, now Lady Anne Barnard.* She happened to be at a house where she met Miss Suff Johnstone, a well known person, who played the air, and accompanied it by words of no great delicacy, whatever their antiquity might be; and Lady Anne, lamenting that no better words should belong to such a melody, immediately set to work and composed this very pathetic story. Truth, I am sorry to say, obliges me to add that it was a fiction. Robin Gray was her father's gardener, and the idea of the young lover going to sea, which would have been quite out of character here amongst the shepherds, was natural enough where she was then residing, on the coast of Fife. It was long unknown,' he added, 'who the author was; and indeed there was a clergyman on the coast whose conscience was so large that he took the burden of this matter upon himself, and pleaded guilty to the authorship. About two years ago I wrote to Lady Anne to know the truth — and she wrote back to say she was certainly the author, but wondered how I

---

* Lady Anne Barnard died in 1825, and in the same year Sir Walter Scott edited, for the Bannatyne Club, a tract containing a corrected version of the original ballad, and two continuations by the authoress. Part of the preface, which consists almost entirely of a letter from her to the editor, is as follows: — "*Robin Gray*, so called from its being the name of *the old herd* at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; —— ——, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.' — 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my *dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret. * * * * * * * Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question be

---

tween the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity — or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not, — where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballat of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity."

The two versions of the second part of the ballad, written many years after the first part, are very inferior to it. In them, Auld Robin falls sick, — confesses that he himself stole the cow in order to force Jenny to marry him, — leaves to Jamie all his possessions, — dies, — and the young couple of course are united. — *Note by the Rev Alexander Dyce*, 1839.

could have guessed it, as there was no person alive to whom she had told it. When I mentioned having heard it long ago from a common friend who was dead, she then recollected me, and wrote one of the kindest letters I ever received, saying she had till now not the smallest idea that I was the little *lame boy* she had known so many years before.'

"I give this anecdote partly from its own interest, and partly for the sake of introducing the unconcerned allusion to his own lameness — which I have heard him mention repeatedly, in the same sort of way, without seemingly caring about it. Once speaking of the old city wall of Edinburgh (which, by the way, he says was built during the panic caused by the disastrous battle of Flodden Field) — he said it used to be a great *ploy* in his youth to climb the said wall. 'I used often to do it,' he observed, 'notwithstanding my bad foot, which made it no very easy job.'

"On coming to a broad path in the middle of the woods, we took notice of a finger-post, on which was written 'The *Rod* to Selkirk.' We made some remark about Tom's orthography, upon which he laughed, and said that that finger-post had gained him great popularity in the neighbourhood. 'I cannot say,' he remarked, 'that I had any such view when I ordered it to be put up. The public road, it is true, is not far off, and this leads through the very centre of my grounds, but I never could bring myself to make that a reason for excluding any person who finds it agreeable or advantageous to take over the hill if he likes. But although my practice in this respect had always been well known, the actual admission of it, the avowed establishment of it as a sort of right, by sticking up the finger-post, was received as a kind of boon, and I got a world of credit for a thing which had certainly not any popularity for its object. Nevertheless,' he continued, 'I have no scruple in saying that what I did, deserved the good people's acknowledgment; and I seriously disapprove of those proprietors who act on a different principle in these matters. Nothing on earth would induce me to put up boards threatening prosecution, or cautioning one's fellow-creatures to beware of man-traps and spring-guns. I hold that all such things are not only in the highest degree offensive and hurtful to the feelings of people whom it is every way important to conciliate, but that they are also quite inefficient — and I will venture to say, that not one of my young trees has ever been cut, nor a fence trodden down, or any kind of damage done, in consequence of the free access which all the world has to my place. Round the house, of course, there is a set of walks set apart and kept private for the ladies — but over all the rest of my land any one may rove as he likes. I please myself with the reflection that many people of taste may be indulging their fancies in these grounds, and I often recollect how much of Burns's inspiration was probably due to his having near him the woods of Ballochmyle to ramble through at his will when he was a ragged callant.' *

"He told us of the different periods at which he had planted his grounds. 'I bought this property bit by bit,' he said, 'as accident threw the means of purchase into my hands: I could not lay it all out in a consistent plan, for when I first came here I merely bought a few acres and built a cottage, as a kind of occasional retreat from the bustle of Edinburgh. By degrees I got another and another farm, till all you now see came to me. If things go on improving at the rate they do in the matter of travelling, I dare say I shall be able to live here all the year round, and come out every day from the Court. At present I pass about seven months of the year at Abbotsford; but if the projected railway is established, and we have steam-coaches upon it running at twenty miles an hour.

---

* "Talking one day upon this subject, he told me that he had much more pleasure when the children from Darnick and Melrose would come up to him with a pocketful of nuts, pulled from his own trees, than to see them scampering off the instant they got a peep of him. He had the satisfaction to find, too, that instead of having his woods destroyed, like man-trap, spring-gun-men, and prosecutors in general, the trespassers seemed as careful as if they were their own. And as to the nuts,' he added, 'I can buy as many for half-a-crown as I could gather any year from the whole glen, however well watched and protected.'" — *Note by Mr. Andrew Shortrede*, 1839.

it will be merely good exercise to go in to breakfast and come back to dinner.'

"In a hilly country such as this, one is more dependent upon the taste of one's neighbours than where the surface is flat, for the inequalities bring into view many distant points which one must constantly be wishing to see turned to advantage. Thus it is of consequence to be on such friendly terms with the neighbourhood, especially the proprietors on the opposite side of the river, that they may take one's comfort and pleasure into consideration when they come to plant, or otherwise to embellish their ground. Sir Walter pointed out several different plantations which had been made expressly with a view to the improvement of the prospect from Abbotsford. The owner of one of these estates came over to him one day to point out the line which he had traced with a plough, as the limit of a new plantation, and asked Sir Walter how he liked it, or if he wished any alteration to be made. The Author of Waverley thanked him for his attention, and the two gentlemen climbed the hill above Abbotsford to take the matter into consideration. It was soon seen that, without extending the projected plantation, or diminishing its beauty with reference to the estate on which it was made, a new line might be drawn which would double its apparent magnitude, and greatly enhance the beauty of its form as seen from Abbotsford. The gentleman was delighted to have an opportunity of obliging the Great well-known Unknown, and cantered back to change the line. The young trees are already giving sufficient evidence of the good taste of the proposer of the change, and, it may be said also, of his good sense and his good-nature, for unless he possessed both in an eminent degree, all his gigantic talents would be insufficient to bring round about him the ready hearts and hands of all within his reach. Scott of Gala, for instance, has, out of pure kindness, planted, for several miles, the whole of the opposite bank of the Tweed, and with great pains improved all the lines of his father's planting, solely to please his neighbour, and without any benefit to his own place. His worthy friend, also, of Eildon

Hall, he told us to-day, had kindly undertaken, in the same spirit, to plant the base of these two beautiful hills, which, without diminishing their grandeur, will greatly add to their picturesque effect, and, in fact, increase the bold magnificence of their summits.

"'I make not a rule to be on intimate terms,' he told us, 'with all my neighbours — that would be an idle thing to do. Some are good — some not so good, and it would be foolish and ineffectual to treat all with the same cordiality; but to live in harmony with all is quite easy, and surely very pleasant. Some of them may be rough and *gruff* at first, but all men, if kindly used, come about at last, and by going on gently, and never being eager or noisy about what I want, and letting things glide on leisurely, I always find in the end that the object is gained on which I have set my heart, either by exchange or purchase, or by some sort of compromise by which both parties are obliged, and good-will begot if it did not exist before — strengthened if it did exist.' ——

"'There, see,' he continued, 'that farm there, at the foot of the hill, is occupied by a respectable enough tenant of mine; I told him I had a great desire for him to try the effect of lime on his land. He said he doubted its success, and could not venture to risk so much money as it would cost. "Well," said I, "fair enough; but as I wish to have the experiment tried, you shall have the lime for the mere carting; you may send to the place where it is to be bought, and at the term-day you shall strike off the whole value of the lime from the rent due to me." When the day came, my friend the farmer came with his whole rent, which he laid down on the table before me without deduction. "How's this, my man? you are to deduct for the lime, you know." "Why, Sir Walter," replied he, "my conscience will not let me impose on you so far — the lime you recommended me to try, and which but for your suggestion I never would have tried, has produced more than would have purchased the lime half-a-dozen times over, and I cannot think of making a deduction."'

"In this way, by a constant quiet interchange of good offi ces, he extends his great influence amongst all classes, high and low; and while in the morning, at breakfast-time, he gets a letter from the Duke of Wellington, along with some rare Spanish manuscripts taken at Vittoria [*] — at mid-day he is gossiping with a farmer's wife, or pruning his young trees cheek by jowl with Tam Purdie — at dinner he is keeping the table merry, over his admirable good cheer, with ten hundred good stories, or discussing railroads, blackfaced sheep, and other improvements, with Torwoodlee — in the evening he is setting the young folks to dance, or reading some fine old ballad from Percy's Reliques, or some black-letter tome of Border lore, or giving snatches of beautiful songs, or relating anecdotes of chivalry — and ever and anon coming down to modern home life with some good honest practical remark which sinks irresistibly into the minds of his audience, — and all with such ease and unaffected simplicity as never, perhaps, was seen before in any man so gifted — so qualified to take the loftiest, proudest line at the head of the literature, the taste, the imagination, of the whole world! Who can doubt that, after such a day as I have glanced at, his slumbers must be peaceful, and that remorse is a stranger to his bosom, and that all his renown, all his wealth, and the love of 'such troops of friends,' are trebly gratifying to him, and substantial, from their being purchased at no cost but that of truth and nature.

"Alas for poor Lord Byron, of whom he told us an anecdote to-day, by which it appeared that his immense fame as an author was altogether insufficient to harden him against the darts of calumny or malevolence levelled at his private life. He quoted to Scott, with the bitterest despair, the strong expression of Shakspeare,

> 'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us;' [†]

---

[*] About this time the Duke sent Scott some curious documents about the proposed duel between Charles V. and Francis I.

[†] *King Lear*, Act V. Scene 3.

and added, 'I would to God that I could have your peace of mind, Mr. Scott; I would give all I have, all my fame, everything, to be able to speak on this subject' (that of domestic happiness) 'as you do!'

"Sir Walter describes Lord Byron as being a man of real goodness of heart, and the kindest and best feelings, miserably thrown away by his foolish contempt of public opinion. Instead of being warned or checked by public opposition, it roused him to go on in a worse strain, as if he said — 'Ay, you don't like it — well, you shall have something worse for your pains.' Thus his Lordship, poor fellow, by taking the wrong view, went on from bad to worse, and at every struggle with the public sunk deeper and deeper in their esteem, while he himself became more and more sensitive about their disapprobation. 'Many, many a pleasant hour I have spent with him,' Sir Walter added, 'and I never met a man with nobler feelings, or one who, had he not unfortunately taken the wrong course, might have done more to make himself beloved and respected. A man of eminence in any line, and perhaps a man of great literary eminence especially, is exposed to a thousand eyes which men, not so celebrated, are safe from — and in consequence, right conduct is much more essential to his happiness than to those who are less watched; and I may add, that only by such conduct can the permanence of his real influence over any class be secured. I could not persuade Byron to see it in this light — the more's the pity, for he has had no justice done him.'

"Some one talked of the pains taken to provide the poor with receipts for making good dishes out of their ordinary messes. 'I dislike all such interference,' he said — 'all your domiciliary, kind, impertinent visits; — they are all pretty much felt like insults. and do no manner of good: let people go on in their own way, in God's name. How would you like to have a nobleman coming to you to teach you how to dish up your beefsteak into a French kickshaw? And who is there so miserably put to his ways and means that will endure to have another coming to teach him how to economize and keep his accounts? Let the poor alone in their domestic habits, I pray you; protect them and treat them kindly, of course, and trust them; but let them enjoy in quiet their dish of porridge, and their potatoes and herrings, or whatever it may be — but for any sake don't torment them with your fashionable soups. And take care,' he added, 'not to give hem anything gratis; except when they are under the gripe of immediate *misery* — what *they* think misery — consider it as a sin to do anything that can tend to make them lose the precious feeling of independence. For my part, I very, very rarely give anything away. Now, for instance, this pile of branches which has been thinned out this morning, is placed here for sale for the poor people's fires, and I am perfectly certain they are more grateful to me for selling it at the price I do (which, you may be sure, is no great matter), than if I were to give them ten times the quantity for nothing. Every shilling collected in this and other similar manners, goes to a fund which pays the doctor for his attendance on them when they are sick; and this is my notion of charity.'

"I shall have given a false impression of this great man's character to those who do not know him, if I have left an impression that he is all goodness and forbearance — that there is no acid in his character; for I have heard him several times as sharp as need be when there was occasion. To-day, for instance, when a recent trial, in which a beautiful actress was concerned, happened to be brought into discussion, he gave his opinion of all the parties with great force and spirit; and when the lady's father's name was mentioned as having connived at his daughter's disgrace, he exclaimed — 'Well, I do not know what I would not give to have one good kick at that infernal rascal; I would give it to him,' said he, drawing his chair back a foot from the table, 'I would give it to him in such a style as should send the vagabond out of that window as far as the Tweed. Only, God forgive me,' added he, smiling at his own unwonted impetuosity, and drawing his chair forward quietly to the table, 'only it would be too good a death for the villain; and besides,' said he, his good-humoured manner returning as he spoke, 'it would be a sad pollution to our bonny Tweed to have the drowning of such a thoroughbred miscreant as could sell his daughter's honour!'

"It is interesting to see how all ranks agree to respect our hero, and to treat him with respect at once, and with kindness and familiarity. On high days and holidays, a large blue ensign, such as is worn by ships of war, is displayed at a flagstaff, rising from a round tower built for the purpose at one angle of his garden. The history of this flag is as follows: —

"The 'Old Shipping Smack Company' of Leith some time ago launched one of the finest vessels they had ever sailed, and called her 'The Walter Scott,' in honour of their countryman. In return for this compliment he made the Captain a present of a set of flags; which flags you may be sure the noble commander was not shy of displaying to all the world. Now it so happens that there is a strict order forbidding all vessels, except King's ships, to hoist any other flag than a red ensign, so that when our gallant smack-skipper chanced to fall in with one of his Majesty's cruizers, he was ordered peremptorily to pull down his blue colours. This was so sore a humiliation, that he refused to obey, and conceiving that he could out-sail the frigate, crowded all sail, and tried to make off with his ensign still flying at his mast-head. The ship-of-war, however, was not to be so satisfied, and hinted as much by dropping a cannon-shot across his fore-foot. Down came the blue ensign, which was accordingly made prize of, and transmitted forthwith to the Lords of the Admiralty, as is usual in such cases of contumely. Their Lordships, in merry mood, and perhaps even in the plenitude of their power feeling the respect which was due to genius, sent the flag to Abbotsford, and wrote an official letter to Sir Walter, stating the case, and requesting him to have the goodness to give orders to his cruizers in future not to hoist colours appropriated exclusively to the ships of his Majesty. The transaction was creditable to all parties, and he, instead of taking offence,* as a blockhead in his place would have done, immediately sent for his masons, and built him a tower on which to erect his flag — and the first occasion on which it was displayed was the late return of his eldest son from England. . . . . .

---

* I do not understand how any man could have taken offence under

"I have caught the fever of story-telling from contact with this Prince of all Story-tellers! During the riots for the immaculate Queen lately deceased, a report went abroad, it seems, that Abbotsford had been attacked by a mob, its windows broken, and the interior ransacked. 'Ay, ay,' said one of the neighbouring country people to whom the story was told, 'so there was a great slaughter of people?' — 'Na, na,' said his informant, 'there was naebody killed.' — 'Weel, then,' said the other, 'depend upon it, it's aw a lee — if Abbotsford is taken by storm, and the Shirra in it, ye'll hae afterwards to tak account o' the killed and wounded, I'se warrant ye!'"

"Abbotsford, January 9.

"We saw nothing of the chief till luncheon-time, between one and two, and then only for a few minutes. He had gone out to breakfast, and on his return seemed busy with writing. At dinner he was in great force, and pleasant it was to observe the difference which his powers of conversation undergo by the change from a large to a small party. On Friday, when we sat down twenty to dinner, it cost him an effort apparently to keep the ball up at table; but next day, when the company was reduced to his own family, with only two strangers (Fanny and I), he appeared delighted to be at home, and expanded with surprising animation, and poured forth his stores of knowledge and fun on all hands. I have never seen any person on more delightful terms with his family than he is. The best proof of this is the ease and confidence with which they all treat him, amounting quite to familiarity. Even the youngest of his nephews and nieces can joke with him,

these circumstances. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Melville, and the Secretary, Mr. Croker, were both intimate friends of Sir Walter's — and all that passed was of course matter of pleasantry and seem at all times perfectly at ease in his presence — his coming into the room only increases the laugh, and never checks it — he either joins in what is going on, or passes. No one notices him any more than if he were one of themselves. These are things which cannot be got up — no skill can put people at their ease, where the disposition does not sincerely coöperate.

"Very probably he has so correct a knowledge of human character in all its varieties, that he may assist by art in giving effect to this naturally kind bent of his disposition, and this he may do without ceasing to be perfectly natural. For instance, he never sits at any particular place at table — but takes his chance, and never goes, as a matter of course, to the top or to the bottom.* Perhaps this and other similar things are accidental, and done without reflection; but at all events, whether designed or not, their effect is to put every one as much at his ease as if a being of a superior order were not present.

"I know no one who takes more delight in the stories of others than he does, or who seems less desirous of occupying the ears of the company. It is true that no one topic can be touched upon, but straightway there flows out a current of appropriate story — and let the anecdote which any one else tells be ever so humorous, its only effect is to elicit from him another, or rather a dozen others, still more in point. Yet, as I am trying to describe this singular man to others who have not seen him, I should be leaving a wrong impression of his style in this respect, were I to omit mentioning that there is nothing in the least like triumph on these occasions, or any apparent wish to excel the last speaker — the new key is struck, as it were, and instantly the instrument discourses most eloquent music — but the thing is done as if he could not help it; and how often is his story suggested by the obvious desire to get the man that has been speaking out of a scrape, either with some of the hearers, or perhaps with his own conscience. 'Are you a sportsman?' he asked me to-day. I said I was not — that I had begun too late in life, and that I did not find shooting in particular at all amusing. 'Well, neither do I,' he observed; 'time has been when I did shoot a good deal, but somehow I never very much liked it. I was never quite at ease when I had knocked down my black-cock, and going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbours, — but I am not ashamed to say, that no practice ever reconciled me fully to the cruelty of the affair. At all events, now that I can do as I like without fear of ridicule, I take more pleasure in seeing the birds fly past me unharmed. I don't carry this nicety, however, beyond my own person — as Walter there will take good occasion to testify to-morrow.'

---

* This seems refining. Sir Walter, like any other gentleman of his standing, might be expected to devolve the labour of carving on one of his sons.

"Apparently fearing that he had become a little too sentimental, he speedily diverted our thoughts by telling us of a friend of his, Mr. Hastings Sands, who went out to shoot for the first time, and after firing away for a whole morning without any success, at length brought down a bird close to the house, and ran up to catch his pheasant, as he supposed — but which, to his horror, he found was a pet parrot, belonging to one of the young ladies. It was flapping its painted plumage, now all dripping with blood — and ejaculating quickly, Pretty Poll! pretty Poll! as it expired at the feet of the luckless sportsman — who, between shame and regret, swore that, as it was his first experiment in shooting, it should be his last; and on the spot broke his gun all to pieces, and could never afterwards bear to hear a shot fired.

"But I am forgetting what I hinted at as a very characteristic turn of his good-nature. I had mentioned among other reasons why I was not very fond of shooting, that when I missed I was mortified at my want of skill, and that when I saw the bird lying dead at my feet it recalled to my mind a boyish piece of cruelty which I had been guilty of some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, the recollection of which has been a source of frequent and bitter remorse. It is almost too bad to relate — suffice it that the nest was robbed, the young ones drowned before the mother's eyes, and then she was killed. 'You take it too deeply now,' he said; 'and yet an early circumstance of that kind, properly reflected upon, is calculated to have the best effect on our character throughout life. I too,' he continued, 'have my story of boyish cruelty, which has often given me the bitterest remorse in my after life; but which I think has carried with it its useful lesson in practice. I saw a dog coming towards me, when I was a boy about the age you describe yourself to have been when you murdered the ox-eye family. What devil tempted me I know not, but I took up a large stone, threw it, and hit the dog. Nevertheless, it had still strength to crawl up to me, and lick my feet kindly, though its leg was broken — it was a poor bitch big with pup.'

"From parrots we got to *corbies*, or ravens, and he told us with infinite humour a story of a certain tame bird of this description, whose constant delight was to do mischief, and to plague all mankind and beastkind. 'A stranger,' he said, 'called one day with a very surly dog, whose habit it was to snarl and bite at every animal save man; and he was consequently the terror and hatred of his own fraternity, and of the whole race of cats, sheep, poultry, and so on. "Maître Corbeau" seemed to discover the character of the stranger, and from the moment of his arrival determined to play him a trick. I watched him all the while, as I saw clearly that he had a *month's mind* for some mischief. He first hopped up familiarly to Cato, as if to say, "How d'ye do?" Cato snapped and growled like a bear. Corbie retired with a flutter, saying, "God bless me, what's the matter? I had no idea, my good sir, that I was offending you — I scarcely saw you, I was looking for a worm." By and by he made another studied sort of approach — and when Cato growled he drew off, with an air as if he said, "What the devil is the matter with *you* I'm not meddling with you — let *me* alone." Presently the dog became less and less suspicious of Mr. Corbie, and com posed himself on the sunny gravel-walk in a fine sleep. Corbie watched his moment, and hopped and hopped quietly till close up, and then leaping on Cato's back, flapped his wings violently, gave one or two severe dabs with his bill, and then flew up to the edge of the cornice over the gateway, and laughed and screamed with joy at the impotent fury of the dog: a human being could not have laughed more naturally — and no man that ever existed could have enjoyed a mischievous joke more completely than our friend Corbie.' . . . . .

"10th January 1825.

"The party at Abbotsford breaks up this morning, — to the sorrow, I believe, of every member of it. The loadstar of our attraction, accompanied by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Scott, and her family, set off for Lord Dalhousie's — and all the others, except Lady Scott and her daughter, who are to follow in a day or two, are streaming off in different directions. Sir Walter seems as unwilling to leave the country, and return to the bustle of the city, as any schoolboy could have been to go back to his lessons after the holidays. No man perhaps enjoys the country more than he does, and he is said to return to it always with the liveliest relish. It may be asked, if this be so, why he does not give up the town altogether? He might do so, and keep his Sheriffship; but his Clerkship is a thing of more consequence, and that he must lose; and what is far more important still, his constant transactions with the booksellers could never be carried on with convenience, were he permanently settled at a distance from them and their marts. His great purchases of land, his extensive plantations, the crowd of company which he entertains, and the splendid house he has just completed, are all severe pulls on his income — an income, it must be recollected, which is produced not from any fund, but by dint of labour, and from time to time. He is too prudent and sagacious a man not to live within his means; but as yet he cannot have laid by much, and he will have to write a good deal more before he can safely live where he pleases, and as he pleases.

"It becomes a curious question to know when it is that he actually writes these wonderful works which have fixed the attention of the world. Those who live with him, and see him always the idlest man of the company, are at a loss to discover when it is that he finds the means to compose his books. My attention was of course directed this way, and I confess I see no great difficulty about the matter. Even in the country here, where he comes professedly to be idle, I took notice that we never saw him till near ten o'clock in the morning, and, besides this, there were always some odd hours in the day in which he was not to be seen.

"We are apt to wonder at the prodigious quantity which he writes, and to imagine the labour must be commensurate. But, in point of fact, the quantity of mere writing is not very great. It certainly is immense if the quality be taken into view; but if the mere amount of handwriting be considered, it is by no means large. Any clerk in an office would transcribe one of the Waverley Novels, from beginning to end, in a week or ten days — say a fortnight. It is well known, or at least generally, and I have reason to believe truly admitted, that Sir Walter composes his works just as fast as he can write — that the manual labour is all that it costs him, for his thoughts flow spontaneously. He never corrects the press, or if he does so at all, it is very slightly — and in general his works come before the public just as they are written. Now, such being the case, I really have no difficulty in supposing that a couple of hours every day before breakfast may be quite sufficient for all the MS. of Waverley Novels produced in the busiest year since the commencement of the series.

"Since writing the above I have taken the trouble to make a computation, which I think fair to give, whichever way it may be thought to make in the argument.

"In each page of Kenilworth there are, upon an average, 864 letters: in each page of this Journal 777 letters. Now I find that in ten days I have written 120 pages, which would make about 108 pages of Kenilworth; and as there are 320 pages in a volume, it would, at my rate of writing this Jour nal, cost about 29½ days for each volume, or say three months for the composition of the whole of that work. No mortal in Abbotsford-house ever learned that I kept a Journal. I was in company all day, and all the evening till a late hour — apparently the least occupied of the party; and, I will venture to say, not absent from the drawing-room one quarter of the time that the Unknown was. I was always down to breakfast before any one else, and often three quarters of an hour before the Author of Kenilworth — always among the very last to go to bed — in short, I would have set the acutest observer at defiance to have discovered when I wrote this Journal — and yet it is written, honestly and fairly, day by day. I don't say it has cost me much labour; but it is surely not too much to suppose that its composition has cost me, an unpractised writer, as much study as Kenilworth has cost the glorious Unknown. I have not had the motive of £5500 to spur me on for my set of volumes; but if I had had such a bribe, in addition to the feelings of good-will for those at home, for whose sole perusal I write this — and if I had had in view, over and above, the literary glory of contributing to the happiness of two-thirds of the globe, — do you think I would not have written ten times as much, and yet no one should have been able to discover when it was that I had put pen to paper?

"All this assumes Sir Walter Scott to be *the man*. If at a distance there still exist any doubt on the question, there seems to be no longer any in Edinburgh. The whole tenor of Sir Walter's behaviour on the occasion shows him to be the writer; and the single argument of a man of his candour and literary taste never speaking of, or praising works such as these, would alone be sufficient. It would be totally irreconcilable with every part of his character to suppose that he would for an instant take the credit of another's work — and this *silence* is equivalent to the claim.

"It may then be settled that he is certainly the author — but some may ask, why then does he affect any mystery about it? This is easily answered — it saves him completely from a world of flattery and trouble, which he sincerely detests

He never reads the criticisms on his books: this I know from the most unquestionable authority. 'Praise,' he says, 'gives him no pleasure — and censure annoys him.' He is fully satisfied to accept the intense avidity with which his novels are read — the enormous and continued sale of his works, as a sufficient commendation of them; and I can perfectly understand how the complete exemption from all idle flattery addressed to himself personally is a great blessing. Be it remembered, that this favour would be bummed into his ears by every stupid wretch whom he met with, as well as by the polite and learned — he would be literally worried to death by praise, since not a blockhead would ever let him pass. As it is, he enjoys all the reputation he would have if his name were on the title-page — perhaps more; he enjoys all the profit — and he escapes all worry about the matter. There is, no doubt, some little bookselling trick in it too; but this is fair enough: his works are perhaps more talked of, and consequently more sold, than if the author were avowed; — but the real cause of the mystery undoubtedly is his love of quiet, which he can thus indulge without the loss of one grain of literary fame or advantage of any description.

"To conclude — Sir Walter Scott really seems as great as a man as he is as an author; for he is altogether untouched by the applause of the whole civilized world. He is still as simple in his manners, as modest, unassuming, kind, and considerate, in his behaviour to all persons, as he was when the world were unaware of his enormous powers. If any man can be said to have a right to be presumptuous in consequence of possessing acknowledged talents far above those of his company, he is this man. But what sagacity and intimate knowledge of human nature does it not display, when a man thus gifted, and thus entitled as it were to assume a higher level, undazzled by such unanimous praise, has steadiness of head enough not to be made giddy, and clearness enough of moral vision to discover, that so far from lessening the admiration which it is admitted he might claim if he pleased, he augments it infinitely by seeming to waive that right altogether! How wisely he acts by mixing familiarly with all men, drawing them in crowds around him, placing them at their ease within a near view of his excellence, and taking his chance of being more correctly seen, more thoroughly known, and having his merits more heartily acknowledged, than if, with a hundred times even his abilities, he were to trumpet them forth to the world, and to frighten off spectators to a distance by the brazen sound!

"It is, no doubt, in a great measure, to this facility of access, and engaging manner, that his immense popularity is due; but I should hold it very unfair to suppose that he proceeds upon any such calculation. It is far more reasonable to conclude that Providence, in giving him such astonishing powers of pleasing others, should also have gifted him with a heart to understand and value the delight of being beloved as well as wondered at and admired; and we may suppose that he now enjoys a higher pleasure from seeing the happiness which he has given birth to, both abroad in the world, and at home by his own fireside, than any which his readers are conscious of. If a man does act well, it is an idle criticism to investigate the motive with any view of taking exception to that. Those motives which induce to good results, must, in the long run, be good also. A man may be wicked, and yet on a special occasion act virtuously, with a view to deceive and gain under false colours some advantage which his own flag denies him; but this will not do to go on with. Thus it signifies nothing to say that Sir Walter Scott, knowing the envious nature of the world, and the pleasure it has in decrying high merit, and picking holes in the reputation of great men, deports himself as he does, in order to avoid the cavils of his inferiors. Where we find the success so great as in this case, we are quite safe in saying that it is not by rule and compass that the object is gained, but by genuine sentiment and right-mindedness — by the influence of those feelings which prompt men to take pleasure in good and kindly offices — by that judgment which sees through the mists of prejudice and error, finds *some* merit in every man, and makes allowances for the faults and weaknesses of all;—above all, by that admirable self-command which scarcely allows any unfavourable opinion to pass the lips, — the fruit of which is, that by concealing even from himself, as it were, every unkindly emotion, he ceases to feel it. His principle is, by every means to banish from his mind all angry feelings of every description, and thus to exempt himself both from the pain of disappointment in disputes where he should fail, and from the pain of causing ill-will in cases where he might succeed. In this way he keeps on good terms with all his neighbours, without exception, and when others are disputing about boundaries and all the family of contiguous wrangling, he manages to be the universal friend. Instead of quarrelling with his eminent brother authors, whether poets or novelists (as so many others have done, and now do, to their mutual discomfort and shame), he is in friendly and thoroughly unenvious correspondence with them all. So far from any spark of jealousy being allowed to spring up, his delight is to discover and to foster, and make the most of genius wherever it exists. But the great trial is every-day life, and among every-day people: his house is filled with company all the year round, with persons of all ranks — from the highest down to the lowest class that is received at all in society; he is affable alike to them all, makes no effort at display on any occasion, is always gay and friendly, and puts every one at his ease; I consider all else as a trifle compared with the entire simplicity of his manners, and the total apparent unconsciousness of the distinction which is his due. This, indeed, cannot possibly be assumed, but must be the result of the most entire modesty of heart, if I may use such an expression, the purest and most genuine kindness of disposition, which forbids his drawing any comparison to the disadvantage of others. He has been for many years the object of most acute and vigilant observation, and as far as my own opportunities have gone, I must agree with the general report — namely, that on no occasion has he ever betrayed the smallest symptom of vanity or affectation, or insinuated a thought bordering on presumption, or even on a consciousness of his own superiority in any respect whatsoever. Some of his oldest and most intimate friends assert, that he has even of late years become more simple and kindly than ever; that this attention to those about him, and absence of all apparent concern about himself, go on, if possible, increasing with his fame and fortune. Surely if Sir Walter Scott be not a happy man, which he seems truly to be, he deserves to be so!"

Thus terminates Captain Hall's Abbotsford Journal; and with his flourish of trumpets I must drop the curtain on a scene and period of unclouded prosperity and splendour. The muffled drum is in prospect.*

*** This Chapter concluded the Fifth Volume of the first Edition of these Memoirs. — [1839.]**

CHAPTER LXII.

Marriage of Lieutenant Walter Scott — Letter to Lady Davy — Project of Constable's Miscellany — Terry and the Adelphi Theatre — Publication of the Tales of the Crusaders — Preparations for the Life of Buonaparte — Letters to Mr. Terry, Mrs. Walter Scott, &c. — Description of Abbotsford in 1825.

1825.

With all his acuteness, Captain Basil Hall does not seem to have caught any suspicion of the real purpose and meaning of the ball for which he was invited back to Abbotsford on the 7th of January 1825. That evening was one of the very proudest and happiest in Scott's brilliant existence. Its festivities were held in honour of a young lady, whom the Captain names cursorily among the guests as "the pretty heiress of Lochore." It was known to not a few of the party, and I should have supposed it might have been surmised by the rest, that those halls were displayed for the first time in all their splendour, on an occasion not less interesting to the Poet than the conclusion of a treaty of marriage between the heir of his name and fortunes, and the amiable niece of his friends Sir Adam and Lady Fergusson. It was the first regular ball given at Abbotsford, and the last. Nay though twelve years have elapsed, I believe nobody has ever danced under that roof since then. I myself never again saw the whole range of apartments thrown open for the reception of company except once — on the day of Sir Walter Scott's funeral.

The lady's fortune was a handsome one, and her guardians exerted the powers with which they were invested, by requiring that the marriage-contract should settle Abbotsford (with reservation of Sir Walter's own liferent) upon the affianced parties, in the same manner as Lochore. To this condition he gave a ready assent, and the moment he had signed the deed, he exclaimed — "I have now parted with my lands with more pleasure than I ever derived from the acquisition or possession of them; and if I be spared for ten years, I think I may promise to settle as much more again upon these young folks." It was well for himself and his children that his auguries, which failed so miserably as to the matter of worldly wealth, were destined to no disappointment as respected considerations of a higher description. I transcribe one of the letters by which he communicated the happy event to the wide circle of friends who were sure to sympathize in his feelings of paternal satisfaction.

"*To the Lady Davy, Grosvenor Street, London.*

"Edinburgh, 24th January 1825.

"My Dear Lady Davy, — As I know the kind interest which you take in your very sincere friend and Scotch cousin, I think you will like to hear that my eldest hope, who, not many years ago, was too bashful to accept your offered salute, and procured me the happiness of a kiss on his account, beside that which I always claim on my own, has, as he has grown older, learned a little better how such favours are to be estimated. In a word, Walter, then an awkward boy, has now turned out a smart young fellow, with good manners, and a fine figure, if a father may judge, standing well with the Horse-Guards, and much master of the scientific part of his profession, retaining at the same time much of the simple honesty of his original character, though now travelled, and acquainted with courts and camps. Some one of these good qualities, I know not which, or whether it were the united force of the whole, and particularly his proficiency in the attack of strong places, has acquired him the affection and hand of a very sweet and pretty Mrs. Anne Page, who is here as yet known by the name of Miss Jobson of Lochore, which she exchanges next week for that of Mrs. Scott of Abbotsford. It would seem some old flirtation betwixt Walter and her had hung on both their minds, for at the conclusion of a Christmas party we learned the pretty heiress had determined to sing the old tune of—

'Mount and go — mount and make you ready,
Mount and go, and be a soldier's lady.'

Though her fortune be considerable, the favours of the public will enable me to make such settlements as her friends think very adequate. The only impediment has been the poor mother (a Highland lady of great worth and integrity), who could not brook parting with the sole object of her care and attention, to resign her to the vicissitudes of a military life, while I necessarily refused to let my son sink into a mere fox-hunting, muirfowl-shooting squire. She has at length been obliged to acquiesce rather than consent — her friends and counsellors being clear-sighted enough to see that her daughter's happiness could scarce be promoted by compelling the girl to break off a mutual attachment, and a match with a young lieutenant of hussars, sure of having a troop very soon, with a good estate in reversion, and as handsome a fellow as ever put his foot in a stirrup. So they succeeded in bringing matters to a bearing, although old Papa has practised the 'profane and unprofitable art of poem-making' — and the youngster wears a pair of formidable mustachios. They are to be quiet at Abbotsford for a few days, and then they go to town to make heir necessary purchases of carriage, and so forth they are to be at my old friend Miss Dumergue's, and will scarcely see any one; but as I think you will like to call on my dear little Jane, I am sure she will see you, and I know you will be kind and indulgent to her. Here is a long letter when I only meant a line. I think they will be in London about the end of February, or beginning of March, and go from thence to Ireland, Walter's leave of absence being short. My kindest compliments to Sir Humphry, and pray acquaint him of this change in our family, which opens to me another vista in the dark distance of futurity, which, unless the lady had what Sir Hugh Evans calls *good gifts*, could scarce otherwise have happened during my lifetime — at least without either imprudence on Walter's part, or restrictions of habits of hospitality and comfort on my own. — Always, dear Lady Davy, your affectionate and respectful friend and cousin,

"WALTER SCOTT."

The marriage took place at Edinburgh on the 3d day of February, and when the young couple left Abbotsford two or three weeks afterwards, Sir Walter promised to visit them at their regimental quarters in Ireland in the course of the summer. Before he fulfilled that purpose he had the additional pleasure of seeing his son gazetted as Captain in the King's Hussars — a step for which Sir Walter advanced the large sum of £3500. Some other incidents will be gathered from his letters to his son and daughter-in-law, — of which, however, I give such copious extracts chiefly for the illustration they afford of his truly paternal tenderness for the young lady who had just been admitted into his family — and which she, from the first hour of their connexion to the last, repaid by a filial love and devotedness that formed one of the sweetest drops in his cup of life.

"*To Mrs. Walter Scott, Dublin.*

"Abbotsford, March 20, 1825.

"My Dearest Child, — I had the great pleasure of receiving your kind and attentive letter from London a few days later than I ought to have done, because it was lying here while I was absent on a little excursion, of which I have to give a most interesting account. Believe me, my love, I am VERY grateful for the time you bestow on me, and that you cannot give so great happiness to any one as to me by saying you are well and happy. My daughters, who deserve all the affection a father can bestow, are both near me, and in safe guardianship, the one under the charge of a most affectionate husband, and the other under the eye of her parents. For my sons, I have taught them, and what was more difficult, I have taught myself the philosophy, that for their own sake and their necessary advancement in life, their absences from my house must be long, and their visits short; and as they are both, I hope, able to conduct themselves wisely and honourably, I have learned to be contented to hope the best, without making myself or them uneasy by fruitless anxiety. But for YOU, my dear Jane, who have come among us with such generous and confiding affection, my stoicism must excuse me if I am more anxious than becomes either a philosopher or a hackneyed man of the world, who uses in common cases to take that world as it goes. I cannot help worrying myself with the question, whether the object of such constant and affectionate care may not feel less happy than I could wish her, in scenes which must be so new, and under privations which must be felt by you the more that your earlier life has been an entire stranger to them. I know Walter's care and affection will soften and avert these as much as possible, and if there be anything in the power of old papa to assist him in the matter, you will make him most happy by tasking that power to the utmost. I wrote to him yesterday that he might proceed in bargain for the troop, and send me the terms, that I might provide the needful, as mercantile folks call it, in time and place suitable. The rank of Captain gives, I am aware, a degree of consideration which is worth paying for; and what is still more, my little Jane, as a Captain's lady, takes better accommodation every way than is given to a subaltern's. So we must get the troop by all means, *coute qui coute.*

"Now I will plague you with no more business; but give you an account of myself in the manner of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, if ever you heard of such a person. You must suppose that you are busy with your work, and that I am telling you some long story or other, and that you now and then look round and say *eh*, as you do when you are startled by a question or an assertion — it is not quite *eh* either, but just a little quiet interjection, which shows you are attending. You see what a close observer papa is of his child.

"Well then, when, as I calculate (as a Yankee would say), you were tossing on the waves of the Irish Channel, I was also tossing on the Vadum Scotticum of Ptolemy, on my return from the celebrated *Urbs Orrea* of Tacitus. 'Eh!' says Jane; 'Lord, Walter, what can the old gentleman mean?' — '*Weiss nichts davon*,' says the hussar, taking his cigar from under his moustaches (no, I beg pardon, he does not take out the cigar, because, from the last advices, he has used none in his London journey.) He says *weiss nichts*, however, which is, in Italian, *No so* — in French, *Je ne'n scais rien* — in broad Scotch, *I neither ken nor care.* — Well, you ask Mr. Edgeworth, or the chaplain of the regiment, or the first scholar you come by — that is to say, you don't attempt to pronounce the hieroglyphical word, but you fold down the letter just at the place, show the talismanic *Urbs Orrea* and no more, and ask him in which corner of the earth Sir Walter can have been wandering? So, after a moment's recollection, he tells you that the great Roman general, Agricola, was strangely put to his trumps at the *Urbs Orrea* during his campaign in Caledonia, and that the ninth legion was surprised there by the British, and nearly destroyed; then he gets a county history, and a Tacitus, and Sir Robert Sibbald's tracts, and begins to fish about, and finds at length that the *Urbs Orrea* is situated in the kingdom of Fife * — that it is now called Lochore — that it belonged to the Lochores — the De Vallences — the Wardlaws — the Malcolms — and Lord knows whom in succession — and then, in a sheet wet from the press, he finds it is now the property of a pretty and accomplished young lady who, in an unthrift generosity, has given it — with a much more valuable present, namely, *her own self* — to a lieutenant of hussars. So there the scholar shuts his book, and observes, that as there are many cairns and tumuli and other memorials upon the scene of action, he wonders whether Sir Walter had not the curiosity to open some of them. 'Now heaven forbid!' says Jane; 'I think the old knight has stock enough for boring one with his old Border ballads and battles, without raising the bones of men who have slept 1000 years quietly on my own estate to assist him.' Then I can keep silence no longer, but speak in my own proper person. 'Pray, do you not bore me, Mrs. Jane, and have not I a right to retaliate?' — '*Eh!*' says the lady of Lochore, 'how is it possible that I should bore you, and so many hundred miles between us?' — 'That's the very reason,' says the Laird of Abbotsford, 'for it you were near me, the thing would be impossible — but being, as you say, at so many hundred miles distant, I am always thinking about you, and asking myself an hundred questions which I cannot answer; for instance, I cannot go about my little improvements without teasing myself with thinking whether Jane would like the green-house larger or less — and whether Jane would like such line of walk, or such another — and whether that stile is not too high for Jane to step over.' — 'Dear papa,' says Jane, '*your own style* is really too high for my comprehension.'

" Well then, I am the most indulgent papa in the world, and so you see I have turned over a new leaf. The plain sense of all this rambling stuff, which escapes from my pen as it would from my tongue, is that I have visited for a day, with Isaac Bayley,* your dominions of Lochore, and was excellently entertained, and as happy as I could be where everything was putting me in mind that she was absent whom I could most have wished present. It felt, somehow, like an intrusion, and as if it was not quite right that I should be in Jane's house, while Jane herself was amongst strangers: this is the sort of false colouring which imagination gives to events and circumstances. Well, but I was much pleased with all I saw, and particularly with the high order Mr. Bayley has put everything into; and I climbed Bennarty like a wild goat, and scrambled through the old crags like a wild-cat, and pranced through your pastures like a wild-buck (fat enough to be in season though), and squattered through your drains like a wild-duck, and had nearly lost myself in your morasses like the ninth legion, and visited the old castle, which is *not* a *stupit place*, and in short, wandered from Dan to Beersheba, and tired myself as effectually in your dominions as I did you in mine upon a certain walk to the Rhymer's Glen. I had the offer of your pony, but the weather being too cold, I preferred walking. A cheerful little old gentleman, Mr. Birrel, and Mr. Greig the clergyman, dined with us, and your health was not forgotten. — On my retreat (Border fashion) I brought away your pony and the little chaise, believing that both will be better under Peter Mathieson's charge than at Lochore, in case of its being let to strangers. Don't you think Jane's pony will be taken care of?

---

* According to the general creed — (out of the "Kingdom of Fife," that is to say) — Mr. Oldbuck was quite wrong as to the identification of this *prœtorium*.

"The day we arrived, the weather was gloomy and rainy — the climate sorrowful for your absence, I suppose; the next, a fine sunny frost; the third, when I came off, so checkered with hail showers as to prevent a visit I had meditated to two very interesting persons in the neighbourhood. 'The Chief Commissioner and Charles Adam, I suppose? — 'Not a bit; guess again.' — 'O, Mr. Beaton of Contal, or Mr. Sym of Blair?' — 'Not a bit; guess again.' — 'I won't guess any more.' —

---

* A cousin of the young lady, and the legal manager of her affairs.

Well, then, it was two honest gentlemen hewn in stone — some of the old knights of Lochore, who were described to me as lying under your gallery in the kirk; but as I had no reason to expect a warm reception from them, I put off my visit till some more genial season.

"This puts me in mind of Warwick unvisited, and of my stupidity in not letting you know that the church is as well worth seeing as the castle, and you might have seen that, notwithstanding the badness of the morning. All the tombs of the mighty Beauchamps and Nevilles are to be seen there, in the most magnificent style of Gothic display, and in high preservation. However, this will be for another day, and you must comfort yourself that life has something still to show.

"I trust you will soon find yourself at Edgeworthstown, where I know you will be received with open arms, for Miss Edgeworth's kindness is equal to her distinguished talents.

"I am glad you like my old acquaintance, Mathews. Some day I will make him show his talent for your amusement in private; for I know him well. It is very odd, he is often subject to fits of deep melancholy.

"This is a letter of formidable length, but our bargain is, long or short, just as the humour chances to be, and you are never to mend a pen or think upon a sentence, but write whatever comes readiest. My love to Walter. I am rather anxious to know if he has got his horses well over, and whether all his luggage has come safe. I am glad you have got a carriage to your mind; it is the best economy to get a good one at once. Above all, I shall be anxious to hear how you like the society of the ladies of the 15th. I know my Jane's quiet prudence and good sense will save her from the risk of making sudden intimacies, and induce her to consider for a little while which of her new companions may suit her best; in the meanwhile being civil to all.

"You see that I make no apology for writing silly letters, and why should you think that I can think yours stupid? There is not a *stupit* bit about them, nor any word, or sc much as a comma, that is not interesting to me. Lady Scott and Anne send their kindest love to you, and grateful compliments to Mrs. Edgeworth, Miss Edgeworth, our friend Miss Harriet, and all the family at Edgeworthstown. *Buona notte, amata bene.* Good-night, darling, and take good care of yourself. — I always remain your affectionate father,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"P. S. — They say a man's fortune depends on a wife's pleasure. I do not know how that may be; but I believe a lady's comfort depends much on her *fille-de-chambre*, and therefore beg to know how Rebecca discharges her office."

"*To Mrs. Walter Scott, Edgeworthstown, Ireland.*

"Abbotsford, March 23, 1825.

"My Dearest Jane, —I am afraid you will think me a merciless correspondent, assailing you with so close a fire of letters; but having a frank, I thought it as well to send you an epistle, though it can contain nothing more of interest excepting that we are all well. I can, however, add more particularly than formerly, that I learn from Mrs. Bayley that Mrs. Jobson's health is not only good, but her spirits are remarkably so, so as to give the greatest pleasure to all friends. I can see, I think, a very good reason for this; for, after the pain of the first separation from so dear an object, and after having brought her mind to believe that your present situation presented to you a fair chance for happiness, I can easily suppose that her maternal anxiety is greatly relieved from fears and apprehensions which formerly distressed her. Nothing can be more kind and more handsome than the way in which Mrs Jobson speaks of Walter, which I mention, because it gives me sincere pleasure, and will, I am sure, afford the same to you, or rather much more.

"My troops here are sadly diminished. I have only Anne to parade for her morning walk, and to domineer over for going in thin slippers and silk stockings through dirty paths, and in lace veils through bushes and thorn brakes. I think Jane sometimes came in for a share of the lecture on these occasions. So I walk my solitary round — generally speaking — look after my labourers, and hear them regularly inquire, 'If I have heard from the Captain and his Leddy?' I wish I could answer them — *yes;* but have no reason to be impatient. This is the 23d, and I suppose Walter will be at Cork this evening to join the 15th, and that you are safe at Edgeworthstown to spend your first short term of widowhood. I hope the necessary hospitality to his mess will not occasion his dissipating too much; for, to be a very strong young man, I know no one with whom what is called hard living agrees so ill. A happy change in the manners of the times fortunately renders such abuse of the good creature, wine, much less frequent and less fashionable than it was in my days and Sir Adam's. Drinking is not now the vice of the times, whatever vices and follies they may have adopted in its stead.

"I had proceeded thus far in my valuable communication, when, lo! I was alarmed by the entrance of that terrific animal a two-legged boar — one of the largest size and most tremendous powers. By the way, I learned, from no less an authority than George Canning, what my own experience has since made good, that an efficient bore must always have something respectable about him, otherwise no one would permit him to exercise his occupation. He must be, for example, a very rich man (which, perhaps, gives the greatest privilege of all) — or he must be a man of rank and condition too important to be treated *sans ceremonie* — or a man of learning (often a dreadful bore) — or of talents undoubted, or of high pretensions to wisdom and experience — or a great traveller; — in short, he must have some tangible privilege to sanction his profession. Without something of this kind, one would treat a bore as you do a vagrant mendicant, and send him off to the workhouse if he presumed to annoy you. But when properly qualified, the bore is more like a beggar with a badge and pass from his parish, which entitles him to disturb you with his importunity, whether you will or no.* Now, my bore is a complete gentleman and an old friend, but, unhappily for those who know him, master of all Joe Miller's stories of sailors and Irishmen, and full of quotations from the classics as hackneyed as the post-horses of Melrose. There was no remedy; I must either stand his shot within doors, or turn out with him for a long walk, and, for the sake of elbow-room I preferred the last. Imagine an old gentleman, who has been handsome, and has still that sort of pretension which leads him to wear tight pantaloons and a smart half-boot, neatly adapted to show off his leg; suppose him as upright and straight as a poker, if the poker's head had been, by some accident, bent to one side; add to this, that he is a dogged Whig; consider that I was writing to Jane, and desired not to be interrupted by much more entertaining society. — Well, I was *had*, however — fairly caught — and out we sallied, to make the best we could of each other. I felt a sort of necessity to ask him to dinner; but the invitation, like Macbeth's *amen*, stuck in my throat. For the first hour he got the lead, and kept it; but opportunities always occur to an able general, if he knows how to make use of them. In an evil hour for him, and a happy one for me, he started the topic of our intended railroad; *there* I was a match for him, having had, on Tuesday last, a meeting with Harden, the two Torwoodlees, and the engineer, on this subject, so that I had at my finger-end every *cut*, every lift, every degree of elevation or depression, every pass in the country, and every possible means of crossing them. So I kept the whip-hand of him completely, and never permitted him to get off the railway again to his own ground. In short, so thoroughly did I bore my bore, that he sickened and gave in, taking a short leave o me. Seeing him in full retreat, I *then* ventured to make the civil offer of a dinner. But the railroad had been breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper to boot — he hastily excused himself, and left me at double-quick time, sick of railroads, I dare say, for six months to come. But I must not forget that I am perhaps abusing the privilege I have to bore you, being that of your affectionate papa.

---

* N. B. — At the time when this letter was written, Miss Edgeworth had not published her admirable *Essay on Bores.*

"How nicely we could manage without the said railroad, now the great hobby of our Teviotdale lairds, if we could by any process of conjuration waft to Abbotsford some of the coal and lime from Lochore — though if I were to wish for such impossibilities, would rather desire Prince Houssein's tapestry in the Arabian Nights to bring Walter and Jane to us now and then, than I would wish for 'Fife and all the lands about it.'*

"By the by, Jane, after all, though she looks so demure, is a very sly girl, and keeps her accomplishments to herself. You would not talk with me about planting and laying out ground; and yet, from what you had been doing at Lochore, I see what a pretty turn you have for these matters. I wish you were here to advise me about the little pond which we passed, where, if you remember, there is a new cottage built. I intend to plant it with aquatic trees, willows, alders, poplars, and so forth — and put trouts and perches into the water — and have a preserve of wild-ducks on the pond, with Canadian geese and some other water-fowl. I am to get some eggs from Lord Traquair, of a curious species of half-reclaimed wild-ducks, which abound near his solitary old chateau, and nowhere else in Scotland that I know of; and I can get the Canadian geese, curious painted animals, that look as if they had flown out of a figured Chinese paper, from Mr. Murray of Broughton. The foolish folks, when I was absent, chose to improve on my plan by making an island in the pond, which is exactly the size and shape of a Stilton cheese. It will be useful, however, for the fowl to breed in.

"Mamma drove out your pony and carriage to-day. She was (twenty years ago), the best *lady-whip* in Edinburgh, and was delighted to find that she retained her dexterity. I hope she will continue to exercise the rein and whip now and then, as her health is much improved by moderate exercise.

"Adieu, my dear Jane. Mamma and Anne join in the kindest love and best wishes. I please myself with the idea that I shall have heard you are well and happy long before this reaches you. — Believe me always your affectionate father,

---

* A song of Dr. Blacklock's.

WALTER SCOTT.

"I hope you will take my good example, and write without caring or thinking either what you have got to say, or in what words you say it."

"*To Walter Scott, Esq., &c. &c., Barracks, Cork.*

"Abbotsford, 4th April 1825.

"My Dear Children,—I received your joint composition without a date, but which circumstances enabled me to fix it as written upon the 24th or 25th March. I am very sorry on Jane's account for the unpleasant necessity of night journeys, and the inconvenience of bad quarters. I almost wish you had stuck by your original plan of leaving Jane at Edgeworthstown. As for you, Mr. Walter, I do not grudge your being obliged to pay a little deference to the wig and gown. *Cedant arma togæ* is a lesson well taught at an assize. But although you, thanks to the discipline of the most excellent of fathers, have been taught not to feel greatly the inconvenience of night journeys or bad lodgings, yet my poor Jane, who has not had these advantages, must, I fear, feel very uncomfortable; and I hope you will lay your plans so that she shall be exposed to them as little as possible. I like old songs, and I like to hear Jane sing them; but I would not like that she had cause to sing,

'Oh but I'm weary with wandering,
Oh but my fortunes are bad;
It sets not a gentle young lady
To follow a sodger lad.'

But against the recurrence of these inconveniences, I am sure Walter will provide as well as he can.—I hope you have delivered your introduction to Mrs. Scott (of Harden's) friend in the neighbourhood of Cork. Good introductions should never be neglected, though numerous ones are rather a bore. A lady's society, especially when entering on life, should be, as they are said to choose their liquor, little but good; and Mrs. Scott being really a woman of fashion — a character not quite so frequent in reality as aspired to — and being, besides, such an old friend of yours, is likely to introduce you to valuable and creditable society.

"We had a visit from Lockhart yesterday. He rode out on Saturday with a friend, and they dined here, remained Sunday, and left us this morning early. I feel obliged to him for going immediately to Mrs. Jobson's when the explosion took place so near her, in my friend Colin Mackenzie's premises.* She had experienced no inconvenience but the immediate fright, for the shock was tremendous — and was rather proud of the substantial capacity of the house, which had not a pane broken, when many of the adjoining tenements scarce had one left.

"We have had our share of casualties. Sibyl came down with me, but without any injury; but Tom Purdie being sent on some business by Mr. Laidlaw, she fell with him, and rolled over him, and bruised him very much. This is rather too bad, so I shall be on the *pavé* for a pony, my neck being rather precious.

"Touching Colonel Thwackwell,† of whom I know nothing but the name, which would bespeak him a strict disciplinarian, I suppose you are now arrived at that time of life you can take your ground from your observation, without being influenced by the sort of cabal which often exists in our army, especially in the corps where the officers are men of fortunes or expectations, against a commanding officer. The execution of their duty is not *always* popular with young men, who may like the dress and show of a regimental officer; and it often happens that a little pettishness on the one side begets a little repulsiveness of manner on the other, so that it becomes the question how the one shall command, and the other obey, in the way most disagreeable to the other, without a tangible infringement of rules. This is the shame of our army, and in a greater degree that of our navy. A humble and reflecting man keeps as much aloof as possible from such feuds. You have seen the world more than when you joined the 18th.

---

* This alludes to an explosion of gas in Shandwick Place, Edinburgh.

† Sir Walter had misread, or chose to miswrite, the name of his son's new commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel *Thackwell.*

"The Catholic question seems likely to be carried at last. I hope, though I doubt it a little, that Ireland will be the quieter, and the people more happy. I suspect, however, that it is laying a plaster to the foot while the head aches, and that the fault is in the landholder's extreme exactions, not in the disabilities of the Catholics, or any more remote cause.

"My dear Jane, pray take care of yourself, and write me soon how you are and what you are doing. I hope it will contain a more pleasant account of your travels than the last. Mamma and Anne send best loves. I hope my various letters have all come to your hand, and am, my dear children, always your affectionate father, WALTER SCOTT."

"*To Walter Scott, Esq., Lieutenant 15th Hussars, Dublin.*

"Abbotsford, 27th April 1825.

"My Dear Walter,—I received to-day your interesting communication, and have written to Edinburgh to remit the price of this troop as soon as possible. I can make this out without troubling Mr. Bayley; but it will pare my nails short for the summer, and I fear prevent my paying your carriage, as I had intended.

"Nicol is certainly going to sell Faldonside.* The Nabal asks £40,000 — at least £5000 too much. Yet in the present low rate of money, and general thirst for land, there is no saying but he may get a fool to offer him his price or near it. I should like to know your views about this matter, as it is more your concern than mine, since you will, I hope, have a much longer date of it. I think I could work it all off during my life, and also improve the estate highly; but then it is always a heavy burden, and I would not like to undertake it, unless I was sure that Jane and you desired such an augmentation of territory. I do not mean to do anything hasty, but, as an opportunity may cast up suddenly, I should like to know your mind.

---

* See *ante*, Vol. V. p. 260.

" I conclude, this being 27th April, that you are all snugly settled in Dublin. I am a little afraid of the gaieties for Jane, and hope she will be gay moderately, that she may be gay long. The frequent habit of late hours is always detrimental to health, and sometimes has consequences which last for life. *Avis au lecteur;* of course I do not expect you to shut yourselves up at your period of life. Your course of gaiety at Cork reminds me of Jack Johnstone's song,

' Then we'll visit the Callaghans, Brallaghans,
Nowlans, and Dowlans likewise,
And bother them all with the beauty
Which streams from my Judy's (or Jeanie's) black eyes

" We have better accounts of little Johnnie of late — his cough is over for the present, and the learned cannot settle whether it has been the hooping-cough or no. Sophia talks of taking him to Germiston. Lockhart comes here for the Circuit, and I expect him to-morrow.

" Sir Adam and Lady Fergusson bring most excellent accounts of Mrs. Jobson's good health and spirits. Sir Henry Jardine (he writes himself no less now) hath had the dignity of knighthood inflicted on him. Mamma and Anne join in kind love. I expect a long letter from Jane one of these days soon; she writes too well not to write with ease to herself, and therefore I am resolved her talent shall not be idle, if a little jogging can prevail on her to exercise it.

" You have never said a word of your horses, nor how you have come on with your domestics, those necessary plagues of our life Two or three days since, that cub of Sir Adam's chose to amuse himself with flinging crackers about the hal here when we were at dinner. I think I gave him a proper jobation.

"Here is the first wet day we have had — very welcome, as the earth required it much, and the season was backward. I can hear Bogie whistling for joy. — Your affectionate father,

"WALTER SCOTT."

In May 1825, Sir Walter's friend Terry, and his able brother comedian, Mr. Frederick Yates, entered on a negotiation, which terminated, in July, in their becoming joint lessees and managers of the Adelphi Theatre, London. Terry requested Scott and Ballantyne to assist him on this occasion by some advance of money, or if that should be inconvenient, by the use of their credit. They were both very anxious to serve him; but Sir Walter had a poor opinion of speculations in theatrical property, and, moreover, entertained suspicions, too well justified by the result, that Terry was not much qualified for conducting the pecuniary part of such a business. Ultimately Ballantyne, who shared these scruples, became Terry's security for a considerable sum (I think £500), and Sir Walter pledged his credit in like manner to the extent of £1250. He had, in the sequel, to pay off both this sum and that for which Ballantyne had engaged.

Several letters were interchanged before Terry received the support he had requested from his Scotch friends; and I must extract two of Sir Walter's. The first is, in my opinion, when considered with reference to the time at which it was written, and the then near though unforeseen result of the writer's own commercial speculations, as remarkable a document as was ever penned. It is, moreover, full of shrewd and curious suggestions touching theatrical affairs in general — from the highest to the lowest. The second is, at least, a specimen of friendly caution and delicate advice most inimitably characteristic of Scott.

"*To Daniel Terry, Esq., London.*

"Edinburgh, May 5th, 1825.

"My Dear Terry, — I received your long confidential letter; and as the matter is in every respect important, I have given it my anxious consideration. 'The plot is a good plot, and the friends, though I know them only by your report, are, I doubt not, good friends, and full of expectation.'* There are, however, two particulars unfavourable to all theatrical speculations, and of which you are probably better aware than I am. The first is, that every scheme depending on public caprice must be irregular in its returns. I remember John Kemble, complaining to me of Harry Siddons's anxious and hypochondriac fears about his Edinburgh concern, said, 'He does not consider that no theatre whatever can be considered as a regular source of income, but must be viewed as a lottery, at one time strikingly successful, at another a total failure.' Now this affects your scheme in two ways. First, you can hardly expect, I fear, your returns to be so regular every season, even though your calculation be just as to the recent average. And, secondly, you must secure some fund, either of money or credit, to meet those blanks and bad seasons which must occasionally occur. The best business is ruined when it becomes pinched for money, and gets into the circle of discounting bills, and buying necessary articles at high prices and of inferior quality, for the sake of long credit. I own your plan would have appeared to me more solid, though less splendid, if Mr. Jones, or any other monied man, had retained one-half or one-third of the adventure; for every speculation requires a certain command of money, and cannot be conducted with any plausibility upon credit alone. It is easy to make it feasible on paper, but the times of payment arrive to a certainty. Those of supply are less certain, and cannot be made to meet the demands with the same accuracy. A month's difference between demand and receipt makes loss of credit; loss of credit is in such a case ruin. I would advise you and Mr. Yates to consider this, and sacrifice some view of profit to obtain stability by the assistance of some monied man — a class of whom many are in your great city just gaping for such an opportunity to lay out cash to advantage.

---

* Hotspur, 1*st King Henry IV.* Act II. Scene 3.

"This difficulty — the want of solid cash — is an obstacle to all attempts whatsoever; but there is something, it would seem, peculiarly difficult in managing a theatre. All who practise the fine arts in any department are, from the very temperament necessary to success, more irritable, jealous, and capricious, than other men made up of heavier elements; but the jealousy among players is signally active, because their very persons are brought into direct comparison, and from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot they are pitted by the public in express rivalry against each other. Besides, greatly as the profession has risen in character of late years, theatrical talent must still be found frequently allied with imperfect general education, low habits, and sometimes the follies and vices which arise out of them. All this makes, I should think, a theatre very difficult to manage, and liable to sudden checks when your cattle *jibb*, or do not work kindly. I think you have much of the talent to manage this; and bating a little indolence, which you can always conquer when you have a mind and a motive, I know no one whose taste, temper, and good sense, make him more likely to gain and secure the necessary influence over the performers. But *il faut de l'argent* —you must be careful in your situation, that a check shall not throw you on the breakers, and for this there is no remedy but a handsome provision of the blunt. This is the second particular, I think, unfavourable to undertakings of a theatrical description, and against which I would wish to see you guarded by a more ample fund than your plan involves.

"You have of course ascertained from the books of the theatre that the returns of receipts are correct; but I see no pro vision made for wear and tear of stock, expense of getting up new pieces, &c., which, in such an undertaking, must be considerable. Perhaps it is included in the charge of £36 per night; but if not, it seems to me that it will materially alter your calculations for the worse, for you are naturally disposed to be liberal in such expenses, and the public will expect it. Without baits the fish cannot be caught. I do not state these particulars from any wish to avoid assisting you in this undertaking; much the contrary. If I saw the prospect of your getting fairly on the wing, nothing could give me more pleasure than to assist to the extent of my means, and I shall only, in that case, regret that they are at present more limited than I could wish, by circumstances which I will presently tell you. But I should not like to see you take flight, like the ingenious mechanist in Rasselas — only to flutter a few yards, and fall into the lake. This would be a most heart-breaking business, and would hang like a millstone about your neck for all your life. Capital and talent will do excellent things together; but depend on it, talent without capital will no more carry on an extensive and progressive undertaking of this nature, than a racehorse will draw a Newcastle waggon. Now, I cannot at present assist you with ready money, which is the great object in your undertaking. This year has been, owing to many reasons, the heaviest of my expenditure, and the least fruitful of profit, because various anxieties attending Walter's marriage, and feasting, &c., after it, have kept me from my usual lucrative labours. It has no doubt been a most advantageous concern, for he has got an amiable girl, whom he loves, and who is warmly attached to him, with a very considerable fortune. But I have had to find cash for the purchase of a troop for him — about £3500: *item*, the bride's jewels, and so forth, becoming her situation and fortune, £500: *item*, for a remount to him on joining his regiment, equipage for quarters, carriage, and other things, that they may enter life with a free income, £1000 at least. Moreover, I am a sharer to the extent of £1500 on a railroad, which will bring coals and lime here at half price, and double the rent of the arable part of my property, but is dead outlay in the meantime; and I have shares in the oil-gas, and other promising concerns, not having resisted the mania of the day, though I have yielded to it but soberly; also, I have the dregs of Abbotsford House to pay for — and all besides my usual considerable expenditure; so I must look for some months to be put to every corner of my saddle. I could not let my son marry her like a beggar; but, in the meantime, I am like my namesake in the days of the crusades — Walter the Penniless.

"Every one grumbles at his own profession, but here is the devil of a calling for you, where a man pays £3000 for an annuity of £400 a-year and less — renounces his free-will in almost every respect — must rise at five every morning to see horses curried — dare not sleep out of a particular town without the leave of a cross colonel, who is often disposed to refuse it merely because he has the power to do so; and, last of all, may be sent to the most unhealthy climates to die of the rot, or be shot like a black-cock. There is a per contra, to be sure — fine clothes and fame; but the first must be paid for, and the other is not come by, by one out of the hundred. I shall be anxious to know what you are able to do. Your ready is the devil —

> 'The thing may to-morrow be all in your power,
> But the money, gadzooks, must be paid in an hour.'

If you were once set a-rolling, time would come round with me, and then I should be able to help you a little more than at present. Meanwhile, I am willing to help you with my credit by becoming one of your guarantees to the extent of £1250.

"But what I am most anxious about is to know how you raise the £5000 cash: if by bills and discounts, I beg to say I must decline having to do with the business at all; for besides the immense expense of renewals, that mode of raising money is always liable to some sudden check, which throws you on your back at once, and I should then have hurt myself and deprived myself of the means of helping you some other way. If you can get such a sum in loan for a term of years certain, that would do well. Still better, I think, could you get a monied partner in the concern to pay the sum down, and hold some £2000 more ready for current expenses. I wish to know whether in the £36 for nightly expenses you include your own salary, within which you would probably think it prudent to restrain your own expenses, at least for a year or two; for, believing as I do, that your calculation of £70 per night (five per cent. on the outlay) is rather sanguine, I would like to know that your own and Mr. Yates's expenses were provided for, so as to leave the receipts, whatever they may be, free to answer the burdens. If they do so, you will have great reason to be contented. I need not add that Theodore Hook's assistance will be *impayable.* On the whole, my apprehension is for want of money in the outset. Should you either start with marked success, or have friends sufficient to carry on at some disadvantage for a season or two, I should have little fear; but great attention and regularity will be necessary. You are no great accountant yourself, any more than I am, — but I trust Mr. Yates is. All rests with prudence and management. Murray is making a fortune for his sister and family on the very bargain which Siddons, poor fellow, could not have sustained for two years longer. If I have seemed more cautious in this matter than you might expect from my sincere regard for you, it is because caution is as necessary for you as myself; and I assure you I think as deeply on your account as on my own. I beg kind compliments to Mrs. Terry, and inclose a lock of my gray hair, which Jane desired me to send you for some brooch or clasp at Hamlet's. — Ever yours, very truly, WALTER SCOTT."

" *To the Same.*

My Dear Terry, — You have long ere this heard from honest James that he accedes to your proposal of becoming one of your sureties. I did not think it right in the first instance either to encourage or deter him from taking this step but sent him the whole correspondence upon the subject, that he might judge for himself; and I fancy he concluded that his own risk of loss was not by any means in proportion to your fair prospect of advantage.

"There is an idea among some of your acquaintance, which I partly acquiesce in, that you are in general somewhat of a procrastinator. I believe I have noticed the same thing myself; but then I consider it the habit of one accustomed to alternations of severe exertion and great indolence; and I have no doubt that it will give place to the necessity of following out a regular, stated, and daily business — where every hour brings its own peculiar duties, and you feel yourself, like the mail-coach, compelled to be *in to time*. I know such routine always cures me of the habit of indolence, which on other occasions I give way to as much as any man. This objection to the success which all agree is in your own power, I have heard coupled with another, which is also founded on close observation of your character, and connected with an excellent point of it; it is, that you will be too desirous to do things perfectly well, to consider the *petite economie* necessary to a very extensive undertaking. This, however, is easily guarded against. I remember Mrs. John Kemble telling me how much she had saved by degrading some unfortunate figurantes into paper veils and ruffles. I think it was a round sum, and without going such lengths, I fear severer economy than one would like to practise is essential to making a theatre profitable. Now, I have mentioned the only two personal circumstances which induce envy to lift her voice against your prospects. I think it right you should know them, for there is something to be considered in both particulars; I would not mention them till the affair was finished, because I would not have you think I was sheltering myself under such apologies. That the perils rising out of them are not formidable in my eyes, I have sufficiently shown; and I think it right to mention them now. I know I need not apologize for my frankness, nor will you regard it either as an undue exercise of the privilege of an adviser or an abuse of the circumstances in which this matter has placed us. — Yours ever, with best love to Mrs. Terry and Wat, W. SCOTT."

While this business of Terry's was under consideration, Scott asked me to go out with him one Saturday to Abbotsford, to meet Constable and James Ballantyne, who were to be there for a quiet consultation on some projects of great importance. I had shortly before assisted at a minor conclave held at Constable's villa of Polton, and was not surprised that Sir Walter should have considered his publisher's new plans worthy of very ample deliberation. He now opened them in more fulness of detail, and explained his views in a manner that might well excite admiration, not unmixed with alarm. Constable was meditating nothing less than a total revolution in the art and traffic of bookselling; and the exulting and blazing fancy with which he expanded and embellished his visions of success, hitherto undreamt of in the philosophy of the trade, might almost have induced serious suspicions of his sanity, but for the curious accumulation of pregnant facts on which he rested his justification, and the dexterous sagacity with which he uncoiled his practical inferences. He startled us at the outset by saying, "Literary genius may, or may not, have done its best; but printing and bookselling, as instruments for enlightening and entertaining mankind, and, of course, for making money, are as yet in mere infancy. Yes, the trade are in their cradle." Scott eyed the florid bookseller's beaming countenance, and the solemn stare with which the equally portly printer was listening, and pushing round the bottles with a hearty chuckle, bade me 'Give our twa *sonsie babbies* a drap mother's milk." Constable sucked in fresh inspiration, and proceeded to say that, wild as we might think him, his new plans had been suggested by, and were in fact mainly grounded upon, a sufficiently prosaic authority — namely, the annual schedule of assessed taxes, a copy of which interesting document he drew from his pocket, and substituted for his *D'Oyley.* It was copiously diversified, "text and margent," by figures and calculations in his own handwriting, which I for one might have regarded with less reverence, had I known at the time this "great arithmetician's" rooted aversion and contempt for all examination of his own balance-sheet. His lecture on these columns and ciphers was, however, as profound as ingenious. He had taken vast pains to fill in the number of persons who might fairly be supposed to pay the taxes for each separate article of luxury; and his conclusion was, that the immense majority of British families, endowed with liberal fortunes, had never yet conceived the remotest idea that their domestic arrangements were incomplete, unless they expended some considerable sum annually upon the purchase of books. "Take," said he, "this one absurd and contemptible *item* of the tax on hair-powder; the use of it is almost entirely gone out of fashion. Bating a few parsons' and lawyers' wigs, it may be said that hair-powder is confined to the *flunkeys*, and indeed to the livery servants of great and splendid houses exclusively; nay, in many even of these, it is already quite laid aside. Nevertheless, for each head that is thus vilified in Great Britain, a guinea is paid yearly to the Exchequer; and the taxes in that schedule are an army, compared to the purchasers of even the best and most popular of books." He went on in the same vein about armorial bearings, hunters, racers, and four-wheeled carriages; and having demonstrated that hundreds of thousands in this magnificent country held, as necessary to their personal comfort, and the maintenance of decent station, articles upon articles of costly elegance, of which their forefathers never dreamt, said that on the whole, however usual it was to talk of the extended scale of literary transactions in modern days, our self-love never deceived us more grossly than when we fancied our notions as to the matter of books had advanced in at all a corresponding proportion. "On the contrary," cried Constable, "I am satisfied that the demand for Shakspeare's plays, contemptible as we hold it to have been, in the time of Elizabeth and James, was more creditable to the classes who really indulged in any sort of elegance then, than the sale of Childe Harold or Waverley, triumphantly as people talk, is to the alleged expansion of taste and intelligence in this nineteenth century."

Scott helped him on by interposing, that at that moment he had a rich valley crowded with handsome houses under his view, and yet much doubted whether any laird within ten miles spent ten pounds per annum on the literature of the day — which he, of course, distinguished from its periodical press. "No," said Constable, "there is no market among them that's worth one's thinking about. They are contented with a review or a magazine, or at best with a paltry subscription to some circulating library forty miles off. But if I live for half-a-dozen years, I'll make it as impossible that there should not be a good library in every decent house in Britain as that the shepherd's ingle-nook should want the *saut poke*. Ay, and what's that?" he continued, warming and puffing; "why should the ingle-nook itself want a shelf for *the novels?*"— "I see your drift, my man," says Sir Walter; "you're for being like Billy Pitt in Gilray's print-you want to get into the salt-box yourself." — "Yes," he responded (using a favourite adjuration) — "I have hitherto been thinking only of the wax lights, but before I'm a twelvemonth older I shall have my hand upon the tallow." — "Troth," says Scott, "you are indeed likely to be 'The grand Napoleon of the realms of *print.*'" — "If you outlive me," says Constable, with a regal smile, "I bespeak that line for my tomb-stone; but, in the meantime, may I presume to ask you to be my right-hand man when I open my campaign of Marengo? I have now settled my outline of operations — a three shilling or half-crown volume every month, which must and shall sell, not by thousands or tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands — ay, by millions! Twelve volumes in the year, a halfpenny of profit upon every copy of which will make me richer than the possession of all the copyrights of all the quartos that ever were, or will be, hot-pressed! — twelve volumes, so good that millions must wish to have them, and so cheap that every butcher's callant may have them, if he pleases to let me tax him sixpence a-week!"

Many a previous consultation, and many a solitary meditation too, prompted Scott's answer. "Your plan," said he, "cannot fail, provided the books be really good; but you must not start until you have not only leading columns, but depth upon depth of reserve in thorough order. I am willing to do my part in this grand enterprise. Often, of late, have I felt that the vein of fiction was nearly worked out; often, as you all know, have I been thinking seriously of turning my hand to history. I am of opinion that historical writing has no more been adapted to the demands of the increased circles among which literature does already find its way, than you allege as to the shape and price of books in general. What say you to taking the field with a Life of the *other* Napoleon?"

The reader does not need to be told that the series of cheap volumes, subsequently issued under the title of "Constable's Miscellany," was the scheme on which this great bookseller was brooding. Before he left Abbotsford, it was arranged that the first number of this collection should consist of one half of Waverley; the second, of the first section of a "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte by the author of Waverley;" that this Life should be comprised in four of these numbers; and that, until the whole series of his novels should have been issued, a volume every second month, in this new and uncostly form, he should keep the Ballantyne press going with a series of historical works, to be issued on the alternate months. Such were, as far as Scott was concerned, the first outlines of a daring plan never destined to be carried into execution on the gigantic scale, or with the grand appliances which the projector contemplated, but destined, nevertheless, to lead the way in one of the greatest revolutions that literary history will ever have to record — a revolution not the less sure to be completed, though as yet, after the lapse of twelve years, we see only its beginnings.

Some circumstances in the progress of the Tales of the Crusaders, begun some months before, and now on the eve of publication, must have been uppermost in Scott's mind when he met Constable's proposals on this occasion with so much alacrity. The story of *The Betrothed* — (to which he was mainly prompted by the lively and instructing conversation on Welsh history and antiquities of his friend Archdeacon Williams) — found so favour as it advanced with James Ballantyne; and so heavily did the critical printer's candid remonstrances weigh on the author, that he at length lost heart about the matter altogether, and determined to cancel it for ever. The tale, however, all but a chapter or two, had been printed off, and both publisher and printer paused about committing such a mass to the flames. The sheets were hung up meanwhile in Messrs. Ballantyne's warehouse, and Scott, roused by the spur of disappointment, began another story — The Talisman — in which James hailed better omens. His satisfaction went on increasing as the MS. flowed in upon him; and he at last pronounced The Talisman such a masterpiece, that The Betrothed might venture abroad under its wing. Sir Walter was now reluctant on that subject, and said he would rather write two more new novels than the few pages necessary to complete his unfortunate Betrothed. But while he hesitated, the German newspapers announced "*a new romance by the author of Waverley*" as about to issue from the press of Leipsig. There was some ground for suspecting that a set of the suspended sheets might have been purloined and sold to a pirate, and this consideration put an end to his scruples. And when the German did publish the fabrication, entitled *Walladmor*, it could no longer be doubtful that some reader of Scott's sheets had communicated at least the fact that he was breaking ground in Wales.

Early in June, then, the Tales of the Crusaders were put forth; and, as Mr. Ballantyne had predicted, the brightness of the Talisman dazzled the eyes of the million as to the defects of the twin-story. Few of these publications had a more enthusiastic greeting; and Scott's literary plans were, as the reader will see reason to infer, considerably modified in consequence of the new burst of applause which attended the brilliant procession of his Saladin and Cœur de Lion.

To return for a moment to our merry conclave at Abbotsford. Constable's vast chapter of embryo schemes was discussed more leisurely on the following Monday morning, when we drove to the crags of Smailholm and the Abbey of Dryburgh, both poet and publisher talking over the past and the future course of their lives, and agreeing, as far as I could penetrate, that the years to come were likely to be more prosperous than any they had as yet seen. In the evening, too, this being his friend's first visit since the mansion had been completed, Scott (though there were no ladies and few servants) had the hall and library lighted up, that he might show him everything to the most sparkling advantage. With what serenity did he walk about those splendid apartments, handling books, expounding armour and pictures, and rejoicing in the Babylon which he had built!

If the reader has not recently looked into the original Introduction to the Tales of the Crusaders, it will amuse him to trace in that little extravaganza Sir Walter's own embellishment of these colloquies with Constable and Ballantyne. The title is, "Minutes of Sederunt of the Shareholders designing to form a Joint-Stock Company, united for the purpose of Writing and Publishing the Class of Works called the Waverley Novels, held in the Waterloo Tavern, Regent Bridge, Edinburgh, on the 1st of June 1825." The notion of casting a preface into this form could hardly have occurred in any other year; the humorist had not far to seek for his "palpable hit." The "Gentlemen and others interested in the celebrated publications called the Waverley Novels," had al participated in the general delusions which presented so broad a mark; and their own proper "bubbles" were at the biggest — in other words, near enough the bursting.

As regards Sir Walter himself, it is not possible now to recall the jocularities of this essay without wonder and sadness. His own share in speculations remote from literature, was not indeed a very heavy one; but how remarkable that a passage like the following should have dropped from his pen who was just about to see the apparently earth-built pillars of his worldly fortune shattered in ruin, merely because, not contented with being the first author of his age, he had chosen also to be his own printer and his own bookseller!

"In the patriarchal period," we read, "a man is his own weaver, tailor, butcher, shoemaker, and so forth; and, in the age of Stock-companies, as the present may be called, an individual may be said, in one sense, to exercise the same plurality of trades. In fact, a man who has dipt largely into these speculations, may combine his own expenditure with the improvement of his own income, just like the ingenious hydraulic machine, which, by its very waste, raises its own supplies of water. Such a person buys his bread from his own Baking Company, his milk and cheese from his own Dairy Company, takes off a new coat for the benefit of his own Clothing Company, illuminates his house to advance his own Gas Establishment, and drinks an additional bottle of wine for the benefit of the General Wine Importation Company, of which he is himself a member. Every act, which would otherwise be one of mere extravagance, is, to such a person, seasoned with the *odor lucri*, and reconciled to prudence. Even if the price of the article consumed be extravagant, and the quality indifferent, the person, who is in a manner his own customer, is only imposed upon for his own benefit

Nay, if the Joint-stock Company of Undertakers shall unite with the Medical Faculty, as proposed by the late facetious Dr. G——, under the firm of Death and the Doctor, the shareholder might contrive to secure to his heirs a handsome slice of his own death-bed and funeral expenses."

Since I have quoted this Introduction, I may as well give also the passage in which the "Eidolon Chairman" is made to announce the new direction his exertions were about to take, in furtherance of the grand "Joint-stock Adventure" for which Constable had been soliciting his alliance. The paternal shadow thus addresses his mutinous offspring — Cleishbotham, Oldbuck, Clutterbuck, Dryasdust, and the rest: —

"It signifies nothing speaking — I will no longer avail myself of such weak ministers as you — I will discard you — I will unbeget you, as Sir Anthony Absolute says — I will leave you and your whole hacked stock in trade — your caverns and your castles — your modern antiques and your antiquated moderns — your confusion of times, manners, and circumstances — your properties, as player-folk say of scenery and dresses — the whole of your exhausted expedients, to the fools who choose to deal with them. I will vindicate my own fame with my own right hand, without appealing to such halting assistants,

'Whom I have used for sport, rather than need.'

— I will lay my foundations better than on quicksands — I will rear my structure of better materials than painted cards in a word, I will write HISTORY!" . . . .

"As the confusion began to abate, more than one member of the meeting was seen to touch his forehead significantly while Captain Clatterbuck humm'd,

'Be by your friends advised,
Too rash, too hasty dad,

Maugre your bolts and wise head,
The world will think you mad.'[*]

"The world, and you, gentlemen, may think what you please," said the Chairman, elevating his voice; "but I intend to write the most wonderful book which the world ever read — a book in which every incident shall be incredible, yet strictly true — a work recalling recollections with which the ears of this generation once tingled, and which shall be read by our children with an admiration approaching to incredulity. Such shall be the LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, by the AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY!"[†]

Sir Walter begun, without delay, what was meant to be a very short preliminary sketch of the French Revolution, prior to the appearance of his hero upon the scene of action. This, he thought, might be done almost *currente calamo;* for his personal recollection of all the great events as they occurred was vivid, and he had not failed to peruse every book of any considerable importance on these subjects as it issued from the press. He apprehended the necessity, on the other hand, of more laborious study in the way of reading than he had for many years had occasion for, before he could enter with advantage upon Buonaparte's military career; and Constable accordingly set about collecting a new library of printed materials, which continued from day to day pouring in upon him, till his little parlour in Castle Street looked more like an auctioneer's premises than an author's. The first waggon delivered itself of about a hundred huge folios of the Moniteur; and London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Brussels, were all laid under contribution to meet the bold demands of his magnificent purveyor; while he himself and his confidential friends embraced every possible means of securing the use of written documents at home and abroad. The rapid accumulation of books and MSS. was at once flattering and alarming; and one of his notes to me, about the middle of June, had these rhymes by way of postscript: —

---

[*] *Midas* — a farce.

[†] See Introduction to *Tales of the Crusaders.*

"When with poetry dealing
Room enough in a shieling:
Neither cabin nor hovel
Too small for a novel:
Though my back I should rub
On Diogenes' tub,
How my fancy could prance
In a dance of romance!
But my house I must swap
With some Brobdignag chap,
Ere I grapple, God bless me! with Emperor Nap."

In the meantime he advanced with his Introduction; and, catching fire as the theme expanded before him, had so soon several chapters in his desk, without having travelled over half the ground assigned for them, that Constable saw it would be in vain to hope for the completion of the work within four tiny duodecimos. They resolved that it should be published, in the first instance, as a separate book, in four volumes of the same size with the Tales of the Crusaders, but with more pages and more letterpress to each page. Scarcely had this been settled before it became obvious, that four such volumes, however closely printed, would never suffice; and the number was week after week extended — with corresponding alterations as to the rate of the author's payment. Mr. Constable still considered the appearance of the second edition of the Life of Napoleon in his Mis cellany as the great point on which the fortunes of that undertaking were to turn ; and its commencement was in consequence adjourned ; which, however, must have been the case at any rate, as he found, on inquiry, that the stock on hand of the already various editions of the Waverley Novels was much greater than he had calculated ; and therefore some interval must be allowed to elapse, before, with fairness to the retail trade, he could throw that long series of volumes into any cheaper form.

ABBOTSFORD IN 1825.

[*Various critics and correspondents have complained that the first edition of these Memoirs did not include any clear and particular description of the House of Abbotsford, in its finished condition. It appeared to me that Sir Walter's letters contained as much information on the subject as might satisfy most readers ; but I now insert the fullest account that I know of — one drawn up in* 1829, *for a keepsake called the Anniversary, of which Mr. Allan Cunningham had at that time the management. It was written in the character of an imaginary American, supposed to visit Scotland in the summer of* 1825, *and to examine the place, when Sir Walter was absent, under the guidance of one of the neighbouring gentlemen, tolerably familiar with its history.*

I am afraid there are some inaccuracies in the sketch — but it is probably nearer the truth than anything I could substitute for it, now that many years have passed since

I saw Abbotsford. Some passages have been omitted, and a few mis-statements corrected.]

---

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

"SOME fifteen or sixteen years ago, * * * * tells me, there was not a more unlovely spot, in this part of the world, than that on which Abbotsford now exhibits all its quaint architecture and beautiful accompaniment of garden and woodland. A mean farm-house stood on part of the site of the present edifice; a "kail-yard" bloomed where the stately embattled court-yard now spreads itself; and for a thousand acres of flourishing plantations, half of which have all the appearance of being twice as old as they really are, there was but a single long straggling stripe of unthriving firs. The river must needs remain *in statu quo ;* and I will not believe that any place so near those clearest and sweetest of all waters, could ever have been quite destitute of charms. The scene, however, was no doubt wild enough: a naked moor — a few turnip fields painfully reclaimed from it — a Scotch cottage — a Scotch farm-yard, and some Scotch firs. It is difficult to imagine a more complete contrast to the Abbotsford of 1825.

"Sir W. is, as you have no doubt heard, a most zealous agriculturist, and aboriculturist especially; and he is allowed to have done things with this estate, since it came into his possession, which would have been reckoned wonders, even if they had occupied the whole of a clever and skilful man's attention during more years than have elapsed since he began to write himself Laird of Abbotsford. He has some excellent arable land on the banks of the Tweed, and towards the little town of Melrose, which lies three miles from the mansion; but the bulk of the property is hilly country, with deep narrow dells interlacing it. Of this he has planted fully one half, and it is admitted on all hands, that his rising forest has been laid out arranged, and managed with consummate taste, care, and success; so much so, that the general appearance of Tweedside, for some miles, is already quite altered by the graceful ranges of his woodland; and that the produce of these plantations must, in the course of twenty or thirty years more, add immensely to the yearly rental of the estate. In the meantime, the shelter afforded by the woods to the sheep-walks reserved amidst them, has prodigiously improved the pasturage, and half the surface yields already double the rent the whole was ever thought capable of affording, while in the old unprotected condition. All through these woods there are broad riding-ways, kept in capital order, and conducted in such excellent taste, that we might wander for weeks amidst their windings without exhausting the beauties of the Poet's lounge. There are scores of waterfalls in the ravines, and near every one of them you find benches or bowers at the most picturesque points of view. There are two or three small mountain lakes included in the domain — the largest perhaps a mile in circumference; and of these also every advantage has been taken.

" But I am keeping you too long away from ' The Roof-tree of Monkbarns,' which is situated on the brink of the last of a series of irregular hills, descending from the elevation of the Eildons to the Tweed. On all sides, except towards the river, the house connects itself with the gardens (according to the old fashion now generally condemned); — so that there is no want of air and space about the habitation. The building is such a one, I dare say, as nobody but he would ever have dreamed of erecting; or if he had, escaped being quizzed for his pains. Yet it is eminently imposing in its general effect; and in most of its details, not only full of historical interest, but beauty also. It is no doubt a thing of shreds and patches, but they have been combined by a masterly hand; and if there be some whimsicalities, that in an ordinary case might have called up a smile, who is likely now or hereafter to contemplate such a monument of such a man's peculiar tastes and fancies, without feelings of a far different order ?

"By the principal approach you come very suddenly on the edifice; — as the French would say, 'Vous *tombez* sur le château;' but this evil, if evil it be, was unavoidable, in consequence of the vicinity of a public road, which cuts off the *chateau* and its *plaisance* from the main body of park and wood. The gateway is a lofty arch rising out of an embattled wall of considerable height; and the *jougs*, as they are styled, those well-known emblems of feudal authority, hang rusty at the side; this pair being relics from that great citadel of the old Douglasses, Thrieve Castle in Galloway. On entering, you find yourself within an enclosure of perhaps half an acre, two sides thereof being protected by the high wall above mentioned, all along which, inside, a trellised walk extends itself — broad, cool, and dark overhead with roses and honeysuckles. The third side, to the east, shows a screen of open arches of Gothic stone-work, filled between with a net-work of iron, not visible until you come close to it, and affording therefore delightful glimpses of the gardens, which spread upwards with many architectural ornaments of turret, porch, urn, vase, &c. This elegant screen abuts on the eastern extremity of the house, which runs along the whole of the northern side (and a small part of the western) of the great enclosure. Within this enclosure there is room for a piece of the most *elaborate* turf; and rosaries, of all manner of shapes and sizes, gradually connect this green pavement with the roof of the trellis-walk, a verdant cloister, over which appears the grey wall with its little turrets; and over that again climb oak, elm, birch, and hazel, up a steep bank — so steep, that the trees, young as they are, give already all the effect of a sweeping amphitheatre of wood. The back-ground on that side is wholly forest; on the east, garden loses itself in forest by degrees; on the west, there is wood on wood also, but with glimpses of the Tweed between; and in the distance (some half-a-dozen miles off) a complete *sierra*, the ridge of the mountains between Tweed and Yarrow.

"The house is more than one hundred and fifty feet long in front, as I paced it; was built at two different onsets; has a tall tower at either end, the one not the least like the other; presents sundry *crowfooted*, *alias* zigzagged, gables to the eye; a myriad of indentations and parapets, and machicollated eaves; most fantastic waterspouts; labelled windows, not a few of them painted glass; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and lesser; stones carved with heraldries innumerable, let in here and there in the wall; and a very noble projecting gateway — a fac-simile, I am told, of that appertaining to a certain dilapidated royal palace, which long ago seems to have caught in a particular manner the Poet's fancy, as witness the stanza,

'Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.' *

"From this porchway, which is spacious and airy, quite open to the elements in front, and adorned with some enormous petrified stag-horns overhead, you are admitted by a pair of folding-doors at once into the hall, and an imposing *coup d'œil* the first glimpse of the Poet's interior does present. The lofty windows, only two in number, being wholly covered with coats of arms, the place appears as dark as the twelfth century, on your first entrance from noonday; but the delicious coolness of the atmosphere is luxury enough for a minute or two; and by degrees your eyes get accustomed to the effect of those 'storied panes,' and you are satisfied that you stand in one of the most picturesque of apartments. The hall is about forty feet long by twenty in height and breadth. The walls are of richly carved oak, most part of it exceedingly dark, and brought, it seems, from the old Abbey of Dunfermline: the roof, a series of pointed arches of the same, each beam presenting in the centre a shield of arms richly blazoned: of these shields there are sixteen, enough to bear all the quarterings of a perfect pedigree if the Poet could show them; but on the maternal side (at the extremity) there are two or three blanks (of the same sort that made Louis le Grand unhappy) which have been covered with sketches of cloudland, and equipped with the appropriate motto, '*Nox alta velat.* There is a door at the eastern end, over and round which the Baronet has placed another series of escutcheons; these are the memorials of his immediate personal connexions, the bearings of his friends and companions.* All around the cornice of this noble room there runs a continued series of blazoned shields of another sort still; at the centre of one end I saw the bloody heart of Douglas, and opposite to that the Royal Lion of Scotland,— and between the ribs there is an inscription in black letter, which I after some trials read. To the best of my recollection, the words are—'These be the Coat Armories of the Clannis and Chief Men of name wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the aulde time for the Kinge. Trewe ware they in their tyme, and in their defence God them defendit.' There are from thirty to forty shields thus distinguished,— Douglas, Soulis, Buccleugh, Maxwell, Johnstoune, Glendoning, Herries, Rutherford, Kerr, Elliott, Pringle, Home, and all the other heroes of the Border Minstrelsy. The floor of this hall is black and white marble, from the Hebrides, wrought lozenge-wise; and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armour. Two full suits of splendid steel occupy niches at the eastern end; the one an English suit of Henry the Fifth's time, the other an Italian, not quite so old. The variety of cuirasses, black and white, plain and sculptured, is endless; helmets are in equal profusion; stirrups and spurs, of every fantasy, dangle about and below them; and there are swords of every order, from the enormous two-handed weapon with which the Swiss peasants dared to withstand the spears of the Austrian chivalry, to the claymore of the "Forty-five," and the rapier of Dettingen. Indeed, I might come still lower; for, among other spoils, I saw Polish lances, gathered by the Author of Paul's Letters on the Field of Waterloo, and a complete suit of chain mail taken off the corpse of one of Tippoo's body-guard at Seringapatam. A series of German executioners' swords was pointed out to me, on the blade of one of which are the arms of Augsburg, and a legend, which may be thus rendered —

---

* *Marmion*, Canto IV. Stanza 15.

---

* The Arms of Morritt, Erskine, Rose, &c. &c &c.

> Dust, when I strike, to dust: From sleepless grave,
> Sweet Jesu! stoop, a sin-stained soul to save.

"'Stepping westward' (as Wordsworth says) from this hall, you find yourself in a narrow, low-arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armour and weapons, — such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, &c. &c. &c. Here are the pieces esteemed most precious by reason of their histories respectively. I saw, among the rest, Rob Roy's gun, with his initials R. M. C. (*i. e.* Robert Macgregor Campbell), round the touchhole; the blunderbuss of Hofer, a present to Sir Walter from his friend Sir Humphry Davy;* a magnificent sword, as magnificently mounted, the gift of Charles the First to the great Montrose, the hunting bottle of bonnie King Jamie; Buonaparte's pistols (found in his carriage at Waterloo, I believe), *cum multis aliis.* I should have mentioned that stag horns, and bulls' horns (the petrified relics of the old mountain monster, I mean), and so forth, are suspended in great abundance above all the doorways of these armories; and that, in one corner, a dark one as it ought to be, there is a complete assortment of the old Scottish instruments of torture, not forgetting the thumbikens under which Cardinal Carstairs did *not* flinch, and the more terrific iron crown of Wishart the Martyr, being a sort of barred head-piece, screwed on the victim at the stake, to prevent him from crying aloud in his agony. In short, there can be no doubt that, like Grose of merry memory the mighty minstrel

> '— Has a fouth o' auld nicknackets,
> Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
> Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
> A towmont guid.'

---

* See the *Life of Sir Humphry Davy*, by his Brother. vol. i. p. 506

These relics of other, and for the most part darker years, are disposed, however, with so much grace and elegance, that I doubt if Mr. Hope himself would find anything to quarrel with in the beautiful apartments which contain them. In the hall, when the weather is hot, the Baronet is accustomed to dine; and a gallant refectory no question it must make. A ponderous chandelier of painted glass swings from the roof; and the chimney-piece (the design copied from the stone work of the Abbot's Stall at Melrose) would hold rafters enough for a Christmas fire of the good old times. Were the company suitably attired, a dinner party here would look like a scene in the Mysteries of Udolpho.

" Beyond the smaller, or rather I should say the narrower armoury, lies the dining-parlour proper, however; and though there is nothing Udolphoish here, yet I can well believe that, when lighted up and the curtains down at night, the place may give no bad notion of the private snuggery of some lofty lord abbot of the time of the Canterbury Tales. The room is a handsome one, with a low and richly carved roof of dark oak again; a huge projecting bow-window, and the dais elevated *more majorum;* the ornaments of the roof, niches for lamps, &c. &c., in short, all the minor details, are, I believe, *fac similes* after Melrose. The walls are hung in crimson, but almost entirely covered with pictures, of which the most remarkable are — the parliamentary general, Lord Essex, a full length on horseback; the Duke of Monmouth. by Lely; a capital Hogarth, by himself; Prior and Gay, both by Jervas; and the head of Mary Queen of Scots, in a charger, painted by *Amias Cawood* the day after the decapitation at Fotheringay, and sent some years ago as a present to Sir Walter from a Prussian nobleman, in whose family it had been for more than two centuries. It is a most death-like performance, and the countenance answers well enough to the coins of the unfortunate beauty, though not at all to any of the portraits I have happened to see. Among various family pictures, I noticed particularly Sir Walter's great-grandfather the old cavalier mentioned in one of the epistles in Marmion.

who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles the First. There is also a portrait of Lucy Walters, mother to the Duke of Monmouth; and another of Anne Duchess of Buccleugh, the same who,

> 'In pride of youth, in beauty's bloom,
> Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.'

Beyond and alongside are narrowish passages, which make one fancy one's self in the penetralia of some dim old monastery; for roofs and walls and windows (square, round, and oval alike) are sculptured in stone, after the richest relics of Melrose and Roslin Chapel. One of these leads to a charming breakfast-room, which looks to the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Ettrick, famed in song, on the other: a cheerful room, fitted up with novels, romances, and poetry, at one end; and the other walls covered with a valuable and beautiful collection of water-colour drawings, chiefly by Turner, and Thomson of Duddingstone — the designs, in short, for the magnificent work entitled "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." There is one good oil painting over the chimney-piece — Fast Castle by Thomson, *alias* the Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermoor — and some large black and white drawings of the Vision of Don Roderick, by Sir James Steuart of Allanbank (whose illustrations of Marmion and Mazeppa you have seen or heard of), are at one end of the parlour. The room is crammed with queer cabinets and boxes, and in a niche there is a bust of old Henry Mackenzie, by Joseph of Edinburgh. Returning towards the armoury, you have, on one side of a most religious-looking corridor, a small greenhouse, with a fountain playing before it — the very fountain that in days of yore graced the cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the coronation of the Stuarts — a pretty design, and a standing monument of the barbarity of modern innovation. From the small armoury you pass into the drawing-room, another handsome and spacious apartment, with antique ebony furniture and crimson silk hangings, cabinets, china, and mirrors *quantum suff.*, and some portraits; among the rest, Dryden, by Lely, with his grey hairs floating about in a most picturesque style, eyes full of wildness, presenting the old bard, I take it, in one of those "tremulous moods" in which we have it on record he appeared when interrupted in the midst of his Alexander's Feast. From this you pass into the largest of all these rooms, the library. It is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fire-place, terminating in a grand bow-window, fitted up with books also, and, in fact, constituting a sort of chapel to the church. The roof is of carved oak again — a very rich pattern — chiefly *à la* Roslin; and the book-cases, which are also of richly carved oak, reach high up the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects: British history and antiquities filling the whole of the chief wall; English poetry and drama, classics and miscellanies, one end; foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. The cases on the side opposite the fire are wired, and locked, as containing articles very precious and very portable. One consists entirely of books and MSS. relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745; and another (within the recesses of the bow-window) of treatises *de re magica*, both of these being (I am told, and can well believe) in their several ways, collections of the rarest curiosity. My cicerone pointed out in one corner a magnificent set of Mountfaucon, fifteen volumes folio, bound in the richest manner in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms, the gift of King George IV. There are few living authors of whose works presentation copies are not to be found here. My friend showed me inscriptions of that sort, in, I believe, every European dialect extant. The books are all in prime condition, and bindings that would satisfy Dr. Dibdin. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse — by Allan of Edinburgh — a noble portrait, over the fire-place; and the only bust is that of Shakspeare, from the Avon monument, in a small niche in the centre of the east side. On a rich stand of porphyry, in one corner, reposes a tall silver urn filled with bones from the Piræus, and bearing the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

"Connected with this fine room, and fronting — which none of the other sitting-rooms do — to the south, is a smaller library, the *sanctum* of the Author. This room, which seems to be a crib of about twenty feet, contains, of what is properly called furniture, nothing but a small writing-table in the centre, a plain arm-chair covered with black leather — and a single chair besides; plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fire-place there are shelves filled with books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but except these, there are no books save the contents of a light gallery which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. There are only two portraits — an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claverhouse (Bonny Dundee), and a small full-length of Rob Roy. Various little antique cabinets stand round about, each having a bust on it. Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims are over the mantle-piece; above them is a Highland target, with a star of claymores; and in one corner I saw a collection of really useful weapons — those of the forest-craft, to wit — axes and bills, and so forth, of every calibre.

"In one corner of the *sanctum* there is a little holy of holies, in the shape of a closet, which looks like the oratory of some dame of old romance, and opens into the gardens; and the tower which furnishes this below, forms above a private staircase accessible from the gallery, and leading to the upper regions.

"The view to the Tweed from all the principal apartments is beautiful. You look out from among bowers over a lawn of sweet turf, upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Ettrick Forest."

* * * * * * * * *

CHAPTER LXIII.

Excursion to Ireland — Reception in Dublin — Wicklow — Edgeworthstown — Killarney — Cork — Castle Blarney, &c. — Letters from Moore and Canning — Llangollen — Elleray — Storrs — Lowther.

1825.

Before the Court of Session rose in July, Sir Walter had made considerable progress in his Sketch of the French Revolution; but it was agreed that he should make his promised excursion to Ireland before any MS. went to the printers. He had seen no more of the sister island than Dunluce and the Giant's Causeway, of which we have his impressions in the Lighthouse Diary of 1814; his curiosity about the scenery and the people was lively; and besides the great object of seeing his son and daughter-in-law under their own roof, and the scarcely inferior pleasure of another meeting with Miss Edgeworth, he looked forward to renewing his acquaintance with several accomplished persons, who had been serviceable to him in his labours upon Swift. But, illustriously as Ireland has contributed to the English Library, he had always been accustomed to hear that almost no books were now published there, and fewer sold than in any other country calling itself civilized; and he had naturally concluded that apathy and indifference prevailed as to literature itself, and of course as to literary men. He had not, therefore, formed the remotest anticipation of the kind of reception which awaited him in Dublin, and indeed throughout the island wherever he traversed it.

On the day after he dispatched the following letter, he had the satisfaction of seeing his son gazetted as Captain.

"*To Walter Scott, Esq.*, 15*th Hussars*, 10 *Stephen's Green, Dublin.*

"Edinburgh, 16th June, 1825.

"My Dear Walter, — I shall wait with some impatience for this night's Gazette. I have written to Coutts to pay the money so soon as you are in possession.

"On Saturday 11th, I went to Blair-Adam, and had a delicious stroll among the woods. The roe-deer are lying as thick there as in the Highlands, and I dare say they must be equally so at Lochore: so you will have some of the high game. They are endeavouring to destroy them, which they find very difficult. It is a pity they do so much mischief to the woods, for otherwise they are the most beautiful objects in nature; and were they at Abbotsford, I could not, I think, have the heart to make war on them. Two little fawns came into the room at tea-time and drank cream. They had the most beautiful dark eyes and little dark muzzles, and were scarce so big as Miss Fergusson's Italian greyhound. The Chief-Commissioner offered them to me; but to keep them tame would have been impossible, on account of the dogs, and to turn them loose would have been wilfully entailing risk on the plantations which have cost me so much money and trouble. There was then a talk of fattening them for the kitchen, a proposal which would have driven mamma distracted.

"We spent Monday on a visit to Lochore, and in planning the road which is so much wanted. The Chief-Commissioner is an excellent manager, and has undertaken to treat with

Mr. Wemyss of East Blair, through a part of whose property the line lies, but just at a corner, and where it will be as convenient for his property as Lochore.

"I am glad Jane looks after her own affairs. It is very irksome, to be sure; but then one must do it, or be eaten up by their servants, like Actæon by his hounds. Talking of hounds, I have got a second Maida, but he is not yet arrived. Nimrod is his name.

"I keep my purpose as expressed in my last. I might, perhaps, persuade mamma to come, but she is unhappy in steamboats, bad beds, and all the other inconveniences of travelling. Sir Adam and Lady Fergusson, as I hear, are thinking of stirring towards you. I hope they will allow our visit to be over in the first instance, as it would overtax Jane and you — otherwise I should like to see the merry knight in Ireland, where I suppose he would prove *Ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*, more Irish than the natives.

"I have given Charles his choice between France and Ireland, and shall have his answer in two or three days. Will he be *de trop* if we can pack him up in the little barouche?

"Your commentary on Sir D. Dundas's confused hash of regulations, which, for the matter of principle, might be shortened to a dozen, puts me in mind of old Sir William Erskine's speech to him, when all was in utter confusion at the retreat from before Dunkirk, and Sir William came down to protect the rear. In passing Sir David, the tough old veteran exclaimed, 'Davie, ye donnert idiot, where's a' your *peevioys* (pivots) the day?'

"As to your early hours, no man ought to be in bed at seven in summer time — I never am; your four o'clock is rather premature. — Yours, with kindest remembrances to Jane,
WALTER SCOTT.

"P. S. — Yours just received — dateless as was your former. I suppose it is a family fault. What I have written will show that the cash matters are *bang-up*. A comparison of the dates will show there has been no voluntary delay on my part; in deed, what motive could I have for leaving money without interest in the hands of a London banker? But we are corresponding at a triangle, when you write to me and I to London. I will write to Jane to scold her for her ladylike fears about our reception: to find you happy will be the principal part of my welcome; for the rest, a slice of plain meat of any kind — a cigar — and a little *potheen*, are worth turtle and burgundy to my taste. As for poor dear stupid ———, there is only one answer, which the clown in one of Shakspeare's plays says will be a fitting reply to *all* questions — *Oh Lord, sir!!!*"

It did not suit either Lady Scott or her eldest daughter to be of the Irish expedition; Anne Scott and myself accompanied Sir Walter. We left Edinburgh on the 8th of July in a light open carriage, and after spending a few days among our friends in Lanarkshire, we embarked at Glasgow in a steamer for Belfast. Sir Walter kept no diary during this excursion, and the bustle and tumult throughout were such that he found time to write but very few letters. From my own to the ladies left at home, I could easily draw up a pretty exact journal of our proceedings; but I shall content myself with noting a few particulars more immediately connected with the person of Scott — for I am very sensible, on looking over what I set down at the moment, that there was hardly opportunity even for him to draw any conclusions of serious value on the structure and ordinary habits of society in Ireland, to say nothing of the vexed questions of politics and administration; and such features of natural beauty and historical interest as came under his view have been painted over and over again by native writers, with whom hasty observers should not be ambitious of competing.

The steamboat, besides a crowd of passengers of all possible classes, was lumbered with a cargo offensive enough to the eye and the nostrils, but still more disagreeable from the anticipations and reflections it could not fail to suggest. Hardly had our carriage been lashed on the deck before it disappeared from our view amidst mountainous packages of old clothes; — the cast-off raiment of the Scotch beggars was on its way to a land where beggary is the staple of life. The captain assured us that he had navigated nearly forty years between the West of Scotland and the sister island, and that his freights from the Clyde were very commonly of this description; pigs and potatoes being the usual return. Sir Walter rather irritated a military passenger (a stout old Highlander), by asking whether it had never occurred to him that the beautiful checkery of the clan tartans might have originated in a pious wish on the part of the Scottish Gael to imitate the tatters of the parent race. After soothing the veteran into good-humour, by some anecdotes of the Celtic splendours of August, 1822, he remarked that if the Scotch Highlanders were really descended in the main from the Irish blood, it seemed to him the most curious and difficult problem in the world to account for the startling contrasts in so many points of their character, temper, and demeanour; and entered into some disquisition on this subject, which I am sorry I cannot repeat in detail. The sum of his opinion was, that while courage and generous enthusiasm of spirit, kindness of heart, and great strength and purity of domestic affection, characterized them equally, the destruction, in the course of endless feuds, and wars, and rebellions, of the native aristocracy of Ireland, had robbed that people of most of the elements of internal civilization; and avowed his belief, that had the Highlanders been deprived, under similar circumstances, of their own chiefs, they would have sunk, from the natural poverty of their regions, into depths of barbarity not exampled even in the history of Ireland. The old soldier (who had taken an early opportunity of intimating his own near relationship to the chief of his sept) nodded assent, and strutted from our part of the deck with the dignity of a MacTurk. — "But then," Sir Walter continued — (watching the Colonel's retreat) — "but then comes the queerest point of all. How is it that our solemn, proud, dignified Celt, with a soul so alive to what is elevating and even elegant in poetry and feeling, is so supereminently dull as respects all the lighter play of fancy? The Highlander never understands wit or humour — Paddy, despite all his misery and privations, overflows with both. I suppose he is the gayest fellow in the world, except the only worse-used one still, the West-Indian nigger. This is their make-up — but it is to me the saddest feature in the whole story."

A voyage down the Firth of Clyde is enough to make anybody happy: nowhere can the home tourist, at all events, behold, in the course of one day, such a succession and variety of beautiful, romantic, and majestic scenery: on one hand, dark mountains and castellated shores — on the other, rich groves and pastures, interspersed with elegant villas and thriving towns — the bright estuary between, alive with shipping, and diversified with islands.

It may be supposed how delightful such a voyage was in a fine day of July, with Scott, always as full of glee on any trip as a schoolboy; crammed with all the traditions and legends of every place we passed; and too happy to pour them out for the entertainment of his companions on deck. After dinner, too, he was the charm of the table. A worthy old Bailie of Glasgow sat by him, and shared fully in the general pleasure; though his particular source of interest and satisfaction was, that he had got into such close quarters with a live Sheriff and Clerk of Session, — and this gave him the opportunity of discussing sundry knotty points of police law, as to which our steerage passengers might perhaps have been more curious than most of those admitted to the symposium of the cabin. Sir Walter, however, was as ready for the rogueries of the Broomielaw, as for the mystic antiquities of Balclutha, or the discomfiture of the Norsemen at Largs, or Bruce's adventures in Arran. I remember how this new acquaintance chuckled when he, towards the conclusion of our first bowl of punch, said he was not surprised to find himself gathering much instruction from the Bailie's conversation on his favourite topics, since the most eminent and useful of the police magistrates of London (Colquhoun) had served his apprenticeship in the Town Chamber of Glasgow. The Bailie insisted for a second bowl, and volunteered to be the manufacturer; "for," quoth he (with a sly wink), "I am reckoned a fair hand, though not equal to *my father, the deacon.*" Scott smiled in acquiescence, and, the ladies having by this time withdrawn, said he was glad to find the celebrated beverage of the city of St. Mungo had not fallen into desuetude. The Bailie extolled the liquor he was brewing, and quoted Sir John Sinclair's Code of Health and Longevity for the case of a gentleman well known to himself, who lived till ninety, and had been drunk upon it every night for half-a-century. But Bailie * * * was a devout elder of the kirk, and did not tell his story without one or two groans that his doctrine should have such an example to plead. Sir Walter said, he could only hope that manners were mended in other respects since the days when a popular minister of the last age (one Mr. Thom), renowned for satirical humour, as well as for high-flying zeal, had demolished all his own chances of a Glasgow benefice, by preaching before the Town-Council from this text in Hosea: — "Ephraim's drink is sour, and he hath committed whoredom continually." The Bailie's brow darkened (like Nicol Jarvie's when they *misca'd Rab*); he groaned deeper than before, and said he feared "Tham o' Govan was at heart a ne'erdoweel." He, however, refilled our glasses as he spoke; and Scott, as he tasted his, said, "Weel, weel, Bailie, Ephraim was not so far wrong as to the matter of drink." A gay little Irish Squireen (a keener Protestant even than our "merchant and magistrate") did not seem to have discovered the Great Unknown until about this time, and now began to take a principal share in the conversation. To the bowl of Ephraim he had from the first done all justice. He broke at once into the heart of the debateable land; and after a few fierce tirades against Popery, asked the Highland Colonel, who had replaced the master of the steamer at the head of the table, to give *the glorious memory*. The prudent Colonel affected not to hear until this hint had been thrice repeated, watching carefully meanwhile the demeanour of a sufficiently mixed company. The general pushing in of glasses, and perhaps some freemasonry symptoms besides — (for we understood that he had often served in Ireland) — had satisfied him that all was right, and he rose and announced the Protestant Shibboleth with a voice that made the lockers and rafters ring again. Bailie * * * rose with grim alacrity to join in the cheers;

and then our Squireen proposed, in his own person, what, he said, always ought to be the second toast among good men and true. This was nothing else than *the heroic memory*, which, from our friend's preliminary speech, we understood to be the memory of *Oliver Cromwell.* Sir Walter winced more shrewdly than his Bailie had done about Ephraim's transgressions, but swallowed his punch, and stood up, glass in hand, like the rest, though an unfortunate fit of coughing prevented his taking part in their huzzas. This feature of Irish loyalism was new to the untravelled Scotch of the party. On a little reflection, however, we thought it not so unnatural. Our little Squireen boasted of being himself descended from a sergeant in Cromwell's army; and he added that "the best in Ireland" had similar pedigrees to be proud of. He took care, however, to inform us that his own great ancestor was a real *jontleman* all over, and behaved as such; "for," said he, "when Oliver gave him his order for the lands, he went to the widow, and tould her he would neither turn out her nor the best looking of her daughters; so get the best dinner you can, old lady," quoth he, "and parade the whole lot of them, and I'll pick." Which was done, it seems, accordingly; and probably no conquest ever wanted plenty of such alleviations.

When we got upon deck again after our carousal, we found it raining heavily, and the lady passengers in great misery; which state of hings continued till we were within sight of Belfast. We got there about nine in the morning, and I find it set down that we paid four guineas for the conveyance of the carriage, and a guinea a-piece for ourselves; in 1837, I understand the charge for passengers is not more than half-a-crown a-head in the cabin, and sixpence in the steerage — so rapidly has steam-navigation extended in the space of twelve years. Sir Walter told us he well remembered being on board of the first steamer that ever was launched in Britain, in 1812. For some time, that one awkward machine went back and forward between Glasgow and Greenock, and it would have looked like a cock-boat beside any one of the hundreds of magnificent steamships that now cover the Firth of Clyde. It is also written in my pocket-book, that the little Orange Squireen was particularly kind and serviceable at our landing — knocking about the swarm of porters that invaded the vessel on anchoring in a style quite new to us, with slang equally Irish — *e. g.* "Your fingers are all thumbs, I see — put that (portmanteau) in your teeth, you grampus," &c. &c.

The following is part of the first letter I wrote to my wife from Dublin : —

"Belfast is a thriving bustling place, surrounded with smart villas, and built much like a second-rate English town; yet there we saw the use of the imported rags forthwith. One man, apparently happy and gay, returning to his work (a mason seemingly) from breakfast, with pipe in mouth, had a coat of which I don't believe any three inches together were of the same colour or the same stuff — red, black, yellow, green — cloth, velveteen, corduroy, fustian — the complete image of a tattered coverlid originally made on purpose of particularly small patches — no shirt, and almost no breeches; — yet this is the best part of Ireland, and the best population. What shall we see in the South ?

"Erin deserves undoubtedly the style of *Green Erin.* We passed through high and low country, rich and poor, but none that was not greener than Scotland ever saw. The husbandry to the north seemed rather careless than bad — I should say *slovenly*, for everything is cultivated, and the crops are fine, though the appearance is quite spoiled by the bad, or oftener the *no* fences; and, above all, to unaccustomed eyes, by the human wretchedness everywhere visible even there. Your papa says, however, that he sees all over the North, marks of an improving country; that the new houses are all greatly better than the old, &c. He is no doubt right as to the towns, and even villages on the highway, but I can't imagine the *newest* hut of the peasantry to have been preceded by worse even in the days of Malachi with the collar of gold. They are of clay without chimneys, and without any opening for light, except the door and the smoke-hole in the roof. When there is a window, it seldom has even one pane of glass, and I take it the aperture is only a summer luxury, to be closed up with the ready trowel whenever the winter comes. The filth, darkness, and squalor of these dens and their inhabitants, are beyond imagination, even to us who have traversed so often the wildest of our own Highland glens; yet your father swears he has not yet seen one face decidedly careworn and unhappy; on the contrary, an universal good-humour and merriment, and, to us, every sort of civility from the poor people; as yet few beggars. An old man at Dunleer having got some pence from Anne while the carriage stopt, an older woman came forward to sell gooseberries, and we declining these, she added that we might as well give her an alms too then, for she was an old *struggler*. Anne thought she said *smuggler*, and dreamt of potheen, but she meant that she had done her best to resist the 'sea of troubles;' whereas her neighbour, the professed mendicant, had yielded to the stream too easily. The Unknown says he shall recollect the word, which deserves to be classical. We slept at Dundalk, a poor little town by the shore, but with a magnificent Justice-hall and jail — a public building superior, I think, to any in Edinburgh, in the midst of a place despicably dirty and miserable."

When we halted at Drogheda, a retired officer of dragoons, discovering that the party was Sir Walter's, sent in his card, with a polite offer to attend him over the field of the battle of the Boyne, about two miles off, which of course was accepted; — Sir Walter rejoicing the veteran's heart by his vigorous recitation of the famous ballad (*The Crossing of the Water*), as we proceeded to the ground, and the eager and intelligent curiosity with which he received his explanations of it.

On Thursday the 14th we reached Dublin in time for dinner, and found young Walter and his bride established in one of those large and noble houses in St. Stephen's Green (the most extensive square in Europe), the founders of which little dreamt that they should ever be let at an easy rate as garrison lodgings. Never can I forget the fond joy and pride with which Sir Walter looked round him, as he sat for the first time at his son's table! I could not but recall Pindar's lines, in which, wishing to paint the gentlest rapture of felicity, he describes an old man with a foaming wine-cup in his hand at his child's wedding-feast.

That very evening arrived a deputation from the Royal Society of Dublin, inviting Sir Walter to a public dinner; and next morning he found on his breakfast-table a letter from the Provost of Trinity College (Dr. Kyle, now Bishop of Cork), announcing that the University desired to pay him the very high compliment of a degree of Doctor of Laws by *diploma*. The Archbishop of Dublin (the celebrated Dr. Magee), though surrounded with severe domestic afflictions at the time, was among the earliest of his visitors; another was the Attorney-General (now Lord Chancellor Plunkett); a third was the Commander of the Forces, Sir George Murray; and a fourth the Chief Remembrancer of Exchequer (the Right Honourable Anthony Blake), who was the bearer of a message from the Marquis Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, offering all sorts of facilities, and inviting him to dine next day at his Excellency's country residence, Malahide Castle. It would be endless to enumerate the distinguished persons who, morning after morning, crowded his *levee* in St. Stephen's Green. The courts of law were not then sitting, and most of the judges were out of town ; but all the other great functionaries, and the leading noblemen and gentlemen of the city and its neighbourhood, of whatever sect or party, hastened to tender every conceivable homage and hospitality. But all this was less surprising to the companions of his journey (though, to say truth, we had, no more than himself, counted on such eager enthusiasm among any class of Irish society), than the demonstrations of respect which, after the first day or two, awaited him, wherever he moved, at the hands of the less elevated orders of the Dublin population. If his carriage was recognised at the door of any public establishment, the street was sure to be crowded before he came out again, so as to make his departure as slow as a procession. When he entered a street, the watchword was passed down both sides like lightning, and the shopkeepers and their wives stood bowing and curtseying all the way down ; while the mob and boys huzza'd as at the chariot wheels of a conqueror. I had certainly been most thoroughly unprepared for finding the common people of Dublin so alive to the claims of any non-military greatness. Sir Robert Peel says, that Sir Walter's reception on the High Street of Edinburgh, in August 1822, was the first thing that gave him a notion of "the electric shock of a nation's gratitude." I doubt if even that scene surpassed what I myself witnessed when he returned down Dame Street, after inspecting the Castle of Dublin. Bailie * * * *, who had been in the crowd on that occasion, called afterwards in Stephen's Green to show Sir Walter some promised Return about his Glasgow Police, and observed to me, as he withdrew, that "*yon* was owre like worshipping the creature."

I may as well, perhaps, extract from a letter of the 16th, the contemporary note of one day's operations.

"Sir Humphry Davy is here on his way to fish in Connemara — he breakfasted at Walter's this morning; also Hartstonge, who was to show us the lions of St. Patrick's. Peveril was surprised to find the exterior of the cathedral so rudely worked, coarse, and almost shapeless — but the interior is imposing, and even grand. There are some curious old monuments of the Cork family, &c.; but one thinks of nothing but Swift there — the whole cathedral is merely his tomb. Your papa hung long over the famous inscription,* which is in gilt letters upon black marble; and seemed vexed there was not a ladder at hand that he might have got nearer the bust (apparently a very fine one), by Roubilliac, which is placed over it. This was given by the piety of his printer, Faulkener. According to this, Swift had a prodigious double chin; and Peveril remarked that the severity of the whole countenance is much increased by the absence of the wig, which, in the prints, conceals the height and gloom of the brow, the uncommon massiveness and breadth of the temple-bones, and the Herculean style in which the head fits in to the neck behind. Stella's epitaph is on the adjoining pillar — close by. Sir Walter seemed not to have thought of it before (or to have forgotten, if he had), but to judge merely from the wording that Swift himself wrote it. She is described as 'Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this cathedral.' 'This,' said Sir Walter, 'the Dean might say — any one else would have said more.' She died in 1727 — Swift in 1745. Just by the entrance to the transept, is his tablet in honour of the servant who behaved so well about the secret of the Drapier's Letters.—We then saw St. Sepulchre's Library, a monastic-looking place, very like one of the smaller college libraries in Oxford. Here they have the folio Clarendon, with Swift's marginal remarks, mostly in pencil, but still quite legible. 'Very savage as usual upon us poor Scots everywhere,' quoth the Unknown. — We then went into the Deanery (the one Swift inhabited has been pulled down), and had a most courteous and elegant reception from the Dean, the Honourable Dr. Ponsonby. He gave us a capital luncheon — the original full-length picture of *the* Dean over the sideboard. The print in the Edinburgh edition is very good — but the complexion is in the picture — black, robust, sanguine — a heavy-lidded, stern blue eye. It was interesting to see how completely the *genius loci* has kept his ground. Various little relics reverently hoarded as they should be. They said his memory was as fresh as ever among the common people about — they still sing his ballads, and had heard with great delight that Sir Walter wrote a grand book all about *the great Dane.* The

---

* The terrible inscription is "Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, S.T.P. &c., ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit."

'Jolly lads of St. Patrick's, St. Keven's, Donore,'

mustered strong and stentorian at our exit. They would, like their great-grandfathers and mothers, have torn the Unknown to pieces, had he taken the other tack, and

'Insulted us all by insulting the Dean.' *

"We next saw the Bank, late Parliament House — the Dublin Society's Museum, where papa was enchanted with a perfect skeleton of the gigantic moose-deer, the horns fourteen feet from tip to tip, and high in proportion — and a long train of other fine places and queer things, all as per road-book. Everywhere throughout this busy day — fine folks within doors and rabble without — a terrible rushing and crushing to see the Baronet; Lord Wellington could not have excited a better rumpus. But the theatre in the evening completed the thing. I never heard such a row. The players might as well have had no tongues. Beatrice (Miss Foote) twice left the stage; and at last Benedick (Abbot, who is the manager) came forward, cunning dog, and asked what was the cause of the tempest. A thousand voices shouted, *Sir Walter Scott;* and the worthy lion being thus bearded and poked, rose, after an hour's torture, and said, with such a kindness and grace of tone and manner, *these* words: — 'I am sure the Irish people — (a roar) — I am sure this respectable audience will not suppose that a stranger can be insensible to the kindness of their reception of him; and if I have been too long in saying this, I trust it will be attributed to the right cause — my unwillingness to take to myself honours so distinguished, and which I could not and cannot but feel to be unmerited.' I think these are the very words. The noise continued — a perfect cataract and thunder of roaring; but he would take no hints about going to the stage-box, and the evening closed decently enough. The theatre is very handsome — the dresses and scenery capital — the actors and actresses seemed (but, to be sure, this was scarcely a fair specimen) about as bad as in the days of Croker's Familiar Epistles."

---

* See Scott's *Swift* (Edit. 1814), vol. x. p. 537.

On Monday the 18th, to give another extract —

"Young Mr. Maturin breakfasted, and Sir Walter asked a great deal about his late father and the present situation of the family, and promised to go and see the widow. When the young gentleman was gone, Hartstonge told us that Maturin used to compose with a wafer pasted on his forehead, which was the signal that if any of his family entered the *sanctum* they must not speak to him. 'He was never bred in a writer's *chaumer*,' quoth Peveril. Sir Walter observed that it seemed to be a piece of Protestantism in

Dublin to drop the saintly titles of the Catholic Church they call St. Patrick's, Patrick's; and St. Stephen's Green has been Orangeized into Stephen's. He said you might trace the Puritans in the plain *Powles* (for St. Paul's) of the old English comedians. We then went to the Bank, where the Governor and Directors had begged him to let *themselves* show him everything in proper style; and he was forced to say, as he came out, 'These people treated me as if I was a Prince of the Blood.' I do believe that, just at this time, the Duke of York might be treated as well — better he could not be. From this to the College hard by. The Provost received Sir W. in a splendid drawing-room, and then carried him through the libraries, halls, &c., amidst a crowd of eager students. He received his diploma in due form, and there followed a superb *dejeuner* in the Provostry. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge could have done the whole thing in better style. Made acquaintance with Dr. Brinkley, Astronomer Royal, and Dr. Macdonnell, Professor of Greek, and all the rest of the leading Professors, who vied with each other in respect and devotion to the Unknown. — 19th. I forgot to say that there is one *true* paragraph in the papers. One of the College librarians yesterday told Sir W., fishingly, 'I have been so busy that I have not yet read *your* Redgauntlet.' He answered, very meekly, 'I have not happened to fall in with such a work, Doctor.' "

From Dublin we made an excursion of some days into the county Wicklow, halting for a night at the villa of the Surgeon-General, Mr. Crampton,* who struck Sir Walter as being more like Sir Humphry Davy than any man he had met, not in person only but in the liveliness and range of his talk, and who kindly did the honours of Lough Breagh and the Dargle; and then for two or three at Old Connaught Lord Plunkett's seat near Bray. Here there was a large and brilliant party assembled; and from hence, under the guidance of the Attorney-General and his amiable family, we perambulated to all possible advantage the classical resorts of the Devil's Glyn, Rosanna, Kilruddery, and Glendalough, with its seven churches, and *St. Kevin's Bed* — the scene of the fate of Cathleen, celebrated in Moore's ballad —

---

* Now Sir Philip Crampton, Baronet. — [1839.]

> "By that lake whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbles o'er," &c.

"It is," says my letter, "a hole in the sheer surface of the rock, in which two or three people might sit. The difficulty of getting into this place has been exaggerated, as also the danger, for it would only be falling thirty or forty feet into very deep water. Yet I never was more pained than when your papa, in spite of all remonstrances, would make his way to it, crawling along the precipice. He succeeded and got in — the first lame man that ever tried it. After he was gone, Mr. Plunkett told the female guide he was a poet. Cathleen treated this with indignation, as a quiz of Mr. Attorney's. '*Poet!*' said she; 'the devil a bit of him — but an honourable gentleman: he gave me half-a-crown.'"

On the 1st of August we proceeded from Dublin to Edgeworthstown, the party being now reinforced by Captain and Mrs. Scott, and also by the delightful addition of the Surgeon-General, who had long been an intimate friend of the Edgeworth family, and equally gratified both the novelists by breaking the toils of his great practice to witness their meeting on his native soil. A happy meeting it was: we remained there for several days, making excursions to Loch Oel and other scenes of interest in Longford and the adjoining counties; the gentry everywhere exerting themselves with true Irish zeal to signalize their affectionate pride in their illustrious countrywoman, and their appreciation of her guest while her brother, Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, had his classical mansion filled every evening with a succession of distinguished friends, the *élite* of Ireland. Here, above all, we had the opportunity of seeing in what universal respect and comfort a gentleman's family may live in that country, and in far from its most favoured district, provided only they live there habitually, and do their duty as the friends and guardians of those among whom Providence has appointed their proper place. Here we found neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about. Here there was a very large school in the village, of which masters and pupils were in a nearly equal proportion Protestants and Roman Catholics, — the Protestant squire himself making it a regular part of his daily business to visit the scene of their operations, and strengthen authority and enforce discipline by his personal superintendence. Here, too, we pleased ourselves with recognising some of the sweetest features in Goldsmith's picture of

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;"

and, in particular, we had "the playful children just let loose from school" in perfection. Mr. Edgeworth's paternal heart delighted in letting them make a play-ground of his lawn; and every evening after dinner we saw leapfrog going on with the highest spirit within fifty yards of the drawing-room windows, while fathers and mothers, and their aged parents also, were grouped about among the trees watching the sport. It is a curious enough coincidence that Oliver Goldsmith and Maria Edgeworth should both have derived their early love and knowledge of Irish character and manners from the same identical district. He received part of his education at this very school of Edgeworthstown; and Pallasmore (the *locus cui nomen est Pallas* of Johnson's epitaph), the little hamlet where the author of the Vicar of Wakefield first saw the light, is still, as it was in his time, the property of the Edgeworths.

It may well be imagined with what lively interest Sir Walter surveyed the scenery with which so many of the proudest recollections of Ireland must ever be associated, and how curiously he studied the rural manners it presented to him, in the hope (not disappointed) of being able to trace some of his friend's bright creations to their first hints and germs. On the delight with which he contemplated her position in the midst of her own large and happy domestic circle, I need say still less. The reader is aware by this time how deeply he condemned and pitied the conduct and fate of those who, gifted with preëminent talents for the instruction and entertainment of their species at large, fancy themselves entitled to neglect those every-day duties and charities of life, from the mere shadowing of which in imaginary pictures the genius of poetry and romance has always reaped its highest and purest, perhaps its only true and immortal honours. In Maria he hailed a sister spirit — one who, at the summit of literary fame, took the same modest, just, and, let me add, *Christian* view of the relative importance of the feelings, the obligations, and the hopes in which we are all equally partakers, and those talents and accomplishments which may seem, to vain and short-sighted eyes, sufficient to constitute their possessors into an order and species apart from the rest of their kind. Such fantastic conceits found no shelter with either of these powerful minds. I was then a young man, and I cannot forget how much I was struck at the time by some words that fell from one of them, when, in the course of a walk in the park at Edgeworthstown, I happened to use some phrase which conveyed (though not perhaps meant to do so) the impression that I suspected Poets and Novelists of being a good deal accustomed to look at life and the world only as materials for art. A soft and pensive shade came over Scott's face as he said — "I fear you have some very young ideas in your head: — are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature — to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart." Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes — (her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched; — for, as Pope says, "the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest;") — but she brushed them gaily aside, and said, "You see how it is — Dean Swift said he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord — Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do."

Lest I should forget to mention it, I put down here a rebuke which, later in his life, Sir Walter once gave in my hearing to his daughter Anne. She happened to say of something, I forget what, that she could not abide it — it was *vulgar*. "My love," said her father, "you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar*? 'Tis only *common*; nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is *uncommon*."

At Edgeworthstown he received the following letter from Mr. Canning: —

"*To Sir Walter Scott, Bart., &c. &c.*

"Combe Wood, July 24, 1825.

"My Dear Sir, — A pretty severe indisposition has prevented me from sooner acknowledging your kind letter; and now I fear that I shall not be able to accomplish my visit to Scotland this year. Although I shall be, for the last fortnight of August, at no great distance from the Borders, my time is so limited that I cannot reckon upon getting farther.

"I rejoice to see that my countrymen (for, though I was accidentally born in London, I consider myself an Irishman) have so well known the value of the honour which you are paying to them.

"By the way, if you landed at Liverpool on your return, could you find a better road to the north than through the Lake country? You would find me (from about the 10th of August) and Charles Ellis * at my friend Mr. Bolton's, on the

---

* Now Lord Seaford

Banks of Windermere, where I can promise you as kind, though not so noisy a welcome, as that which you have just experienced; and where our friend the Professor (who is admiral of the Lake) would fit out all his flotilla, and fire as many of his guns as are not painted ones, in honour of your arrival. — Yours, my dear sir, very sincerely,

"Geo. Canning."

This invitation was not to be resisted; and the following letter announced a change of the original route: —

"*To John B. S. Morritt, Esq., Rokeby Park.*

"Edgeworthstown, Aug. 3, 1825.

"Your kind letter, my dear Morritt, finds me sweltering under the hottest weather I ever experienced, for the sake of seeing sights — of itself, you know, the most feverish occupation in the world. Luckily we are free of Dublin, and there is nothing around us but green fields and fine trees, 'barring the high roads,' which make those who tread on them the most complete *pie-poudreux* ever seen; that is, if the old definition of *pie-poudres* be authentic, and if not, you may seek another dusty simile for yourself — it cannot exceed the reality. I have with me Lockhart and Anne, Walter and his *cara sposa*, for all whom the hospitality of Edgeworthstown has found ample space and verge enough. Indeed it is impossible to conceive the extent of this virtue in all classes; I don't think even our Scottish hospitality can match that of Ireland. Everything seems to give way to the desire to accommodate a stranger; and I really believe the story of the Irish harper, who condemned his harp to the flames for want of fire-wood to cook a guest's supper. Their personal kindness to me has been so great, that were it not from the chilling recollection that novelty is easily substituted for merit, I should think, like the booby in Steele's play, that I had been *kept back*, and that there was something more about me than I had ever been led to suspect. As I am LL.D. of Trinity College, and am qualified as a Catholic seer, by having mounted up into the bed of Saint Kevin, at the celebrated seven churches of Glendalough, I am entitled to prescribe, *ex cathedrâ*, for all the diseases of Ireland, as being free both of the Catholic and Protestant parties. But the truth is, that Pat, while the doctors were consulting, has been gradually and securely recovering of himself. He is very loath to admit this, indeed; there being a strain of hypochondria in his complaints, which will not permit him to believe he's getting better. Nay, he gets even angry when a physician, more blunt than polite, continues to assure him that he is better than he supposes himself, and that much of his present distress consists, partly of the recollection of former indisposition, partly of the severe practice of modern empirics.

"In sober sadness, to talk of the misery of Ireland at this time, is to speak of the illness of a *malade imaginaire*. *Well* she is not, but she is rapidly becoming so. There are all the outward and visible tokens of convalescence. Everything is mending; the houses that arise are better a hundred-fold than the cabins which are falling; the peasants of the younger class are dressed a great deal better than with the rags which clothe the persons of the more ancient Teagues, which realize the wardrobe of Jenny Sutton, of whom Morris sweetly sings,

> 'One single pin at night let loose
> The robes which veiled her beauty.'

I am sure I have seen with apprehension a single button perform the same feat, and when this mad scarecrow hath girded up his loins to run hastily by the side of the chaise, I have feared it would give way, and that there, as King Lear's fool says, we should be all shamed. But this, which seems once to have generally been the attire of the fair of the Green Isle, probably since the time of King Malachi and the collar of gold, is now fast disappearing, and the habit of the more youthful Pats and Patesses is decent and comely. *Here* they all look well coloured, and well fed. and well contented. And as I see in most places great exertions making to reclaim bogs upon a large scale, and generally to improve ground, I must needs hold that they are in constant employment.

"With all this, there is much that remains to be amended, and which time and increase of capital only can amend. The price of labour is far too low, and this naturally reduces the labouring poor beyond their just level in society. The behaviour of the gentry in general to the labourers is systematically harsh, and this arrogance is received with a servile deference which argues anything excepting affection. This, however, is also in the course of amending. I have heard a great deal of the far-famed Catholic Question from both sides, and I think I see its bearings better than I did; but these are for your ear when we meet — as meet we shall — if no accident prevent it. I return *via* Holyhead, as I wish to show Anne something of England, and you may believe that we shall take Rokeby in our way. To-morrow I go to Killarney, which will occupy most part of the week. About Saturday I shall be back at Dublin to take leave of friends; and then for England, ho! I will, avoiding London, seek a pleasant route to Rokeby. Fate will only allow us to rest there for a day or two, because I have some desire to see Canning, who is to be on the Lakes about that time. *Et finis,* — my leave will be exhausted. Anne and Lockhart send kindest compliments to you and the ladies. I am truly rejoiced that Mrs. John Morritt is better. Indeed, I had learned that agreeable intelligence from Lady Louisa Stuart. I found Walter and his wife living happily and rationally, affectionately and prudently. There is great good sense and quietness about all Jane's domestic arrangements, and she plays the leaguer's lady very prettily. — I will write again when I reach Britain, and remain ever yours, WALTER SCOTT."

Miss Edgeworth, her sister Harriet, and her brother William, were easily persuaded to join our party for the rest of our Irish travels. We had lingered a week at Edgeworthstown, and were now anxious to make the best of our way towards the Lakes of Killarney; but posting was not to be very rapidly accomplished in those regions by so large a company as had now collected — and we were more agreeably delayed by the hospitalities of Miss Edgeworth's old friends, and several of Sir Walter's new ones, at various mansions on our line of route — of which I must note especially Judge Moore's, at Lamberton, near Maryborough, because Sir Walter pronounced its beneficence to be even beyond the usual Irish scale; for, on reaching our next halting place, which was an indifferent country inn, we discovered that we need be in no alarm as to our dinner at all events, the Judge's people having privately packed up in one of the carriages, ere we started in the morning, a pickled salmon, a most lordly venison pasty, and half-a-dozen bottles of champaign. But most of these houses seemed, like the Judge's, to have been constructed on the principle of the Peri Banou's tent. They seemed all to have room not only for the lion and lioness, and their respective tails, but for all in the neighbourhood who could be held worthy to inspect them at feeding-time.

It was a succession of festive gaiety wherever we halted; and in the course of our movements we saw many castles, churches, and ruins of all sorts — with more than enough of mountain, wood, lake, and river, to have made any similar progress in any other part of Europe, truly delightful in all respects. But those of the party to whom the South of Ireland was new, had almost continually before them spectacles of abject misery, which robbed these things of more than half their charm. Sir Walter, indeed, with the habitual hopefulness of his temper, persisted that what he saw even in Kerry was better than what books had taught him to expect; and insured, therefore, that improvement, however slow, was going on

But, ever and anon, as we moved deeper into the country, there was a melancholy in his countenance, and, despite himself, in the tone of his voice, which I for one could not mistake. The constant passings and repassings of bands of mounted policemen, armed to the teeth, and having quite the air of highly disciplined soldiers on sharp service ; — the rueful squalid poverty that crawled by every way-side, and blocked up every village where we had to change horses, with exhibitions of human suffering and degradation, such as it had never entered into our heads to conceive ; — and, above all, the contrast between these naked clamorous beggars, who seemed to spring out of the ground at every turn like swarms of vermin, and the boundless luxury and merriment surrounding the thinly scattered magnates who condescended to inhabit their ancestral seats, would have been sufficient to poison those landscapes, had nature dressed them out in the verdure of Arcadia, and art embellished them with all the temples and palaces of Old Rome and Athens. It is painful enough even to remember such things ; but twelve years can have had but a trifling change in the appearance of a country which, so richly endowed by Providence with every element of wealth and happiness, could, at so advanced a period of European civilization, sicken the heart of the stranger by such wide-spread manifestations of the wanton and reckless profligacy of human mismanagement, the withering curse of feuds and factions, and the tyrannous selfishness of absenteeism ; and I fear it is not likely that any contemporary critic will venture to call my melancholy picture overcharged. A few blessed exceptions — such an aspect of ease and decency, for example, as we met everywhere on the vast domain of the Duke of Devonshire — served only to make the sad reality of the rule more flagrant and appalling. Taking his bedroom candle, one night on the Duke's estate, Sir Walter summed up the strain of his discourse by a line of Shakspeare's —

> " Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

There were, however, abundance of ludicrous incidents to break this gloom; and no traveller ever tasted either the humours or the blunders of Paddy more heartily than did Sir Walter. I find recorded in one letter a very merry morning at Limerick, where, amidst the ringing of all the bells, in honour of the advent, there was ushered in a brother-poet, who must needs pay his personal respects to the author of Marmion. He was a scarecrow figure — attired much in the fashion of the *strugglers* — by name O'Kelly; and he had produced on the spur of the occasion this modest parody of Dryden's famous epigram: —

> " Three poets, of three different nations born,
> The United Kingdom in this age adorn;
> Byron of England, Scott of Scotia's blood,
> And Erin's pride — O'Kelly, great and good."

Sir Walter's five shillings were at once forthcoming; and the bard, in order that Miss Edgeworth might display equal generosity, pointed out, in a little volume of his works (for which, moreover, we had all to subscribe), this pregnant couplet —

> " Scott, Morgan, Edgeworth, Byron, prop of Greece,
> Are characters whose fame not soon will cease."

We were still more amused (though there was real misery in the case) with what befel on our approach to a certain pretty seat, in a different county, where there was a collection of pictures and curiosities not usually shown to travellers. A gentleman, whom we had met in Dublin, had been accompanying us part of the day's journey, and volunteered, being acquainted with the owner, to procure us easy admission. At the entrance of the domain, to which we proceeded under his wing, we were startled by the dolorous apparition of two undertaker's men, in voluminous black scarfs though there was little or nothing of black about the rest of their habiliments, who sat upon the highway before the gate, with a whisky-bottle on a deal-table between them. They informed us that the master of the house had died the day before, and that they were to keep watch and ward in this style until the funeral, inviting all Christian passengers to drink a glass to his repose. Our cicerone left his card for the widow — having previously, no doubt, written on it the names of his two lions. Shortly after we regained our post-house, he received a polite answer from the lady. To the best of my memory, it was in these terms: —

"Mrs. —— presents her kind compliments to Mr. ——, and much regrets that she cannot show the pictures to-day, as Major —— died yesterday evening by apoplexy; which Mrs. —— the more regrets, as it will prevent her having the honour to see Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth."

Sir Walter said it reminded him of a woman in Fife, who, summing up the misfortunes of a black year in her history, said — "Let me see, sirs; first we lost our wee callant — and then Jenny — and then the gudeman himsel died — and then the *coo* died too poor hizzey; but, to be sure, *her* hide brought me fifteen shillings."

At one county gentleman's table where we dined though two grand full-length daubs of William and Mary adorned the walls of the room, there was a mixed company — about as many Catholics as Protestants, all apparently on cordial terms, and pledging each other lustily in bumpers of capital claret. About an hour after dinner, however, punch was called for; tumblers and jugs of hot water appeared, and with them two magnums of whisky — the one bearing on its label KING'S, the other QUEEN'S. We did not at first understand these inscriptions; but it was explained, *sotto voce*, that the King's had paid the duty, the Queen's was of contraband origin; and, in the choice of liquors, we detected a new shibboleth of party. The jolly Protestants to a man stuck to the King's bottle — the equally radiant Papists paid their duty to the Queen's.

Since I have alluded at all to the then grand dispute, I may mention, that, after our tour was concluded, we considered with some wonder that, having partaken liberally of Catholic hospitality, and encountered almost every other class of society, we had not sat at meat with one specimen of the Romish priesthood; whereas, even at Popish tables, we had met dignitaries of the Established Church. This circumstance we set down at the time as amounting pretty nearly to a proof that there were few gentlemen in that order; but we afterwards were willing to suspect that a prejudice of their own had been the source of it. The only incivility, which Sir Walter Scott ultimately discovered himself to have encountered — (for his friends did not allow him to hear of it at the time) — in the course of his Irish peregrination, was the refusal of a Roman Catholic gentleman, named O'Connell, who kept stag-hounds near Killarney, to allow of a hunt on the upper lake, the day he visited that beautiful scenery. This he did, as we were told, because he considered it as a notorious fact, that Sir Walter Scott was an enemy to the Roman Catholic claims for admission to seats in Parliament. He was entirely mistaken, however; for, though no man disapproved of Romanism as a system of faith and practice more sincerely than Sir Walter always did, he had long before this period formed the opinion, that no good could come of farther resistance to the claim in question. He on all occasions expressed manfully his belief, that the best thing for Ireland would have been never to relax the strictly *political* enactments of the penal laws, however harsh these might appear. Had they been kept in vigour for another half century, it was his conviction that Popery would have been all but extinguished in Ireland. But he thought that, after admitting Romanists to the elective franchise, it was a vain notion that they could be permanently or advantageously debarred from using that franchise in favour of those of their own persuasion. The greater part of the charming society into which he fell while in Ireland, entertained views and sentiments very likely to confirm these impressions; and it struck me that considerable pains were taken to enforce them. It was felt, probably, that the crisis of decision drew near; and there might be a natural anxiety to secure the suffrage of the great writer of the time. The polished amenity of the Lord-Lieutenant set off his commanding range of thought and dexterous exposition of facts to the most captivating advantage. "The Marquis's talk," says Scott, in a letter of the following year, "gave me the notion of the kind of statesmanship that one might have expected in a Roman emperor, accustomed to keep the whole world in his view, and to divide his hours between ministers like Mecænas and wits like Horace." The acute logic and brilliant eloquence of Lord Plunkett he ever afterwards talked of with high admiration; nor had he, he said, encountered in society any combination of qualities more remarkable than the deep sagacity and the broad rich humour of Mr. Blake. In Plunkett, Blake, and Crampton, he considered himself as having gained three real friends by this expedition; and I think I may venture to say, that the feeling on their side was warmly reciprocal.

If he had been made aware at the time of the discourtesy of the Romish staghunter at Killarney, he might have been consoled by a letter which reached him that same week from a less bigoted member of the same church — the great poet of Ireland — whom he had never chanced to meet in society but once, and that at an early period of life, shortly after the first publication of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"*To Sir Walter Scott, Bart., &c. &c.*

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, July 24, 1825.

"My Dear Sir Walter, — I wish most heartily that I had been in my own green land to welcome you. It delights me, however, to see (what I could not have doubted) that the warm hearts of my countrymen have shown that they know how to value you. How I envy those who will have the glory of showing you and Killarney to each other! No two of nature's productions, I *will* say, were ever more worthy of meeting. If the Kenmares should be your ciceroni, pray tell them what I say of their Paradise, with my best regards and greetings. I received your kind message, through Newton,* last year, that if I did not come and see you, before you died you would appear to me afterwards.' Be assured that, as I am all for living apparitions, I shall take care and have the start of you, and would have done it this very year, I rather think, only for your Irish movements.

---

* The late amiable and elegant artist, Gilbert Stewart Newton, R. A., had spent part of the autumn of 1824 at Chiefswood

"Present my best regards to your son-in-law, and believe me, my dear Sir Walter (though we have met, I am sorry to say, but once in our lives), — yours cordially and sincerely,

"THOMAS MOORE."

Scott's answer was —

"*To Thomas Moore, Esq.*

"August 5, Somerton, near Templeton (I think.)

"My Dear Sir, — If anything could have added to the pleasure I must necessarily feel at the warm reception which the Irish nation have honoured me with, or if anything could abate my own sense that I am noways worth the coil that has been made about me, it must be the assurance that you partake and approve of the feelings of your kind-hearted country-folks.

"In Ireland I have met with everything that was kind, and have seen much which is never to be forgotten. What I have seen has, in general, given me great pleasure; for it appears to me that the adverse circumstances which have so long withered the prosperity of this rich and powerful country are losing their force, and that a gradual but steady spirit of progressive improvement is effectually, though tacitly, counteracting their bad effects. The next twenty-five years will probably be the most important in their results that Ireland ever knew. So prophesies a sharp-sighted Sennachie from the land of mist and snow, aware that, though his opinion may be unfounded, he cannot please your ear better than by presaging the prosperity of Ireland.

"And so, to descend from such high matters, I hope you will consider me as having left my card for you by this visit although I have not been happy enough to find you at home

You are bound by the ordinary forms of society to return the call, and come to see Scotland. Bring wife and bairns. We have plenty of room, and plenty of oatmeal, and *entre nous*, a bottle or two of good claret, to which I think you have as little objection as I have. We will talk of poor Byron, who was dear to us both, and regret that such a rose should have fallen from the chaplet of his country so untimely. I very often think of him almost with tears. Surely you, who have the means, should do something for his literary life at least. You might easily avoid tearing open old wounds. Then, returning to our proposed meeting, you know folks call me a Jacobite, and you a Jacobin ; so it is quite clear that we agree to a T. Having uttered this vile pun, which is only pardonable because the subject of politics deserves no better, it is high time to conclude.

"I return through England, yet, I am afraid, with little chance of seeing you, which I should wish to do, were it but for half an hour. I have come thus far on my way to Killarney, where Hallam is lying with a broken leg. So much for middle-aged gentlemen climbing precipices. I, who have been regularly inducted into the bed of St. Kevin at the Seven Churches, trust I shall bear charmed limbs upon this occasion. — I am very much, dear sir, your obliged and faithful

"WALTER SCOTT."

Having crossed the hills from Killarney to Cork, where a repetition of the Dublin reception — corporation honours, deputations of the literary and scientific societies, and so forth — awaited him, he gave a couple of days to the hospitality of this flourishing town, and the beautiful scenery of the Lee ; not forgetting an excursion to the groves of Blarney, among whose shades we had a right mirthful pic-nic. Sir Walter scrambled up to the top of the castle, and kissed, with due faith and devotion, the famous *Blarney stone*, one salute of which is said to emancipate the pilgrim from all future visitations of *mauvaise honte :*

"The stone this is, whoever kisses,
He never misses to grow eloquent —
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or be a member of Parliament."

But the shamefacedness of our young female friends was not exposed to an inspection of the works of art, celebrated by the poetical Dean of Cork as the prime ornaments of Lady Jefferies's "station" —

"The statues growing that noble place in,
Of heathen goddesses most rare —
Homer, Venus, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked in the open air."

These had disappeared, and the castle and all its appurtenances were in a state of woful dilapidation and neglect.

From Cork we proceeded to Dublin by Fermoy, Lismore, Cashel, Kilkenny, and Holycross — at all of which places we were bountifully entertained, and assiduously ciceroned — to our old quarters in St. Stephen's Green; and after a morning or two spent in taking leave of many kind faces that he was never to see again, Sir Walter and his original fellow-travellers started for Holyhead on the 18th of August. Our progress through North Wales produced nothing worth recording, except perhaps the feeling of delight which everything in the aspect of the common people, their dress, their houses, their gardens, and their husbandry, could not fail to call up in persons who had just been seeing Ireland for the first time; and a short visit (which was, indeed, the only one he made) to the far-famed "ladies" of Llangollen. They had received some hint that Sir Walter meant to pass their way; and on stopping at the inn, he received an invitation so pressing, to add one more to the long list of the illustrious visitors of their retreat, that it was impossible for him not to comply. We had read histories and descriptions enough of these romantic spinsters, and were prepared to be well amused; but the reality surpassed all expectation.

An extract from a gossiping letter of the following week will perhaps be sufficient for Llangollen.

"Elleray, August 24.

* * * "We slept on Wednesday evening at Capel Carig, which Sir W. supposes to mean the Chapel of the Crags; a pretty little inn in a most picturesque situation certainly, and as to the matter of toasted cheese, quite exquisite. Next day we advanced through, I verily believe, the most perfect gem of a country eye ever saw, having almost all the wildness of Highland backgrounds, and all the loveliness of rich English landscape nearer us, and streams like the purest and most babbling of our own. At Llangollen your papa was waylaid by the celebrated 'Ladies' — viz. Lady Eleanor Butler and the Honourable Miss Ponsonby, who having been one or both crossed in love, forswore all dreams of matrimony in the heyday of youth, beauty, and fashion, and selected this charming spot for the repose of their now time-honoured virginity. It was many a day, however, before they could get implicit credit for being the innocent friends they really were, among the people of the neighbourhood; for their elopement from Ireland had been performed under suspicious circumstances; and as Lady Eleanor arrived here in her natural aspect of a pretty girl, while Miss Ponsonby had condescended to accompany her in the garb of a smart footman in buckskin breeches, years and years elapsed ere full justice was done to the character of their romance.* We proceeded up the hill, and found everything

about them and their habitation odd and extravagant beyond report. Imagine two women, one apparently seventy, the other sixty-five, dressed in heavy blue riding-habits, enormous shoes, and men's hats, with their petticoats so tucked up, that at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in the agony of expectation, we took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors. On nearer inspection they both wear a world of brooches, rings, &c., and Lady Eleanor positively *orders* — several stars and crosses, and a red ribbon, exactly like a K.C.B. To crown all, they have crop heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other, the ci-devant groom, in good preservation. But who could paint the prints, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the cram of cabinets, clocks, glass-cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-china, nodding mandarins, and whirligigs of every shape and hue — the whole house outside and in (for we must see everything to the dressing-closets), *covered* with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it — and the illustrated copies of Sir W.'s poems, and the joking simpering compliments about Waverley, and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown, who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal *butter* dug up in a Milesian stone jar lately from the bottom of some Irish bog. Great romance (*i. e.* absurd innocence of character) one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this mixed up with such eager curiosity, and enormous knowledge of the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner of the kingdom, and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the antipodes at their fingers' ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII. and George IV., down to magazine poets and quack-doctors, are a museum. I shall

---

* It is, I suppose, needless to say that the editor is far from vouch

ing for the accuracy of these details. The letter in the text gives the gossip as it was heard at the time.

never see the spirit of blue-stockingism again in such perfect incarnation. Peveril won't get over their final kissing match for a week. Yet it is too bad to laugh at these good old girls; they have long been the guardian angels of the village, and are worshipped by man, woman, and child about them."

This letter was written on the banks of Windermere, where we were received with the warmth of old friendship by Mr. Wilson, and one whose grace and gentle goodness could have found no lovelier or fitter home than Elleray, except where she is now.

Mr. Bolton's seat, to which Canning had invited Scott, is situated a couple of miles lower down on the same Lake; and thither Mr. Wilson conducted him next day. A large company had been assembled there in honour of the Minister — it included already Mr. Wordsworth. It has not, I suppose, often happened to a plain English merchant, wholly the architect of his own fortunes, to entertain at one time a party embracing so many illustrious names. He was proud of his guests; they respected him, and honoured and loved each other; and it would have been difficult to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light. There was "high discourse," intermingled with as gay flashings of courtly wit as ever Canning displayed; and a plentiful allowance, on all sides, of those airy transient pleasantries, in which the fancy of poets, however wise and grave, delights to run riot when they are sure not to be misunderstood. There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn and enjoy this circle. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the Lake by moonlight; and the last day "the Admiral of the Lake" presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession, when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place of honour the vessel that carried kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests. The bards of the Lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators.

On at last quitting the festive circle of Storrs, we visited the family of the late Bishop Watson at Calgarth, and Mr. Wordsworth at his charming retreat of Mount Rydal. He accompanied us to Keswick, where we saw Mr. Southey in his unrivalled library. Mr. Wordsworth and his daughter then turned with us, and passing over Kirkstone to Ulswater, conducted us first to his friend Mr. Marshall's elegant villa, near Lyulph's Tower, and on the next day to the noble castle of his lifelong friend and patron Lord Lonsdale. The Earl and Countess had their halls filled with another splendid circle of distinguished persons, who, like them, lavished all possible attentions and demonstrations of respect upon Sir Walter. He remained a couple of days, and perambulated, under Wordsworth's guidance, the superb terraces and groves of the "fair domain" which that poet has connected with the noblest monument of his genius. But the temptations of Storrs and Lowther had cost more time than had been calculated upon, and the promised visit to Rokeby was unwillingly abandoned. Sir

Walter reached Abbotsford again on the 1st of September, and said truly that "his tour had been one ovation."

I add two letters on the subject of this Irish expedition: —

"*To J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., Rokeby Park, Greta Bridge.*

"Abbotsford, Sept. 2, 1825.

"Your letter, my dear Morritt, gave me most sincere pleasure on your account, and also on my own, as it reconciled me to myself for my stupidity in misdirecting my letters to Charlotte and you from Wales. I was sincerely vexed when I found out my *bevue*, but am now well pleased that it happened, since we might otherwise have arrived at Rokeby at a time when we must necessarily have been a little in the way. I wish you joy most sincerely of your nephew's settling in life, in a manner so agreeably to your wishes and views. *Bella gerant alii* — he will have seen enough of the world abroad to qualify him fully to estimate and discharge the duties of an English country-gentleman; and with your example before him, and your advice to resort to, he cannot, with the talents he possesses, fail to fill honourably that most honourable and important rank in society. You will, probably, in due time, think of Parliament for him, where there is a fine sphere for young men of talents at present, all the old political post-horses being, as Sir Pertinax says, dry-foundered.

"I was extremely sorry to find Canning at Windermere looking poorly; but, in a ride, the old man seemed to come alive again. I fear he works himself too hard, under the great error of trying to do too much with his own hand, and to see everything with his own eyes, whereas the greatest general and the first statesman must, in many cases, be content to use the eyes and fingers of others, and hold themselves contented with the exercise of the greatest care in the choice of implements. His is a valuable life to us just now. — I passed a couple of days at Lowther, to make up in some degree to Anne for her disappointment in not getting to Rokeby. I was seduced there by Lady Frederick Bentinck, whom I had long known as a very agreeable person, and who was very kind to Anne. This wore out my proposed leisure; and from Lowther we reached Abbotsford in one day, and now doth the old *bore* feed in the old frank.* I had the great pleasure of leaving Walter and his little wife well, happy, and, as they seem perfectly to understand each other, likely to continue so. His ardour for military affairs continues unabated, and his great scene of activity is the *fifteen acres* — so the Irish denominate the exercising ground, consisting of about fifty acres in the Phœnix Park, which induced an attorney, writing a challenge to a brother of the trade, to name, as a place of meeting, the *fifteen acres*, adding, with professional accuracy, 'be they more or less.' Here, about 3000 men, the garrison of Dublin, are to be seen exercising, ever and anon, in order that Pat may be aware how some 2400 muskets, assisted by the discharge of twenty field-pieces, and the tramp of 500 or 600 horse, sound in comparison to the thunder of Mr. O'Connell.

"All this travelling and wooing is like to prevent our meeting this season. I hope to make up for it the next. Lady Scott, Anne, and Sophia, join Lockhart and me in best wishes to the happy two who are to be soon one. My best respects attend the Miss Morritts, — and I ever am, most truly yours,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"*To Miss Joanna Baillie, Hampstead.*

"Abbotsford, October 12, 1825.

"It did not require your kind letter of undeserved remembrance, my dear friend, to remind me that I had been guilty of very criminal negligence in our epistolary correspondence. How this has come to pass I really do not know; but it arises out of any source but that of ingratitude to my friends, or thoughtless forgetfulness of my duty to them. On the contrary, I think always most of them to whom I do owe letters for when my conscience is satisfied on that subject, their perturbed spirits remain at rest, or at least do not haunt me as the injured spirits do the surviving murderers.

---

* 2d *King Henry IV.* Act II. Scene 3.

"I well intended to have written from Ireland, but, alas! hell, as some stern old divine says, is paved with good intentions. There was such a whirl of visiting, and laking, and boating, and wondering, and shouting, and laughing, and carousing; so much to be seen and so little time to see it; so much to be heard, and only two ears to listen to twenty voices, that, upon the whole, I grew desperate, and gave up all thoughts of doing what was right and proper upon post-days — and so all my epistolary good intentions are gone to Macadamize, I suppose, 'the burning marle' of the infernal regions. I have not the pen of our friend Maria Edgeworth, who writes all the while she laughs, talks, eats, and drinks, and I believe, though I do not pretend to be so far in the secret, all the time she sleeps too. She has good luck in having a pen which walks at once so unweariedly and so well. I do not, however, quite like her last book on Education, considered as a general work. She should have limited the title to Education in Natural Philosophy, or some such term, for there is no great use in teaching children in general to roof houses or build bridges, which, after all, a carpenter or a mason does a great deal better at 2s. 6d. per day. In a waste country, like some parts of America, it may do very well, or perhaps for a sailor or a traveller, certainly for a civil engineer. But in the ordinary professions of the better-informed orders I have always observed that a small taste for mechanics tends to encouraging a sort of trifling self-conceit, founded on knowing that which is not worth being known by one who has other matters to employ his mind on, and, in short, forms a trumpery gimcrack kind of a character, who is a mechanic among gentlemen, and most probably a gentleman among mechanics. You must understand I mean only to challenge the system as making mechanics too much and too general a subject of education, and converting scholars into makers of toys. Men like Watt, or whose genius tends strongly to in vent and execute those wonderful combinations which extend in such an incalculable degree the human force and command over the physical world, do not come within ordinary rules; but your ordinary Harry should be kept to his grammar, and your Lucy of most common occurrence will be best employed on her sampler, instead of wasting wood, and cutting their fingers, which I am convinced they did, though their historian says nothing of it.

"Well, but I did not mean to say anything about Harry and Lucy, whose dialogues are very interesting after all, but about Ireland, which I could prophesy for as well as if I were Thomas the Rhymer. Her natural gifts are so great, that, despite all the disadvantages which have hitherto retarded her progress, she will, I believe, be queen of the trefoil of kingdoms. I never saw a richer country, or, to speak my mind, a finer people; the worst of them is the bitter and envenomed dislike which they have to each other. Their factions have been so long envenomed, and they have such narrow ground to do their battle in, that they are like people fighting with daggers in a hogshead. This, however, is getting better, for as the government temporizes between the parties, and does not throw, as formerly, its whole weight into the Protestant scale, there is more appearance of things settling into concord and good order. The Protestants of the old school, the determined Orangemen, are a very fine race, but dangerous for the quiet of a country; they reminded me of the Spaniard in Mexico, and seemed still to walk among the Catholics with all the pride of the conquerors of the Boyne and the captors of Limerick. Their own belief is completely fixed, that there are enough of men in Down and Antrim to conquer all Ireland again; and when one considers the habitual authority they have exercised, their energetic and military character, and the singular way in which they are banded and united together, they may be right enough for what I know, for they have all one mind and one way of pursuing it. But the Catholic is holding up his head now in a different way from what they did in former days, though still with a touch of the sav age about them. It is, after all, a helpless sort of superstition, which with its saints' days, and the influence of its ignorant bigoted priesthood, destroys ambition and industrious exertion. It is rare to see the Catholic rise above the line he is born in. The Protestant part of the country is as highly improved as many parts of England. Education is much more frequent in Ireland than England. In Kerry, one of the wildest counties, you find peasants who speak Latin. It is not the art of reading, however, but the use which is made of it, that is to be considered. It is much to be wished that the priests themselves were better educated, — but the College at Maynooth has been a failure. The students, all men of the lower orders, are educated there in all the bigotry of the Catholic religion, unmitigated by any of the knowledge of the world which they used to acquire in France, Italy, or Spain, from which they returned very often highly accomplished and companionable men. I do not believe either party care a bit for what is called Emancipation, only that the Catholics desire it because the Protestants are not willing they should have it, and the Protestants desire to withhold it, because the want of it mortifies the Catholic. The best-informed Catholics said it had no interest for the common people, whose distresses had nothing to do with political Emancipation, but that they, the higher order, were interested in it as a point of honour, the withholding of which prevented their throwing their strength into the hands of Government. On the whole, I think Government have given the Catholics so much, that withholding this is just giving them something to grumble about, without its operating to diminish, in a single instance, the extent of Popery. — Then we had beautiful lakes, 'those vast inland seas,' as Spenser terms them, and hills which they call mountains, and dargles and dingles, and most superb ruins of castles and abbeys, and live nuns in strict retreat, not permitted to speak, but who read their breviaries with one eye, and looked at their visiters with the other. Then we had Miss Edgeworth, and the kind-natured clever Harriet, who moved, and thought, and acted for everybody's comfort rather than her own; we had Lockhart to say clever things — and Walter, with his whiskers, to overawe obstinate postilions and impudent beggars — and Jane to bless herself that the folks had neither houses, clothes, nor furniture — and Anne to make fun from morning to night —

'And merry folks were we.'

"John Richardson has been looking at a wild domain within five miles of us, and left us in the earnest determination to buy it, having caught a basket of trouts in the space of two hours in the stream he is to call his own. It is a good purchase, I think; he has promised to see me again, and carry you up a bottle of whisky, which, if you will but take enough of, will operate as a peace-offering should, and make you forget all my epistolary failures. I beg kind respects to dear Mrs. Agnes and to Mrs. Baillie. Lady Scott and Anne send best respects. — I have but room to say that I am always yours,

"WALTER SCOTT."

CHAPTER LXIV.

Life of Napoleon in progress — Visits of Mr. Moore, Mrs. Coutts, &c. — Commercial Mania and impending Difficulties.

1825.

WITHOUT an hour's delay Sir Walter resumed his usual habits of life at Abbotsford — the musing ramble among his own glens, the breezy ride over the moors, the merry spell at the woodman's axe, or the festive chase of Newark, Fernilee, Hangingshaw, or Deloraine; the quiet old-fashioned contentment of the little domestic circle, alternating with the brilliant phantasmagoria of admiring, and sometimes admired, strangers — or the hoisting of the telegraph flag that called laird and bonnet-laird to the burning of the water, or the wassail of the hall. The hours of the closet alone had found a change. The preparation for the Life of Napoleon was a course of such hard reading as had not been called for while "the great magician," in the full sunshine of ease, amused himself, and delighted the world, by unrolling, fold after fold, his endlessly varied panorama of romance. That miracle had to all appearance cost him no effort. Unmoved and serene among the multiplicities of worldly business, and the invasions of half Europe and America, he had gone on tranquilly, enjoying rather than exerting his genius, in the production of those masterpieces which have peopled all our firesides with inexpensive friends, and rendered the solitary supremacy of Shakspeare, as an all-comprehensive and genial painter of man, no longer a proverb.

He had, while this was the occupation of his few desk-hours, read only for his diversion. How much he read even then, his correspondence may have afforded some notion. Those who observed him the most constantly, were never able to understand how he contrived to keep himself so thoroughly up to the stream of contemporary literature of almost all sorts, French and German, as well as English. That a rapid glance might tell him more than another man could gather by a week's poring, may easily be guessed; but the grand secret was his perpetual practice of his own grand maxim, *never to be doing nothing.* He had no 'unconsidered trifles' of time. Every moment was turned to account; and thus he had leisure for everything — except, indeed, the newspapers, which consume so many precious hours now-a-days, with most men, and of which, during the period of my acquaintance with him, he certainly read less than any other man I ever knew that had any habit of reading at all. I should also except, speaking generally, the Reviews and Magazines of the time. Of these he saw few, and of the few he read little.

He had now to apply himself doggedly to the mastering of a huge accumulation of historical materials. He read, and noted, and indexed with the pertinacity of some pale compiler in the British Museum; but rose from such employment, not radiant and buoyant, as after he had been feasting himself among the teeming harvests of Fancy, but with an aching brow, and eyes on which the dimness of years had begun to plant some specks before they were subjected again to that straining over small print and difficult manuscript which had, no doubt, been familiar to them in the early time, when (in Shortreed's phrase) "he was making himself." It was a pleasant sight when one happened to take a passing peep into his den, to see the white head erect, and the smile of conscious inspiration on his lips, while the pen held boldly and at a commanding distance, glanced steadily and gaily along a fast-blackening page of "The Talisman." It now often made me sorry to catch a glimpse of him, stooping and poring with his spectacles, amidst piles of authorities, a little note-book ready in the left hand, that had always used to be at liberty for patting Maida. To observe this was the more painful, because I had at that time to consult him about some literary proposals, the closing with which would render it necessary for me to abandon my profession and residence in Edinburgh, and with them the hope of being able to relieve him of some part of the minor labours in which he was now involved — an assistance on which he had counted when he undertook this historical task. There were then about me, indeed, cares and anxieties of various sorts, that might have thrown a shade even over a brighter vision of his interior. For the circumstance that finally determined me, and reconciled him as to the proposed alteration in my views of life, was the failing health of an infant equally dear to us both. It was, in a word, the opinion of our medical friends, that the short-lived child of many and high hopes, whose name will go down to posterity with one of Sir Walter's most precious works, could hardly survive another northern winter; and we all flattered ourselves with the anticipation that my removal to London at the close of 1825 might pave the way for a happy resumption of the cottage at Chiefswood in the ensuing summer. *Dis aliter visum.*

During the latter months of 1825, while the matter to which I have alluded was yet undecided, I had to make two hurried journeys to London, by which I lost the opportunity of witnessing Sir Walter's reception of several eminent persons with whom he then formed or ratified a friendship ; — among others the late admirable Master of the Rolls, Lord Gifford, and his Lady — who spent some days at Abbotsford, and detected nothing of the less agreeable features in its existence, which I have been dwelling upon ; Dr. Philpotts, now Bishop of Exeter ; and also the brother bard, who had expressed his regret at not being present " when Scott and Killarney were introduced to each other." No more welcome announcement ever reached Scott than Mr. Moore's of his purpose to make out, that same season, his long meditated expedition to Scotland ; and the characteristic opening and close of the reply will not, I hope, be thrown away upon my reader, any more than they were on the warm-hearted minstrel of Erin.

" *To Thomas Moore, Esq., Sloperton Cottage, Devizes.*

" Abbotsford, Thursday.

" My Dear Sir, — Damn Sir — My Dear Moore, — Few things could give me more pleasure than your realizing the prospect your letter holds out to me. We are at Abbotsford fixtures till 10th November, when my official duty, for I am 'slave to an hour and vassal to a bell,' * calls me to Edinburgh. I hope you will give me as much of your time as you can — no one will value it more highly.

---

* *Oldham's Satires* — See Scott's *Dryden*, vol. xi. p. 101.

"You keep the great north road till you come to the last stage in England, Cornhill, and then take up the Tweed to Kelso. If I knew what day you would be at Kelso, I would come down and do the honours of Tweedside, by bringing you here, and showing you anything that is remarkable by the way; but though I could start at a moment's warning, I should scarce, I fear, have time to receive a note from Newcastle soon enough to admit of my reaching you at Kelso. Drop me a line, however, at all events; and, in coming from Kelso to Melrose and Abbotsford, be sure to keep the southern side of the Tweed, both because it is far the pleasantest route, and because I will come a few miles to take the chance of meeting you. You do not mention whether you have any fellow-travellers. We have plenty of accommodation for any part of your family, or any friend, who may be with you.—Yours, in great joy and expectation, WALTER SCOTT."

Mr. Moore arrived accordingly—and he remained several days. Though not, I believe, a regular journalizer, he kept a brief diary during his Scotch tour, and he has kindly allowed me the use of it. He fortunately found Sir Walter in an interval of repose — no one with him at Abbotsford but Lady and Miss Scott—and no company at dinner except the Fergussons and Laidlaw. The two poets had thus the opportunity of a great deal of quiet conversation; and from the hour they met, they seemed to have treated each other with a full confidence, the record of which, however touchingly honourable to both, could hardly be made public *in extenso* while one of them survives. The first day they were alone after dinner, and the talk turned chiefly on the recent death of Byron — from which Scott passed unaffectedly to his own literary history. Mr. Moore listened with great interest to details, now no longer new, about the early days of ballad-hunting, Mat Lewis, the Minstrelsy, and the

Poems; and "at last," says he, "to my no small surprise, as well as pleasure, he mentioned the novels, without any reserve, as his own. He gave me an account of the original progress of those extraordinary works, the hints supplied for them, the conjectures and mystification to which they had given rise, &c. &c.:" he concluded with saying, "they have been a mine of wealth to me — but I find I fail in them now — I can no longer make them so good as at first." This frankness was met as it should have been by the brother poet; and when he entered Scott's room next morning, "he laid his hand," says Mr. Moore, "with a sort of cordial earnestness on my breast, and said — *Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life.*" They sallied out for a walk through the plantations, and among other things, the commonness of the poetic talent in these days was alluded to. "Hardly a Magazine is now published," said Moore, "that does not contain verses which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation." — Scott turned with his look of shrewd humour, as if chuckling over his own success, and said, "Ecod, we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows;" but he added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, "we have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons." — "In complete novelty," says Moore, "he seemed to think, lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in these days."

Mr. Moore was not less pleased than Washington Irving had been nine years before with Scott's good friend at Kaeside. He says —

> "Our walk was to the cottage of Mr. Laidlaw, his bailiff, a gentleman who had been reduced beneath his due level in

life, and of whom Scott spoke with the most cordial respect. His intention was, he said, to ask him to come down and dine with us: — the cottage homely, but the man himself, with his broad Scotch dialect, showing all the quiet self-possession of good breeding and good sense."

At Melrose, writes Mr. Moore —

"With the assistance of the sexton, a shrewd, sturdy-mannered original, he explained to me all the parts of the ruin; after which we were shown up to a room in the sexton's house, filled with casts done by himself, from the ornaments, heads, &c. of the Abbey. Seeing a large niche empty, Scott said, 'Johnny, I'll give you a Virgin and Child to put in that place.' Never did I see a happier face than Johnny's at this news — it was all over smiles. 'But, Johnny,' continued Scott, as we went down stairs, 'I'm afraid, if there should be another anti-popish rising, you'll have your house pulled about your ears.' When we had got into the carriage, I said, 'You have made that man most truly happy.' — 'Ecod, then,' he replied, 'there are two of us pleased, for I was very much puzzled to know what to do with that Virgin and Child; and mamma particularly' (meaning Lady Scott) 'will be delighted to get rid of it.' A less natural man would have allowed me to remain under the impression that he had really done a very generous thing."

They called the same morning at Huntly Burn: —

"I could not help thinking," says Moore, "during this homely visit, how astonished some of those French friends of mine would be, among whom the name of Sir Walter Scott is encircled only with high and romantic associations, to see the quiet, neighbourly manner in which he took his seat beside these good old maids, and the familiar ease with which they treated him in return. No common squire indeed, with but half an idea in his head, could have fallen into the gossip of a humdrum country-visit with more unassumed simplicity."

Mr. Moore would have been likely to make the same sort of observation had he accompanied Sir Walter into any other house in the valley; but he could not be expected to appreciate off-hand the very uncommon intellectual merits of "those old maids" of Huntly Burn — who had enjoyed the inestimable advantage of living from youth to age in the atmosphere of genius, learning, good sense, and high principle.

He was of course delighted at the dinner which followed, when Scott had collected his neighbours to enjoy his guest, with the wit and humour of Sir Adam Fergusson, his picturesque stories of the Peninsula, and his inimitable singing of the old Jacobite ditties.

"Nothing," he writes, "could be more hearty and radiant than Scott's enjoyment of them, though his attempts to join in the chorus showed certainly far more of will than of power. He confessed that he hardly knew high from low in music. I told him that Lord Byron, in the same manner, knew nothing of music as an art, but still had a strong feeling of it, and that I had more than once seen the tears come into his eyes as he listened. 'I dare say,' said Scott, 'that Byron's feeling and mine about music might be pretty much the same.' — I was much struck by his description of a scene he had once with Lady —— (the divorced Lady ——) upon her eldest boy, who had been born before her marriage with Lord ——, asking her why he himself was not Lord —— (the second title.) 'Do you hear that?' she exclaimed wildly to Scott; and then rushing to the pianoforte, played, in a sort of frenzy, some hurried airs, as if to drive away the dark thoughts then in her mind. It struck me that he spoke of this lady as if there had been something more than mere friendship betweer them. He described her as beautiful and full of character.

"In reference to his own ignorance of musical matters, Scott mentioned that he had been once employed as counsel upon a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed upon as to its value. He found it necessary, accordingly, to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles and fiddlers that he could find in the Encyclopædia, &c.; and having got the names of Straduarius, Amati, and such like, glibly upon his tongue, he got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at ——, he found himself left alone after dinner with the Duke, who had but two subjects he could talk upon — hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles, upon which his Grace became quite animated, and immediately whispered some orders to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered into the room about half-a-dozen tall footmen, each bearing a fiddle-case; and Scott now found his musical knowledge brought to no less trying a test than that of telling, by the tone of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it had been made. 'By guessing and management,' he said, 'I got on pretty well, till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee.'"

In handing to me the pages from which I have taken these scraps, Mr. Moore says — "I parted from Scott with the feeling that all the world might admire him in his works, but that those only could learn to love him as he deserved who had seen him at Abbotsford. I give you *carte blanche* to say what you please of my sense of his cordial kindness and gentleness; perhaps a not very dignified phrase would express my feeling better than any fine one — it was that he was a *thorough good fellow*." What Scott thought of Moore, the reader shall see presently.

The author of Lalla Rookh's Kelso chaise was followed before many days by a more formidable equipage. The much-talked-of lady who began life as Miss Harriet Mellon, a comic actress in a provincial troop, and died

Duchess of St. Albans, was then making a tour in Scotland as Mrs. Coutts, the enormously wealthy widow of the first English banker of his time. No person of such consequence could, in those days, have thought a Scotch progress complete, unless it included a reception at Abbotsford; but Mrs. Coutts had been previously acquainted with Sir Walter, who, indeed, had some remote connexion with her late husband's family, through the Stuarts of Allanbank, I believe, or perhaps the Swintons of Swinton. He had visited her occasionally in London during Mr. Coutts's life, and was very willing to do the honours of Teviotdale in return. But although she was considerate enough not to come on him with all her retinue, leaving four of the seven carriages with which she travelled at Edinburgh, the appearance of only three coaches, each drawn by four horses, was rather trying for poor Lady Scott. They contained Mrs. Coutts — her future lord the Duke of St. Albans — one of his Grace's sisters — a *dame de compagnie* (vulgarly styled a Toady) — a brace of physicians — for it had been considered that one doctor might himself be disabled in the course of an expedition so adventurous — and, besides other menials of every grade, two bedchamber women for Mrs. Coutts's own person; she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because, in her widowed condition, she was fearful of ghosts — and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, a second to keep watch by night. With a little puzzling and cramming, all this train found accommodation; but it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs. Coutts's visit agreeable to her. They had heard a great deal, and they saw something, of the ostentation almost inseparable from wealth so vast as had come into her keeping. They were on the outlook for absurdity and merriment; and I need not observe how effectually women of fashion can contrive to mortify, without doing or saying anything that shall expose them to the charge of actual incivility.

Sir Walter, during dinner, did everything in his power to counteract this influence of *the evil eye*, and something to overawe it; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Coutts followed these noble dames to the drawing-room in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blandishment of obsequious flattery, in this mistress of millions. He cut the gentlemen's sederunt short, and soon after joining the ladies, managed to withdraw the youngest, and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank (a lovely Marchioness), into his armorial-hall adjoining. "I said to her" (he told me), "I want to speak a word with you about Mrs. Coutts. We have known each other a good while, and I know you won't take anything I can say in ill part. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even sometimes to hunt after them, to Mrs. Coutts's grand balls and fêtes, and then, if they meet her in any private circle, to practise on her the delicate *manœuvre* called *tipping the cold shoulder*. This you agree with me is shabby; but it is nothing new either to you or to me that fine people will do shabbinesses for which beggars might blush, if they once stoop so low as to poke for tickets. I am sure you would not for the world do such a thing; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying, that I think the style you have all received my guest

Mrs. Coutts in, this evening, is, to a certain extent, a sin of the same order. You were all told a couple of days ago that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day to stay three nights. Now if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came; and as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her." The beautiful Peeress answered, "I thank you, Sir Walter; — you have done me the great honour to speak as if I had been your daughter, and depend upon it you shall be obeyed with heart and good-will." One by one, the other exclusives were seen engaged in a little *tête-à-tête* with her ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train; the Marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, *because* he thought it would please Mrs. Coutts. "Nothing could gratify her more than to please Mrs. Coutts." Mrs. Coutts's brow smoothed, and in the course of half-an-hour she was as happy and easy as ever she was in her life, rattling away at comical anecdotes of her early theatrical years, and joining in the chorus of Sir Adam's *Laird of Cockpen*. She stayed out her three days * — saw, accompanied by all the circle, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow — and left Abbotsford delighted with her host, and, to all appearance, with his other guests.

It may be said (for the most benevolent of men had in his lifetime, and still has, some maligners) that he was so anxious about Mrs. Coutts's comfort, because he worshipped wealth. I dare not deny that he set more of his affections, during great part of his life, upon worldly things, wealth among others, than might have become such an intellect. One may conceive a sober grandeur of mind, not incompatible with genius as rich as even his, but infinitely more admirable than any genius, incapable of brooding upon any of the pomps and vanities of this life — or caring about money at all, beyond what is necessary for the easy sustenance of nature. But we must, in judging the most powerful of minds, take into account the influences to which they were exposed in the plastic period; and where imagination is visibly the predominant faculty, allowance must be made very largely indeed. Scott's autobiographical fragment, and the anecdotes annexed to it, have been printed in vain, if they have not conveyed the notion of such a training of the mind, fancy, and character, as could hardly fail to suggest dreams and aspirations very likely, were temptation presented, to take the shape of active external ambition — to prompt a keen pursuit of those resources, without which visions of worldly splendour cannot be realized. But I think the subsequent narrative, with the correspondence embodied in it, must also have satisfied every candid reader that his appetite for wealth was, after all, essentially a vivid yearning for the means of large beneficence. As to his being capable of the silliness — to say nothing of the meanness — of allowing any part of his feelings or demeanour towards others to be affected by their mere possession of wealth, I cannot consider such a suggestion as worthy of much remark. He had a kindness towards Mrs. Coutts, because he knew that, vain and pompous as her displays of equipage and attendance might be, she mainly valued wealth, like himself, as the instrument of doing good. Even of her apparently most fantastic indulgences he remembered, as Pope did when ridiculing the "lavish cost and little skill" of his Timon,

---

* Sir Walter often quoted the maxim of an old lady in one of Miss Ferrier's novels — that a visit should never exceed three days, "the *rest* day — the *drest* day — and the *prest* day."

> "Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;" —

but he interfered, to prevent her being made uncomfortable in his house, neither more nor less than he would have done, had she come there in her original character of a comic actress, and been treated with coldness as such by his Marchionesses and Countesses.

Since I have been led to touch on what many always considered as the weak part of his character — his over respect for worldly things in general, — I must say one word as to the matter of rank, which undoubtedly had infinitely more effect on him than money. In the first place, he was all along courted by the great world — not it by him; and, secondly, pleased as he was with its attentions, he derived infinitely greater pleasure from the trusting and hearty affection of his old equals, and the inferiors whose welfare he so unweariedly promoted. But, thirdly, he made acute discriminations among the many different orders of claimants who jostle each other for preëminence in the curiously complicated system of modern British society. His imagination had been constantly exercised in recalling and embellishing whatever features of the past it was possible to connect with any pleasing ideas, and a historical name was a charm that literally stirred his blood. But not so a mere title. He reverenced the Duke of Buccleuch — but it was not as a Duke, but as the head of his clan, the representative of the old knights of Branxholm. In the Duke of Hamilton he saw not the premier peer of Scotland, but the lineal heir of the heroic old Douglasses; and he had profounder respect for the chief of a Highland Clan, without any title whatever, and with an ill-paid rental of two or three thousand a-year, than for the haughtiest magnate in a blue ribbon, whose name did not call up any grand historical reminiscence. I remember once when he had some young Englishmen of high fashion in his house, there arrived a Scotch gentleman of no distinguished appearance, whom he received with a sort of eagerness and *empressement* of reverential courtesy that struck the strangers as quite out of the common. His name was that of a Scotch Earl, however, and no doubt he was that nobleman's son. "Well," said one of the Southrons to me, — "I had never heard that the Earl of —— was one of your very greatest lords in this country; even a second son of his, booby though he be, seems to be of wonderful consideration." The young English lord heard with some surprise, that the visiter in question was a poor lieutenant on half-pay, heir to a tower about as crazy as Don Quixote's, and noways related (at least according to English notions of relationship) to the Earl of ——. "What, then," he cried, "what *can* Sir Walter mean?" "Why," said I, "his meaning is very clear. This gentleman is the male representative (which the Earl of —— may possibly be in the female line) of a knight who is celebrated by our old poet Blind Harry, as having signalized himself by the side of Sir William Wallace, and from whom every Scotchman that bears the name of —— has at least the ambition of being supposed to descend." — Sir Walter's own title came unsought; and that he accepted it, not in the foolish fancy that such a title, or any title, would increase his own personal consequence, but because he thought it fair to embrace the opportunity of securing a certain external distinction to his heirs at Abbotsford, was proved pretty clearly by his subsequently declining the greatly higher, but intransmissible rank of a Privy-Councillor. At the same time, I dare say his ear liked the knightly sound; and undoubtedly he was much pleased with the pleasure his wife took, and gaily acknowledged she took, in being My Lady.

The circumstances of the King's visit in 1822, and others already noted, leave no doubt that imagination enlarged and glorified for him many objects to which it is very difficult for ordinary men in our generation to attach much importance; and perhaps he was more apt to attach importance to such things, during the prosperous course of his own fortunes, than even a liberal consideration of circumstances can altogether excuse. To myself it seems to have been so; yet I do not think the severe critics on this part of his story have kept quite sufficiently in mind how easy it is for us all to undervalue any species of temptation to which we have not happened to be exposed. I am aware, too, that there are examples of men of genius, situated to a certain extent like him, who have resisted and repelled the fascinations against which he was not entirely proof; but I have sometimes thought that they did so at the expense of parts of their character nearer the marrow of humanity than those which his weakness in this way tended to endamage; that they mingled, in short, in their virtuous self-denial, some grains of sacrifice at the shrine of a cold, unsocial, even sulky species of self-conceit. But this digression has already turned out much longer than I intended.

Mrs. Coutts and her three coaches astonished Abbotsford but a few days after I returned to Chiefswood from one of my rapid journeys to London. While in the metropolis on that occasion, I had heard a great deal more than I understood about the commercial excitement of the time. For several years preceding 1825, the plethora of gold on the one hand, and the wildness of impatient poverty on the other, had been uniting their stimulants upon the blood and brain of the most curious of all concretes, individual or national, "John Bull;" nor had sober "Sister Peg" escaped the infection of disorders which appear to recur, at pretty regular periods, in the sanguine constitution of her brother. They who had accumulated great masses of wealth, dissatisfied with the usual rates of interest under a conscientious government really protective of property, had embarked in the most perilous and fantastic schemes for piling visionary Pelions upon the real Ossa of their money-bags; and unscrupulous dreamers, who had all to gain and nothing to lose, found it easy to borrow, from cash-encumbered neighbours, the means of pushing adventures of their own devising, more extravagant than had been heard of since the days of the South Sea and Mississippi bubbles. Even persons who had extensive and flourishing businesses in their hands, partook the general rage of infatuation. He whose own shop, counting-house, or warehouse, had been sufficient to raise him to a decent and safely-increasing opulence, and was more than sufficient to occupy all his attention, drank in the vain delusion that he was wasting his time and energy on things unworthy of a masculine ambition, and embarked the resources necessary for the purposes of his lawful calling, in speculations worthy of the land-surveyors of El Dorado. It was whispered that *the trade* (so called, *par excellence*) had been bitten with this fever; and persons of any foresight who knew (as I did not at that time know) the infinitely curious links by which booksellers, and printers, and paper-makers (and therefore authors) are bound together, high and low, town and country, for good and for evil, already began to prophesy that, whenever the general crash, which must come ere long, should arrive, its effects would be felt far and wide among all classes connected with the productions of the press. When it was rumoured that this great bookseller, or printer, had become a principal holder of South American mining shares — that another was the leading director of a railway company — a third of a gas company — while a fourth house had risked about £100,000 in a cast upon the most capricious of all agricultural products, *hops*, — it was no wonder that bankers should begin to calculate balances, and pause upon discounts.

Among other hints to the tune of *periculosæ plenum opus aleæ* which reached my ear, were some concerning a splendid bookselling establishment in London, with which I knew the Edinburgh house of Constable to be closely connected in business. Little suspecting the extent to which any mischance of Messrs. Hurst and Robinson must involve Sir Walter's own responsibilities, I transmitted to him the rumours in question as I received them. Before I could have his answer, a legal friend of mine, well known to Scott also, told me that people were talking doubtfully about Constable's own stability. I thought it probable, that if Constable fell into any pecuniary embarrassments, Scott might suffer the inconvenience of losing the copy-money of his last novel. Nothing more serious occurred to me. But I thought it my duty to tell him this whisper also; and heard from him, almost by return of post, that, shake who might in London, his friend in Edinburgh was "rooted, as well as branched, like the oak." Knowing his almost painfully accurate habits of business as to matters of trivial moment, I doubted not that he had ample grounds for being quite easy as to any concerns of his own with his publisher; and though I turned northwards with anxiety enough, none of the burden had reference to that subject.

A few days, however, after my arrival at Chiefswood, I received a letter from the legal friend already alluded to — (Mr. William Wright, the eminent barrister of Lincoln's Inn, — who, by the way, was also on habits of great personal familiarity with Constable, and liked *the Czar* exceedingly) — which renewed my apprehensions, or rather, for the first time, gave me any suspicion that there really might be something "rotten in the state of *Muscovy*." Mr. Wright informed me that it was reported in London that Constable's London banker had thrown up his book. This letter reached me about five o'clock, as I was sitting down to dinner; and, about an hour afterwards, I rode over to Abbotsford, to communicate its contents. I found Sir Walter alone over his glass of whisky and water and cigar — at this time, whenever there was no company, "his custom always in the afternoon." I gave him Mr. Wright's letter to read. He did so, and returning it, said, quite with his usual tranquil good-humour of look and voice, "I am much obliged to you for coming over, but you may rely upon it Wright has been hoaxed. I promise you, were the Crafty's book thrown up, there would be a pretty decent scramble among the bankers for the keeping of it. There may have been some little dispute or misunderstanding, which malice and envy have exaggerated in this absurd style, but I shan't allow such nonsense to disturb my *siesta.* Don't you see," he added, lighting another cigar, "that Wright could not have heard of such a transaction the very day it happened? And can you doubt, that if Constable had been informed of it yesterday, this day's post must have brought me intelligence direct from him?' I ventured to suggest that this last point did not seem to me clear; that Constable might not, perhaps, in such a case, be in so great a hurry with his intelligence. "Ah!" said he, "the Crafty and James Ballantyne have been so much connected in business, that Fatsman would be sure to hear of anything so important; and I like the notion of his hearing it, and not sending me one of his malagrugrous *billets-doux.* He could as soon keep his eyebrows in their place if you told him there was a fire in his nursery."

Seeing how coolly he treated my news, I went home relieved and gratified. Next morning, as I was rising, behold Peter Mathieson at my door, his horses evidently off a journey, and the Sheriff rubbing his eyes as if the halt had shaken him out of a sound sleep. I made what haste I could to descend, and found him by the side of the brook looking somewhat worn, but with a serene and satisfied countenance, busied already in helping his little grandson to feed a fleet of ducklings. "You are surprised," he said, "to see me here. The truth is, I was more taken aback with Wright's epistle than I cared *to let on;* and so, as soon as you left me, I ordered the carriage to the door, and never stopped till I got to Polton, where I found Constable putting on his nightcap. I staid an hour with him, and I have now the pleasure to tell you that *all is right.* There was not a word of truth in the story — he is fast as Ben Lomond; and as Mamma and Anne did not know what my errand was, I thought it as well to come and breakfast here, and set Sophia and you at your ease before I went home again."

We had a merry breakfast, and he chatted gaily afterwards as I escorted him through his woods, leaning on my shoulder all the way, which he seldom as yet did, except with Tom Purdie, unless when he was in a more than commonly happy and affectionate mood. But I confess the impression this incident left on my mind was not a pleasant one. It was then that I first began to harbour a suspicion, that if anything should befall Constable, Sir Walter would suffer a heavier loss than the nonpayment of some one novel. The night journey revealed serious alarm. My wife suggested, as we talked things over, that his alarm had been, not on his own account, but Ballantyne's, who, in case evil came on the great employer of his types, might possibly lose a year's profit on them, which neither she nor I doubted must amount to a large sum — any more than that a misfortune of Ballantyne's would grieve her father as much as one personal to himself. His warm regard for his printer could be no secret; we well knew that James was his confidential critic — his trusted and trustworthy friend from boyhood. Nor was I ignorant that Scott had a share in the property of Ballantyne's Edinburgh Weekly Journal. I hinted, under the year 1820, that a dispute arose about the line to be adopted by that paper in the matter of the Queen's trial, and that Scott employed his authority towards overruling the Editor's disposition to espouse the anti-ministerial side of that unhappy question. He urged every argument in his power, and in vain; for James had a just sense of his own responsibility as editor, and conscientiously differing from Sir Walter's opinion, insisted, with honourable firmness, on maintaining his own until he should be denuded of his office. I happened to be present at one of their conversations on this subject, and in the course of it Scott used language which distinctly implied that he spoke not merely as a friend, but as a joint-proprietor of the Journal. Nor did it seem at all strange that this should be so. But that Sir Walter was and had all along been James's partner in the great printing concern, neither I, nor, I believe, any member of his family, had entertained the slightest suspicion prior to the coming calamities which were now "casting their shadows before."

It is proper to add here, that the story about the banker's throwing up the book was, as subsequent revelations attested, groundless. Sir Walter's first guess as to its origin proved correct.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street sent me a transcript of Lord Byron's Ravenna Diary, with permission for my neighbour also to read it if he pleased. Sir Walter read those extraordinary pages with the liveliest interest, and filled several of the blank leaves and margins with illustrative annotations and anecdotes, some of which have lately been made public, as the rest will doubtless be hereafter. In perusing what Byron had jotted down from day to day in the intervals of regular composition, it very naturally occurred to Sir Walter that the noble poet had done well to avoid troubling himself by any adoption or affectation of plan or order — giving an opinion, a reflection, a reminiscence, serious or comic, or the incidents of the passing hour, just as the spirit moved him, — and seeing what a mass of curious things, such as "after times would not willingly let die," had been thus rescued from oblivion at a very slight cost of exertion, — he resolved to attempt keeping thenceforth a somewhat similar record. A thick quarto volume, bound in vellum, with a lock and key, was forthwith procured; and Sir Walter began the journal, from which I shall begin, in the next chapter, to draw copiously. The occupation of a few stray minutes in his dressing-room at getting up in the morning, or after he had retired for the night, was found a pleasant variety for him. He also kept the book by him when in his study, and often had recourse to it when anything puzzled him and called for a halt in the prosecution of what he considered (though posterity will hardly do so) a more important task. It was extremely fortunate that he took up this scheme exactly at the time when he settled seriously to the history of Buonaparte's personal career. The sort of preparation which every chapter of that book now called for has been already alluded to; and — although, when he had fairly read himself up to any one great cycle of transactions, his old spirit roused itself in full energy, and he traced the record with as rapid and glowing a pencil as he had ever wielded — there were minutes enough, and hours, and perhaps days, of weariness, depression, and languor, when (unless this silent confidant had been at hand) even he perhaps might have made no use of his writing-desk.

Even the new resource of journalizing, however, was not sufficient. He soon convinced himself that it would facilitate, not impede, his progress with Napoleon, to have a work of imagination in hand also. The success of the Tales of the Crusaders had been very high; and Constable, well aware that it had been his custom of old to carry on two romances at the same time, was now too happy to encourage him in beginning *Woodstock*, to be taken up whenever the historical MS. should be in advance of the press.

Of the progress both of the Novel and the History the Journal will afford us fuller and clearer details than I have been able to produce as to any of his preceding works; but before I open that sealed book, I believe it will be satisfactory to the reader that I should present (as briefly as I can) my own view of the melancholy change in Sir Walter's worldly fortunes, to which almost every page of the Diary, during several sad and toilsome years, contains some allusion. So doing, I shall avoid (in some measure at least) the necessity of interrupting, by awkward explanations, the easy tenor of perhaps the most candid Diary that ever man penned.

The early history of Scott's connexion with the Ballantynes has been already given in abundant detail; and I have felt it my duty not to shrink, at whatever pain to my own feelings or those of others, from setting down, plainly and distinctly, my own impressions of the character, manners, and conduct of those two very dissimilar brothers. I find, without surprise, that my representations of them have not proved satisfactory to their surviving relations. That I cannot help — though I sincerely regret, having been compelled, in justice to Scott, to become the instrument for opening old wounds in kind bosoms, animated, I doubt not, like my own, by veneration for his memory, and respected by me for combining that feeling with a tender concern for names so intimately connected with his throughout long years of mutual confidence. But I have been entirely mistaken if those to whom I allude, or any others of my readers, have interpreted any expressions of mine as designed to cast the slightest imputation on the moral rectitude of the elder Ballantyne. No suspicion of that nature ever crossed my mind. I believe James to have been, from first to last, a perfectly upright man; that his principles were of a lofty stamp — his feelings pure, even to simplicity. His brother John had many amiable as well as amusing qualities, and I am far from wishing to charge even him with any deep or deliberate malversation. Sir Walter's own epithet of "my little picaroon" indicates all that I desired to imply on that score. But John was, from mere giddiness of head and temper, incapable of conducting any serious business advantageously, either for himself or for others; nor dare I hesitate to express my conviction that, from failings of a different sort, honest James was hardly a better manager than the picaroon.

He had received the education, not of a printer, but of a solicitor; and he never, to his dying day, had the remotest knowledge or feeling of what the most important business of a master-printer consists in. He had a fine taste for the effect of types — no establishment turned out more beautiful specimens of the art than his; but he appears never to have understood that types need watching as well as setting. If the page looked handsome, he was satisfied. He had been instructed, that on every £50 paid in his men's wages, the master-printer is entitled to an equal sum of gross profit; and beyond this *rule of thumb* calculation, no experience could bring him to penetrate his *mystery*. In a word, James never comprehended that in the greatest and most regularly employed manufactory of this kind (or indeed of any kind) the profits are likely to be entirely swallowed up, unless the acting master keeps up a most wakeful scrutiny, from week to week, and from day to day, as to the machinery and the materials. So far was he from doing this, that during several of the busiest and most important years of his connexion with the establishment in the Canongate, he seldom crossed its doors. He sat in his own elbow-chair, in a comfortable library, situated in a different street — not certainly an idle man — quite the reverse, though naturally indolent — but the most negligent and inefficient of master-printers.

He was busy, indeed ; and inestimably serviceable to Scott was his labour ; but it consisted simply and solely in the correction and revisal of proof-sheets. It is most true, that Sir Walter's hurried and careless method of composition rendered it absolutely necessary that whatever he wrote should be subjected to far more than the usual amount of inspection required at the hands of the printer ; and it is equally so, that it would have been extremely difficult to find another man willing and able to bestow such time and care on his proof-sheets as they uniformly received from James. But this was, in fact, not the proper occupation of the man who was at the head of the establishment — who had undertaken the pecuniary management of the concern. In every other great printing-house that I have known anything about, there are intelligent and well-educated men, called, technically, *readers*, who devote themselves to this species of labour, and who are, I fear, seldom paid in proportion to its importance. Dr. Goldsmith, in his early life, was such a *reader* in the printing-house of Richardson ; but the author of Clarissa did not disdain to look after the presses and types himself, or he would never have accumulated the fortune that enabled him to be the liberal employer of *readers* like Goldsmith. I quoted, in a preceding volume,* a letter of Scott's, written when John Ballantyne and Co.'s bookselling house was breaking up, in which he says, "One or other of you will need to be constantly in the printing-office *henceforth ;* it is the sheet-anchor." This was *ten* years after that establishment began. Thenceforth James, in compliance with this injunction, occupied, during many hours of every day, a small cabinet on the premises in the Canongate; but whoever visited him there, found him at the same eternal business, that of a literator, not that of a printer. He was either editing his newspaper — and he considered that matter as fondly and proudly as Mr. Pott in Pickwick does his Gazette of Eatanswill — or correcting proof-sheets, or writing critical notes and letters to the Author of Waverley. Shakespeare, Addison, Johnson, and Burke, were at his elbow; but not the ledger. We may thus understand poor John's complaint, in what I may call his dying memorandum, of the "large sums abstracted from the bookselling house for the use of the printing-office." † Yet that bookselling house was from the first a hopeless one; whereas, under accurate superintendence, the other ought to have produced the partners a dividend of from £2000 to £3000 a-year, at the very least.

On the other hand, the necessity of providing some remedy for this radical disorder must very soon have forced itself upon the conviction of all concerned, had not John Ballantyne (who had served a brief apprenticeship in a London banking-house) introduced his fatal enlightenment on the subject of facilitating discounts, and raising cash by means of accommodation-bills. Hence the perplexed *states* and *calendars* — the wildernesses and labyrinths of ciphers, through which no eye but that of a professed accountant could have detected any clue; hence the accumulation of bills and counter-bills drawn by both bookselling and printing house, and gradually so mixed up with other obligations, that John Ballantyne died in utter ignorance of the condition of their affairs. The pecuniary detail of those affairs then devolved upon James; and I fancy it will be only too apparent that he never made even one serious effort to master the formidable balances of figures thus committed to his sole trust — but in which his all, was not all that was involved.

---

* See *ante*, Vol. III. p. 267.

† See *ante*, Vol. VI. p. 105.

I need not recapitulate the history of the connexion between these Ballantyne firms and that of Constable. It was traced as accurately as my means permitted in the preceding volumes, with an eye to the catastrophe. I am willing to believe that kindly feelings had no small share in inducing Constable to uphold the credit of John Ballantyne and Company, in their several successive struggles to avoid the exposure of bankruptcy. He was, with pitiable foibles enough, and grievous faults, a man of warm, and therefore, I hardly doubt, of sympathizing temperament. Vain to excess, proud at the same time, haughty, arrogant, presumptuous, despotic — he had still, I am willing to believe, a heart. Persons who knew him longer and better than I did, assure me of their conviction that, in spite of many direct professional hindrances and thwartings, the offspring (as *he* viewed matters) partly of Tory jealousy, and partly of poetical caprice — he had, even at an early period of his life.

formed a genuine affection for Scott's person, as well as a most profound veneration for his genius. I think it very possible that he began his assistance of the Ballantyne companies mainly under this generous influence — and I also believe that he had, in different ways, a friendly leaning in favour of both James and John themselves. But when he, in his overweening self-sufficiency, thought it involved no mighty hazard to indulge his better feelings, as well as his lordly vanity, in shielding these friends from commercial dishonour, he had estimated but loosely the demands of the career of speculation on which he was himself entering. And by and by, when, advancing by one mighty plunge after another in that vast field, he felt in his own person the threatenings of more signal ruin than could have befallen them, this "Napoleon of the press" — still as of old buoyed up to the ultimate result of his grand operations by the most fulsome flatteries of imagination — appears to have tossed aside very summarily all scruples about the extent to which he might be entitled to tax their sustaining credit in requital. The Ballantynes, if they had comprehended all the bearings of the case, were not the men to consider grudgingly demands of this nature, founded on service so important; and who can doubt that Scott viewed them from a chivalrous altitude? It is easy to see, that the moment the obligations became reciprocal, there arose extreme peril of their coming to be hopelessly complicated. It is equally clear, that he ought to have applied on these affairs, as their complication thickened, the acumen which he exerted, and rather prided himself in exerting, on smaller points of worldly business, to the utmost. That he did not, I must always regard as the enigma of his personal history; but various incidents in that history, which I have already narrated, prove incontestably that he had never done so; and I am unable to account for this having been the case, except on the supposition that his confidence in the resources of Constable and the prudence of James Ballantyne was so entire, that he willingly absolved himself from all duty of active and thoroughgoing superinspection.

It is the extent to which the confusion had gone that constitutes the great puzzle. I have been told that John Ballantyne, in his hey-day, might be heard whistling on his clerk, John Stevenson (True Jock), from the *sanctum* behind the shop, with, "Jock, you lubber, fetch ben a sheaf o' stamps." Such things might well enough be believed of that hare-brained creature; but how sober, solemn James could have made up his mind, as he must have done, to follow much the same wild course whenever any pinch occurred, is to me, I must own, incomprehensible. The books, of course, were kept at the printing-house; and Scott, no doubt, had it in his power to examine them as often as he liked to go there for that purpose. But did he ever descend the Canongate *once* on such an errand? I certainly much question it. I think it very likely that he now and then cast a rapid glance over the details of a week's or a month's operations; but no man who has followed him throughout, can dream that he ever grappled with the sum-total.* During several years it was almost daily my custom to walk home with Sir Walter from the Parliament-house, calling at James's on our way. For the most part I used to amuse myself with a newspaper or proof-sheet in the outer room, while they were closeted in the little cabinet at the corner; and merry were the tones that reached my ear while they remained in colloquy. If I were called in, it was because James, in his ecstasy, must have another to enjoy the dialogue that his friend was improvising — between Meg Dods and Captain Mac-Turk, for example, or Peter Peebles and his counsel.

---

* It is now ascertained and admitted that the Ballantyne books were *never balanced* during the later years of the connexion. [1839.]

How shrewdly Scott lectures Terry in May 1825: — "The best business is ruined when it becomes pinched for money, and gets into the circle of discounting bills." — "It is easy to make it feasible on paper, but the times of payment arrive to a certainty." — "I should not like to see *you* take flight like the ingenious mechanist in Rasselas, only to flutter a few yards, and fall into the lake; this would be a heart-breaking business." — "You must be careful that a check shall not throw you on the breakers, and for this there is no remedy but a handsome provision of *the blunt*," &c. &c. Who can read these words — and consider that, at the very hour when they fell from Scott's pen, he was meditating a new purchase of land to the extent of £40,000 — and that nevertheless the "certainty of the arrival of times of payment for discounting bills" was within a few months of being realized to his own ruin; — who can read such words, under such a date, and not sigh the only comment, *sic vos non vobis?*

The reader may perhaps remember a page in a former volume where I described Scott as riding with Johnny Ballantyne and myself round the deserted halls of the ancient family of Riddell, and remarking how much it increased the wonder of their ruin that the late Baronet had "kept day-book and ledger as regularly as any *cheesemonger in the Grassmarket*." It is, nevertheless, true that Sir Walter kept from first to last as accurate an account of his own *personal* expenditure as Sir John Riddell could have done of his extravagant outlay on agricultural experiments. The instructions he gave his son, when first joining the 18th Hussars, about the best method of keeping accounts, were copied from his own practice. I could, I believe, place before my reader the sum-total of sixpences that it had cost him to ride through turnpike-gates during a period of thirty years. This was, of course, an early habit mechanically adhered to: but how strange that the man who could persist, however mechanically, in noting down every shilling that he actually drew from his purse, should have allowed others to pledge his credit, year after year, upon sheafs of accommodation paper, "the time for paying which up, must certainly come," without keeping any efficient watch on their proceedings — without knowing, any one Christmas, for how many thousands, or rather tens of thousands, he was responsible as *a printer in the Canongate!*

This is sufficiently astonishing — and had this been all, the result must sooner or later have been sufficiently uncomfortable; but still, in the absence of a circumstance which Sir Walter, however vigilant, could hardly have been expected to anticipate as within the range of possibility, he would have been in no danger of a "check that must throw him on the breakers" — of finding himself, after his flutterings over The Happy Valley, "in the lake." He could never have foreseen a step which Constable took in the frenzied excitement of his day of pecuniary alarm. Owing to the original habitual irregularities of John Ballantyne, it had been adopted as the regular plan between that person and Constable, that, whenever the latter signed a bill for the purpose of the other's raising money among the bankers, there should in case of his neglecting to take that bill up before it fell due, be deposited a counter-bill, signed by Ballantyne, on which Constable might, if need were, raise a sum equivalent to that for which he had pledged his credit. I am told that this is an usual enough course of procedure among speculative merchants; and it may be so. But mark the issue. The plan went on under James's management, just as John had begun it. Under his management also — such was the incredible looseness of it — the *counter-bills,* meant only for being sent into the market in the event of the *primary bills* being threatened with dishonour — these instruments of safeguard for Constable against contingent danger were allowed to lie uninquired about in Constable's desk, until they had swelled to a truly monstrous "sheaf of stamps." Constable's hour of distress darkened about him, and he rushed with these to the money-changers. They were nearly all flung into circulation in the course of this maddening period of panic. And by this one circumstance it came to pass, that, supposing Ballantyne and Co. to have, at the day of reckoning, obligations against them, in consequence of bill transactions with Constable, to the extent of £25,000, they were legally responsible for £50,000.

It is not my business to attempt any detailed history of the house of Constable. The sanguine man had, almost at the outset of his career, been "lifted off his feet," in Burns's phrase, by the sudden and unparalleled success of the Edinburgh Review. Scott's poetry and Scott's novels followed; and had he confined himself to those three great and triumphant undertakings, he must have died in possession of a princely fortune. But his "appetite grew with what it fed on," and a long series of less meritorious publications, pushed on, one after the other, in the craziest rapidity, swallowed up the gains which, however vast, he never counted, and therefore always exaggerated to himself. He had with the only person who might have been supposed capable of controlling him in his later years, the authority of age and a quasi-parental relationship to sustain the natural influence of great and commanding talents; his proud temperament and his glowing imagination played into each other's hands; and he scared suspicion, or trampled remonstrance, whenever (which probably was seldom) he failed to infuse the fervour of his own self-confidence. But even his gross imprudence in the management of his own great business would not have been enough to involve him in absolute ruin: had the matter halted there, and had he, suspending, as he meant to do, all minor operations, concentred his energies, in alliance with Scott, upon the new and dazzling adventure of the Cheap Miscellany, I have no doubt the damage of early misreckonings would soon have been altogether obliterated. But what he had been to the Ballantynes, certain other still more audacious "Sheafmen" had been to him. The house of Hurst, Robinson, and Co. had long been his London agents and correspondents; and he had carried on with them the same traffic in bills and counter-bills that the Canongate Company did with him — and upon a still larger scale. They had done what he did not — or at least did not to any very culpable extent: they had carried their adventures out of the line of their own business. It was they, for example, that must needs be embarking such vast sums in a speculation on hops When ruin threatened them, they availed themselves of Constable's credit without stint or limit — while he, feeling darkly that the net was around him, struggled and splashed for relief, no matter who might suffer, so he escaped! And Sir Walter Scott, sorely as he suffered, was too painfully conscious of the "strong tricks" he had allowed his own imagination to play, not to make merciful allowance for all the apparently monstrous things that I have now been narrating of Constable; though an offence lay behind, which even his charity could not forgive. Of that I need not as yet speak. I have done all that seems to me necessary for enabling the reader to apprehend the nature and extent of the pecuniary difficulties in which Scott was about to be involved, when he commenced his Diary of 1825.

For the rest, his friends, and above all, posterity, are not left to consider his fate without consoling reflections. They who knew and loved him, must ever remember that the real nobility of his character could not have exhibited itself to the world at large, had he not been exposed in his later years to the ordeal of adversity. And others as well as they may feel assured, that had not that adversity been preceded by the perpetual spur of pecuniary demands, he who began life with such quick appetites for all its ordinary enjoyments, would never have devoted himself to the rearing of that gigantic monument of genius, labour, and power, which his works now constitute. The imagination which has bequeathed so much to delight and humanize mankind, would have developed few of its miraculous resources, except in the embellishment of his own personal existence. The enchanted spring might have sunk into earth with the rod that bade it gush, and left us no living waters. We cannot understand, but we may nevertheless respect even the strangest caprices of the marvellous combination of faculties to which our debt is so weighty. We should try to picture to ourselves what the actual intellectual life must have been, of the author of such a series of romances. We should ask ourselves whether, filling and discharging so soberly and gracefully as he did the common functions of social man, it was not, nevertheless, impossible but that he must have passed most of his life in other worlds than ours; and we ought hardly to think it a grievous circumstance that their bright visions should have left a dazzle sometimes on the eyes which he so gently reopened upon our prosaic realities. He had, on the whole, a command over the powers of his mind — I mean that he could control and direct his thoughts and reflections with a readiness, firmness, and easy security of sway — beyond what I find it possible to trace in any other *artist's* recorded character and history; but he could not habitually fling them into the region of dreams throughout a long series of years, and yet be expected to find a corresponding satisfaction in bending them to the less agreeable considerations which the circumstances of any human being's practical lot in this world must present in abundance. The training to which he accustomed himself could not leave him as he was when he began. He must pay the penalty, as well as reap the glory, of this lifelong abstraction of reverie, this self-abandonment of Fairyland.

This was for him the last year of many things; among others, of Sybil Grey and *the Abbotsford Hunt.* Towards the close of a hard run on his neighbour Mr. Scott of Gala's ground, he adventured to leap *the Catrail* — that venerable relic of the days of

"Reged wide
And fair Strath-Clyde,"

of which the reader may remember many notices in his early letters to George Ellis. He was severely bruised and shattered; and never afterwards recovered the feeling of confidence, without which there can be no pleasure in horsemanship. He often talked of this accident with a somewhat superstitious mournfulness.

CHAPTER LXV.

Sir Walter's Diary begun, November 20, 1825 — *Sketches of various Friends — William Clerk — Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe — Lord Abercrombie — The first Earl of Minto — Lord Byron — Henry Mackenzie — Chief Baron Shepherd — Solicitor-General Hope — Thomas Moore — Charles Mathews — Count Davidoff, &c. &c. — Society of Edinburgh — Religious opinions and feelings — Various alarms about the house of Hurst, Robinson, & Company — "Storm blows over" — and Song of Bonny Dundee, written at Christmas.*

1825.

THE Journal, on which we are about to enter, has on the title-page, "Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart., his Gurnal;" — and this foot-note to *Gurnal*, "A hard word, so spelt on the authority of Miss Sophia Scott, now Mrs. Lockhart." This is a little joke, alluding to a note-book kept by his eldest girl during one of the Highland expeditions of earlier days, in which he was accompanied by his wife and children. The *motto* is, —

> "As I walked by myself,
> I talked to myself,
> And thus myself said to me. — *Old Song.*"

These lines are quoted also in his reviewal of Pepys's Diary. That book was published just before he left Edinburgh in July. It was, I believe, the only one he took with him to Ireland; and I never observed him more delighted with any book whatsoever. He had ever afterwards many of its queer turns and phrases on his lips.

The reader cannot expect that any chapter in a Diary of this sort should be printed *in extenso* within a few years of the writer's death. The editor has, for reasons which need not be explained, found it necessary to omit some passages altogether — to abridge others — and very frequently to substitute asterisks or arbitrary initials for names. But wherever omissions or alterations have been made, these were dictated by regard for the feelings of living persons; and, if any passages which have been retained should prove offensive to such feelings, there is no apology to be offered, but that the editor found they could not be struck out, without losing some statement of fact, opinion, or sentiment, which it seemed impossible to sacrifice without injustice to Sir Walter Scott's character and history.

DIARY.

"*Edinburgh — November* 20, 1825. — I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a regular Journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting; and I have deprived my family of some curious information by not carrying this resolution into effect. I have bethought me, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he probably had hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum-book, by throwing out all pretence to regularity and order, and marking down events just as they occurred to recollection. I will try this plan; and behold, I have a handsome locked volume, such as might serve for a lady's Album. *Nota bene* — John Lockhart, and Anne, and I are to raise a Society for the Suppression of Albums. It is a most troublesome shape of mendicity. Sir, your autograph — a line of poetry — or a prose sentence! — Among all the sprawling sonnets, and blotted trumpery that dishonours these miscellanies, a man must have a good stomach that can swallow this botheration as a compliment.

"I was in Ireland last summer, and had a most delightful tour. — There is much less of exaggeration about the Irish than might have been suspected. Their poverty is not exaggerated; it is on the extreme verge of human misery; their cottages would scarce serve for pig-sties, even in Scotland — and their rags seem the very refuse of a rag-shop, and are disposed on their bodies with such ingenious variety of wretchedness, that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds together. You are constantly fearful that some knot or loop will give, and place the individual before you in all the primitive simplicity of Paradise. Then for their food, they have only potatoes, and too few of them. Yet the men look stout and healthy, the women buxom and well-coloured.

"Dined with us, being Sunday, Will Clerk and C. Sharpe. William Clerk is the second son of the celebrated author of 'Naval Tactics.' I have known him intimately since our college days; and to my thinking, never met a man of greater powers, or more complete information on all desirable subjects. In youth he had strongly the Edinburgh *pruritus disputandi;* but habits of society have greatly mellowed it, and though still anxious to gain your suffrage to his views, he endeavours rather to conciliate your opinion than conquer it by force. Still there is enough of tenacity of sentiment to prevent, in London society, where all must go slack and easy, W. C. from rising to the very top of the tree as a conversation man; who must not only wind the thread of his argument gracefully, but also know when to let go. But I like the Scotch taste better; there is more matter, more information — above all, more spirit in it. Clerk will, I am afraid, leave the world little more than the report of his powers. He is too indolent to finish any considerable work. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is another very remarkable man. He was bred for a clergyman, but never took orders. He has infinite wit and a great turn for antiquarian lore, as the publications of Kirkton, &c. bear witness. His drawings are the most fanciful and droll imaginable — a mixture between Hogarth and some of those foreign masters who painted temptations of St. Anthony, and such grotesque subjects. As a poet he has not a very strong touch. Strange that his finger-ends can describe so well what he cannot bring out clearly and firmly in words. If he were to make drawing a resource, it might raise him a large income. But though a lover of antiquities, and, therefore, of expensive trifles, C. K. S. is too aristocratic to use his art to assist his purse. He is a very complete genealogist, and has made many detections in Douglas and other books on pedigree, which our nobles would do well to suppress if they had an opportunity. Strange that a man should be curious after scandal of centuries old! Not but Charles loves it fresh and fresh also, for being very much a fashionable man, he is always master of the reigning report, and he tells the anecdote with such gusto that there is no helping sympathizing with him — a peculiarity of voice adding not a little to the general effect. My idea is, that C. K. S., with his oddities, tastes, satire, and high aristocratic feelings, resembles Horace Walpole — perhaps in his person also, in a general way. — See Miss Hawkins's Anecdotes * for a description of the author of the Castle of Otranto. — No other company at dinner except my cheerful and good-humoured friend *Missie* Macdonald,† so called in fondness. One bottle of champaign, with the ladies' assistance, two of claret. — I observe that both these great connoisseurs were very nearly, if not quite agreed, that there are *no* absolutely undoubted originals of Queen Mary. But how, then, should we be so very distinctly informed as to her features? What has become of all the originals which suggested these innumerable copies? Surely Mary must have been as unfortunate in this as in other particulars of her life.

---

* *Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs,* collected by Lætitia Matilda Hawkins, 8vo, London, 1822, pp. 91–117; 308–311.

† Miss Macdonald Buchanan of Drummakiln.

"*November* 21, 1825. — I am enamoured of my journal. I wish the zeal may but last. — Once more of Ireland. I said their poverty was not exaggerated — neither is their wit — nor their good-humour — nor their whimsical absurdity — nor their courage. *Wit.* — I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fee. 'Remember you owe me sixpence, Pat.' 'May your honour live till I pay you.' There was courtesy as well as art in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question.

"*Good-humour.* — There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin — butter-milk, potatoes — a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled that your honour may sit down and be out of the smoke, and those who beg everywhere else seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their natural disposition is turned to gaiety and happiness: while a Scotchman is thinking about the term-day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world — while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present, because his muffin is not well roasted — Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable, to be sure, and will murder you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill, at all at all.

"*Absurdity.* — They were widening the road near Lord Claremont's seat as we passed. A number of cars were drawn up together at a particular point, where we also halted, as we understood they were blowing a rock, and the *shot* was expected presently to go off. After waiting two minutes or so, a fellow called out something, and our carriage as a planet, and the cars for satellites, started all forward at once, the Irishmen whooping, and the horses galloping. Unable to learn the meaning of this, I was only left to suppose that they had delayed firing the intended *shot* till we should pass, and that we were passing quickly to make the delay as short as possible. No such thing. By dint of making great haste, we got within ten yards of the rock just when the blast took place, throwing dust and gravel on our carriage; and had our postillion brought us a little nearer (it was not for want of hollowing and flogging that he did not), we should have had a still more serious share of the explosion. The explanation I received from the drivers was, that they had been told by the overseer that as the *mine* had been *so long* in going off, he dared say we would have time to pass it — so we just waited long enough to make the danger imminent. I have only to add, that two or three people got behind the carriage, just for nothing but to see how our honours got past.

"Went to the Oil Gas Committee this morning, of which concern I am President, or Chairman. This brings me into company with a body of active business-beings, money-making citizens of Edinburgh, chiefly Whigs, by the way, whose sentiments and proceedings amuse me. The stock is rather low in the market.

"Dined with Sir Robert Dundas, where we met Lord and Lady Melville. My little *nieces* (*ex officio*) gave us some pretty music. I do not know and cannot utter a note of music; and complicated harmonies seem to me a babble of confused though pleasing sounds. Yet simple melodies, especially if connected with words and ideas, have as much effect on me as on most people. But then I hate to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a pianoforte or a bugle-horn. There is about all the fine arts a something of soul and spirit, which, like the vital principle in man, defies the research of the most critical anatomist. You feel where it is not, yet you cannot describe what it is you want. Sir Joshua, or some other great painter, was looking at a picture on which much pains had been bestowed — 'Why, yes,' he said, in a hesitating manner, 'it is very clever — very well done — can t find fault; but it wants something; it wants — it wants — d—n me — it wants THAT' — throwing his hand over his head, and snapping his fingers. Tom Moore's is the most exquisite warbling I ever heard. Next to him, David

Macculloch for Scotch songs. The last, when a boy at Dumfries, was much admired by Burns, who used to get him to try over the words which he composed to new melodies. He is brother to Macculloch of Ardwell.

November 22. — *Moore.* — I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little — very little man. Less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

"I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore and myself, in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat — with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as Lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to contemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself '*the great Twalmly — inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen.*' He also enjoys the *mot pour* *rire* and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's Memoirs would satisfy his executors. But there was a reason — *Premat Nox alta.* It would be a delightful addition to life, if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.

" Here is matter for a May morning, but much fitter for a November one. The general distress in the city has affected H. & R., Constable's great agents. Should they *go*, it is not likely that Constable can stand, and such an event would lead to great distress and perplexity on the part of J. B. and myself. Thank God, I have enough to pay more than 20s. in the pound, taking matters at the very worst. But much inconvenience must be the consequence. I had a lesson in 1814 which should have done good; but success and abundance erased it from my mind. But this is no time for journalizing, or moralizing either. Necessity is like a sour-faced cook-maid, and I a turn-spit she has flogged, ere now, till he mounted his wheel. If Woodstock can be out by 25th January it will do much, and it is possible. Could not write to purpose for thick-coming fancies.

> 'My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
> The rock o't winna stand, sir;
> To keep the temper pin in tiff,
> Employs aft my hand, sir.'

" Went to dine at the Lord Justice-Clerk's, as I thought by invitation, but it was for Tuesday se'ennight. Returned very well pleased, not being exactly in the humour for company, and had a beef-steak. My appetite is surely, excepting as to quantity, that of a farmer, for, eating moderately of anything, my epicurean pleasure is in the most simple diet. Wine I seldom taste when alone, and use instead a little spirits and water. I have of late diminished the quantity, for fear of a weakness inductive to a diabetes — a disease which broke up my father's health, though one of the most temperate men who ever lived. I smoke a couple of cigars instead, which operates equally as a sedative —

'Just to drive the cold winter away,
And drown the fatigues of the day.'

I smoked a good deal about twenty years ago when at Ashestiel; but coming down one morning to the parlour, I found, as the room was small and confined, that the smell was unpleasant, and laid aside the use of the *Nicotian weed* for many years; but was again led to use it by the example of my son, a hussar officer, and my son-in-law, an Oxford student. I could lay it aside to-morrow; I laugh at the dominion of custom in this and many things.

'We make the giants first, and then — *do not* kill them.'

"*November* 23. — On comparing notes with Moore, I was confirmed in one or two points which I had always laid down in considering poor Byron. One was, that like Rousseau he was apt to be very suspicious, and a plain downright steadiness of manner was the true mode to maintain his good opinion. Will Rose told me, that once, while sitting with Byron, he fixed insensibly his eyes on his feet, one of which, it must be remembered was deformed. Looking up suddenly, he saw Byron regarding him with a look of concentrated and deep displeasure, which wore off when he observed no consciousness or embarrassment in the countenance of Rose. Murray afterwards explained this, by telling Rose that Lord Byron was very jealous of having this personal imperfection noticed or attended to. In another point, Moore confirmed my previous opinion, namely, that Byron loved mischief-making. Moore had written to him, cautioning him against the project of establishing the paper called the Liberal, in communion with men on whom he said the world had set its mark. Byron showed this to the parties. Shelley wrote a modest and rather affecting expostulation to Moore. These two peculiarities of extreme suspicion and love of mischief are both shades of the malady which certainly tinctured some part of the character of this mighty genius; and without some tendency towards which, genius perhaps cannot exist to great extent. The wheels of a machine, to play rapidly, must not fit with the utmost exactness, else the attrition diminishes the impetus.

"Another of Byron's peculiarities was the love of mystifying, which, indeed, may be referred to that of mischief. There was no knowing how much or how little to believe of his narratives. Instance: — William Bankes expostulating with him upon a dedication which he had written in extravagant terms of praise to Cam Hobhouse, Byron told him that Cam had bored him about this dedication till he had said, 'Well, it shall be so, provided you will write it yourself;' and affirmed that Hobhouse did write the high-coloured dedication accordingly. I mentioned this to Murray, having the report from Will Rose, to whom Bankes had mentioned it. Murray, in reply, assured me that the dedication was written by Lord Byron himself, and showed it me in his own hand. I wrote to Rose to mention the thing to Bankes, as it might have made mischief had the story got into the circle. Byron was disposed to think all men of imagination were addicted to mix fiction (or poetry) in their prose. He used to say he dared believe the celebrated courtezan of Venice, about whom Rousseau makes so piquante a story, was, if one could see her, a draggle-tailed wench enough. I believe that he embellished his own amours considerably, and that he was, in many respects, *le fanfaron de vices qu'il n'avoit pas.* He loved to be thought woful, mysterious, and gloomy, and sometimes hinted at strange causes. I believe the whole to have been the creation and sport of a wild and powerful fancy. In the same manner he *crammed* people, as it is termed, about duels and the like, which never existed, or were much exaggerated.

"What I liked about Byron, besides his boundless genius, was his generosity of spirit as well as purse, and his utter contempt of all the affectations of literature, from the school-magisterial style to the lackädaisical. His example has formed a sort of upper house of poetry; — but

'There will be many peers
Ere such another Byron.'

"* * * Talking of Abbotsford, it begins to be haunted by too much company of every kind, but especially foreigners. I do not like them. I hate fine waistcoats, and breast-pins upon dirty shirts. I detest the impudence that pays a stranger compliments, and harangues about an author's works in his own house, which is surely ill-breeding. Moreover, they are seldom long of making it evident that they know nothing about what they are talking of, excepting having seen the Lady of the Lake at the opera.

"Dined at St. Catherine's * with the Lord Advocate, Lord Melville, Lord Justice-Clerk, Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth, — all class companions, and acquainted well for more than forty years. All excepting Lord J. C. were at Fraser's class, High-School. Boyle joined us at college. There are, besides, Sir Adam Fergusson, Colin Mackenzie, James Hope, Dr. James Buchan, Claud Russell, and perhaps two or three more of and about the same period — but

'Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.'

"*November* 24*th.* — Talking of strangers, London held, some four or five years since, one of those animals who are lions at first, but by transmutation of two seasons, become in regular course *bores* — Ugo Foscolo by name, a haunter of Murray's shop and of literary parties. Ugly as a baboon, and intolerably conceited, he spluttered, blustered, and disputed, without even knowing the principles upon which men of sense render a reason, and screamed all the while like a pig with a knife in his throat. Another such animalaccio is a brute of a Marquis de * * *, who lately inflicted two days on us at Abbotsford. These gentry never know what to make of themselves in the forenoon, but sit tormenting the women to play at proverbs and such trash.

---

* St. Catherine's, the seat of Sir William Rae, Bart., then Lord Advocate, is about three miles from Edinburgh.

"*Foreigner of a different caste.* There was lately at Abbotsford, and is here for education just now, a young Count Davidoff, with his tutor, Mr. Collyer. He is nephew of the famous Orloffs. It is quite surprising how much sense and sound thinking this youth has at the early age of sixteen, without the least self-conceit or forwardness. On the contrary, he seems kind, modest, and ingenuous.* To questions which I asked about the state of Russia, he answered with the precision and accuracy of twice his years. I should be sorry the saying were verified in him —

> 'So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.'†

I saw also at Abbotsford two Frenchmen whom I liked, friends of Miss Dumergue. One, called Le Noir, is the author of a tragedy which he had the grace never to quote, and which I, though poked by some malicious persons, had *not* the grace even to hint at. They were disposed at first to be complimentary, but I convinced them it was not the custom here, and they took it well, and were agreeable.

"A little bilious this morning, for the first time these six months. It cannot be the London matters which stick on my stomach, for that is mending, and may have good effects on myself and others.

"Dined with Robert Cockburn. Company, Lord Melville and family; Sir John and Lady Hope; Lord and Lady R. Kerr, and so forth. Combination of colliers general, and coals up to double price; the men will not work *although*, or rather *because* they can make from thirty to forty shillings per week. Lord R. Kerr told us he had a letter from Lord Forbes (son of Earl Granard, Ireland), that he was asleep in his house at Castle Forbes, when awakened by a sense of suffocation, which deprived him of the power of stirring a limb, yet left him the consciousness that the house was on fire. At this moment, and while his apartment was in flames, his large dog jumped on the bed, seized his shirt, and dragged him to the staircase, where the fresh air restored his powers of existence and of escape. This is very different from most cases of preservation of life by the canine race, when the animal generally jumps into the water, in which element he has force and skill. That of fire is as hostile to him as to mankind.

---

* M. Davidoff has, in his mature life, amply justified Sir Walter's prognostications. He has, I understand, published in the Russian language, a tribute to the memory of Scott. But his Travels in Greece and Asia Minor are well known, and considered as in a high degree honourable to his taste and learning. — [1839.]

† *King Richard III.* Act. III. Scene 1.

"*November* 25. — Read Jeffrey's neat and well-intended address to the mechanics upon their combinations. Will it do good? Umph. It takes only the hand of a Lilliputian to light a fire, but would require the diuretic powers of Gulliver to extinguish it. The Whigs will live and die in the heresy that the world is ruled by little pamphlets and speeches, and that if you can sufficiently demonstrate that a line of conduct is most consistent with men's interest, you have therefore and thereby demonstrated that they will at length, after a few speeches on the subject, adopt it of course. In this case we should have no need of laws or churches, for I am sure there is no difficulty in proving that moral, regular, and steady habits, conduce to men's best interest, and that vice is not sin merely, but folly. But of these men, each has passions and prejudices, the gratification of which he prefers, not only to the general weal, but to that of himself as an individual. Under the action of these wayward impulses, a man drinks to-day, though he is sure of starving to-morrow; he murders to-morrow, though he is sure to be hanged on Wednesday; and people are so slow to believe that which makes against their own predominant passions, that mechanics will combine to raise the price for one week, though they destroy the manufacture forever. The best remedy seems to be the probable supply of labourers from other trades. Jeffrey proposes each mechanic shall learn some other trade than his own, and so have two strings to his bow. He does not consider the length of a double apprenticeship. To make a man a good weaver and a good tailor, would require as much time as the patriarch served for his two wives. Each mechanic has, indeed, a second trade, for he can dig and do rustic work. Perhaps the best reason for breaking up the association will prove to be the expenditure of the money which they have been simple enough to levy from the industrious for the support of the idle. How much provision for the sick and the aged, the widow and the orphan, has been expended in the attempt to get wages which the manufacturer cannot afford them, at any possible chance of selling his commodity!

"I had a bad fall last night coming home. There were unfinished houses at the east end of Athole Crescent, and as I was on foot, I crossed the street to avoid the materials which lay about; but, deceived by the moonlight, I slipped ankle-deep into a sea of mud (honest earth and water, thank God), and fell on my hands. Never was there such a representative of *Wall* in Pyramus and Thisbe — I was absolutely rough-cast. Luckily Lady S. had retired when I came home; so I enjoyed my tub of water without either remonstrance or condolences. Cockburn's hospitality will get the benefit and renown of my downfall, and yet has no claim to it. In future, though, I must take my coach at night — a control on one's freedom, but it must be submitted to. I found a letter from Cadell, giving a cheering account of things in London. Their correspondent is getting into his strength. Three days ago I would have been contented to buy this *consola*, as Judy says,* dearer than by a dozen falls in he mud.

N. B. Within eight weeks after recording this graceful act of submission, I found I was unable to keep a carriage at all.

"Mrs. Coutts, with the Duke of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave of us. When at Abbotsford, his suit throve but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confidant in sincerity. She had refused him twice, and decidedly: he was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love. She allowed she might marry the Duke, only she had at present not the least intention that way. Is this frank admission more favourable for the Duke than an absolute protestation against the possibility of such a marriage? I think not. It is the fashion to attend Mrs. Coutts's parties, and to abuse her. I have always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth; most willing to do good, if the means be shown to her. She can be very entertaining, too, as she speaks without scruple of her stage life. So much wealth can hardly be enjoyed without some ostentation. But what then? If the Duke marries her, he ensures an immense fortune; if she marries him, she has the first rank. The disparity of ages concerns no one but themselves; so they have my consent to marry, if they can get each other's. Just as this is written, enter my Lord of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte, to beg I would recommend a book of sermons to Mrs. Coutts. Much obliged for her good opinion: recommended Logan's — one poet should always speak for another. The mission, I suppose, was a little display on the part of good Mrs. Coutts of authority over her high aristocratic suitor. I did not suspect her of turning *devotee*, and retract my consent as given above, unless she remains 'burly, brisk, and jolly.' Dined quiet with wife and daughter. Robert Cadell looked in in the evening on business.

---

* This alludes to a strange old woman, keeper of a public-house among the Wicklow mountains, who, among a world of oddities, cut short every word ending in *tion*, by the omission of the termination, — *consola* for consolation — *bothera* for botheration, &c. &c. Lord Plunkett had taken care to parade Judy and all her peculiarities.

"I here register my purpose to practice economics. I have little temptation to do otherwise. Abbotsford is all that I can make it, and too large for the property; so I resolve —

"No more building;

"No purchases of land, till times are quite safe;

"No buying books or expensive trifles — I mean to any extent; and

"Clearing off encumbrances, with the returns of this year' labour; —

"Which resolutions, with health and my habits of industry, will make me 'sleep in spite of thunder.'

"After all, it is hard that the vagabond stock-jobbing Jews should, for their own purposes, make such a shake of credit as now exists in London, and menace the credit of men trading on sure funds like Hurst and Robinson. It is just like a set of pick-pockets, who raise a mob, in which honest folks are knocked down and plundered, that they may pillage safely in the midst of the confusion they have excited.

"*November* 26. — The Court met late, and sat till *one*, detained from that hour till four o'clock, being engaged in the perplexed affairs of Mr. James Stewart of Brugh. This young gentleman is heir to a property of better than £1000 a-year in Orkney. His mother married very young, and was wife, mother, and widow, in the course of the first year. Being unfortunately under the direction of a careless agent, she was unlucky enough to embarrass her affairs. I was asked to accept the situation of one of the son's curators; and trust to clear out his affairs and hers — at least I will not fail for want of application. I have lent her £300 on a second (and therefore doubtful) security over her house in Newington, bought for £1000, and on which £600 is already secured. I have no connexion with the family except that of compassion, and may not be rewarded even by thanks when the young man comes of age. I have known my father often so treated by those whom he had laboured to serve. But if we do not run some hazard in our attempts to do good, where is the merit of them? So I will bring through my Orkney laird if I can. Dined at home quiet with Lady S and Anne.

I was obliged to give this up in consequence of my own misfortunes.

"*November* 28. — People make me the oddest requests. It is not unusual for an Oxonian or Cantab, who has outrun his allowance, and of whom I know nothing, to apply to me for the loan of £20, £50, or £100. A captain of the Danish naval service writes to me, that being in distress for a sum of money by which he might transport himself to Columbia to offer his services in assisting to free that province, he had dreamed I generously made him a present of it. I can tell him his dream by contraries. I begin to find, like Joseph Surface, that too good a character is inconvenient. I don't know what I have done to gain so much credit for generosity, but I suspect I owe it to being supposed, as Puff says, one of 'those whom Heaven has blessed with affluence.' Not too much of that neither, my dear petitioners, though I may thank myself that your ideas are not correct.

"Dined at Melville Castle, whither I went through a snow-storm. I was glad to find myself once more in a place connected with many happy days. Met Sir R. Dundas and my old friend George, now Lord Abercromby, with his Lady, and a beautiful girl, his daughter. He is what he always was, the best-humoured man living; and our meetings, now more rare than formerly, are seasoned with many a recollection of old frolics and old friends. I am entertained to see him just the same he has always been, never yielding up his own opinion in fact, and yet in words acquiescing in all that could be said against it. George was always like a willow — he never offered resistance to the breath of argument, but never moved from his rooted opinion, blow as it listed. Exaggeration might make these peculiarities highly dramatic: Conceive a man who always seems to be acquiescing in your sentiments, yet never changes his own, and this with a sort of *bonhommie* which shows there is not a particle of deceit intended. He is only desirous to spare you the trouble of contradiction.

"*November* 29. — Dined at Justice-Clerk's — the President — Captain Smollett of Bonhill — our new Commander-in-Chief, Hon. Sir Robert O'Callaghan, brother to Earl of Lismore, a fine soldier-like man, with orders and badges; — also his younger brother, an agreeable man, whom I met at Lowther Castle this season. He composes his own music and sings his own poetry — has much humour, enhanced by a strong touch of national dialect, which is always a rich sauce to an Irishman's good things. Dandyish, but not offensively; and seems to have a warm feeling for the credit of his country — rather inconsistent with the trifling and selfish quietude of a mere man of society.

" *November* 30. — I am come to the time when 'those that look out of the windows shall be darkened.' I must now wear spectacles constantly in reading and writing, though till this winter I have made a shift by using only their occasional assistance. Although my health cannot be better, I feel my lameness becomes sometimes painful, and often inconvenient. Walking on the pavement or causeway gives me trouble, and I am glad when I have accomplished my return on foot from the Parliament House to Castle Street, though I can (taking a competent time, as old *Braxie* said on another occasion) walk five or six miles in the country with pleasure. Well, such things must come, and be received with cheerful submission. My early lameness considered, it was impossible for a man to have been stronger or more active than I have been, and that for twenty or thirty years. Seams will slit, and elbows will out, quoth the tailor; and as I was fifty-four 15th August last, my mortal vestments are none of the newest. Then Walter, Charles, and Lockhart, are as active and handsome young fellows as you can see; and while they enjoy strength and activity, I can hardly be said to want it. I have perhaps all my life set an undue value on these gifts. Yet it does appear to me that high and independent feelings are naturally, though not uniformly or inseparably, connected with bodily advantages. Strong men are usually good-humoured, and active men often display the same elasticity of mind as of body. These superiorities, indeed, are often misused. But, even for these things, God shall call us to judgment.

" Some months since, I joined with other literary folks in subscribing a petition for a pension to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, which we thought was a tribute merited by her as an authoress · and, in my opinion, much more by the firmness and elasticity of mind with which she had borne a succession of great domestic calamities. Unhappily there was only about £100 open on the pension list, and this the ministers assigned in equal portions to Mrs. G—— and a distressed lady, grand-daughter of a forfeited Scottish nobleman. Mrs. G——, proud as a Highland-woman, vain as a poetess, and absurd as a blue-stocking, has taken this partition in *malam partem*, and written to Lord Melville about her merits, and that her friends do not consider her claims as being fairly canvassed, with something like a demand that her petition be submitted to the King. This is not the way to make her *plack* a *bawbee*, and Lord M., a little *miffed* in turn, sends the whole correspondence to me, to know whether Mrs. G—— will accept the £50 or not Now, hating to deal with ladies when they are in an unreasonable humour, I have got the good-humoured Man of Feeling to find out the lady's mind, and I take on myself the task of making her peace with Lord M. There is no great doubt how it will end, for your scornful dog will always eat your dirty pudding. After all, the poor lady is greatly to be pitied; — her sole remaining daughter deep and far gone in a decline.

"Dined with my cousin, Robert Rutherford, being the first invitation since my uncle's death, and our cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel Russell * of Ashestiel, with his sister Anne — the former newly returned from India — a fine gallant fellow, and distinguished as a cavalry officer. He came over-land from India, and has observed a good deal. Knight Marischal not well, so unable to attend the convocation of kith and kin.

"*December* 1*st.* — Colonel Russell told me that the European Government had discovered an ingenious mode of diminishing the number of burnings of widows. It seems the Shaster positively enjoins that the pile shall be so constructed that, if the victim should repent even at the moment when it is set on fire, she may still have the means of saving herself

---

* Now Major-General Sir James Russell, K. C. B.

The Brahmins soon found it was necessary to assist the resolution of the sufferers, by means of a little pit into which they contrive to let the poor widow sink, so as to prevent her reaping any benefit from a late repentance. But the Government has brought them back to the regard of this law, and only permit the burning to go on when the pile is constructed with full opportunity of a *locus penitentiæ*. Yet the widow is so degraded if she dare to survive, that the number of burnings is still great. The quantity of female children destroyed by the Rajapout tribes, Colonel R. describes as very great indeed. They are strangled by the mother. The principle is the aristocratic pride of these high castes, who breed up no more daughters than they can reasonably hope to find matches for in their own rank. Singular how artificial systems of feeling can be made to overcome that love of offspring which seems instinctive in the females, not of the human race only, but of the lower animals. This is the reverse of our system of increasing game by shooting the old cock birds. It is a system would aid Malthus rarely.

"I think this journal will suit me well: if I can wax myself into an idea that it is purely voluntary, it may go on — *nulla dies sine lineâ.* But never a being hated task-work as I hate it, from my infancy upwards, and yet I have done a great deal in my day. It is not that I am idle in my nature neither. But propose to me to do one thing, and it is inconceivable the desire I have to do something else — not that it is more easy or more pleasant, but just because it is escaping from an imposed task. I cannot trace this love of contradiction to any distinct source, but it has haunted me all my life. I could almost suppose it was mechanical, and that the imposition of a piece of duty-labour operated on me like the mace of a bad billiard player, which gives an impulse to the ball indeed, but sends it off at a tangent different from the course designed. Now, if I expend such eccentric movements on this journal, it will be turning a wretched propensity to some tolerable account. If I had thus employed the hours and half hours which I have whiled away in putting off something that must needs be done at last, my conscience! I should have had a journal with a witness. Sophia and Lockhart came to Edinburgh to-day, and dined with us, meeting Hector Macdonald Buchanan, his Lady, and Missie, James Skene and his Lady, Lockhart's friend Cay, &c. They are lucky to be able to assemble so many real friends, whose good wishes I am sure will follow them in their new undertaking.

"*December* 2. — Rather a blank day for the *Gurnal.* Sophia dined with us alone, Lockhart being gone to the west to bid farewell to his father and brothers. Evening spent in talking with Sophia on their future prospects. God bless her, poor girl, she never gave me a moment's reason to complain of her. But, O my God, that poor delicate child, so clever, so animated, yet holding by this earth with so fearfully slight a tenure! Never out of his mother's thoughts, almost never out of his father's arms when he has but a single moment to give to anything. *Deus providebit.*

"*December* 3. — T. S. called last night to excuse himself from dining with Lockhart's friends to-day. I really fear he is near an actual stand-still. He has been extremely improvident. When I first knew him he had an excellent estate, and now he is deprived, I fear, of the whole reversion of the price, and this from no vice or extreme, except a wasteful mode of buying pictures and other costly trifles at high prices, and selling them again for nothing, besides extravagant housekeeping and profuse hospitality. An excellent disposition, with a considerable fund of acquired knowledge, would have rendered him an agreeable companion, had he not affected singularity, and rendered himself accordingly singularly affected. He was very near being a poet, but a miss is as good as a mile. I knew him first, many years ago, when he was desirous of my acquaintance; but he was too poetical for me, or I was not poetical enough for him, so that we continued only ordinary acquaintance, with good-will on either side, which T. S. really deserves, as a more friendly generous creature never lived

Lockhart hopes to get something done for him, being sincerely attached to him, but says he has no hopes till he is utterly ruined. That point, I fear, is not far distant; but what Lockhart can do for him *then*, I cannot guess. His last effort failed, owing to a curious reason. T. S. had made some translations, which he does extremely well — for give him ideas, and he never wants choice of good words — and Lockhart had got Constable to offer some sort of terms for them. T. S. had always, though possessing a beautiful power of handwriting, had some whim or other about imitating that of some other person, and has written for months in the imitation of one or other of his friends. At present he has renounced this amusement, and chooses to write with a brush upon large cartridge paper, somewhat in the Chinese fashion, — so when his work, which was only to extend to one or two volumes, arrived on the shoulders of two porters, in immense bales, our jolly bibliopole backed out of the treaty, and would have nothing more to do with T. S. He is a creature that is, or would be thought, of imagination all compact, and is influenced by strange whims. But he is a kind, harmless, friendly soul, and I fear has been cruelly plundered of money, which he now wants sadly.

"Dined with Lockhart's friends, about fifty in number, who gave him a parting entertainment: John Hope, Solicitor-General, in the chair, and Robert Dundas, croupier. The company most highly respectable, and any man might be proud of such an indication of the interest they take in his progress in life. Tory principles rather too violently upheld by some speakers. I came home about ten; the party sat late.

"*December 5th.* — This morning Lockhart and Sophia left us early, and without leave-taking; when I rose at eight o'clock, they were *gone*. This was very right. I hate red eyes and blowing of noses. *Agere et pati Romanum est.* Of all schools, commend me to the Stoics. We cannot indeed overcome our affections, nor ought we if we could, but we may repress them within due bounds, and avoid coaxing them to make fools of those who should be their masters. I have lost some of the comforts to which I chiefly looked for enjoyment. Well, I must make the more of such as remain — God bless them. And so 'I will unto my holy work again,'* which at present is the description of that worshipful triumvirate, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat.

"I cannot conceive what possesses me, over every person besides, to mislay papers. I received a letter Saturday at *e'en*, inclosing a bill for £750; *no deaf nuts.* Well, I read it, and note the contents; and this day, as if it had been a wind-bill in the literal sense of the words, I search everywhere, and lose three hours of my morning — turn over all my confusion in the writing-desk — break open one or two letters, lest I should have enclosed the sweet and quickly convertible document in them, — send for a joiner, and disorganize my scrutoire, lest it should have fallen aside by mistake. I find it at last — the place where is of little consequence; but this trick must be amended.

"Dined at the Royal Society Club, where, as usual, was a pleasant meeting — from twenty to twenty-five. It is a very good institution; we pay two guineas only for six dinners in the year, present or absent. Dine at five, or rather half-past five, at the Royal Hotel, where we have an excellent dinner, with soups, fish, &c., and all in good order; port and sherry till half-past seven, then coffee, and we go to the Society. This preface of a good dinner, to be paid for whether you partake or not, brings out many a philosopher who might not otherwise have attended. Harry Mackenzie, now in his eighty-second or third year, read part of an Essay on Dreams. Supped at Dr. Russell's usual party, which shall serve for one while.

"*December 6th.* — A rare thing this literature, or love of fame or notoriety which accompanies it. Here is Mr. Henry Mackenzie on the very brink of human dissolution, as actively anxious about it as if the curtain must not soon be closed on that and everything else.* He calls me his literary confessor; and I am sure I am glad to return the kindnesses which he showed me long since in George Square. No man is less known from his writings. You would suppose a retired, modest, somewhat affected man, with a white handkerchief, and a sigh ready for every sentiment. No such thing: H. M. is alert as a contracting tailor's needle in every sort of business — a politician and a sportsman — shoots and fishes in a sort even to this day — and is the life of company with anecdotes and fun. Sometimes his daughter tells me he is in low spirits at home, but really I never see anything of it in society.

---

* *King Richard III.* Act. III. Scene 7.

"There is a maxim almost universal in Scotland, which I should like much to see controlled. Every youth, of every temper and almost every description of character, is sent either to study for the bar, or to a writer's office as an apprentice. The Scottish seem to conceive Themis the most powerful of goddesses. Is a lad stupid, the law will sharpen him; — is he mercurial, the law will make him sedate; — has he an estate, he may get a sheriffdom; — is he poor, the richest lawyers have emerged from poverty; — is he a Tory, he may become a depute-advocate; — is he a Whig, he may with far better hope expect to become, in reputation at least, that rising counsel Mr. ——, when in fact he only rises at tavern dinners. Upon some such wild views, advocates and writers multiply till there is no life for them, and men give up the chase, hopeless and exhausted, and go into the army at five-and-twenty, instead of eighteen, with a turn for expense perhaps — almost certainly for profligacy, and with a heart embittered against the loving parents or friends who compelled them to lose six or seven years in dusting the rails of the stair with their black gowns, or scribbling nonsense for twopence a page all day, and laying out twice their earnings at night in whisky-punch. Here is T. L. now. Four or five years ago, from certain indications, I assured his friends he would never be a writer.

---

* Mr. Mackenzie had been consulting Sir Walter about collecting his own juvenile poetry.

Good-natured lad, too, when Bacchus is out of the question; but at other times so pugnacious, that it was wished he could only be properly placed where fighting was to be a part of his duty, regulated by time and place, and paid for accordingly. Well, time and instruction have been thrown away, and now, after fighting two regular boxing matches and a duel with pistols in the course of one week, he tells them roundly *he will be no writer*, which common-sense might have told them before. He has now perhaps acquired habits of insubordination, unfitting him for the army, where he might have been tamed at an earlier period. He is too old for the navy, and so he must go to India, a guinea-pig on board a Chinaman, with what hope or view it is melancholy to guess. His elder brother did all man could to get his friends to consent to his going into the army in time. The lad has good-humour, courage, and most gentlemanlike feelings, but he is incurably dissipated, I fear; so goes to die in a foreign land. Thank God, I let Walter take his own way; and I trust he will be a useful, honoured soldier, being, for his time, high in the service; whereas at home he would probably have been a wine-bibbing, moor-fowl shooting, fox-hunting Fife squire — living at Lochore without either aim or end — and well if he were no worse. Dined at home with Lady S. and Anne. Wrote in the evening.

" *December 7th.* — Teind day — at home of course. Wrote answers to one or two letters which have been lying on my desk like snakes, hissing at me for my dilatoriness. Received a letter from Sir W. Knighton, mentioning that the King acquiesced in my proposal that Constable's Miscellany should be dedicated to him. Enjoined, however, not to make this public, till the draft of dedication shall be approved. This letter tarried so long, I thought some one had insinuated the proposal was *infra dig.* I don't think so. The purpose is to bring all the standard works, both in sciences and the liberal arts, within the reach of the lower classes, and enable them thus to use with advantage the education which is given them at every hand. To make boys learn to read, and then place no good books within their reach, is to give men an appetite, and leave nothing in the pantry save unwholesome and poisonous food, which, depend upon it, they will eat rather than starve. Sir William, it seems, has been in Germany.

" Mighty dark this morning: it is past ten, and I am using my lamp. The vast number of houses built beneath us to the north certainly renders our street darker during the days in which frost or haze prevents the smoke from rising. After all, it may be my older eyes. I remember two years ago, when Lord Hermand began to fail somewhat in his limbs, he observed that Lord Succoth came to court at a more early hour than usual, whereas it was he himself who took longer time to walk the usual distance betwixt his house and the Parliament Square. I suspect old gentlemen often make these mistakes.

" Dined quiet with Lady S—— and Anne. Anne is practising Scots songs, which I take as a kind compliment to my own taste, as hers leads her chiefly to foreign music. I think the good girl sees that I want and must miss her sister's peculiar talent in singing the airs of our native country, which, imperfect as my musical ear is, make, and always have made, the most pleasing impression on me. And so if she puts a constraint on herself for my sake, I can only say, in requital, God bless her.

" I have much to comfort me in the present aspect of my family. My eldest son, independent in fortune, united to an affectionate wife — and of good hopes in his profession ; — my second, with a good deal of talent, and in the way, I trust, of cultivating it to good purpose ; — Anne, an honest, downright good Scots lass, in whom I could only wish to correct a spirit of satire ; — and Lockhart is Lockhart, to whom I can most willingly confide the happiness of the daughter who chose him, and whom he has chosen. But my dear wife, the partner of early cares and successes is, I fear, frail in health — though I trust and pray she may see me out. Indeed, if this troublesome complaint goes on — it bodes no long existence. My brother was affected with the same weakness, which, before he was fifty, brought on mortal symptoms. The poor Major had been rather a free liver. But my father, the most abstemious of men, save when the duties of hospitality required him to be very moderately free with his bottle, and that was very seldom, had the same weakness of the powers of retention which now annoys me, and he, I think, was not above seventy when cut off. Square the odds, and good-night Sir Walter about sixty. — I care not, if I leave my name unstained, and my family properly settled — *Sat est vixisse.*

"*December* 8. — Talking of the *vixisse*, it may not be impertinent to notice that Knox, a young poet of considerable talent, died here a week or two since. His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself, succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry, called, I think, 'The Lonely Hearth,' * far superior to that of Michael Bruce, whose *consumption*, by the way, has been the *life* of his verses. But poetry, nay good poetry, is a drug in the present day. I am a wretched patron — I cannot go about with a subscription-paper, like a pocket-pistol, and draw unawares on some honest country-gentleman, who has as much alarm as if I had used the phrase 'stand and deliver,' and parts with his money with a grimace, indicating some suspicion that the crown-piece thus levied goes ultimately into the collector's own pocket. This I see daily done; and I have seen such collectors, when they have exhausted papa and mamma, continue their trade among the misses, and conjure out of their pockets their little funds which should carry them to a play or an assembly. It is well people will go through this

---

* William Knox died 12th November. He had published *Songs of Israel*, 1824; *A Visit to Dublin*, 1824; *The Harp of Zion*, 1825, &c.; besides the *Lonely Hearth*. His publisher (Mr. Anderson junior, of Edinburgh) remembers that Sir Walter occasionally wrote to Knox and sent him money — £10 at a time.

— it does some good, I suppose, and they have great merit who can sacrifice their pride so far as to attempt it in this way. For my part I am a bad promoter of subscriptions; but I wished to do what I could for this lad, whose talent I really admired; and I am not addicted to admire heaven-born poets, or poetry that is reckoned very good *considering*. I had him, Knox, at Abbotsford, about ten years ago, but found him unfit for that sort of society. I tried to help him, but there were temptations he could never resist. He scrambled on writing for the booksellers and magazines, and living like the Otways, and Savages, and Chattertons, of former days, though I do not know that he was in extreme want. His connexion with me terminated in begging a subscription or a guinea, now and then. His last works were spiritual hymns, and which he wrote very well. In his own line of society he was said to exhibit infinite humour; but all his works are grave and pensive — a style, perhaps, like Master Stephen's melancholy, affected for the nonce.

" Mrs. Grant intimates that she will take her pudding — her pension, I mean (see 30th November), and is contrite, as Henry Mackenzie vouches. I am glad the stout old girl is not foreclosed, faith. Cabbing a pension in these times is like hunting a pig with a soap'd tail, monstrous apt to slip through your fingers.

" *December* 9. — Yesterday I read and wrote the whole day and evening. To-day I shall not be so happy. Having Gas-Light Company to attend at two, I must be brief in journalizing.

" The gay world has been kept in hot water lately by the impudent publication of the celebrated Harriet Wilson — who, punk from earliest possibility, I suppose, has lived with half the gay world at hack and manger, and now obliges such as will not pay hush-money with a history of whatever she knows or can invent about them. She must have been assisted in the style, spelling, and diction, though the attempt at wit is very poor, that at pathos sickening. But there is some good retailing of conversations, in which the style of the speakers, so far as known to me, is exactly imitated, and some things told, as said by individuals of each other, which will sound unpleasantly in each other's ears. I admire the address of Lord A——, himself very sorrily handled from time to time. Some one asked him if H. W. had been pretty correct on the whole. 'Why, faith,' he replied, 'I believe so — when, raising his eyes, he saw Q—— D——, whom the little jilt had treated atrociously — 'what concerns the present company always excepted, you know,' added Lord A——, with infinite presence of mind. As he was in *pari casu* with Q. D., no more could be said. After all, H. W. beats Con Philips, Anne Bellamy, and all former demireps, out and out. I think I supped once in her company, more than twenty years since, at Mat Lewis's in Argyle Street, where the company, as the Duke says to Lucio, chanced to be 'fairer than honest.'* She was far from beautiful, if it be the same *chiffonne*, but a smart saucy girl, with good eyes and dark hair, and the manners of a wild schoolboy. I am glad this accidental meeting has escaped her memory — or, perhaps, is not accurately recorded in mine — for being a sort of French falconer, who hawk at all they see, I might have had a distinction which I am far from desiring.

"Dined at Sir John Hay's — a large party. In the morning a meeting of Oil Gas Committee. The concern hangs a little;

> 'It may do weel, for aught it's done yet,
> But only — it's no just begun yet.' †

"*December* 10. — A stormy and rainy day. — Walk it from the Court through the rain. I don't dislike this. Egad, I rather like it; for no man that ever stepped on heather has less dread than I of the catch cold; and I seem to regain, in buffeting with the wind, a little of the high spirit with which in younger days, I used to enjoy a Tam o' Shanter ride through darkness, wind, and rain, the boughs groaning and cracking over my head, the good horse free to the road and impatient for home, and feeling the weather as little as I did.

---

* *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Scene 3.

† Burns's *Dedication to Gavin Hamilton*.

> 'The storm around might roar and rustle,
> We did na mind the storm a whistle.'

"Answered two letters: one, answer to a schoolboy, who writes himself Captain of Giggleswick School (a most imposing title), entreating the youngster not to commence editor of a magazine to be entitled the Yorkshire Muffin, I think, at seventeen years old — second, to a soldier of the 79th, showing why I cannot oblige him by getting his discharge, and exhorting him rather to bear with the wickedness and profanity of the service, than take the very precarious step of desertion. This is the old receipt of Durandarte — *Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards;* and I suppose the correspondents will think I have been too busy in offering my counsel where I was asked for assistance.

"A third rogue writes to tell me — rather of the latest, if the matter was of consequence — that he approves of the first three volumes of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, but totally condemns the fourth. Doubtless he thinks his opinion worth the sevenpence sterling which his letter costs. However, an author should be reasonably well pleased when three-fourths of his work are acceptable to the reader. The knave demands of me, in a postscript, to get back the sword of Sir William Wallace from England, where it was carried from Dumbarton Castle. I am not Master-General of the Ordnance, that I know. It was wrong, however, to take away that and Mons Meg. If I go to London this spring, I will renew my negotiation with the Great Duke for recovery of Mons Meg.

"There is nothing more awful than to attempt to cast a glance among the clouds and mists which hide the broken extremity of the celebrated bridge of Mirza.* Yet, when every day brings us nigher that termination, one would almost think our views should become clearer. Alas! it is not so: there is a curtain to be withdrawn, a veil to be rent, before we shall see things as they really are. There are few, I trust, who disbelieve the existence of a God; nay, I doubt if at all times, and in all moods, any single individual ever adopted that hideous creed, though some have professed it. With the belief of a Deity, that of the immortality of the soul and of the state of future rewards and punishments is indissolubly linked. More we are not to know; but neither are we prohibited from all attempts, however vain, to pierce the solemn sacred gloom. The expressions used in Scripture are doubtless metaphorical, — for penal fires and heavenly melody are only applicable to beings endowed with corporeal senses; and, at least till the period of the resurrection, the spirits of men, whether entering into the perfection of the just, or committed to the regions of punishment, are not connected with bodies. Neither is it to be supposed that the glorified bodies which shall arise in the last day will be capable of the same gross indulgences with which ours are now solaced. That the idea of Mahomet's paradise is inconsistent with the purity of our heavenly religion will be readily granted; and see Mark xii. 25. Harmony is obviously chosen as the least corporeal of all gratifications of the sense, and as the type of love, unity, and a state of peace and perfect happiness. But they have a poor idea of the Deity, and the rewards which are destined for the just made perfect, who can only adopt the literal sense of an eternal concert — a never-ending birth-day ode. I rather suppose this should be understood as some commission from the Highest, some duty to discharge with the applause of a satisfied conscience. That the Deity, who himself must be supposed to feel love and affection for the beings he has called into existence, should delegate a portion of those powers, I for one cannot conceive altogether so wrong a conjecture. We would then find reality in Milton's sublime machinery of the guardian saints or genii of kingdoms. Nay, we would approach to the Catholic idea of the employment of saints though without approaching the absurdity of saint-worship which degrades their religion. There would be, we must suppose, in these employments difficulties to overcome, and exertions to be made, for all which the celestial beings employed would have certain appropriate powers. I cannot help owning that a life of active benevolence is more consistent with my ideas than an eternity of music. But it is all speculation, and it is impossible to guess what we shall do, unless we could ascertain the equally difficult previous question, what we are to be. But there is a God, and a just God — a judgment and a future life — and all who own so much, let them act according to the faith that is in them. I would not, of course, limit the range of my genii to this confined earth. There is the universe, with all its endless extent of worlds.

---

* *Spectator*, No. 159.

" Company at home — Sir Adam Fergusson and his Lady; Colonel and Miss Russell; Count Davidoff, and Mr. Collyer. By the by, I observe that all men whose names are obviously derived from some mechanical trade, endeavour to disguise and antiquate, as it were, their names, by spelling them after some quaint manner or other. Thus we have Collyer, Smythe, Tailleure; as much as to say, my ancestor was indeed a mechanic, but it was a world of time ago, when the word was spelled very unlike the modern usage. — Then we had young Whitebank and Will Allan the artist, a very agreeable, simple-mannered, and pleasant man.

" *December* 11. — A touch of the *morbus eruditorum*, to which I am as little subject as most folks, and have it less now than when young. It is a tremor of the head, the pulsation of which becomes painfully sensible — a disposition to causeless alarm — much lassitude — and decay of vigour and activity of intellect. The reins feel weary and painful, and the mind is apt to receive and encourage gloomy apprehensions. Fighting with this fiend is not always the best way to conquer him. I have found exercise and the open air better than reasoning. But such weather as is now without doors does not encourage *la petite guerre*, so we must give him battle in form, by letting both mind and body know that, supposing one the

House of Commons and the other the House of Peers, my will is sovereign over both. There is a fine description of this species of mental weakness in the fine play of Beaumont and Fletcher, called the *Lover's Progress*, where the man, warned that his death is approaching, works himself into an agony of fear, and calls for assistance, though there is no apparent danger. The apparition of the innkeeper's ghost, in the same play, hovers between the ludicrous and the terrible; and to me the touches of the former quality which it contains, seem to augment the effect of the latter — they seem to give reality to the supernatural, as being a circumstance with which an inventor would hardly have garnished his story.

" *December* 12. — Hogg came to breakfast this morning, and brought for his companion the Galashiels bard, David Thomson,* as to a meeting of *huz Tividale poets.* The honest grunter opines, with a delightful *naïveté*, that *Muir's* verses are far owre sweet — answered by Thomson that Moore's ear or notes, I forget which, were finely strung. 'They are far owre finely strung,' replied he of the Forest, 'for mine are just right.' It reminded me of Queen Bess, when questioning Melville sharply and closely whether Mary was taller than her, and extracting an answer in the affirmative, she replied — 'Then your Queen is too tall, for I am just the proper height.'

" Was engaged the whole day with Sheriff-court processes. There is something sickening in seeing poor devils drawn into great expenses about trifles by interested attorneys. But too cheap access to litigation has its evils on the other hand, for the proneness of the lower class to gratify spite and revenge in this way would be a dreadful evil were they able to endure the expense. Very few cases come before the Sheriff-court of Selkirkshire that ought to come anywhere. Wretched wranglings about a few pounds, begun in spleen, and carried on from obstinacy, and at length, from fear of the conclusion to the banquet of ill-humour, 'D—n—n of expenses.'† I try to check it as well as I can; 'but so't will be when I am gone.

---

* See *ante*, Vol. VI. p. 252.

† Burns's *Address to the Unco Guid.*

" *December* 12. — Dined at home, and spent the evening in writing — Anne and Lady Scott at the theatre to see Mathews; — a very clever man my friend Mathews; but it is tiresome to be funny for a whole evening, so I was content and stupid at home.

" An odd optical delusion has amused me these two last nights. I have been of late, for the first time, condemned to the constant use of spectacles. Now, when I have laid them aside to step into a room dimly lighted, out of the strong light which I use for writing, I have seen, or seemed to see, through the rims of the same spectacles which I have left behind me. At first the impression was so lively, that I put my hands to my eyes, believing I had the actual spectacles on at the moment. But what I saw was only the eidolon or image of said useful servants. This fortifies some of Dr. Hibbert's positions about spectral appearances.

" *December* 13. — Letter from Lady Stafford — kind and friendly, after the wont of Banzu-Mohr-ar-chat.* This is wrong spelled, I know. Her countenance is something for Sophia, whose company should be, as ladies are said to choose their liquor — little and good. To be acquainted with persons of mere *ton*, is a nuisance and a scrape — to be known to persons of real fashion and fortune, is in London a very great advantage. In London, second-rate fashion is like false jewels.

" Went to the yearly court of the Edinburgh Assurance Company, to which I am one of those graceful and useless appendages, called Directors Extraordinary — an extraordinary director I should prove, had they elected me an ordinary one. There were there moneyers and great oneyers,* men of metal — counters and discounters — sharp, grim, prudential faces — eyes weak with ciphering by lamp-light — men who say to gold, Be thou paper, and to paper, Be thou turned into fine gold. Many a bustling, sharp-faced, keen-eyed writer too — some perhaps speculating with their clients' property. My reverend seigniors had expected a motion for printing their contract, which I, as a piece of light artillery, was brought down and got into battery to oppose. I should certainly have done this on the general ground, that while each person could at any time obtain sight of the contract at a call on the directors or managers, it would be absurd to print it for the use of the company — and that exposing it to the eyes of the world at large was in all respects unnecessary, and might teach novel companies to avail themselves of our rules and calculations — if false, for the purpose of exposing our errors — if correct, for the purpose of improving their own schemes on our model. But my eloquence was not required, no one renewing the motion under question; so off I came, my ears still ringing with the sounds of thousands and tens of thousands, and my eyes dazzled with the golden gleam offered by so many capitalists.

---

* *Banamhorar-Chat*, *i. e.* the Great Lady of the Cat, is the Gaelic title of the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland. The County of Sutherland itself is in that dialect *Cattey*, and in the English name of the neighbouring one, *Caithness*, we have another trace of the early settlement of the *Clan Chattan;* whose chiefs bear the cognizance of a Wild Cat. [The Duchess-Countess died in 1838.]

"Walked home with the Solicitor † — decidedly the most hopeful young man of his time; high connexions, great talent, spirited ambition, a ready elocution, with a good voice and dignified manners, prompt and steady courage, vigilant and constant assiduity, popularity with the young men, and the good opinion of the old, will, if I mistake not, carry him as high as any man who has arisen here since the days of old Hal Dundas ‡ He is hot though, and rather hasty: this should be amended. They who would play at single-stick must bear with pleasure a rap over the knuckles. Dined quietly with Lady Scott and Anne.

---

* See 1*st King Henry IV.* Act II. Scene 1.

† John Hope, Esq. (now Dean of the Faculty of Advocates) was at this time Solicitor-General for Scotland.

‡ Henry Dundas, the first Viscount Melville, first appeared in Parliament as Lord Advocate of Scotland.

"*December* 14. — Affairs very bad again in the money-market in London. It must come here, and I have far too many engagements not to feel it. To end the matter at once, I intend to borrow £10,000, with which my son's marriage-contract allows me to charge my estate. This will enable us to dispense in a great measure with bank assistance, and sleep in spite of thunder. I do not know why it is — this business makes me a little bilious, or rather the want of exercise during the Session, and this late change of the weather to too much heat. But the sun and moon shall dance on the green ere carelessness or hope of gain, or facility of getting cash, shall make me go too deep again, were it but for the disquiet of the thing.

"*December* 15. — Dined at home with family. I am determined not to stand mine host to all Scotland and England as I have done. This shall be a saving, as it must be a borrowing year. We heard from Sophia; they are got safe to town; but as Johnnie had a little bag of meal with him, to make his porridge on the road, the whole inn-yard assembled to see the operation. Junor, his maid, was of opinion that England was an 'awfu' country to make parritch in.' God bless the poor baby, and restore his perfect health!

"*December* 16. — T. S. and his friend Robert Wilson * came — the former at four, as usual — the latter at three, as appointed. Robert Wilson frankly said that T. S.'s case was quite desperate, that he was insolvent, and that any attempt to save him at present would be just so much cash thrown away. God knows, at this moment I have none to throw away uselessly. For poor S., there was a melancholy mixture of pathos and affectation in his statement, which really affected me; while it told me that it would be useless to help him to money on such very empty plans. I endeavoured to persuade him to make a virtue of necessity, resign all to his creditors, and begin the world on a new leaf. I offered him Chiefswood for a temporary retirement. Lady Scott thinks I was wrong, and nobody could less desire such a neighbour, all his affectations being *caviare* to me. But then the wife and children!—Went again to the Solicitor on a wrong night, being asked for to-morrow. Lady Scott undertakes to keep my engagements recorded in future. 'Sed quis custodiet ipsam custodem?'

---

* Robert Sym Wilson, Esq., W. S., Secretary to the Royal Bank of Scotland.

"*December* 17.—Dined with the Solicitor—Lord Chief Baron—Sir William Boothby, nephew of old Sir Brook, the dandy poet, &c. Annoyed with anxious presentiments, which the night's post must dispel or confirm.

"*December* 18.—Poor T. S. called again yesterday. Through his incoherent, miserable tale, I could see that he had exhausted each access to credit, and yet fondly imagines that, bereft of all his accustomed indulgences, he can work with a literary zeal unknown to his happier days. I hope he may labour enough to gain the mere support of his family. For myself, if things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. He shall no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as the means of planting such scaurs, and purchasing uch wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

'Fountain heads, and pathless groves;
Places which pale passion loves.'

This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, *i. e* write history, and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt, the genera knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation:

> 'While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
> The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.'

It is a bitter thought; but if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me.

"What a life mine has been! — half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and a clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again — but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come:) because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me — that is one omfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? — how live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy — the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends.

My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish — but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me — When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of Chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman' — 'a well-meaning man' — 'nobody's enemy but his own' — 'thought his parts would never wear out' — 'family poorly left' — 'pity he took that foolish title.' Who can answer this question?

"Poor Will Laidlaw — poor Tom Purdie — such news will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow's besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

"Ballantyne behaves like himself, and sinks the prospect of his own ruin in contemplating mine. I tried to enrich him indeed, and now all — all is in the balance. He will have the Journal still, that is a comfort, for sure they cannot find a better editor. *They* — alas, who will *they* be — the *unbekannten obern* * who may have to dispose of my all as they will? Some hard-eyed banker — some of these men of millions whom I described.

"I have endeavoured to give vent to thoughts naturally so painful, by writing these notes — partly to keep them at bay by busying myself with the history of the French Convention. I thank God I can do both with reasonable composure.

---

* *Unbekannten obern* — unknown rulers.

wonder how Anne will bear such an affliction. She is passionate, but stout-hearted and courageous in important matters, though irritable in trifles. I am glad Lockhart and his wife are gone. Why ? I cannot tell — but I *am* pleased to be left to my own regrets, without being melted by condolences, though of the most sincere and affectionate kind.

"Oddly enough, it happened mine honest friend Hector Macdonald came in before dinner, to ask a copy of my seal of arms, with a sly kindliness of intimation that it was for some agreeable purpose. *Half-past eight.* I closed this book under the impression of impending ruin. I open it an hour after (thanks be to God) with the strong hope that matters will be got over safely and honourably, in a mercantile sense. Cadell came at eight to communicate a letter from Hurst and Robinson, intimating they had stood the storm.

"I shall always think the better of Cadell for this—not merely because 'his feet are beautiful on the mountains who brings good tidings,'* but because he showed feeling — deep feeling, poor fellow. He, who I thought had no more than his numeration-table, and who, if he had had his whole counting-house full of sensibility, had yet his wife and children to bestow it upon — I will not forget this, if all keeps right. I love the virtues of rough-and-round men — the others' are apt to escape in salt rheum, sal-volatile, and a white pocket-handkerchief.

"*December* 19. — Ballantyne here before breakfast. He looks on last night's news with confidence. Constable came in and sat an hour. The old gentleman is firm as a rock. He talks of going to London next week. But I must go to work.

"*December* 20. — Dined at Lord Chief-Baron's. Lord Justice-Clerk; Lord President; Captain Scarlett, a gentlemanlike young man, the son of the great Counsellor,† and a friend of my son Walter; Lady Charlotte Hope and other womankind; R. Dundas of Arniston, and his pleasant and good-humoured little wife, whose quick, intelligent look pleases me more, though her face be plain, than a hundred mechanical beauties. I like Ch.-Ba. Shepherd very much — as much, I think, as any man I have learned to know of late years. There is a neatness and precision, a closeness and truth in the tone of his conversation, which shows what a lawyer he must have been. Perfect good-humour and *naïveté* of manner, with a little warmth of temper on suitable occasions. His great deafness alone prevented him from being Lord Chief-Justice. I never saw a man so patient under such a malady. He loves society, and converses excellently, yet is often obliged, in a mixed company particularly, to lay aside his trumpet, retire into himself, and withdraw from the talk. He does this with an expression of patience in his countenance which touches one much. Constable's licence for the Dedication is come, which will make him happy.*

---

* Isaiah lii. 7.

† Mr. Scarlett, now Lord Abinger.

"*December* 21*st.* — Dined with James Ballantyne, and met R. Cadell, and my old friend Mathews, the comedian, with his son, now grown up a clever lad, who makes songs in the style of James Smith or Colman, and sings them with spirit. There have been odd associations attending my two last meetings with Mathews. The last time I saw him before yesterday evening, he dined with me in company with poor Sir Alexander Boswell, who was killed within a week.† I never saw Sir Alexander more. The time before was in 1815, when John Scott of Gala and I were returning from France, and passed through London, when we brought Mathews down as far as Leamington. Poor Byron lunched, or rather made an early dinner with us at Long's, and a most brilliant day we had of it. I never saw Byron so full of fun, frolic, wit, and whim: he was as playful as a kitten. Well, I never saw him again.* So this man of mirth, with his merry meetings, has brought me no luck. I like better that he should throw in his talent of mimicry and humour into the present current tone of the company, than that he should be required to give this, that, and t'other *bit* selected from his public recitations. They are good certainly — excellent; but then you *must* laugh, and that is always severe to me. When I do laugh in sincerity, the joke must be or seem unpremeditated. I could not help thinking, in the midst of the glee, what gloom had lately been over the minds of three of the company. What a strange scene if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide, and show us the state of people's real minds!

---

* The Dedication of Constable's Miscellany was penned by Sir Walter: — "To His Majesty King George IV., the most generous Patron even of the most humble attempts towards the advantage of his subjects, This Miscellany, designed to extend useful knowledge and elegant literature, by placing works of standard merit within the attainment of every class of Readers, is most humbly inscribed by His Majesty's dutiful and devoted subject — Archibald Constable."

† See *ante*, Vol. VI. pp. 183, 207.

> 'No eyes the rocks discover
> Which lurk beneath the deep.'

Life could not be endured were it seen in reality. Things keep mending in London.

"*December* 22. — I wrote six of my close pages yesterday, which is about twenty-four pages in print. What is more, I think it comes off twangingly. The story is so very interesting in itself, that there is no fear of the book answering.† Superficial it must be, but I do not care for the charge. Better a superficial book which brings well and strikingly together the known and acknowledged facts, than a dull boring narrative, pausing to see farther into a mill-stone at every moment than the nature of the mill-stone admits. Nothing is so tiresome as walking through some beautiful scene with a *minute philosopher*, a botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural picture to look at grasses and chucky-stones. Yet, in their way, they give useful information; and so does the minute historian. Gad, I think that will look well in the preface. My bile is quite gone; I really believe it arose from mere anxiety. What a wonderful connexion between the mind and body!

---

* See *ante*, Vol. IV. pp. 213–217, 249.

† *Life of Napoleon.*

"The air of *Bonnie Dundee* running in my head to-day, wrote a few verses to it before dinner, taking the key-note from the story of Clavers leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688–9.* I wonder if they are good. Ah, poor Will Erskine! thou couldst and wouldst have told me. I must consult J. B., who is as honest as was W. E. But then, though he has good taste too, there is a little of *Big Bow-wow* about it. Can't say what made me take a frisk so uncommon of late years as to write verses of free-will. I suppose the same impulse which makes birds sing when the storm has blown over.

"Dined at Lord Minto's. There were Lord and Lady Ruthven, William Clerk, and Thomas Thomson, — a right choice party. There was also my very old friend Mrs. Brydone, the relict of the traveller, and daughter of Principal Robertson, and really worthy of such a connexion — Lady Minto, who is also peculiarly agreeable — and her sister, Mrs. Admiral Adam, in the evening.

"*December* 23. — Lord Minto's father, the first Earl, was a man among a thousand. I knew him very, very intimately in the beginning of the century, and, which was very agreeable, was much at his house on very easy terms. He loved the Muses, and worshipped them in secret, and used to read some of his poetry, which was but middling. With the mildest manners, he was very tenacious of his opinions, although he changed them twice in the crises of politics. He was the early friend of Fox, and made a figure towards the end of the American war, or during the struggles betwixt Fox and

---

* See Scott's *Poetical Works*, vol. xii. pp. 194–7.

Pitt. Then came the Revolution, and he joined the Anti-Gallican party so keenly, that he declared against Addington's peace with France, and was for a time, I believe, a Wyndhamite. He was reconciled to the Whigs on the Fox and Grenville coalition; but I have heard that Fox, contrary to his wont, retained such personal feelings as made him object to Sir Gilbert Elliot's having a seat in the Cabinet; so he was sent Governor-General to India — a better thing, I take it, for his fortunes. He died shortly after his return,* on his way down to his native country. He was a most pleasing and amiable man. I was very sorry for his death, though I do not know how we should have met, for a contested election in Roxburghshire had placed some coldness betwixt the present Lord and me. I was certainly anxious for Sir Alexander Don, both as friend of my most kind friend Charles Duke of Buccleuch, and on political accounts; and those thwartings are what men in public life do not like to endure. After a cessation of friendship for some years, we have now come about again. We never had the slightest personal dispute or disagreement. But politics are the blowpipe beneath whose influence the best cemented friendships diffuse; and ours, after all, was only a very familiar acquaintance.

"It is very odd that the common people about Minto and the neighbourhood will not believe at this hour that the first Earl is dead. They think he had done something in India which he could not answer for — that the house was rebuilt on a scale unusually large to give him a suite of secret apartments, and that he often walks about the woods and crags of Minto at night, with a white nightcap and long white beard. The circumstance of his having died on the road down to Scotland is the sole foundation of this absurd legend, which shows how willing the public are to gull themselves when they can find no one else to take the trouble. I have seen people who could read, write, and cipher, shrug their shoulders and look mysterious when this subject was mentioned. One very absurd addition was made on occasion of a great ball at Minto

---

* Gilbert, Earl of Minto, died in June 1814.

House, which it was said was given to draw all people away from the grounds, that the concealed Earl might have leisure for his exercise. This was on the principle in the German play,* where, to hide their conspiracy, the associates join in a chorus song.

"We dined at home; Mr. Davidoff and his tutor kept an engagement with us to dinner, notwithstanding the death of the Emperor Alexander. They went to the play with the womankind; I staid at home to write.

"*December* 24. — Wrote to Walter and Jane, and gave the former an account of how things had been in the money market. Constable has a new scheme of publishing the works of the Author of Waverley in a superior style, at £1 : 1s. volume. He says he will answer for making £20,000 of this, and liberally offered me any share of the profits. I have no great claim to any, as I have only to contribute the notes, which are light work; yet a few thousands coming in will be a good thing — besides the Printing Office. Constable, though valetudinary, and cross with his partner, is certainly as good a pilot in these rough seas as ever man put faith in. His rally has put me in mind of the old song —

'The tailor raise and shook his duds,
He gar'd the BILLS flee aff in cluds,
And they that staid gat fearfu' thuds —
The tailor proved a man, O.'

"We are for Abbotsford to-day, with a light heart.

"*December* 25, *Abbotsford* — Arrived here last night at seven. Our halls are silent compared to last year, but let us be thankful — *Barbarus has segetes? Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.* There shall be no lack of wisdom. But come —*il faut cultiver notre jardin.*† Let us see, I shall write out the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. I will sketch a preface to La Rochejacquelin for Constable's Miscellany, and try about a specimen of notes for the Waverley novels. Together with letters and by-business, it will be a good day's work.

---

* See Canning's *German Play*, in the *Anti-Jacobin.*

† See *Candide.*

> 'I make a vow,
> And keep it true.'

I will accept no invitation for dinner, save one to Newton-Don, and Mertoun to-morrow, instead of Christmas-Day. On this day of general devotion I have a particular call for gratitude !!"

CHAPTER LXVI.

Constable in London — Extract from James Ballantyne's Memorandum — Scott's Diary resumed — Progress of Woodstock — Review of Pepys' Diary — Skene, Scrope, Mathews, &c. — Commercial alarms renewed at intervals — Catastrophe of the three houses of Hurst & Robinson, Constable, and Ballantyne.

JAN. & FEB. 1826.

It was not till nearly three weeks after Sir Walter penned the last-quoted paragraph of his Diary, that Mr. Constable made his appearance in London. I saw him immediately. Having deferred his journey imprudently, he had performed it very rapidly; and this exertion, with mental excitement, had brought on a sharp access of gout, which confined him for a couple of days to his hotel in the Adelphi — *reluctantem draconem.* A more impatient spirit never boiled in a feverish frame. It was then that I, for the first time, saw full swing given to the tyrannical temper of *the Czar.* He looked, spoke, and gesticulated like some hoary despot, accustomed to nothing but the complete indulgence of every wish and whim, against whose sovereign authority his most trusted satraps and tributaries had suddenly revolted — open rebellion in twenty provinces — confusion in the capital — treason in the palace. I will not repeat his haughty ravings of scorn and wrath. I listened to these with wonder and commiseration; nor were such feelings mit igated when, having exhausted his violence of vituperation against many persons of whom I had never before heard him speak but as able and trusted friends, he cooled down sufficiently to answer my question as to the practical business on which the note announcing his arrival in town had signified his urgent desire to take my advice. Constable told me that he had already seen one of the Hurst and Robinson firm, and that the storm which had seemed to be "blown over" had, he was satisfied, only been lulled for a moment, to burst out in redoubled fury. If they went, however, he must follow. He had determined to support them through the coming gale as he had done through the last; and he had the means to do so effectually, provided Sir Walter would stand by him heartily and boldly.

The first and most obvious step was to make large sales of copyrights; and it was not surprising that Constable should have formed most extravagant notions of the marketable value of the property of this nature in his possession. Every bookseller is very apt to do so. A manuscript is submitted to him; he inspects it with coldness and suspicion; with hesitation offers a sum for it; obtains it, and sends it to be printed. He has hardly courage to look at the sheets as they are thrown off; but the book is at last laid on his counter, and he from that moment regards it with an eye of parental fondness. It is *his;* he considers it in that light quite as much as does the author, and is likely to be at least as sorely provoked by anything in the shape of hostile criticism. If this be the usual working of self-love or self-interest in such cases, what wonder that the man * who had at his disposal (to say nothing of innumerable minor properties) the copyrights of the Encyclopædia Britannica, with its supplement, a moiety of the Edinburgh Review, nearly all Scott's Poetry, the Waverley Novels, and the advancing Life of Napoleon — who had made, besides, sundry contracts for novels by Scott, as yet unwritten — and who seriously viewed his plan of the new Miscellany as in itself the sure foundation of a gigantic fortune, — what wonder that the sanguine Constable should have laid to his soul the flattering unction that he had only to display such resources in some quarter totally above the momentary pressure of *the trade* and command an advance of capital adequate to relieve him and all his allies from these unfortunate difficulties about a few paltry "sheafs" of stamped paper? To be brief, he requested me to accompany him, as soon as he could get into his carriage, to the Bank of England, and support him (as a confidential friend of the *Author of Waverley*) in his application for a loan of from £100,000 to £200,000 on the security of the copyrights in his possession. It is needless to say that, without distinct instructions from Sir Walter, I could not take upon me to interfere in such a business as this. Constable, when I refused, became livid with rage. After a long silence, he stamped on the ground, and swore that he could and would do alone. I left him in stern indignation.

---

* On seeing the passage in the text, Mr. Constable's surviving partner writes as follows: — "No better illustration of this buoyant idea

There was another scene of the same kind a day or

---

of the value of literary property is to be found than in the now well ascertained fact of Constable himself, in 1811, over-estimating his partner, Mr. Hunter, *out* of the concern at the Cross to the tune of some £10,000 or £12,000 — a blow from which the firm never recovered. — R. C."

two afterwards, when his object was to get me to back his application to Sir Walter to borrow £20,000 in Edinburgh, and transmit it to him in London. I promised nothing but to acquaint Scott immediately with his request, and him with Scott's answer. Sir Walter had, ere the message reached him, been made aware that his advances had already been continued in the absence of all ground for rational hope.

It is no business of mine to detail Constable's subsequent proceedings on this his last visit to London. Everywhere he found distrust. The metropolitan bankers had enough on their hands at a time when, as Mr. Huskisson afterwards confessed in Parliament, the Bank of England itself was on the verge of a stoppage, without embarrassing themselves with new securities of the uncertain and precarious nature of literary property. The great bookselling houses were all either labouring themselves, or watching with fear and trembling the daily aggravated symptoms of distress among their friends and connexions. Constable lingered on, fluctuating between wild hope and savage despair, until, I seriously believe, he at last hovered on the brink of insanity. When he returned to Edinburgh, it was to confront creditors whom he knew he could not pay.

Before that day came, I had necessarily been informed of the nature of Scott's connexion with commercial speculations; but I had not been prepared for the amount to which Constable's ruin must involve him, until the final blow was struck.

I believe I have now said enough by way of preface to Sir Walter's Diary from Christmas 1825, to the latter part of January 1826, when my darkest anticipations were more than realized. But before I return to this

Diary, it may be well to transcribe the very short passage of James Ballantyne's deathbed memorandum which refers to this painful period. Mr. Ballantyne says, in that most candid paper: —

"I need not here enlarge upon the unfortunate facility which, at the period of universal confidence and indulgence, our and other houses received from the banks. Suffice it to say, that all our appearances of prosperity, as well as those of Constable, and Hurst and Robinson, were merely shadows, and that from the moment the bankers exhibited symptoms of doubt, it might have been easy to discover what must be the ultimate result. During weeks, and even months, however, our house was kept in a state of very painful suspense. The other two, I have no doubt, saw the coming events more clearly. I must here say, that it was one of Sir Walter's weaknesses to shrink too much from looking evil in the face, and that he was apt to carry a great deal too far — 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' I do not think it was more than three weeks before the catastrophe that he became fully convinced it was impending — if indeed his feelings ever reached the length of conviction at all. Thus, at the last, his fortitude was very severely tried indeed."

DIARY.

"*Abbotsford, December* 26, 1825. — My God! what poor creatures we are! After all my fair proposals yesterday, I was seized with a most violent pain in the right kidney and parts adjacent, which forced me instantly to go to bed and send for Clarkson.* He came, inquired, and pronounced the complaint to be gravel augmented by bile. I was in great agony till about two o'clock, but awoke with the pain gone. I got up, had a fire in my dressing-closet, and had Dalgleish to shave me — two trifles, which I only mention, because they are contrary to my hardy and independent personal habits. But although a man cannot be a hero to his valet, his valet in sickness becomes of great use to him. I cannot expect that the first will be the last visit of this cruel complaint: but shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not receive evil ?'*

---

* James Clarkson, Esq., Surgeon, Melrose, son to Scott's old friend Dr. Clarkson of Selkirk.

" *December 27th.* — Slept twelve hours at a stretch, being much exhausted. Totally without pain to-day, but uncomfortable from the effects of calomel, which, with me at least, is like the assistance of an auxiliary army, just one degree more tolerable than the enemy it chases away. Calomel contemplations are not worth recording. I wrote an introduction and a few notes to the Memoirs of Madame La Rochejacquelin,† being all that I was equal to. Sir Adam Fergusson came over and tried to marry my verses to the tune of Bonnie Dundee. They seem well adapted to each other. Dined with Lady S—— and Anne. Worked at Pepys in the evening, with the purpose of review for Quarterly.‡ Notwithstanding the depressing effects of the calomel, I feel the pleasure of being alone and uninterrupted. Few men, leading a quiet life, and without any strong or highly varied change of circumstances, have seen more variety of society than I — few have enjoyed it more, or been *bored*, as it is called, less by the company of tiresome people. I have rarely, if ever, found any one, out of whom I could not extract amusement or edification; and were I obliged to account for hints afforded on such occasions, I should make an ample deduction from my narrative powers. Still, however, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visiters, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood, I saw this would not do; and that to gain a place in men's esteem, I must mix and bustle with them. Pride, and an exaltation of spirits, often supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society; yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell!' My life, though not without its fits of waking and strong exertion, has been a sort of dream, spent in

---

* Job ii. 10. † See *Constable's Miscellany*, vol. v.

‡ See the *Quarterly Review* for January 1826, — or Scott's ***Miscellaneous Prose***, (Edin Ed.) vol. xx.

'Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' *

I have worn a wishing-cap, the power of which has been to divert present griefs by a touch of the wand of imagination, and gild over the future by prospects more fair than can be realized. Somewhere it is said that this castle-building — this wielding of the unreal trowel, is fatal to exertions in actual life. I cannot tell — I have not found it so. I cannot, indeed, say, like Madame Genlis, that in the imaginary scenes in which I have acted a part, I ever prepared myself for anything which actually befell me; but I have certainly fashioned out much that made the present hour pass pleasantly away, and much that has enabled me to contribute to the amusement of the public. Since I was five years old, I cannot remember the time when I had not some ideal part to play for my own solitary amusement.

"*December* 28. — Somehow I think the attack on Christmas-Day has been of a critical kind; and having gone off so well, may be productive rather of health than continued indisposition. If one is to get a renewal of health in his fifty-fourth year, he must look to pay fine for it. Last night George Thomson came to see how I was, poor fellow. He has talent, is well informed, and has an excellent heart; but there is great eccentricity about him. I wish to God I saw him provided in a country kirk. That, with a rational wife, would, I think, bring him to a steady temper; at present he is between the tyning and the winning. If I could get him to set to any hard study, he would do something clever.

---

* *As You Like It.* Act IV. Scene 3.

"*How to make a critic.* — A sly rogue, sheltering himself under the generic name of Mr. Campbell, requested of me, through the penny-post, the loan of £50 for two years, having an impulse, as he said, to make this demand. As I felt no corresponding impulse, I begged to decline a demand which might have been as reasonably made by any Campbell on earth; and another impulse has determined the man of fifty pounds to send me anonymous abuse of my works, and temper, and selfish disposition. The severity of the joke lies in 14*d.* for postage, to avoid which, his next epistle shall go back to the clerks of the Post-Office, as not for Sir W—— S——. How the severe rogue would be disappointed, if he knew I never looked at more than the first and last lines of his satirical effusion! When I first saw that a literary profession was to be my fate, I endeavoured by all efforts of stoicism to divest myself of that irritable degree of sensibility — or, to speak plainly, of vanity — which makes the poetical race miserable and ridiculous. The anxiety of a poet for praise and for compliments I have always endeavoured to keep down.

"*December* 29. — Base feelings this same calomel gives one — mean, poor, and abject — a *wretch*, as Will Rose says.

'Fie fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.' *

Then it makes one 'wofully dogged and snappish,' as Dr. Rutty the Quaker † says in his *Gurnal.* — Must go to Woodstock, yet am vexed by that humour of contradiction which makes me incline to do anything else in preference. Commenced preface for the new edition of my novels. The City of Cork send my freedom in a silver box.

---

* Burns.

† John Rutty, M. D., a physician of some eminence in Dublin, died in 1775, and his executors published his very curious and absurd *Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies.* Boswell describes Johnson as being much amused with the Quaker Doctor's minute confessions. See the *Life of Johnson, sub anno* 1777.

"*December* 31. — Took a good sharp walk, the first time since my illness, and found myself the better in health and spirits. Being Hogmanay, there dined with us Colonel Russell and his sisters, Sir Adam Fergusson and Lady, Colonel Fergusson, with Mary and Margaret: an auld-world party, who made themselves happy in the auld fashion. I felt so tired about eleven, that I was forced to steal to bed.

"*January* 1, 1826. — A year has passed — another has commenced. These divisions of time influence our feelings as they recur. Yet there is nothing in it; for every day in the year closes a twelvemonth as well as the 31st December. The latter is only the solemn pause, as when a guide, showing a wild and mountainous road, calls on a party to look back at the scenes which they have just passed. To me this new year opens sadly. There are these troublesome pecuniary difficulties, which, however, I think this week should end. There is the absence of all my children, Anne excepted, from our little family festival. There is, besides, that ugly report of the 15th Hussars going to India. Walter, I suppose, will have some step in view, and will go, and I fear Jane will not dissuade him. — A hard frosty day — cold, but dry and pleasant under foot. Walked into the plantations with Anne and Anne Russell. A thought strikes me, alluding to this period of the year. People say that the whole human frame, in all its parts and divisions, is gradually in the act of decaying and renewing. What a curious time-piece it would be that could indicate to us the moment this gradual and insensible change had so completely taken place, that no atom was left of the original person who had existed at a certain period, but there existed in his stead another person having the same thewes and sinews, the same face and lineaments, the same consciousness — a new ship built on an old plank — a pair of transmigrated stockings, like those of Sir John Cutler, all green, without one thread of the original black silk left! Singular — to be at once another and the same!

"*January* 2. — Weather clearing up in Edinburgh once more, and all will, I believe, do well. I am pressed to get on with Woodstock, and must try. I wish I could open a good vein of interest which would breathe freely. I must take my old way and write myself into good-humour with my task. It is only when I dally with what I am about, look back, and aside, instead of keeping my eyes straight forward, that I feel those cold sinkings of the heart. All men, I suppose, do so less or more. They are like the sensation of a sailor when the ship is cleared for action, and all are at their places — gloomy enough; but the first broadside puts all to rights. Dined at Huntly Burn with the Fergussons *en masse.*

"*January* 3. — Promises a fair day, and I think the progress of my labours will afford me a little exercise. Walked with Colonel Russell from eleven till two, the first good day's exercise I have had since coming here. We went through all the Terrace, the Roman Planting,* over by the Stiel and Haxellcleuch, and so by the Rhymer's Glen to Chiefswood, which gave my heart a twinge, so disconsolate it seemed. Yet all is for the best. When I returned, signed a bond for £10,000, which will disencumber me of all pressing claims;† when I get forwards Woodstock and Nap. there will be £12,000 and upwards, and I hope to add £3000 against this time next year, or the devil must hold the dice. J. B. writes me seriously on the carelessness of my style. I did not think

---

* This plantation now covers the remains of an old Roman road from the Great Camp on the Eildon hills to the ford below Scott's house.

† When settling his estate on his eldest son, Sir Walter had retained the power of burdening it with £10,000 for behoof of his younger children: he now raised the sum for the assistance of the struggling firms. See *ante*, p. 265.

I had been more careless than usual; but I dare say he is right. I will be more cautious.

"*January* 4.—Despatched the deed executed yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Skene, my excellent friends, came to us from Edinburgh. Skene, distinguished for his attainments as a draughtsman, and for his highly gentlemanlike feelings and character, is Laird of Rubislaw, near Aberdeen. Having had an elder brother, his education was somewhat neglected in early life, against which disadvantage he made a most gallant fight, exerting himself much to obtain those accomplishments which he has since possessed. Admirable in all exercises, there entered a good deal of the cavalier into his early character. Of late he has given himself much to the study of antiquities. His wife, a most excellent person, was tenderly fond of Sophia. They bring so much old-fashioned kindness and good-humour with them, besides the recollections of other times, that they must be always welcome guests. Letter from Mr. Scrope,* announcing a visit.

"*January* 5.—Got the desired accommodation, which will put J. B. quite straight, but am a little anxious still about Constable. He has immense stock, to be sure, and most valuable, but he may have sacrifices to make to convert a large proportion of it into ready money. The accounts from London are most disastrous. Many wealthy persons totally ruined, and many, many more have been obliged to purchase their safety at a price they will feel all their lives. I do not hear things have been so bad in Edinburgh; and J. B.'s business has been transacted by the banks with liberality.

---

* William Scrope, Esq. of Lincolnshire—the representative of the Lords Scrope of Bolton (to whose peerage he is, I believe, entitled), was at this period much in Scotland, being a zealous angler and deer-stalker. He had a lease of Lord Somerville's pavilion opposite Melrose, and lived on terms of affectionate intimacy with Sir Walter Scott. There occurs in a subsequent entry an allusion to Mr. Scrope's eminence as an amateur artist. [Since these pages first appeared, Mr Scrope's varied accomplishments have been displayed in the interesting and elegant volume, entitled, *Art of Deer-Stalking*—Royal 8vo London, 1839.]

"Colonel Russell told us last night that the last of the Moguls, a descendant of Kubla-Khan, though having no more power than his effigies at the back of a set of playing-cards, refused to meet Lord Hastings, because the Governor-General would not agree to remain standing in his presence. Pretty well for the blood of Timur in these degenerate days!

"Much alarmed. I had walked till twelve with Skene and Russell, and then sat down to my work. To my horror and surprise I could neither write nor spell, but put down one word for another, and wrote nonsense. I was much overpowered at the same time, and could not conceive the reason. I fell asleep, however, in my chair, and slept for two hours. On my waking, my head was clearer, and I began to recollect that last night I had taken the anodyne left for the purpose by Clarkson, and, being disturbed in the course of the night, I had not slept it off. Obliged to give up writing to-day — read Pepys instead.

"*January* 6. — This seems to be a feeding storm, coming on by little and little. Wrought all day, and dined quiet. My disorder is wearing off, and the quiet society of the Skenes suits my present humour. I really thought I was in for some very bad illness. Curious expression of an Indian-born boy just come from Bengal, a son of my cousin George Swinton. The child saw a hare run across the fields, and exclaimed, 'See, there is a little tiger!'

"*January* 7 — *Sunday.* — Knight, a young artist, son of the performer, came to do a picture of me at the request of Terry This is very far from being agreeable, as I submitted to that state of constraint last year to Newton, at request of Lockhart; to Leslie, at request of my American friend; * to Wilkie, for his picture of the King's arrival at Holyrood House; and some one besides. I am as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper, and handle his brushes. But this young man is civil and modest; and I have agreed he shall be in the room while I work, and take the best likeness he can, without compelling me into the fixed attitude and yawning fatigues of an actual sitting. I think, if he has talent, he may do more my way than in the customary mode; at least I can't have the hang-dog look which the unfortunate Theseus has who is doomed to sit for what seems an eternity.*

---

* Sir Walter omits the name of his friend, — Mr. Ticknor of Boston, who possesses Mr. Leslie's portrait.

"I wrought till two o'clock — indeed till I was almost nervous with correcting and scribbling. I then walked, or rather was dragged through the snow by Tom Purdie, while Skene accompanied. What a blessing there is in a fellow like Tom, whom no familiarity can spoil, whom you may scold and praise and joke with, knowing the quality of the man is unalterable in his love and reverence to his master. Use an ordinary servant in the same way, and he will be your master in a month. We should thank God for the snow as well as summer flowers. This brushing exercise has put all my nerves into tone again, which were really jarred with fatigue until my very backbone seemed breaking. This comes of trying to do too much. J. B.'s news are as good as possible. — Prudence, prudence, and all will do excellently.

"*January* 8. — Frost and snow still. Write to excuse myself from attending the funeral of my aunt Mrs. Curle, which takes place to-morrow at Kelso. She was a woman of the old Sandy-Knowe breed, with the strong sense, high principle, and indifferent temper which belonged to my father's family. She lived with great credit on a moderate income, and I believe gave away a great deal of it.†

---

* ——— sedet, æternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus ——— VIRGIL.

† In a letter of this date, to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Scott Sir Walter says — "Poor Aunt Curle died like a Roman, or rathe

“*January* 9. — Mathews the comedian, and his son, come to spend a day at Abbotsford. Mr. Scrope also comes out.

“*January* 10. — Bodily health, the mainspring of the microcosm, seems quite restored. No more flushing or nervous fits, but the sound mind in the sound body. What poor things does a fever-fit or an overflowing of bile make of the master of creation. The snow begins to fall thick this morning —

‘The landlord then aloud did say,
As how he wished they would go away.’

To have our friends shut up here would be rather too much of a good thing. The day cleared up, and was very pleasant. Had a good walk, and looked at the curling. Mr. Mathews made himself very amusing in the evening. He has the good-nature to show his accomplishments without pressing, and without the appearance of feeling pain. On the contrary, I dare say he enjoys the pleasure he communicates.

“*January* 11. — I got proof-sheets, in which it seems I have repeated a whole passage of history which had been told before. James is in an awful stew, and I cannot blame him; but then he should consider the *hyoscyamus* which I was taking, and the anxious botheration about the money-market. However, as Chaucer says —

‘There is na workeman
That can bothe worken wel and hastilie,
This must be done at leasure parfaitly.’

“*January* 12. — Mathews last night gave us a very perfect imitation of Old Cumberland, who carried the poetic jealousy and irritability farther than any man I ever saw. He was a great flatterer, too, the old rogue. Will Erskine used to admire him. I think he wanted originality. A very high-bred

---

like one of the Sandy-Knowe bairns, the most stoical race I ever knew. She turned every one out of the room, and drew her last breath alone. So did my uncle Captain Robert Scott, and several others of that family.”

man in point of manners in society. Upon the whole, the days pass pleasantly enough — work till one or two, then an hour or two hours' walk in the snow, then lighter work, or reading. Late dinner, and singing, or chat, in the evening. Mathews has really all the will, as well as the talent, to be amusing. He confirms my idea of ventriloquism (which is an absurd word), as being merely the art of imitating sounds at a greater or less distance, assisted by some little points of trick to influence the imagination of the audience — the vulgar idea of a peculiar organization (beyond fineness of ear and of utterance) is nonsense.

"*January* 13. — Our party are about to disperse, —

> 'Like youthful steers unyoked, east, north, and south.' [*]

I am not sorry, being one of those whom too much mirth always inclines to sadness. The missing so many of my own family, together with the serious inconveniences to which I have been exposed, give me at present a desire to be alone. The Skenes return to Edinburgh, so does Mr. Scrope — *item*, the little artist; Mathews to Newcastle; his son to Liverpool. So *exeunt omnes.*

"Mathews assures me that Sheridan was generally very dull in society, and sate sullen and silent, swallowing glass after glass, rather a hinderance than a help. But there was a time when he broke out with a resumption of what had been going on, done with great force, and generally attacking some person in the company, or some opinion which he had expressed. I never saw Sheridan but in large parties. He had a Bardolph countenance, with heavy features, but his eye possessed the most distinguished brilliancy. Mathews says it is very simple in Tom Moore to admire how Sheridan came by the means of paying the price of Drury-Lane Theatre, when all the world knows he never paid it at all; and that Lacy who sold it, was reduced to want by his breach of faith. [†]

---

[*] *2d King Henry IV.* Act IV. Scene 2.

[†] See Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, vol. i. p. 191. This work was published late in 1825.

"*January* 14. — An odd mysterious letter from Constable, who has gone post to London. It strikes me to be that sort of letter which I have seen men write when they are desirous that their disagreeable intelligence should be rather apprehended than expressed. I thought he had been in London a fortnight ago, disposing of property to meet this exigence, and so I think he should. Well, I must have patience. But these terrors and frights are truly annoying. Luckily the funny people are gone, and I shall not have the task of grinning when I am serious enough.

"A letter from J. B., mentioning Constable's journey, but without expressing much apprehension. He knows C. well, and saw him before his departure, and makes no doubt of his being able easily to extricate whatever may be entangled. I will not therefore make myself uneasy. I can help doing so surely, if I will. At least, I have given up cigars since the year began, and have now no wish to return to the habit, as it is called. I see no reason why one should not, with God's assistance, shun noxious thoughts, which foretell evil, and cannot remedy it.

"*January* 15. — Like yesterday, a hard frost. Thermometer at 10; water in my dressing-room frozen to flint; yet I had a fine walk yesterday, the sun dancing delightfully on 'grim Nature's visage hoar.'* Were it not the plague of being dragged along by another person, I should like such weather as well as summer, but having Tom Purdie to do this office, reconciles me to it. *I cannot cleik with John*, as old Mrs. Mure [of Caldwell] used to say. I mean, that an ordinary menial servant thus hooked to your side reminds me of the twin bodies mentioned by Pitscottie, being two trunks on the same waist and legs. One died before the other, and remained a dead burden on the back of its companion. Such is the close union with a person whom you cannot well converse with, and whose presence is yet indispensable to your getting on. An actual companion, whether humble or your equal, is still worse

---

* Burns's *Vision*.

But Tom Purdie is just the thing, kneaded up between the friend and servant, as well as Uncle Toby's bowling-green between sand and clay. You are certain he is proud as well as patient under his burden, and you are under no more constraint than with a pony. I must ride him to-day if the weather holds up. Meantime, I will correct that curious fellow Pepys' Diary. I mean the article I have made of it for the Quarterly.

"*Edinburgh*, *January* 16. — Came through cold roads to as cold news. Hurst and Robinson have suffered a bill to come back upon Constable, which I suppose infers the ruin of both houses. We shall soon see. Dined with the Skenes.

"*January* 17. — James Ballantyne this morning, good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation; has indeed taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. Have apologized for not attending the Royal Society Club, who have a *gaudeamus* on this day, and seemed to count much on my being the preses. My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clerk, sister of Willie, died suddenly. I cannot choose but wish it had been Sir W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charles, to look after. I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament-House — felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way. But this must be borne *cum cæteris;* and, thank God, however uncomfortable, I do not feel despondent. I have seen Cadell, Ballantyne, and Hogarth: all advise me to execute a trust of my property for payment of my obligations; so does John Gibson,* and so I resolve to do. My wife and daughter are gloomy, but yet patient.

---

* Mr. John Gibson, junior, W. S., Mr. James Jollie, W. S., and Mr. Alexander Monypenny, W. S., were the three gentlemen who ultimately agreed to take charge, as trustees, of Sir Walter Scott's affairs; and certainly no gentlemen ever acquitted themselves of such an office in a manner more honourable to themselves, or more satisfactory to a client and his creditors.

"*January* 18.—He that sleeps too long in the morning, let him borrow the pillow of a debtor. So says the Spaniard, and so say I. I had of course an indifferent night of it. I wish these two days were over; but the worst *is over.* The Bank of Scotland has behaved very well—expressing a resolution to serve Constable's house and me to the uttermost; but as no one can say to what extent Hurst and Robinson's failure may go, borrowing would but linger it out.

"*January* 19. — During yesterday I received formal visits from my friends Skene and Colin Mackenzie (who, I am glad to see, looks well), with every offer of service. The Royal Bank also sent Sir John Hope * and Sir Henry Jardine † to offer to comply with my wishes. The Advocate ‡ came on the same errand. But I gave all the same answer — that my intention was to put the whole into the hands of a trustee, and to be contented with the event, and that all I had to ask was time to do so, and to extricate my affairs. I was assured of every accommodation in this way. From all quarters I have had the same kindness. — Letters from Constable and Robinson have arrived. The last persist in saying they will pay all and everybody. They say, moreover, in a postscript, that had Constable been in town ten days sooner, all would have been well. I feel quite composed and determined to labour. There is no remedy. I *guess* (as Mathews makes his Yankees say) that we shall not be troubled with visiters, and I *calculate* that I will not go out at all; so what can I do better than labour? Even yesterday I went about making notes on Waverley, according to Constable's plan. It will do good one day. To-day, when I lock this volume, I go to Woodstock. Heigho! — Knight came to stare at me to complete his portrait. He must have read a tragic page comparative to what he saw at Abbotsford. — We dined of course at home, and before and after dinner I finished about twenty printed pages of Woodstock, but to what effect others must judge. A painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavouring to convince these poor dear creatures that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labour.

---

* Sir John Hope of Pinkie and Craighall, Bart.

† Sir H. Jardine, Remembrancer in the Scotch Exchequer.

‡ The Right Hon. Sir W. Rae, Bart.

"*January* 20. — Indifferent night — very bilious, which may be want of exercise. *Mais, pourtant, cultivons notre jardin.* The public favour is my only lottery. I have long enjoyed the foremost prize, and something in my breast tells me my evil genius will not overwhelm me if I stand by myself. Why should I not? I have no enemies — many attached friends. The popular ascendency which I have maintained is of the kind which is rather improved by frequent appearances. In fact, critics may say what they will, but '*hain* your reputation, and *tyne** your reputation,' is a true proverb.

"Sir William Forbes† called, — the same kind, honest, friend as ever, with all offers of assistance, &c. &c. &c. All anxious to serve me, and careless about their own risk of loss. And these are the cold, hard, money-making men, whose questions and control I apprehended! Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam also came to see me, and the meeting, though pleasing, was melancholy. It was the first time we had met since the *break-up* of his hopes in the death of his eldest son on his return from India, where he was Chief in Council, and highly esteemed.‡ The Commissioner is not a very early friend of mine, for I scarcely knew him till his settlement in Scotland with his present office. But I have since lived much with him, and taken kindly to him as one of the most pleasant, kind-hearted, benevolent men I have ever known. It is high treason among the Tories to express regard for him or respect for the Jury Court in which he presides. I was against that experiment as much as any one. But it is an experiment, and the establishment (which the fools will not perceive) is the only thing which I see likely to give some prospects of ambition to our Bar, which has been otherwise so much diminished. As for the Chief-Commissioner, I dare say he does what all other people of consequence do in elections, and so forth. But he is the personal friend of the King, and the decided enemy of whatever strikes at the constitutional rights of the Monarch; besides, I love him for the various changes which he has endured through life, and which have been so great as to make him entitled to be regarded in one point of view as the most fortunate — in the other, the most unfortunate man in the world. He has gained and lost two fortunes by the same good luck and the same rash confidence, of which one raised, and the other now threatens, my *peculium*. And his quiet, honourable, and generous submission under circumstances more painful than mine, — for the loss of world's wealth was to him aggravated by the death of his youngest and darling son in the West Indies — furnished me at the time and now with a noble example. So Tory and Whig may go be d——d together, as names that have disturbed old Scotland, and torn asunder the most kindly feelings, since the first day they were invented. Yes, d—n them, they are the spells to rouse all our angry passions, and I dare say, notwithstanding the opinion of my private and calm moments, I will open on the cry again so soon as something occurs to claim my words. Even yet, God knows, I would fight in honourable contest with word or blow, for my political opinions; but I cannot permit that strife to mix its waters with my daily meal, those waters of bitterness which poison all mutual love and confidence betwixt the well-disposed on either side, and prevent them, if need were, from making mutual concessions and balancing the constitution against the ultras of both parties. The good man seems something broken by these afflictions.

---

* To *hain* anything is, *Anglicè*, to deal very carefully, penuriously about it — *tyne*, to lose. Scott often used to say, "hain a pen and tyne a pen;" which is nearer the proverb alluded to.

† The late Sir William Forbes, Bart., succeeded his father (the biographer of Beattie) as chief of the head private banking-house in Edinburgh. Scott's amiable friend died 24th October 1828.

‡ John Adam, Esq. died on shipboard, on his passage homewards from Calcutta, 4th June 1825.

"*January* 21. — Susannah in Tristram Shandy thinks death is best met in bed. I am sure trouble and vexation are not. The watches of the night press wearily when disturbed by fruitless regrets and disagreeable anticipations. But let it pass.

'Well, Goodman Time, or blunt, or keen,
Move thou quick, or take thy leisure,
Longest day will have its e'en,
Weariest life but treads a measure.'

"I have seen Cadell, who is very much downcast for the risk of their copy-rights being thrown away by a hasty sale. I suggested that if they went very cheap, some means might be fallen on to purchase them in. I fear the split betwixt Constable and Cadell will render impossible what might otherwise be hopeful enough. It is the Italian race-horses, I think, which, instead of riders, have spurs tied to their sides, so as to prick them into a constant gallop. Cadell tells me their gross profit was sometimes £10,000 a-year, but much swallowed up with expenses, and his partner's draughts which came to £4000 yearly. What there is to show for this, God knows. Constable's apparent expenses were very much within bounds.

"Colin Mackenzie entered, and with his usual kindness engages to use his influence to recommend some moderate proceeding to Constable's creditors, such as may permit him to go on and turn that species of property to account, which no man alive can manage so well as he.

"Followed Mr. Gibson with a most melancholy tale. Things are much worse with Constable than I apprehended. 'Naked we entered the world, and naked we leave it — blessed be the name of the Lord!'*

"*January* 22. — I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad — now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted — sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well!---There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck; —*i. e.* if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then Woodstock and Bony may both go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad,

---

* Job i. 21.

'And lay my bones far from the *Tweed.*'

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man as I ever was — neither low-spirited nor *distrait.* In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.

"Poor Mr. Pole the harper sent to offer me £500 or £600, probably his all.* There is much good in the world, after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it — else will I be *done* in the slang language, and *undone* in common parlance.

---

* Mr. Pole had long attended Sir Walter Scott's daughters as teacher of the harp. To the end, Scott always spoke of his conduct on this occasion as the most affecting circumstance that accompanied his disasters. His letter was as follows: —

"*To Sir W. Scott, Bart.*

"Dear Sir, — I need not tell you how unhappy I am to hear of your sad distresses; but if I can relieve them for an hour, I shall in some measure be repaid. I have five or six hundred pounds that I have no use for, as I am in debt to no soul, and if you can wait, I will dispose of all I have, and convert them into money. It is a duty I owe you; for it is by your kind countenance, as well as a share of good conduct, that I have been able to save a few hundred pounds, which are quite at your service. The acceptance of which, till brighter times to you will oblige, dear Sir Walter, your obedient

"JOHN FRED. POLE."

"I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting Lady S., young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past aching which would have once been inconsolable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some perhaps lament my misfortunes. But my dear mother, my almost sister, Christy Rutherford, poor Will Erskine — those would have been mourners indeed.

"Well — exertion — exertion. O Invention, rouse thyself! May man be kind! May God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong; and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would be worth gold just now, but he too might be too diffident to speak broad out. All my hope is in the continued indulgence of the public. I have a funeral-letter to the burial of the Chevalier Yelin, a foreigner of learning and talent, who has died at the Royal Hotel. He wished to be introduced to me, and was to have read a paper before the Royal Society, when this introduction was to have taken place. I was not at the Society that evening, and the poor gentleman was taken ill at the meeting and unable to proceed. He went to his bed and never rose again; and now his funeral will be the first public place I shall appear at. He dead, and I ruined; — this is what you call a meeting.

"*January* 23. — Slept ill, not having been abroad these eight days — *splendida bilis.* Then a dead sleep in the morning, and when the awakening comes, a strong feeling how well I could dispense with it for once and for ever. This passes away, however, as better and more dutiful thoughts arise in my mind. I know not if my imagination has flagged—probably it has; but at least my powers of labour have not diminished during the last melancholy week. On Monday and Tuesday my exertions were suspended. Since Wednesday inclusive, I have written thirty-eight of my close manuscript pages, of which seventy make a volume of the usual Novel size.

"Wrote till twelve A. M., finishing half of what I call a good day's work — ten pages of print, or rather twelve. Then walked in the Prince's Street pleasure-grounds with good Samaritan James Skene, the only one among my numerous friends who can properly be termed *amicus curarum mearum*, others being too busy or too gay, and several being estranged by habit.

"The walks have been conducted on the whole with much taste, though Skene has undergone much criticism, the usual reward of public exertions, on account of his plans. It is singular to walk close beneath the grim old castle, and think what scenes it must have seen, and how many generations of threescore and ten have risen and passed away. It is a place to cure one of too much sensation over earthly subjects of mutation. My wife and girl's tongues are chatting in a lively manner in the drawing-room. It does me good to hear them.

"*January* 24. — Constable came yesterday, and saw me for half an hour. He seemed irritable, but kept his temper under command. Was a little shocked when I intimated that I was disposed to regard the present works in progress as my own. I think I saw two things: — 1. That he is desirous to return into the management of his own affairs without Cadell, if he can. 2. That he relies on my connexion as the way of helping him out of the slough. Indeed he said he was ruined utterly without my countenance. I certainly will befriend him if I can, but Constable without Cadell is like getting the clock without the pendulum: — the one having the ingenuity, the other the caution of the business. I will see my way before making any bargain, and I will help them, I am sure, if I can, without endangering my last cast for freedom.—Worked out my task yesterday. — My kind friend Mrs. Coutts has got the cadetship for Pringle Shortreed, in which I was peculiarly interested.

"I went to the Court for the first time to-day, and, like the man with the large nose, thought every body was thinking of me and my mishaps. Many were, undoubtedly, and all rather regrettingly; some obviously affected. It is singular to see the difference of men's manner whilst they strive to be kind or civil in their way of addressing me. Some smiled as they wished me good-day, as if to say, 'Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts.' Others greeted me with the affected gravity which one sees and despises at a funeral. The best-bred — all, I believe, meaning equally well — just shook hands and went on. A foolish puff in the papers, calling on men and gods to assist a popular author, who having choused the public of many thousands, had not the sense to keep wealth when he had it. If I am hard pressed, and measures used against me, I must use all means of legal defence, and subscribe myself bankrupt in a petition for sequestration. It is the course one should, at any rate, have advised a client to take. But for this I would, in a Court of Honour, deserve to lose my spurs. No, if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to be called the Insolvent, which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the power of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me. Went to the funeral of Chevalier Yelin, the literary foreigner mentioned on 22d. How many and how various are the ways of affliction! Here is this poor man dying at a distance from home, his proud heart broken, his wife and family anxiously expecting letters, and doomed only to learn they have lost a husband and father for ever. He lies buried on the Calton Hill, near learned and scientific dust — the graves of David Hume and John Playfair being side by side.

"*January* 25. — Anne is ill this morning. May God help us! If it should prove serious, as I have known it in such cases, where am I to find courage or comfort? A thought has struck me — Can we do nothing for creditors with the goblin drama, called the Fortunes of Devorgoil? Could it not be added to Woodstock as a fourth volume? Terry refused a gift of it, but he was quite and entirely wrong; it is not good but it may be made so. Poor Will Erskine liked it much.

"*January* 26. — Spoke to J. B. last night about Devorgoil, who does not seem to relish the proposal, alleging the comparative failure of Halidon Hill. Ay, says Self-Conceit, but he has not read it — and when he does, it is the sort of wild fanciful work betwixt heaven and earth, which men of solid parts do not estimate. Pepys thought Shakspeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream the most silly play he had ever seen, and Pepys was probably judging on the same grounds with J. B., though presumptuous enough to form conclusions against a very different work from any of mine. How if I send it to Lockhart by and by?

"Gibson comes with a joyful face, announcing all the creditors had unanimously agreed to a private trust. This is handsome and confidential, and must warm my best efforts to get them out of the scrape. I will not doubt — to doubt is to lose. Sir William Forbes took the chair, and behaved, as he has ever done, with the generosity of ancient faith and early friendship. That House is more deeply concerned than most. In what scenes have Sir William and I not borne share together — desperate and almost bloody affrays, rivalries, deep drinking matches, and finally, with the kindliest feelings on both sides, somewhat separated by his retiring much within the bosom of his family, and I moving little beyond mine. It is fated our planets should cross, though, and that at the periods most interesting for me. Down — down — a hundred thoughts.

"I hope to sleep better to-night. If I do not, I shall get ill, and then I cannot keep my engagements. Is it not odd? I can command my eyes to be awake when toil and weariness sit on my eyelids, but to draw the curtain of oblivion is beyond my power. I remember some of the wild Buccaneers, in their impiety, succeeded pretty well by shutting hatches and burning brimstone and assafœtida to make a tolerable imitation of *hell* — but the pirates' *heaven* was a wretched affair. It is one of the worst things about this system of ours, that it is a hundred times more easy to inflict pain than to create pleasure.

" *January* 27*th.* — Slept better, and less bilious, owing doubtless to the fatigue of the preceding night, and the more comfortable news. Wrote to Laidlaw, directing him to make all preparations for reduction. The Celtic Society present me with the most splendid broadsword I ever saw — a beautiful piece of art, and a most noble weapon. Honourable Mr. Steuart (second son of the Earl of Moray), General Graham Stirling, and MacDougal, attended as a committee to present it. This was very kind of my friends the Celts, with whom I have had so many merry meetings. It will be a rare legacy to Walter — for myself, good lack ! it is like Lady Dowager Don's prize in a lottery of hardware ; she — a venerable lady who always wore a haunch-hoop, silk negligé, and triple ruffles at the elbow — having the luck to gain a pair of silver spurs and a whip to correspond.

" *January* 28*th.* — These last four or five days I have wrought little ; to-day I set on the steam and ply my paddles.

" *January* 29. — The proofs came so thick in yesterday that much was not done. But I began to be hard at work to-day. I must not *gurnalize* much.

" Mr. Jollie, who is to be my trustee, in conjunction with Gibson, came to see me ; — a pleasant and good-humoured man, and has high reputation as a man of business. I told him, and I will keep my word, that he would at least have no trouble by my interfering and thwarting their management. which is not the unfrequent case of trusters and trustees.

" Constable's business seems unintelligible. No man thought the house worth less than £150,000. Constable told me, when he was making his will, that he was worth £80,000. Great profits on almost all the adventures. No bad speculations —

yet neither stock nor debt to show. Constable might have eaten up his share; but Cadell was very frugal. No doubt trading almost entirely on accommodation is dreadfully expensive.

"*January* 30. — I laboured fairly yesterday. The stream rose fast — if clearly, is another question; but there is bulk for it, at least — about thirty printed pages.

'And now again, boys, to the oar.'

"*January* 31. — There being nothing in the roll this morning, I stay at home from the Court, and add another day's perfect labour to Woodstock, which is worth five days of snatched intervals, when the current of thought and invention is broken in upon, and the mind shaken and diverted from its purpose by a succession of petty interruptions. I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole. I feel as if I had shaken off from my shoulders a great mass of garments, rich indeed, but always more a burden than a comfort. I shall be free of an hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration — of the expense of a great hospitality — and what is better, of the great waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate. I sleep and eat and work as I was wont; and if I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, Time must salve that sore, and to Time I trust it.

"Since the 14th of this month no guest has broken bread in my house, save G. H. Gordon* one morning at breakfast. This happened never before since I had a house of my own. But I have played Abou Hassan long enough and if the Caliph comes I would turn him back again

---

* Mr. Gordon (of whom more in the sequel) was at this time Scott's amanuensis: he copied, that is to say, the MS. for press.

"*February* 1.—A most generous letter (though not more so than I expected) from Walter and Jane, offering to interpose with their fortune, &c. God Almighty forbid!—that were too unnatural in me to accept, though dutiful and affectionate in them to offer. They talk of India still. With my damaged fortune I cannot help them to remain by exchange and so forth. God send what is for the best. Attended the Court, and saw J. B. and Cadell as I returned. Both very gloomy. Came home to work, &c., about two.

"*February* 2.—An odd visit this morning from Miss —— of——, whose lawsuit with a Methodist parson of the name of —— made some noise. The worthy divine had in the basest manner interfered to prevent this lady's marriage by two anonymous letters, in which he contrived to refer the lover, to whom they were addressed, for farther corroboration to *himself*. The whole imposition makes the subject of a little pamphlet. The lady ventured for redress into the thicket of English law—lost one suit—gained another, with £300 damages, and was ruined. The appearance and person of Miss —— are prepossessing. She is about thirty years old, a brunette, with regular and pleasing features, marked with melancholy—an enthusiast in literature, and probably in religion. She had been at Abbotsford to see me, and made her way to me here, in the vain hope that she could get her story worked up into a novel; and certainly the thing is capable of interesting situations. It throws a curious light upon the aristocratic or rather hieratic influence exercised by the Methodist preachers within the *connexion*, as it is called. Admirable food this would be for the Quarterly, or any other reviewers, who might desire to feed fat their grudge against these sectarians. But there are two reasons against such a publication. First, it could do the poor sufferer no good. 2dly, It might hurt the Methodist connexion very much, which I for one would not like to injure. They have their faults, and are peculiarly liable to those of hypocrisy, and spiritual ambition, and priestcraft. On the other hand, they do infinite good, carrying religion into classes in society where it would scarce be found to penetrate, did it rely merely upon proof of its doctrines, upon calm reason, and upon rational argument. The Methodists add a powerful appeal to the feelings and passions; and though I believe this is often exaggerated into absolute enthusiasm, yet I consider upon the whole they do much to keep alive a sense of religion, and the practice of morality necessarily connected with it. It is much to the discredit of the Methodist clergy, that when this calumniator was actually convicted of guilt morally worse than many men are hanged for, they only degraded him from the *first* to the *second* class of their preachers. If they believed him innocent, they did too much — if guilty, far too little.

"*February* 3. — This is the first time since my troubles that I felt at awaking,

'I had drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep.'

I made not the slightest pause, nor dreamed a single dream, nor even changed my side. This is a blessing to be grateful for. — There is to be a meeting of the creditors to-day, but I care not for the issue. If they drag me into the Court, *obtorto collo*, instead of going into this scheme of arrangement, they will do themselves a great injury, and perhaps eventually do me good, though it would give me much pain. — James Ballantyne is severely critical on what he calls imitations of Mrs. Radcliffe in Woodstock. Many will think with him — yet I am of opinion he is quite wrong, or as friend J. F.*

---

* J. F. stands for James Ferrier, Esq. — one of Sir Walter's brethren of the Clerk's table — the father of his esteemed and admired friend the authoress of *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, &c. [I had found, as the second edition was advancing through the press, that Sir Walter owed not a little to the kindness of Mr. Ferrier, in the arrangement with Mr. Home, by which he came, in 1811, into the full enjoyment of his rights as a Clerk of Session. The following is part of a letter to Mr. F., dated Ashestiel, 18th Sept. 1811: — "My Dear Sir, I am favoured with your letter, acquainting me with your kind exertions

says, *vrong*. In the first place, am I to look on the mere fact of another author having treated a subject happily, as a bird looks on a potato-bogle which scares it away from a field, otherwise as free to its depredations as anywhere else? In 2d place, I have taken a wide difference: my object is not to excite fear of supernatural things in my reader, but to show the effect of such fear upon the agents in the story — one a man of sense and firmness — one a man unhinged by remorse — one a stupid uninquiring clown — one a learned and worthy, but superstitious divine. In 3d place, the book turns on this hinge, and cannot want it. But I will try to insinuate the refutation of Aldiboronti's exception into the prefatory matter. — From the 19th January to the 2d February inclusive, is exactly fifteen days, during which time, with the intervention of some days' idleness, to let imagination brood on the task a little, I have written a volume. I think, for a bet, I could have done it in ten days. Then I must have had no Court of Session to take me up hours every morning, and dissipate my attention and powers of working for the rest of the day. A volume, at cheapest, is worth £1000 This is working at the rate of £24,000 a-year; but then we must not bake buns faster than people have appetite to eat them. They are not essential to the market, like potatoes.

"John Gibson came to tell me in the evening that a meet-

on my part to supply my Lord Advocate with his materials. If I were to begin acknowledging my feelings of the friendship which you have shown me in this (to me very important matter), it would fill a much longer letter than at present I propose to write. But as you have thought me worthy of so much kindness, you must also give me credit for feeling it as I should do, and that is all that can be said among friends.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

"Yours faithfully, WALTER SCOTT.

"Pray, as you are a ruling elder, solve me a case of conscience. They are clearing out the modern additions from Melrose Abbey — will it be absolute sacrilege to build my cottage with the stones their operations afford, providing I can get them for next to nothing?"]

ing to-day had approved of the proposed trust. I know not why, but the news gives me little concern. I heard it as a party indifferent. I remember hearing that Mandrin * testified some horror when he found himself bound alive on the wheel, and saw the executioner approach with a bar of iron to break his limbs. After the second and third blow, he fell a-laughing, and being asked the reason by his confessor, said he laughed at his own folly, which had anticipated increased agony at every blow, when it was obvious that the *first* must have jarred and confounded the system of the nerves so much as to render the succeeding blows of little consequence. I suppose it is so with the moral feeling; at least I could not bring myself to be anxious whether these matters were settled one way or other.

"*February* 4. — Wrote to Mr. Laidlaw to come to town upon Monday, and see the trustees. To farm or not to farm, that is the question. With our careless habits, it were best, I think, to risk as little as possible. Lady Scott will not exceed with ready money in her hand; but calculating on the produce of a farm is different, and neither she nor I are capable of that minute economy. Two cows should be all we should keep. But I find Lady S. inclines much for the four. If she had her youthful activity, and could manage things, it would be well, and would amuse her. But I fear it is too late for work.

"Wrote only two pages (of manuscript) and a half to-day. As the boatswain said, one can't dance always *nouther*. But, were we sure of the quality of the stuff, what opportunities for labour does this same system of retreat afford us! I am convinced that in three years I could do more than in the last ten, but for the mine being, I fear, exhausted. Give me my popularity (*an awful postulate!*) and all my present difficulties shall be a joke in four years; and it is *not* lost yet, at least.

---

* "Authentic Memoirs of the remarkable Life and surprising Exploits of Mandrin, Captain-General of the French Smugglers, who for the space of nine months resolutely stood in defiance of the whole Army of France, &c. 8vo. Lond. 1755" See Waverley Novels, ***The Betrothed***, chap. xxx., *note*.

"*February* 5.—Rose after a sound sleep, and here am I without bile or anything to perturb my inward man. It is just about three weeks since so great a change took place in my relations in society, and already I am indifferent to it. But I have been always told my feelings of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, enjoyment and privation, are much colder than those of other people.

'I think the Romans call it stoicism.'

"Missie was in the drawing-room, and overheard William Clerk and me laughing excessively at some foolery or other in the back-room, to her no small surprise, which she did not keep to herself. But do people suppose that he was less sorry for his poor sister, or I for my lost fortune? If I have a very strong passion in the world, it is *pride*, and that never hinged upon world's gear, which was always with me—light come, light go.

"*February* 6.—Letters received yesterday from Lord Montagu, John Morritt, and Mrs. Hughes,—kind and dear friends all—with solicitous inquiries. But it is very tiresome to tell my story over again, and I really hope I have few more friends intimate enough to ask me for it. I dread letter-writing, and envy the old hermit of Prague, who never saw pen or ink. What then? one must write; it is a part of the law we live on. Talking of writing, I finished my six pages, neat and handsome, yesterday.—N.B. At night I fell asleep, and the oil dropped from the lamp upon my manuscript. Will this extreme unction make it go smoothly down with the public?

'Thus idly we profane the sacred time,
By silly prose, light jest, and lighter rhyme.'

I have a song to write, too, and I am not thinking of it.

trust it will come upon me at once — a sort of catch it should be.* I walked out, feeling a little overwrought.

"*February* 7. — My old friend Sir Peter Murray called to offer his own assistance, Lord Justice-Clerk's, and Abercromby's, to negotiate for me a seat upon the Bench [of the Court of Session] instead of my sheriffdom and clerkship. I explained to him the use which I could make of my pen was not, I thought, consistent with that situation; and that, besides, I had neglected the law too long to permit me to think of it: but this was kindly and honourably done. I can see people think me much worse off than I think myself. They may be right; but I will not be beat till I have tried a rally, and a bold one.

"*February* 8. — Slept ill, and rather bilious in the morning. Many of the Bench now are my juniors. I will not seek *ex eleemosynâ* a place which, had I turned my studies that way, I might have aspired to long ago *ex meritis*. My pen should do much better for me than the odd £1000 a-year. If it fails, I will lean on what they leave me. Another chance might be, if it fails, in the patronage which might, after a year or two, place me in Exchequer. But I do not count on this unless, indeed, the Duke of Buccleuch, when he comes of age, should choose to make play. Got to my work again, and wrote easier than the two last days.

"Mr. Laidlaw came in from Abbotsford, and dined with us. We spent the evening in laying down plans for the farm, and deciding whom we should keep and whom dismiss among the people. This we did on the true negro-driving principle of self-interest — the only principle I know which *never* swerves from its objects. We chose all the active, young, and powerful men, turning old age and infirmity adrift. I cannot help this, for a guinea cannot do the work of five; but I will contrive to make it easier to the sufferers.

---

* See "Glee for King Charles," *Woodstock*, chap. xx.

"*February* 9. — A stormy morning, lowering and blustering like our fortunes. *Mea virtute me involvo.* But I must say to the muse of fiction as the Earl of Pembroke said to the ejected nuns of Wilton: — 'Go spin, you jades, go spin!' Perhaps she has no tow on her *rock.* When I was at Kil kenny last year we went to see a nunnery, but could not converse with the sisters because they were in *strict retreat.* I was delighted with the red-nosed Padre, who showed us the place with a sort of proud, unctuous humiliation, and apparent dereliction of the world, that had to me the air of a complete Tartuffe; a strong, sanguine, square-shouldered son of the Church, whom a Protestant would be apt to warrant against any sufferings he was like to sustain by privation. My purpose, however, just now was to talk of the *strict retreat*, which did not prevent the nuns from walking in their little garden, peeping at us, and allowing us to peep at them. Well, now *we* are in *strict retreat;* and if we had been so last year, instead of gallivanting to Ireland, this affair might not have befallen — if literary labour could have prevented it. But who could have suspected Constable's timbers to have been rotten from the beginning?

"Visited the Exhibition on my way home from the Court. The new rooms are most splendid, and several good pictures. The institution has subsisted but five years, and it is astonishing how much superior the worst of the present collection are to the teaboard-looking things which first appeared. John Thomson, of Duddingstone, has far the finest picture in the Exhibition, of a large size — subject *Dunluce*, a ruinous castle of the Antrim family, near the Giant's Causeway, with one of those terrible seas and skies which only Thomson can paint. Found Scrope there, improving a picture of his own, an Italian scene in Calabria. He is, I think, one of the very best amateur painters I ever saw — Sir George Beaumont scarcely excepted.

"I would not write to-day after I came home. I will not say could not, for it is not true; but I was lazy; felt the desire *far niente*, which is the sign of one's mind being at ease

I read *The English in Italy*, which is a clever book. Byron used to kick and frisk more contemptuously against the literary gravity and slang than any one I ever knew who had climbed so high. Then, it is true, I never knew any one climb so high — and before you despise the eminence, carrying people along with you as convinced that you are not playing the fox and the grapes, you must be at the top. Moore told me some delightful stories of him. * * * * * *† He wrote from impulse, never from effort; and therefore I have always reckoned Burns and Byron the most genuine poetical geniuses of my time, and half a century before me. We have many men of high poetical talent, but none, I think, of that ever-gushing and perennial fountain of natural waters.

"Mr. Laidlaw dined with us. Says Mr. Gibson told him he would dispose of my affairs, were it any but Sir W. S. No doubt, so should I. I am wellnigh doing so at any rate. But, *fortuna juvante!* much may be achieved. At worst, the prospect is not very discouraging to one who wants little. Methinks I have been like Burns's poor labourer,

'So constantly in Ruin's sight,
The view o't gives me little fright.'"

---

† Here follow several anecdotes, since published in Moore's *Life of Byron.*

CHAPTER LXVII.

Extract from James Ballantyne's Memoranda — Anecdote from Mr. Skene — Letters of January and February 1826, *to J. G. Lockhart, Mr. Morritt, and Lady Davy — Result of the embarrassments of Constable, Hurst, and Ballantyne — Resolution of Sir Walter Scott — Malachi Malagrowther.*

1826.

I INTERRUPT, for a moment, Sir Walter's Diary, to introduce a few collateral illustrations of the period embraced in the foregoing chapter. When he returned to Edinburgh from Abbotsford on Monday the 16th of January, he found (as we have seen) that Hurst & Co. had dishonoured a bill of Constable's; and then proceeded, according to engagement, to dine at Mr. Skene of Rubislaw's. Mr. Skene assures me that he appeared that evening quite in his usual spirits, conversing on whatever topic was started as easily and gaily as if there had been no impending calamity; but at parting, he whispered, "Skene, I have something to speak to you about; be so good as to look in on me as you go to the Parliament-House to-morrow." When Skene called in Castle Street, about half-past nine o'clock next morning, he found Scott writing in his study. He rose, and said, "My friend, give me a shake of your hand — mine is that of a beggar." He then told him that Ballantyne had just been with him, and that his ruin was certain and complete; explaining, briefly, the nature of his connexion with the three houses, whose downfall must that morning be made public. He added, "Don't fancy I am going to stay at home to brood idly on what can't be helped. I was at work upon Woodstock when you came in, and I shall take up the pen the moment I get back from Court. I mean to dine with you again on Sunday, and hope then to report progress to some purpose." When Sunday came, he reported accordingly, that, in spite of all the numberless interruptions of meetings and conferences with his partner, the Constables, and men of business — to say nothing of his distressing anxieties on account of his wife and daughter — he had written a chapter of his novel every intervening day.

The reader may be curious to see what account James Ballantyne's memorandum gives of that dark announcement on the morning of Tuesday the 17th. It is as follows: — "On the evening of the 16th, I received from Mr. Cadell a distinct message putting me in possession of the truth. I called immediately in Castle Street, but found Sir Walter had gained an unconscious respite by being engaged out at dinner. It was between eight and nine next morning that I made the final communication. No doubt he was greatly stunned — but, upon the whole, he bore it with wonderful fortitude. He then asked, 'Well, what is the actual step we must first take — I suppose we must do something?' I reminded him that two or three thousand pounds were due that day, so that we had only to do what we must do — refuse payment — to bring the disclosure sufficiently before the world. He took leave of me with these striking words, 'Well, James, depend upon that, I will never forsake you.'"

After the ample details of Scott's Diary, it would be idle to quote here many of his private letters in January 1826; but I must give two of those addressed to myself, — one written at Abbotsford on the 15th, the day before he started for Edinburgh to receive the fatal intelligence — the other on the 20th. It will be seen that I had been so very unwise as to intermingle with the account of one of my painful interviews with Constable, an expression of surprise at the nature of Sir Walter's commercial engagements, which had then for the first time been explained to me; and every reader will, I am sure, appreciate the gentleness of the reply, however unsatisfactory he may consider it as regards the main fact in question.

" *To John Lockhart, Esq., 25 Pall-Mall, London.*

"Abbotsford, January 15, 1826.

" My Dear Lockhart, — I have both your packets. I have been quite well since my attack, only for some time very down-hearted with the calomel and another nasty stuff they call hyoscyamus — and to say truth, the silence of my own household, which used to be merry at this season.

" I enclose the article on Pepys. It is totally uncorrected, so I wish of course much to see it in proof if possible, as it must be dreadfully inaccurate; the opiate was busy with my brain when the beginning was written, and as James Ballantyne complains wofully, so will your printer, I doubt. The subject is like a good sirloin, which requires only to be basted with its own drippings. I had little trouble of research or reference; perhaps I have made it too long, or introduced too many extracts — if so, use the pruning-knife, hedgebill, or axe, *ad libitum*. You know I don't care a curse about what I write, or what becomes of it.

" To-morrow, snow permitting, we go in to Edinburgh meantime ye can expect no news from this place. I saw poor

Chiefswood the other day. Cock-a-pistol* sends his humble remembrances. Commend me a thousand times to the magnanimous Johnnie. I live in hopes he will not greatly miss Marion and the red cow. Don't let him forget poor ha-papa. — Farewell, my dear Lockhart: never trouble yourself about writing to me, for I suspect you have enough of that upon hand.

"Pardon my sending you such an unwashed, uncombed thing as the enclosed. I really can't see now to read my own hand, so bad have my eyes or my fingers or both become. Always yours affectionately, WALTER SCOTT."

"*To the Same.*

"Edinburgh, January 20, 1826.

"My Dear Lockhart, — I have your kind letter. Whenever I heard that Constable had made a *cessio fori*, I thought it became me to make public how far I was concerned in these matters, and to offer my fortune so far as it was prestable, and the completion of my literary engagements — (the better thing almost of the two) — to make good all claims upon Ballantyne and Co.; and even supposing that neither Hurst and Co. nor Constable and Co. ever pay a penny they owe me, my old age will be far from destitute — even if my right hand should lose its cunning. This is the *very worst* that can befall me; but I have little doubt that, with ordinary management, the affairs of those houses will turn out favourably. It is needless to add, that I will not engage myself, as Constable desires, for £20,000 more — or £2000 — or £200. I have advanced enough already to pay other people's debts, and must now pay my own. If our friend C. had set out a fortnight earlier, nothing of all this would have happened; but he let the hour of distress precede the hour of provision, and he and others must pay for it. Yet don't hint this to him, poor fellow — it is an infirmity of nature.

---

* A gardener, by name James Scott, who lived at a place called popularly Cock-a-pistol, because the battle of Melrose (A. D. 1526) began there.

"I have made my matters public, and have had splendid offers of assistance, all which I have declined, for I would rather bear my own burden, than subject myself to obligation There is but one way in such cases.

"It is easy, no doubt, for any friend to blame me for entering into connexion with commercial matters at all. But I wish to know what I could have done better — excluded from the bar, and then from all profits for six years, by my colleague's prolonged life. Literature was not in those days what poor Constable has made it; and, with my little capital, I was too glad to make commercially the means of supporting my family. I got but £600 for the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and — it was a price that made men's hair stand on end — £1000 for Marmion. I have been far from suffering by James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say, that his difficulties, as well as his advantages, are owing to me. I trusted too much to Constable's assurances of his own and his correspondents' stability, but yet I believe he was only sanguine. The upshot is just what Hurst and Co. and Constable may be able to pay me; if 15s. in the pound, I shall not complain of my loss, for I have gained many thousands in my day. But while I live I shall regret the downfall of Constable's house, for never did there exist so intelligent and so liberal an establishment. They went too far when money was plenty, that is certain; yet if every author in Britain had taxed himself half a year's income, he should have kept up the house which first broke in upon the monopoly of the London trade, and made letters what they now are.

"I have had visits from all the monied people, offering their purses — and those who are creditors, sending their managers and treasurers to assure me of their joining in and adopting any measure I may propose. I am glad of this for their sake, and for my own — for although I shall not desire to steer, yet I am the only person that can *conn*, as Lieutenant Hatchway says, to any good purpose. A very odd anonymous offer I had of £30,000,* which I rejected, as I did every other

---

* Sir Walter never knew the name of this munificent person.

Unless I die, I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one. Since my creditors are content to be patient, I have the means of righting them perfectly, and the confidence to employ them. I would have given a good deal to have avoided the *coup d'eclat;* but that having taken place, I would not give sixpence for any other results. I fear you will think I am writing in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune. My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as you ever saw me, and working at Woodstock like a very tiger. I am grieved for Lady Scott and Anne, who cannot conceive adversity can have the better of them, even for a moment. If it teaches a little of the frugality which I never had the heart to enforce when money was plenty, and it seemed cruel to interrupt the enjoyment of it in the way they liked best — it will be well.

"Kindest love to Sophia, and tell her to study the song* and keep her spirits up. Tyne heart, tyne all; and it is making more of money than it is worth to grieve about it. Kiss Johnnie for me. How glad I am fortune carried you to London before these reverses happened, as they would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the sinking ship. Yours, dear Lockhart, affectionately,

"WALTER SCOTT."

From Sir Walter's letters of the same period, to friends out of his own family, I select the following: —

"*To J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., &c., Marine Terrace, Brighton.*

"Edinburgh, 6th February 1826.

"My Dear Morritt, — It is very true I have been, and am, in danger of a pecuniary loss, and probably a very large one, which, in the uncertainty, I look at as to the full extent, being the manly way of calculating such matters, since one may be better, but can hardly be worse. I can't say I feel overjoyed at losing a large sum of hard-earned money in a most unexpected manner, for all men considered Constable's people secure as the Bank; yet, as I have obtained an arrangement of payment convenient for everybody concerned, and easy for myself, I cannot say that I care much about the matter. Some economical restrictions I will make; and it happened oddly that they were such as Lady Scott and myself had almost determined upon without this compulsion. Abbotsford will henceforth be our only establishment; and during the time I must be in town, I will take my bed at the Albyn Club. We shall also break off the rather excessive hospitality to which we were exposed, and no longer stand host and hostess to all that do pilgrimage to Melrose. Then I give up an expensive farm, which I always hated, and turn all my odds and ends into cash. I do not reckon much on my literary exertions — I mean in proportion to former success — because popular taste may fluctuate. But with a moderate degree of the favour which I have always had, my time my own, and my mind unplagued about other things, I may boldly promise myself soon to get the better of this blow.

---

* *Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.*

"In these circumstances, I should be unjust and ungrateful to ask or accept the pity of my friends. I, for one, do not see there is much occasion for making moan about it. My womankind will be the greater sufferers, — yet even they look cheerily forward; and, for myself, the blowing off my hat in a stormy day has given me more uneasiness.

"I envy your Brighton party and your fine weather. When I was at Abbotsford, the mercury was down at six or seven in the morning more than once. I am hammering away at a bit of a story from the old affair of the *diablerie* at Woodstock in the Long Parliament times. I don't like it much. I am obliged to hamper my fanatics greatly too much to make them effective; but I make the sacrifice on principle; so, perhaps, I shall deserve good success in other parts of the work You will be surprised when I tell you that I have written a volume in exactly fifteen days. To be sure, I permitted no interruptions. But then I took exercise, and for ten days of the fifteen attended the Court of Session from two to four hours every day. This is nothing, however, to writing Ivanhoe when I had the actual cramp in my stomach; but I have no idea of these things preventing a man from doing what he has a mind. My love to all the party at Brighton — fireside party I had almost said, but you scorn my words — seaside party then be it. Lady Scott and Anne join in kindest love. I must close my letter, for one of the consequences of our misfortunes is, that we dine every day at half-past four o'clock; which premature hour arises, I suppose, from sorrow being hungry as well as thirsty. One most laughable part of our tragic comedy was, that every friend in the world came formally, just as they do here when a relation dies, thinking that the eclipse of *les beaux yeux de ma cassette* was perhaps a loss as deserving of consolation.

"We heard an unpleasant report that your nephew was ill. I am glad to see from your letter it is only the lady, and in the right way; and I hope, *Scotticè loquens*, she will be worse before she is better. This mistake is something like the Irish blunder in Faulkner's Journal, 'For *his* Grace the Duchess of Devonshire was safely delivered — read *her* Grace the Duke of Devonshire, &c.' — Always yours affectionately,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"P. S. — Will you do me a favour? Set fire to the Chinese stables; and if it embrace the whole of the Pavilion, it will rid me of a great eye-sore."

"*To Lady Davy*, 26 *Park Street*, *London*.

"**6th February 1826.**

"My Dear Lady Davy, — A very few minutes since, I received your kind letter. and answer it in all frankness, and, in Iago's words, 'I am *hurt*, ma'am, but not killed' — nor even kilt. I have made so much by literature, that, even should this loss fall in its whole extent, and we now make preparations for the worst, it will not break, and has not broken, my sleep. If I have good luck, I may be as rich again as ever; if not, I shall have still far more than many of the most deserving people in Britain — soldiers, sailors, statesmen, or men of literature

"I am much obliged to you for your kindness to Sophia, who has tact, and great truth of character, I believe. She will wish to take her company, as the scandal said ladies liked their wine, little and good; and I need not say I shall be greatly obliged by your continued notice of one you have known now for a long time. I am, between ourselves, afraid of the little boy; he is terribly delicate in constitution, and so twined about the parents' hearts, that —— But it is needless croaking; what is written on our foreheads at our birth shall be accomplished. So far I am a good Moslem.

"Lockhart is, I think, in his own line, and therefore I do not regret his absence, though, in our present arrangement, as my wife and Anne propose to remain all the year round at Abbotsford, I shall be solitary enough in my lodgings. But I always loved being a bear and sucking my paws in solitude, better than being a lion and ramping for the amusement of others; and as I propose to slam the door in the face of all and sundry for these three years to come, and neither eat nor give to eat, I shall come forth bearish enough, should I live to make another avatar. Seriously, I intend to receive nobody, old and intimate friends excepted, at Abbotsford this season, for it costs me much more in time than otherwise.

"I beg my kindest compliments to Sir Humphry; and tell him Ill Luck, that direful chemist, never put into his crucible a more indissoluble piece of stuff than your affectionate cousin and sincere well-wisher, WALTER SCOTT."

I offer no cold comments on the strength of character which Sir Walter Scott exhibited in the crisis of his calamities. But for the revelations of his Diary, it would never have been known to his most intimate friends, or even to his own affectionate children, what struggles it cost him to reach the lofty serenity of mind which was reflected in all his outward conduct and demeanour.

As yet, however, he had hardly prepared himself for the extent to which Constable's debts exceeded his assets. The obligations of that house amounted, on a final reckoning, to £256,000; those of Hurst and Robinson to somewhere about £300,000. The former paid, ultimately, only 2s. 9d. in the pound; the latter about 1s. 3d.

The firm of James Ballantyne and Co. might have allowed itself to be declared bankrupt, and obtained a speedy discharge, as the bookselling concerns did, for all its obligations; — but that Sir Walter Scott was a partner. Had he chosen to act in the manner commonly adopted by commercial insolvents, the matter would have been settled in a very short time. The creditors of Ballantyne and Co. — (whose claims, including sheafs of bills of all descriptions, amounted to £117,000) — would have brought into the market whatever property, literary or otherwise, he at the hour of failure possessed; they would have had a right to his liferent at Abbotsford, among other things — and to his reversionary interest in the estate, in case either his eldest son or his daughter-in-law should die without leaving issue, and thus void the provisions of their marriage-contract. All this being brought into the market, the result would have been a dividend very far superior to what the creditors of Constable and Hurst received; and in return, the partners in the printing firm would have been left at liberty to reap for themselves the profits of their future exertions. Things were, however, complicated in consequence of the transfer of Abbotsford in January 1825. At first, some creditors seem to have had serious thoughts of contesting the validity of that transaction; but a little reflection and examination satisfied them that nothing could be gained by such an attempt. But, on the other hand, Sir Walter felt that he had done wrong in placing any part of his property beyond the reach of his creditors, by entering into that marriage-contract without a previous most deliberate examination into the state of his responsibilities. He must have felt in this manner, though I have no sort of doubt, that the result of such an examination in January 1825, if accompanied by an instant calling in of all *counter-bills*, would have been to leave him at perfect liberty to do all that he did upon that occasion. However that may have been, and whatever may have been his delicacy respecting this point, he regarded the embarrassment of his commercial firm, on the whole, with the feelings not of a merchant but of a gentleman. He thought that by devoting the rest of his life to the service of his creditors, he could, in the upshot, pay the last farthing he owed them. They (with one or two paltry exceptions) applauded his honourable intentions and resolutions, and partook, to a certain extent, in the self-reliance of their debtor. Nor had they miscalculated as to their interest. Nor had Sir Walter calculated wrongly. He paid the penalty of health and life, but he saved his honour and his self-respect: —

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past." *

As soon as Parliament met, the recent convulsion in the commercial world became the subject of some very remarkable debates in the Lower House; and the Ministers, tracing it mainly to the rash facility of bankers in yielding credit to speculators, proposed to strike at the root of the evil by taking from private banks the privilege of circulating their own notes as money, and limiting even the Bank of England to the issue of notes of £5 value and upwards. The Government designed that this regulation should apply to Scotland as well as England; and the northern public received the announcement with almost universal reprobation. The Scotch banks apprehended a most serious curtailment of their profits; and the merchants and traders of every class were well disposed to back them in opposing the Ministerial innovation. Scott, ever sensitively jealous as to the interference of English statesmen with the internal affairs of his native kingdom, took the matter up with as much zeal as he could have displayed against the Union had he lived in the days of Queen Anne. His national feelings may have been somewhat stimulated, perhaps, by his deep sense of gratitude for the generous forbearance which several Edinburgh banking-houses had just been exhibiting toward himself; and I think it need not be doubted, moreover, that the *splendida bilis* which, as the Diary shows, his own misfortunes had engendered, demanded some escape-valve. Hence the three Letters of Malachi Malagrowther, which appeared first in the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, and were afterwards collected into a pamphlet by the late Mr. Blackwood, who, on that occasion, for the first time, had justice done to his personal character by "the Black Hussar of Literature."

---

* This fine line is from a sonnet on Sir Walter Scott's death, by the late Sir Egerton Brydges.

These diatribes produced in Scotland a sensation not, perhaps, inferior to that of the Drapier's letters in Ireland; a greater one, certainly, than any political tract had excited in the British public at large since the appearance of Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. They were answered most elaborately and acutely in the London Courier (then the semi-official organ of Lord Liverpool's Government) by Sir Walter's friend, the secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Croker, who, perhaps, hazarded, in the heat of his composition, a few personal allusions that might as well have been spared, and which might have tempted a less good-natured antagonist to a fiery rejoinder. Meeting, however, followed meeting, and petition on petition came up with thousands of signatures; and the Ministers erelong found that the opposition, of which Malachi had led the van, was, in spite of all their own speeches and Mr. Croker's essays, too strong and too rapidly strengthening, to be safely encountered. The Scotch part of the measure was dropt ; and Scott, having carried his practical object, was not at all disposed to persist in a controversy which, if farther pursued, could scarcely, as he foresaw, fail to interrupt the kindly feelings that Croker and he had for many years entertained for each other, and also to aggravate and prolong, unnecessarily, the resentment with which several of his friends in the Cabinet had regarded his unlooked-for appearance as a hostile agitator.

I believe, with these hints, the reader is sufficiently prepared for resuming Sir Walter's Diary.

END OF VOL. VII.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. VIII.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Diary resumed — Anecdote of Culloden — Letter from Mackintosh — Exhibition of Pictures — Modern Painters — Habits of Composition — Glengarry — Advocates' Library — Negotiations with Creditors — First Letter of Malachi Malagrowther — Chronique de Jacques de Lalain — Progress of Woodstock and Buonaparte — Novels by Galt, Miss Austen, and Lady Morgan — Second and third Epistles of Malachi — Departure from Castle Street.

FEB. & MARCH 1826.

DIARY.

" *Edinburgh, February* 10. — Went through, for a new day, the task of buttoning, which seems to me somehow to fill up more of my morning than usual — not, certainly, that such is the case, but that my mind attends to the process, having so little left to hope or fear. The half hour between waking and rising has all my life proved propitious to any task which was exercising my invention. When I got over any knotty difficulty in a story, or have had in former times to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. This is so much the case, that I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself, when I am at a loss, 'Never mind; we shall have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning.' If I have forgot a circumstance, or a name, or a copy of verses, it is the same thing. I think the first hour of the morning is also favourable to the bodily strength. Among other feats, when I was a young man, I was able at times to lift a smith's anvil with one hand, by what is called the *horn* — that projecting piece of iron on which things are beaten to turn them round. But I could only do this before breakfast. It required my full strength, undiminished by the least exertion, and those who choose to try will find the feat no easy one. This morning I had some new ideas respecting Woodstock, which will make the story better. The devil of a difficulty is, that one puzzles the skein in order to excite curiosity, and then cannot disentangle it for the satisfaction of the prying fiend they have raised. — I have a prettily expressed letter of condolence from Sir James Mackintosh.* Yesterday I had an anecdote from old Sir

---

* This letter is so honourable to the writer, as well as to Sir Walter, that I am tempted to insert it in a note: —

" *To Sir W. Scott, Bart., Edinburgh.*

" Cadogan Place, Feb. 7, 1826.

" My Dear Sir, — Having been sailing on Windermere when Lord Gifford passed the Lakes, and almost constantly confined since my return to town, I did not hear till two days ago of your very kind message, which, if I had received it in the north, I should probably have answered in person. I do not know that I should now have troubled you with written thanks for what is so natural to you as an act of courtesy and hospitality, if I were not in hopes that you might consider it as excuse enough for an indulgence of inclination which might otherwise be thought intrusive.

" No man living has given pleasure to so many persons as you have done, and you must be assured that great multitudes who never saw you, in every quarter of the world, will regret the slightest disturbance of your convenience. But, as I have observed that the express dec-

James Steuart Denham,* which is worth writing down. His uncle, Lord Elcho, was, as is well known, engaged in the affair of 1745. He was dissatisfied with the conduct of matters from beginning to end. But after the left wing of the Highlanders was repulsed and broken at Culloden, Elcho rode up to the Chevalier and told him all was lost, and that nothing remained except to charge at the head of two thousand men, who were still unbroken, and either turn the fate of the day, or die sword in hand, as became his pretensions. The Chevalier gave him some evasive answer, and turning his horse's head, rode off the field. Lord Elcho called after him (I write his very words), 'There you go for a damned cowardly Italian!' and never

laration of one individual sometimes makes more impression than the strongest assurance of the sentiments of multitudes, I venture to say that I most sincerely lament that any untoward circumstances should, even for a time, interrupt the indulgence of your taste and your liberal enjoyments. I am sorry that Scotland should, for a moment, lose the very peculiar distinction of having the honours of the country done to visiters by the person at the head of our literature. Above all, I am sorry that a fortune earned by genius, and expended so generously, should be for the shortest time shaken by the general calamities.

"Those dispositions of yours which most quicken the fellow-feelings of others will best console you. I have heard with delight that your composure and cheerfulness have already comforted those who are most affectionately interested in you. What I heard of your happy temper in this way reminded me of Warburton's fine character of Bayle — 'He had a soul superior to the attacks of fortune, and a heart practised to the best philosophy.' You have expended your fortune too well not to be consoled for a temporary suspension of its produce; you have your genius, your fame, and, what is better than either, your kind and cheerful nature.

"I trust so much to your good-natured indulgence, that I hope you will pardon me for joining my sincere but very humble voice to the admiration and sympathy of Europe. — I am, my dear Sir, yours most truly, J. MACKINTOSH."

* General Sir James Steuart Denham of Coltness, Baronet, Colonel of the Scots Greys. His father, the celebrated political economist, took part in the Rebellion of 1745, and was long afterwards an exile. The reader is no doubt acquainted with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Letters*, addressed to him and his wife Lady Frances. [Sir James died at Cheltenham in August 1839, aged 95.]

would see him again, though he lost his property and remained an exile in the cause. Lord Elcho left two copies of his memoirs, one with Sir James Steuart's family, one with Lord Wemyss. This is better evidence than the romance of Chevalier Johnstone; and I have little doubt it is true. Yet it is no proof of the Prince's cowardice, though it shows him to have been no John of Gaunt. Princes are constantly surrounded with people who hold up their own *life* and *safety* to them as by far the most important stake in any contest; and this is a doctrine in which conviction is easily received. Such an eminent person finds everybody's advice, save here and there that of a desperate Elcho, recommend obedience to the natural instinct of self-preservation, which very often men of inferior situations find it difficult to combat, when all the world are crying to them to get on and be damned, instead of encouraging them to run away. At Prestonpans the Chevalier offered to lead the van, and he was with the second line, which, during that brief affair, followed the first very close. Johnstone's own account, carefully read, brings him within a pistol-shot of the first line. At the same time, Charles Edward had not a head or heart for great things, notwithstanding his daring adventure; and the Irish officers, by whom he was guided, were poor creatures. Lord George Murray was the soul of the undertaking.*

"*February* 11. — Court sat till half-past one. A man, calling himself * * * * of * * * * *, writes to me, expressing sympathy for my misfortunes, and offering me half the profits of what, if I understand him right, is a patent medicine, to which I suppose he expects me to stand trumpeter. He endeavours to get over my objections to accepting his liberality

---

* "Had Prince Charles slept during the whole of the expedition," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "and allowed Lord George Murray to act for him according to his own judgment, there is every reason for supposing he would have found the crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke." — *Memoirs of the Rebellion of* 1745, &c. London, 1810. 4to. p. 140.

(supposing me to entertain them) by assuring me his conduct is founded on '*a sage selfishness!*' This is diverting enough. I suppose the Commissioners of Police will next send me a letter of condolence, begging my acceptance of a broom, a shovel, and a scavenger's great-coat, and assuring me that they had appointed me to all the emoluments of a well-frequented crossing. It would be doing more than they have done of late for the cleanliness of the streets, which, witness my shoes, are in a piteous pickle. I thanked the selfish sage with due decorum — for what purpose can anger serve? I remember once before, a mad woman, from about Alnwick, by name * * * *, baited me with letters and plans — first for charity for herself or some *protegé* — I gave my guinea — then she wanted to have half the profits of a novel which I was to publish under my name and auspices. She sent me the manuscript, and a *moving* tale it was, for some of the scenes lay in the *Cabinet à l'eau.* I declined the partnership. Lastly, my fair correspondent insisted I was a lover of speculation, and would be much profited by going shares in a patent medicine which she had invented for the benefit of little babes. I dreaded to have anything to do with such a Herod-like affair, and begged to decline the honour of her correspondence in future. I should have thought the thing a quiz but that the novel was real and substantial. Sir Alexander Don called, and we had a good laugh together.

"*February* 12. — Having ended the second volume of Woodstock last night, I had to begin the third this morning. Now I have not the slightest idea how the story is to be wound up to a catastrophe. I am just in the same case as I used to be when I lost myself in former days in some country to which I was a stranger. I always pushed for the pleasantest route, and either found or made it the nearest. It is the same in writing. I never could lay down a plan — or, having laid it down, I never could adhere to it; the action of composition always extended some passages, and abridged or omitted others; and personages were rendered important or insignificant, not according to their agency in the original conception of the piece, but according to the success, or otherwise, with which I was able to bring them out. I only tried to make that which I was actually writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. I have been often amused with the critics distinguishing some passages as particularly laboured, when the pen passed over the whole as fast as it could move, and the eye never again saw them, except in proof. Verse I write twice, and sometimes three times over. This *hab nab at a venture* is a perilous style, I grant, but I cannot help it. When I strain my mind to ideas which are purely imaginative — for argument is a different thing — it seems to me that the sun leaves the landscape — that I think away the whole vivacity of my original conception, and that the results are cold, tame, and spiritless. It is the difference between a written oration and one bursting from the unpremeditated exertions of the speaker, which have always something the air of enthusiasm and inspiration. I would not have young authors imitate my carelessness, however.

"Read a few pages of Will D'Avenant, who was fond of having it supposed that Shakspeare intrigued with his mother. I think the pretension can only be treated as Phaeton was, according to Fielding's farce —

'Besides, by all the village boys I'm shamed:
You the sun's son, you rascal? — you be damn'd!'

Egad — I'll put that into Woodstock. It might come well from the old admirer of Shakspeare. Then Fielding's lines were not written. What then? — it is an anachronism for some sly rogue to detect. Besides, it is easy to swear they were written, and that Fielding adopted them from tradition.*

"*February* 13. — The Institution for the encouragement of the Fine Arts opens to-day with a handsome entertainment in the Exhibition-room, as at Somerset House. It strikes me that the direction given by amateurs and professors to their

---

* See the couplet, and the apology, in *Woodstock*, chap. xxv.

proteges and pupils, who aspire to be artists, is upon a pedantic and false principle. All the fine arts have it for their highest and most legitimate end and purpose, to affect the human passions, or smooth and alleviate, for a time, the near unquiet feelings of the mind — to excite wonder, or terror, or pleasure, or emotion of some kind or other. It often happens that, in the very rise and origin of these arts, as in the instance of Homer, the principal object is obtained in a degree not equalled by any successor. But there is a degree of execution, which, in more refined times, the poet or musician begins to study, which gives a value of its own to their productions, of a different kind from the rude strength of their predecessors. Poetry becomes complicated in its rules — music learned in its cadences and harmonies — rhetoric subtle in its periods. There is more given to the labour of executing — less attained by the effect produced. Still the nobler and popular end of these arts is not forgotten; and if we have some productions too learned — too *récherchés* for public feeling — we have, every now and then, music that electrifies a whole assembly, eloquence which shakes the forum, and poetry which carries men up to the third heaven. But in painting it is different; it is all become a mystery, the secret of which is lodged in a few connoisseurs, whose object is not to praise the works of such painters as produce effect on mankind at large, but to class them according to their proficiency in the inferior rules, of the art, which, though most necessary to be taught and learned, should yet only be considered as the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, the steps by which the higher and ultimate object of a great popular effect is to be attained. They have all embraced the very style of criticism which induced Michael Angelo to call some Pope a poor creature, when, turning his attention from the general effect of a noble statue, his Holiness began to criticise the hem of the robe. This seems to me the cause of the decay of this delightful art, especially in history, its noblest branch. As I speak to myself, I may say that a painting should, to be excellent, have something to say to the mind of a man, like myself, well educated, and susceptible of those feelings which anything strongly recalling natural emotion is likely to inspire. But how seldom do I see anything that moves me much! Wilkie, the far more than Teniers of Scotland, certainly gave many new ideas. So does Will Allan, though overwhelmed with their remarks about colouring and grouping, against which they are not willing to place his general and original merits. Landseer's dogs were the most magnificent things I ever saw — leaping, and bounding, and grinning on the canvass. Leslie has great powers; and the scenes from Molière by Newton are excellent. Yet painting wants a regenerator — some one who will sweep the cobwebs out of his head before he takes the pallet, as Chantrey has done in the sister art. At present we are painting pictures from the ancients, as authors in the days of Louis Quatorze wrote epic poems according to the recipe of Dacier and Co. The poor reader or spectator has no remedy; the compositions are *secundum artem;* and if he does not like them, he is no judge, that's all.

"*February* 14. — I had a call from Glengarry yesterday, as kind and friendly as usual.* This gentleman is a kind of Quixote in our age, having retained, in their full extent, the whole feelings of clanship and chieftainship, elsewhere so long abandoned. He seems to have lived a century too late, and to exist, in a state of complete law and order, like a Glengarry of old, whose will was law to his sept. Warm-hearted, generous, friendly, he is beloved by those who know him, and his efforts are unceasing to show kindness to those of his clan who are disposed fully to admit his pretensions. To dispute them, is to incur his resentment, which has sometimes broken out in acts of violence which have brought him into collision with the law. To me he is a treasure, as being full of information as to the history of his own clan, and the manners and customs of the Highlanders in general. Strong, active, and muscular, he follows the chase of the deer for days and nights to gether, sleeping in his plaid when darkness overtakes him. The number of his singular exploits would fill a volume; for, as his pretensions are high, and not always willingly yielded to, he is every now and then giving rise to some rumour. He is, on many of these occasions, as much sinned against as sinning; for men, knowing his temper, sometimes provoke him, conscious that Glengarry, from his character for violence, will always be put in the wrong by the public. I have seen him behave in a very manly manner when thus tempted. He has of late prosecuted a quarrel, ridiculous enough in the present day, to have himself admitted and recognised as Chief of the whole Clan Ranald, or surname of Macdonald. The truth seems to be, that the present Clanranald is not descended from a legitimate chieftain of the tribe; for, having accomplished a revolution in the 16th century, they adopted a Tanist, or Captain, that is, a Chief not in the direct line of sucession — namely, a certain Ian Moidart, or John of Moidart, who took the title of Captain of Clanranald, with all the powers of Chief; and even Glengarry's ancestor recognised them as chiefs *de facto*, if not *de jure*. The fact is, that this elective power was, in cases of insanity, imbecility, or the like, exercised by the Celtic tribes; and though Ian Moidart was no chief by birth, yet by election he became so, and transmitted his power to his descendant, as would King William III., if he had had any. So it is absurd to set up the *jus sanguinis* now, which Glengarry's ancestors did not, or could not, make good, when it was a right worth combating for. — I wrought out my full task yesterday.

---

* Colonel Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry. He died in January 1828.

"Saw Cadell as I returned from the Court. He seemed dejected, and gloomy about the extent of stock of novels, &c. on hand. He infected me with his want of spirits, and I almost wish my wife had not asked Mr. Scrope and Charles K. Sharpe for this day. But the former sent such loads of game that Lady Scott's gratitude became ungovernable.* I have not seen a creature at dinner since the direful 17th of January, except my own family and Mr. Laidlaw. The love of solitude increases by indulgence; I hope it will not diverge into misanthropy. It does not mend the matter that this is the first day that a ticket for sale is on my house, poor No. 39. One gets accustomed even to stone walls, and the place suited me very well. All our furniture, too, is to go — a hundred little articles that seemed to me connected with all the happier years of my life. It is a sorry business. But *sursum corda.*

---

* I transcribe a letter from Sir Walter, on an occasion of this sort, from the first chapter of Mr. Scrope's *Art of Deer-Stalking:*

"My two friends came as expected, also Missie, and staid till half-past ten. Promised Sharpe the set of Piranesi's views in the dining-parlour. They belonged to my uncle, so I do not like to sell them.

"*February* 15. — Yesterday I did not write a line of Woodstock. Partly, I was a little out of spirits, though that would not have hindered. Partly, I wanted to wait for some new ideas — a sort of collecting of straw to make bricks of. Partly, I was a little too far beyond the press. I cannot pull well in long traces, when the draught is too far behind me. I love to have the press thumping, clattering, and banging in my rear; it creates the necessity which almost always makes me work best. Needs must when the devil drives — and drive he does even according to the letter. I must work to-day, however. — Attended a meeting of the Faculty about our new library. I spoke — saying that I hoped we would now at length act upon

"Thanks, dear sir, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never roam'd in a forest, or smoked in a platter."

"Your superb haunch arrived in excellent time to feast a new married couple, the Douglasses of M——, and was pronounced by far the finest that could by possibility have been seen in Teviotdale since Chevy Chase. I did not venture on the carving, being warned both by your hints, and the example of old Robert Sinclair, who used to say that he had thirty friends during a fortnight's residence at Harrowgate, and lost them all in the carving of one haunch of venison; so I put Lockhart on the duty, and, as the haunch was too large to require strict economy, he hacked and hewed it well enough."

a general plan, and look forward to commencing upon such a scale as might secure us at least for a century against the petty and partial management, which we have hitherto thought sufficient, of fitting up one room after another. Disconnected and distant, these have been costing large sums of money from time to time, all now thrown away. We are now to have space enough for a very large range of buildings, which we may execute in a simple taste, leaving Government to ornament them if they shall think proper — otherwise to be plain, modest, and handsome, and capable of being executed by degrees, and in such portions as convenience may admit of. — Poor James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, came to advise with me about his affairs, — he is sinking under the times; having no assistance to give him, my advice, I fear, will be of little service. I am sorry for him if that would help him, especially as, by his own account, a couple of hundred pounds would carry him on.

"*February* 16. — 'Misfortune's growling bark'* comes louder and louder. By assigning my whole property to trustees for behoof of creditors, with two works in progress and nigh publication, and with all my future literary labours, I conceived I was bringing into the field a large fund of payment, which could not exist without my exertions, and that thus far I was entitled to a corresponding degree of indulgence. I therefore supposed, on selling this house, and various other property, and on receiving the price of Woodstock and Napoleon, that they would give me leisure to make other exertions, and be content with the rents of Abbotsford, without attempting a sale. This would have been the more reasonable, as the very printing of these works must amount to a large sum, of which they will touch the profits. In the course of this delay I supposed I was to have the chance of getting some insight both into Constable's affairs and those of Hurst and Robinson. Nay, employing these houses, under precautions, to sell the works, the publisher's profit would have come in to pay part of their

* Burns's *Dedication to Gavin Hamilton.*

debt. But Gibson last night came in after dinner, and gave me to understand that the Bank of Scotland see this in a different point of view, and consider my contribution of the produce of past, present, and future labours, as compensated *in full* by their accepting of the trust-deed, instead of pursuing the mode of sequestration, and placing me in the Gazette. They therefore expect the trustees to commence a lawsuit to reduce the marriage-settlement which settles the estate upon Walter; thus loading me with a most expensive suit, and I suppose selling library and whatever else they can lay hold on.

"Now this seems unequal measure, and would besides of itself totally destroy any power of fancy — of genius, if it deserves the name, which may remain to me. A man cannot write in the House of Correction; and this species of *peine forte et dure* which is threatened would render it impossible for one to help himself or others. So I told Gibson I had my mind made up as far back as the 24th of January, not to suffer myself to be harder pressed than law would press me. If this great commercial company, through whose hands I have directed so many thousands, think they are right in taking every advantage and giving none, it must be my care to see that they take none but what the law gives them. If they take the sword of the law, I must lay hold of the shield. If they are determined to consider me as an irretrievable bankrupt, they have no title to object to my settling upon the usual terms which the Statute requires. They probably are of opinion, that I will be ashamed to do this by applying publicly for a sequestration. Now, my feelings are different. I am ashamed to owe debts I cannot pay; but I am not ashamed of being classed with those to whose rank I belong. The disgrace is in being an actual bankrupt, not in being made a legal one. I had like to have been too hasty in this matter. I must have a clear understanding that I am to be benefited or indulged in some way, if I bring in two such funds as those works in progress, worth certainly from £10,000 to £15,000.

"*February* 17. — Slept sound, for nature repays herself for the vexation the mind sometimes gives her. This morning put interlocutors on several Sheriff-court processes from Selkirkshire. Gibson came to-night to say that he had spoken at full length with Alexander Monypenny, proposed as trustee on the part of the Bank of Scotland, and found him decidedly in favour of the most moderate measures, and taking burden on himself that the Bank would proceed with such lenity as might enable me to have some time and opportunity to clear these affairs out. I repose trust in Mr. M. entirely. His father, Colonel Monypenny, was my early friend, kind and hospitable to me when I was a mere boy. He had much of old General Withers about him, as expressed in Pope's epitaph —

> '——— A worth in youth approved,
> A soft humanity in age beloved!'

His son David, and a younger brother, Frank, a soldier, who perished by drowning on a boating party from Gibraltar, were my schoolfellows; and with the survivor, now Lord Pitmilly, I have always kept up a friendly intercourse. Of this gentleman, on whom my fortunes are to depend, I know little. He was Colin Mackenzie's partner in business while my friend pursued it, and he speaks highly of him: that's a great deal. He is secretary to the Pitt Club, and we have had all our lives the habit *idem sentire de republica:* that's much too. Lastly, he is a man of perfect honour and reputation; and I have nothing to ask which such a man would not either grant or convince me was unreasonable. I have, to be sure, something of a constitutional and hereditary obstinacy; but it is in me a dormant quality. Convince my understanding, and I am perfectly docile; stir my passions by coldness or affronts, and the devil would not drive me from my purpose. Let me record, I have striven against this besetting sin. When I was a boy, and on foot expeditions, as we had many, no creature could be so indifferent which way our course was directed, and I acquiesced in what any one proposed; but if I was once driven to make a choice, and felt piqued in honour to maintain my proposition, I have broken off from the whole party, rather than yield to any one. Time has sobered this pertinacity of mind; but it still exists, and I must be on my guard against it. It is the same with me in politics. In general I care very little about the matter, and from year's end to year's end have scarce a thought connected with them, except to laugh at the fools who think to make themselves great men out of little by swaggering in the rear of a party. But either actually important events, or such as seemed so by their close neighbourhood to me, have always hurried me off my feet, and made me, as I have sometimes regretted, more forward and more violent than those who had a regular jog-trot way of busying themselves in public matters. Good luck; for had I lived in troublesome times, and chanced to be on the unhappy side, I had been hanged to a certainty. What I have always remarked has been, that many who have hallooed me on at public meetings, and so forth, have quietly left me to the odium which a man known to the public always has more than his own share of· while, on the other hand, they were easily successful in pressing before me, who never pressed forward at all, when there was any distribution of public favours or the like. I am horribly tempted to interfere in this business of altering the system of banks in Scotland; and yet I know that if I can attract any notice, I will offend my English friends, without propitiating our doom in Scotland. I will think of it till to-morrow. It is making myself of too much importance, after all.

" *February* 18. — I set about Malachi Malagrowther's Letter on the late disposition to change every thing in Scotland to an English model, but without resolving about the publication. They do treat us very provokingly.

'O Land of *Cakes!* said the *Northern* bard,
Though all the world betrays thee,
One faithful pen thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.' *

---

* A parody on Moore's *Minstrel Boy.*

"*February* 19. — Finished my letter (Malachi Malagrowther) this morning, and sent it to James B., who is to call with the result this forenoon. I am not very anxious to get on with Woodstock. I want to see what Constable's people mean to do when they have their trustee. For an unfinished work they must treat with the author. It is the old story of the varnish spread over the picture, which nothing but the artist's own hand could remove. A finished work might be seized under some legal pretence.

"Being troubled with thick-coming fancies, and a slight palpitation of the heart, I have been reading the Chronicle of the Good Knight Messire Jacques de Lalain — curious, but dull, from the constant repetition of the same species of combats in the same style and phrase. It is like washing bushels of sand for a grain of gold. It passes the time, however, especially in that listless mood when your mind is half on your book, half on something else. You catch something to arrest the attention every now and then, and what you miss is not worth going back upon; idle man's studies, in short. Still, things occur to one. Something might be made of a tale of chivalry, — taken from the Passage of Arms, which Jacques de Lalain maintained for the first day of every month for a twelvemonth.* The first mention perhaps of red-hot balls appears in the siege of Oudenarde by the Citizens of Ghent — Chronique, p. 293. This would be light summer work.

"J. B. came and sat an hour. I led him to talk of Woodstock; and, to say truth, his approbation did me much good. I am aware it *may*, nay, *must* be partial; yet he is Tom Telltruth, and totally unable to disguise his real feelings. I think I make no habit of feeding on praise, and despise those whom I see greedy for it, as much as I should an underbred fellow who, after eating a cherry-tart, proceeded to lick the plate. But when one is flagging, a little praise (if it can be had genuine and unadulterated by flattery, which is as difficult to come by as the genuine mountain-dew) is a cordial after all

---

* This hint was taken up in *Count Robert of Paris.*

So now — *vamos corazon* — let us atone for the loss of the morning.

"*February* 20. — Yesterday, though late in beginning, I nearly finished my task, which is six of my close pages, about thirty pages of print, a full and uninterrupted day's work. To-day I have already written four, and with some confidence. Thus does flattery or praise oil the wheels. It is but two o'clock. Skene was here remonstrating against my taking apartments at the Albyn Club,* and recommending that I should rather stay with them. I told him that was altogether impossible. I hoped to visit them often, but for taking a permanent residence, I was altogether the Country Mouse, and voted for

—— 'A hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty.' †

The chain of friendship, however bright, does not stand the attrition of constant close contact.

"*February* 21. — Corrected the proofs of Malachi this morning; it may fall dead, and there will be a squib lost; it may chance to light on some ingredients of national feeling and set folk's beards in a blaze — and so much the better if it does. I mean, better for Scotland — not a whit for me. Attended the hearing in Parliament-House till near four o'clock, so I shall do little to-night, for I am tired and sleepy. One person talking for a long time, whether in pulpit, or at the bar, or anywhere else, unless the interest be great, and the eloquence of the highest character, sets me to sleep. I impudently lean my head on my hand in the Court, and take my nap without shame. The Lords may keep awake and mind their own affairs. *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.* These clerks' stools are certainly as easy seats as are in Scotland, those of the Barons of the Exchequer always excepted.

---

* This was a club-house on the London plan, in Prince's Street, a little eastward from the Mound. On its dissolution soon afterwards Sir W. was elected by acclamation into the *elder* society called the *New Club*, who had then their house in St. Andrew's Square.

† Pope's *Imitation of Horace*, Book II. Sat. 6.

" *February* 22. — Ballantyne breakfasted, and is to negotiate about Malachi with Blackwood. It reads not amiss; and if I can get a few guineas for it, I shall not be ashamed to take them; for, paying Lady Scott, I have just left between £3 and £4 for any necessary occasion, and my salary does not become due until 20th March, and the expense of removing, &c., is to be provided for:

> ' But shall we go mourn for that, my dear ? '

The mere scarcity of money (so that actual wants are provided) is not poverty — it is the bitter draught to owe money which we cannot pay. Laboured fairly at Woodstock to-day, but principally in revising and adding to Malachi, of which an edition as a pamphlet is anxiously desired. I have lugged in my old friend Cardrona * — I hope it will not be thought unkindly. The Banks are anxious to have it published. They were lately exercising lenity towards me, and if I can benefit them, it will be an instance of the ' King's errand lying in the cadger's gate.'

" *February* 23. — Corrected two sheets of Woodstock this morning. These are not the days of idleness. The fact is, that the not seeing company gives me a command of my time which I possessed at no other period in my life, at least since I knew how to make some use of my leisure. There is a great pleasure in sitting down to write with the consciousness that nothing will occur during the day to break the spell. Detained in the Court till past three, and came home just in time to escape a terrible squall. I am a good deal jaded, and will not work till after dinner. There is a sort of drowsy vacillation of mind attends fatigue with me. I command my pen as the school-copy recommends, but cannot equally command my thoughts, and often write one word for another. Read a little volume called the *Omen* — very well written — deep and powerful language.*

---

* The late Mr. Williamson of Cardrona, in Peeblesshire, was a strange humourist, of whom Sir Walter told many stories. The allusion here is to the anecdote of the *Leetle Anderson* in the first of Malachi's Epistles. — See SCOTT'S *Prose Miscellanies*, vol. xxi. p. 389.

"*February* 24. — Went down to printing-office after the Court, and corrected Malachi. J. B. reproaches me with having taken much more pains in this temporary pamphlet than on works which have a greater interest on my fortunes. I have certainly bestowed enough of revision and correction. But the cases are different. In a novel or poem I run the course alone — here I am taking up the cudgels, and may expect a drubbing in return. Besides, I do feel that this is public matter in which the country is deeply interested; and, therefore, is far more important than anything referring to my fame or fortune alone. The pamphlet will soon be out — meantime Malachi prospers and excites much attention. The Banks have bespoke 500 copies. The country is taking the alarm; and, I think, the Ministers will not dare to press the measure. I should rejoice to see the old red lion ramp a little, and the thistle again claim its *nemo me impune.* I do believe Scotsmen will show themselves unanimous at last, where their cash is concerned. They shall not want backing. I incline to cry with Biron in Love's Labour Lost,

'More Atés, more Atés, stir them on'

I suppose all imaginative people feel more or less of excitation from a scene of insurrection or tumult, or of general expression of national feeling. When I was a lad, poor Davie Douglas† used to accuse me of being *cupidus novarum rerum*, and say that I loved the stimulus of a broil. It might be so then, and even still —

---

* *The Omen*, by Mr. Galt, had just been published. — See Sir Walter's review of this novel in his *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, (Edin. Ed.) vol. xviii. p. 333, or in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July 1826. [John Galt died at Greenock in April 1839.]

† Lord Reston. — See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 56.

> 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.' *

Whimsical enough, that when I was trying to animate Scotland against the currency bill, John Gibson brought me the deed of trust, assigning my whole estate, to be subscribed by me; so that I am turning patriot, and taking charge of the affairs of the country, on the very day I proclaim myself incapable of managing my own. What of that? Who would think of their own trumpery debts, when they are taking the support of the whole system of Scottish banking on their shoulders? Odd enough too — on this day, for the first time since the awful 17th January, we entertain a party at dinner — Lady Anna Maria Elliot,† W. Clerk, John A. Murray,‡ and Thomas Thomson — as if we gave a dinner on account of my *cessio fori.*

"*February* 25. — Our party yesterday went off very gaily; much laugh and fun, and I think I enjoyed it more from the rarity of the event — I mean from having seen society at home so seldom of late. My head aches slightly though; yet we were but a bottle of champaign, one of port, one of old sherry, and two of claret, among four gentlemen and three ladies. I have been led, from this incident, to think of taking chambers near Clerk, in Rose Court. Methinks the retired situation should suit me well. Then a man and woman would be my whole establishment. My superfluous furniture might serve, and I could ask a friend or two to dinner, as I have been accustomed to do. I shall look at the place to-day. I must set now to a second epistle of Malachi to the Athenians. If I can but get the sulky Scottish spirit set up, the devil won't turn them.

> 'Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush;
> We'll over the Border, and give them a brush;
> There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour;
> Hey, Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver.'

---

* Gray's *Elegy.*

† Now Lady A. M. Donkin.

‡ Afterwards Lord Advocate, and now a Judge of Session by the title of Lord Murray. — [1839.]

"*February* 26.—Spent the morning and till dinner on Malachi's second epistle. It is difficult to steer betwixt the natural impulse of one's national feelings setting in one direction, and the prudent regard to the interests of the empire and its internal peace and quiet, recommending less vehement expression. I will endeavour to keep sight of both. But were my own interest alone concerned, d—n me but I would give it them hot! Had some valuable communications from Colin Mackenzie, which will supply my plentiful lack of facts.

"Received an anonymous satire in doggrel, which, having read the first verse and last, I committed to the flames.—Peter Murray of Simprim called, and sat half-an-hour—an old friend, and who, from the peculiarity and originality of his genius, is one of the most entertaining companions I have ever known. But I must finish Malachi.

"*February* 27.—Malachi is getting on; I must finish him to-night. I dare say some of my London friends will be displeased—Canning perhaps, for he is *engoué* of Huskisson. Can't help it.—The place I looked at won't do; but I must really get some lodging, for, reason or none, Dalgleish will not leave me, and cries and makes a scene.* Now, if I staid alone in a little set of chambers, he would serve greatly for my accommodation. There are some places of the kind in the New Buildings; but they are distant from the Court, and I cannot walk well on the pavement. It is odd enough, that just when I had made a resolution to use my coach frequently, I ceased to keep one.

"*February* 28.—Completed Malachi to-day. It is more serious than the first, and in some places perhaps too peppery. Never mind; if you would have a horse kick, make a crupper out of a whin-cow;† and I trust to see Scotland kick and fling to some purpose. Woodstock lies back for this. But *quid non pro patria?*

---

* Dalgleish was Sir Walter's butler. He said he cared not how much his wages were reduced—but go he would not.

† *Whin-cow*—Anglicè, a bush of furze.

"*March* 1. — Malachi is in the Edinburgh Journal to-day, and reads like the work of an uncompromising right-forward Scot of the old school. Some of the cautious and pluckless instigators will be afraid of their confederate; for if a man of some energy and openness of character happens to be on the same side with these jobbers, they stand as much in awe of his vehemence as did the inexperienced conjurer who invoked a fiend whom he could not manage. Came home in a heavy shower with the Solicitor. I tried him on the question, but found him reserved. The future Lord Advocate must be cautious; but I can tell my good friend John Hope, that if he acts the part of a firm and resolute Scottish patriot, both his own country and England will respect him the more. Ah! Hal Dundas, there was no truckling in thy day!

"Looked out a quantity of things, to go to Abbotsford; for we are flitting, if you please. It is with a sense of pain that I leave behind a parcel of trumpery prints and little ornaments, once the pride of Lady S——'s heart, but which she sees consigned with indifference to the chance of an auction. Things that have had their day of importance with me I cannot forget, though the merest trifles. But I am glad that she, with bad health, and enough to vex her, has not the same useless mode of associating recollections with this unpleasant business. The best part of it is the necessity of leaving behind, viz. getting rid of, a set of most wretched daubs of landscapes, in great gilded frames, of which I have often been heartily ashamed. The history of them was curious. An amateur artist (a lady) happened to fall into misfortunes, upon which her landscapes, the character of which had been buoyed up far beyond their proper level, sank now beneath it, and it was low enough. One most amiable and accomplished old lady continued to encourage her pencil, and to order pictures after pictures, which she sent in presents to her friends. I suppose I have eight or ten of them, which I could not avoid accepting. There will be plenty of laughing when they come to be sold. It would be a good joke enough to cause it to be circulated that they were performances of my own in early youth, and looked on and bought up as curiosities. —— Do you know why you have written all this down, Sir W.? You want to put off writing Woodstock, just as easily done as these memoranda, but which it happens your duty and your prudence recommend, and therefore you are loath to begin.

'Heigho,
I can't say no;
But this piece of task-work off I can stave, O,
For Malachi's posting into an octavo;
To correct the proof-sheets only this night I have, O,
So Conscience you've gotten as good as you gave, O;
But to-morrow a new day we'll better behave, O,
So I lay down the pen, and your pardon I crave, O.'

"*March* 2. — I have a letter from Colin Mackenzie, approving Malachi, — 'Cold men may say it is too strong; but from the true men of Scotland you are sure of the warmest gratitude.' I never have yet found, nor do I expect it on this occasion, that ill-will dies in debt, or what is called gratitude distresses herself by frequent payments. The one is like a ward-holding, and pays its reddendo in hard blows. The other a blanch-tenure, and is discharged for payment of a red rose, or a peppercorn. He that takes the forlorn hope in an attack, is often deserted by them that should support him, and who generally throw the blame of their own cowardice upon his rashness. We shall see this end in the same way. But I foresaw it from the beginning. The bankers will be persuaded that it is a squib which may burn their own fingers, and will curse the poor pyrotechnist that compounded it; — if they do, they be d——d. Slept indifferently, and dreamed of Napoleon's last moments, of which I was reading a medical account last night, by Dr. Arnott. Horrible death — a cancer on the pylorus. I would have given something to have lain still this morning and made up for lost time. But *desidiæ valedixi*

If you once turn on your side after the hour at which you ought to rise, it is all over. Bolt up at once. Bad night last — the next is sure to be better.

'When the drum beats, make ready;
When the fife plays, march away —
To the roll-call, to the roll-call, to the roll-call,
Before the break of day.'

"Dined with Chief-Commissioner: Admiral Adam, W. Clerk, Thomson, and I. The excellent old man was cheerful at intervals — at times sad, as was natural. A good blunder, he told us, occurred in the Annandale case, which was a question partly of domicile. It was proved, that leaving Lochwood, the Earl had given up his *kain* and *carriages;*[*] this an English counsel contended was the best of all possible proofs that the noble Earl designed an absolute change of residence, since he laid aside his *walking-stick* and his *coach.* First epistle of Malachi out of print already.

"*March* 3. — Could not get the last sheets of Malachi, Second Epistle, so they must go out to the world uncorrected — a great loss, for the last touches are always most effectual; and I expect misprints in the additional matter. We were especially obliged to have it out this morning that it may operate as a gentle preparative for the meeting of inhabitants at two o'clock. *Vogue la galere* — we shall see if Scotsmen have any pluck left. If not, they may kill the next Percy themselves. It is ridiculous enough for me, in a state of insolvency for the present, to be battling about gold and paper currency — it is something like the humorous touch in Hogarth's Distressed Poet, where the poor starveling of the Muses is engaged, when in the abyss of poverty, in writing an Essay on Payment of the National Debt and his wall is adorned with a plan of the mines of Peru. Nevertheless, even these fugitive attempts, from the success which they have had, and the noise they are making, serve to show the truth of the old proverb —

---

[*] *Kain*, in Scotch law, means payment in *kind* — *Carriages*, in the same phraseology, stands for services in driving with horse and cart.

> 'When house and land are gone and spent,
> Then learning is most excellent.'

On the whole, I am glad of this bruilzie, as far as I am concerned; people will not dare talk of me as an object of pity — no more 'poor-manning.' Who asks how many punds Scots the old champion had in his pocket when

> 'He set a bugle to his mouth,
> And blew so loud and shrill,
> The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
> Sae loud rang every hill?' *

This sounds conceited enough, yet is not far from truth.

"The meeting was very numerous, — five hundred or six hundred at least, and unanimous, saving one Mr. Howden, who having been all his life, as I am told, in bitter opposition to Ministers, proposed on the present occasion that the whole contested measure should be trusted to their wisdom. I suppose he chose the opportunity of placing his own opinion in opposition, single opposition too, to one of a large assembly. The speaking was very moderate. Report had said that Jeffrey, J. A. Murray, and other sages of the economical school, were to unbuckle their mails, and give us their opinions. But no such great guns appeared. If they had, having the multitude on my side, I would have tried to break a lance with them. A few short, but well expressed resolutions, were adopted unanimously. These were proposed by Lord Rollo, and seconded by Sir James Fergusson, Bart. I was named one of a committee to encourage all sorts of opposition to the measure. So I have already broken through two good and wise resolutions — one, that I would not write on political controversy; another, that I would not be named in public committees. If my good resolves go this way, like *maw aff a dyke* — the Lord help me!

---

* Ballad of *Hardyknute*, slightly altered.

"*March* 4. — Last night I had a letter from Lockhart, who, speaking of Malachi, says, 'The Ministers are sore beyond imagination at present; and some of them, I hear, have felt this new whip on the raw to some purpose.' I conclude he means Canning is offended. I can't help it, as I said before — *fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.* No cause in which I had the slightest personal interest should have made me use my pen against them, blunt and pointed as it may be. But as they are about to throw this country into distress and danger, by a measure of useless and uncalled-for experiment, they must hear the opinion of the Scotsman, to whom it is of no other consequence than as a general measure affecting the country at large — and more they *shall* hear. I had determined to lay down the pen. But now they shall have another of Malachi, beginning with buffoonery, and ending as seriously as I can write it. It is like a frenzy that they will agitate the upper and middling classes of society, so very friendly to them, with unnecessary and hazardous projects.

'Oh, thus it was they loved them dear
And sought how to requite 'em,
And having no friends left but they,
They did resolve to fight them.'

The country is very high just now. England may carry the measure if she will, doubtless. But what will be the consequence of the distress ensuing, God only can foretell. Lockhart, moreover, inquires about my affairs anxiously, and asks what he is to say about them; says 'he has inquiries every day; kind, most kind all, and among the most interested and anxious, Sir William Knighton, who told me the King was quite melancholy all the evening he heard of it.' *This* I can well believe, for the King, educated as a prince, has nevertheless as true and kind a heart as any subject in his dominions. He goes on — 'I do think they would give you a Baron's gown as soon as possible,' &c. I have written to him in answer, showing I have enough to carry me on, and can dedicate my literary efforts to clear my land. The prefer ment would suit me well, and the late Duke of Buccleuch gave me his interest for it. I dare say the young Duke would do the same, for the invaried love I have borne his house; and by and by he will have a voice potential. But there is Sir William Rae, whose prevailing claim I would never place my own in opposition to, even were it possible, by a *tour de force*, such as L. points at, to set it aside. Meantime, I am building a barrier betwixt me and promotion.

"In the meanwhile, now I am not pulled about for money, &c., methinks I am happier without my wealth than with it. Everything is paid. I have no one anxious to *make up a sum*, and pushing for his account to be paid. Since 17th January, I have not laid out a guinea, out of my own hand, save two or three in charity, and six shillings for a pocket-book. But the cash with which I set out having run short for family expenses, I drew on Blackwood, through Ballantyne, which was honoured, for £25, to account of Malachi's Letters, of which another edition of one thousand is ordered, and gave it to Lady Scott, because our removal will require that in hand. On the 20th my quarter comes in, and though I have something to pay out of it, I shall be on velvet for expense — and regular I will be. Methinks all trifling objects of expenditure seem to grow light in my eyes. That I may regain independence, I must be saving. But ambition awakes, as love of indulgence dies and is mortified within me. 'Dark Cuthullin will be renowned or dead.'*

"*March* 5. — Something of toddy and cigar in that last quotation, I think. Yet I only smoked two, and liquified with one glass of spirits and water. I have sworn I will not blot out what I have once written here.

"*March* 6. — Finished third Malachi, which I don't much like. It respects the difficulty of finding gold to replace the paper circulation. Now this should have been considered first

---

* Ossian.

The admitting that the measure may be imposed, is yielding up the question, and Malachi is like a commandant who should begin to fire from interior defences before his outworks were carried. If Ballantyne be of my own opinion, I will suppress it. We are all in a bustle shifting things to Abbotsford. It is odd, but I don't feel the impatience for the country which I have usually experienced.

"*March* 7. — Detained in the Court till *three* by a hearing. Then to the committee appointed at the meeting on Friday, to look after the small-note business. A pack of old *faineants*, incapable of managing such a business, and who will lose the day from mere coldness of heart. There are about a thousand names at the petition. They have added no designations — a great blunder; for *testimonia sunt ponderanda non numeranda* should never be lost sight of. They are disconcerted and helpless; just as in the business of the King's visit, when everybody threw the weight on me. In another time — so disgusted was I with seeing them sitting in ineffectual helplessness, spitting on the hot iron that lay before them, and touching it with a timid finger, as if afraid of being scalded, that I might have dashed in and taken up the hammer, summoned the deacons and other heads of public bodies, and by consulting them have carried them with me. But I cannot waste my time, health, and spirits, in fighting thankless battles. I left them in a quarter of an hour, and presage, unless the country make an alarm, the cause is lost. The philosophical reviewers manage their affairs better — hold off — avoid committing themselves, but throw their *vis inertiæ* into the opposite scale, and neutralize feelings which they cannot combat. To force them to fight on disadvantageous ground is our policy. But we have more sneakers after ministerial favour, than men who love their country, and who, upon a liberal scale, would serve their party. For to force the Whigs to avow an unpopular doctrine in popular assemblies, or to wrench the government of such bodies from them, would be a *coup de maître*. But they are alike destitute of manly resolution and sound policy. D—n the whole nest of them! I have corrected the last of Malachi, and let the thing take its chance. I have made just enemies enough, and indisposed enough of friends.

"*March* 8.—At the Court, though a teind day. A foolish thing happened while the Court were engaged with the teinds. I amused myself with writing on a sheet of paper, notes on Frederick Maitland's account of the capture of Buonaparte, and I have lost these notes—shuffled in perhaps among my own papers, or those of the teind clerks. What a curious document to be found in a process of valuation. Being jaded and sleepy, I took up Le Duc de Guise on Naples. I think this, with the old Memoirs on the same subject which I have at Abbotsford, would enable me to make a pretty essay for the Quarterly. We must take up Woodstock now in good earnest. Mr. Cowan, a good and able man, is chosen trustee in Constable's affairs, with full power. From what I hear, the poor man Constable is not sensible of the nature of his own situation; for myself, I have succeeded in putting the matter perfectly out of my mind since I cannot help it, and have arrived at a flocci-pauci-nihili-pili-fication of misery, and I thank whoever invented that long word. They are removing our wine, &c. to the carts, and you will judge if our flitting is not making a noise in the world, or in the street at least.

"*March* 9.—I foresaw justly,

'When first I set this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon myself.' *

Sir Robert Dundas to-day put into my hands a letter of between twenty and forty pages, in angry and bitter reprobation of Malachi, full of general averments, and very untenable arguments, all written *at* me by name, but of which I am to have no copy, and which is to be circulated to other special friends, to whom it may be necessary 'to give the sign to hate.' I got it at two o'clock, and returned it with an answer four hours afterwards, in which I have studied not to be tempted into either sarcastic or harsh expressions. A quarrel it is, however, in all the forms, between my old friend and myself, and his Lordship's reprimand is to be *read out in order* to all our friends. They all know what I have said is true, but that will be nothing to the purpose if they are desired to consider it as false. Nobody at least can plague me for interest with Lord Melville as they used to do. By the way, from the tone of his letter, I think his Lordship will give up the measure, and I shall be the peace-offering. All will agree to condemn me as too warm — *too rash* — and yet rejoice in privileges which they would not have been able to save but for a little rousing of spirit, which will not perhaps fall asleep again. — A gentleman called on the part of a Captain Rutherford, to make inquiry about the Lord Rutherfords. Not being very *cleever*, as John Fraser used to say, at these pedigree matters. referred him to my cousin Robert Rutherford. Very odd — when there is a vacant, or dormant title in a Scottish family or *name*, everybody, and all connected with the clan, conceive they have *quodam modo* a right to it. Not being engrossed by any individual, it communicates part of its lustre to every individual in the tribe, as if it remained in common stock for that purpose.

---

* *King Henry VIII.* Act V. Scene 3.

" *March* 10. — I am not made entirely on the same mould of passions like other people. Many men would deeply regret a breach with so old a friend as Lord Melville, and many men would be in despair at losing the good graces of a Minister of State for Scotland, and all pretty views about what might be done for myself and my sons, especially Charles. But I think my good Lord doth ill to be angry, like the patriarch of old, and I have, in my odd *sans souciance* character, a good handful of meal from the grist of the Jolly Miller, who

'Once
Dwelled on the river Dee:
I care for nobody, no not I,
Since nobody cares for me.'

"Sandie Young[*] came in at breakfast-time with a Monsieur Brocque of Montpelier. Saw Sir Robert Dundas at Court. He is to send my letter to Lord Melville. Colin Mackenzie concurs in thinking Lord M. quite wrong. *He must cool in the skin he het in.*

"On coming home from the Court a good deal fatigued, I took a nap in my easy chair, then packed my books, and committed the refuse to Jock Stevenson —

'Left not a limb on which a Dane could triumph.'

Gave Mr. Gibson my father's cabinet, which suits a man of business well. Gave Jock Stevenson the picture of my favourite dog Camp, mentioned in one of the introductions to Marmion, and a little crow-quill drawing of Melrose Abbey by Nelson, whom I used to call the Admiral, poor fellow. He had some ingenuity, and was in a moderate way a good penman and draughtsman. He left his situation of amanuensis to go into Lord Home's militia regiment, but his dissipation got the better of a strong constitution, and he fell into bad habits and poverty, and died, I believe, in the Hospital at Liverpool. — Strange enough that Henry Weber, who acted afterwards as my amanuensis for many years, had also a melancholy fate ultimately. He was a man of very superior attainments, an excellent linguist and geographer, and a remarkable antiquary. He published a collection of ancient Romances, superior, I think, to the elaborate Ritson. He also published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, but too carelessly done to be reputable. He was a violent Jacobin, which he thought he disguised from me, while I, who cared not a fig about the poor young man's politics, used to amuse myself with teazing him. He was an excellent and affectionate creature, but unhappily was afflicted with partial insanity, especially if he used strong liquors, to which, like others with that unhappy tendency, he was occasionally addicted. In 1814 he became quite insane, and, at the risk of my life, I had to disarm him of a pair of loaded pistols, which I did by exerting the sort of authority which, I believe, gives an effectual control in such cases.* My patronage in this way has not been lucky to the parties protected. I hope poor George Huntly Gordon will escape the influence of the evil star. He has no vice, poor fellow, but his total deafness makes him helpless.

---

[*] Alexander Young, Esq. of Harburn — a steady Whig of the old school, and a steady and highly esteemed friend of Sir Walter's.

"*March* 11. — This day the Court rose after a long and laborious sederunt. I employed the remainder of the day in completing a set of notes on Captain Maitland's manuscript narrative of the reception of Napoleon Buonaparte on board the Bellerophon. It had been previously in the hands of my friend Basil Hall, who had made many excellent corrections in point of style; but he had been hypercritical in wishing (in so important a matter, where everything depends on accuracy) this expression to be altered, for delicacy's sake — that to be corrected, for fear of giving offence — and that other to be abridged, for fear of being tedious. The plain sailor's narrative for me, written on the spot, and bearing in its minuteness the evidence of its veracity. Lord Elgin sent me, some time since, a curious account of his imprisonment in France, and the attempts which were made to draw him into some intrigue which might authorize treating him with rigour.† He called to-day and communicated some curious circumstances, on the authority of Fouché, Denon, and others, respecting Buonaparte and the Empress Maria Louisa, whom Lord Elgin had conversed with on the subject in Italy. His conduct towards her was something like that of Ethwald to Elburga, in Joanna Baillie's fine tragedy, making her postpone her high rank by birth to the authority which he had acquired by his talents.

"*March* 12. — Resumed Woodstock, and wrote my task of six pages. I cannot *gurnalize*, however, having wrought my eyes nearly out.

---

* See *ante*, Vol. IV. p. 9.

† See *Life of Buonaparte — Miscellaneous Prose Works*, (Edin. Ed.) vol. xi. pp. 346-351.

"*March* 13. — Wrote to the end of a chapter, and knowing no more than the man in the moon what comes next, I will put down a few of Lord Elgin's remembrances, and something may occur to me in the meanwhile. . . . .

"I have hinted in these notes, that I am not entirely free from a sort of gloomy fits, with a fluttering of the heart and depression of spirits, just as if I knew not what was going to befall me. I can sometimes resist this successfully, but it is better to evade than to combat it. The hang-dog spirit may have originated in the confusion and chucking about of our old furniture, the stripping of walls of pictures, and rooms of ornaments; the leaving of a house we have so long called our home, is altogether melancholy enough. I am glad Lady S. does not mind it, and yet I wonder, too. She insists on my remaining till Wednesday, not knowing what I suffer. Meanwhile, to make my recusant spirit do penance, I have set to work to clear away papers and pack them for my journey. What a strange medley of thoughts such a task produces! There lie letters which made the heart throb when received, now lifeless and uninteresting — as are perhaps their writers — riddles which have been read — schemes which time has destroyed or brought to maturity — memorials of friendships and enmities which are now alike faded. Thus does the ring of Saturn consume itself. To-day annihilates yesterday, as the old tyrant swallowed his children, and the snake its tail. But I must say to my Journal as poor Byron did to Moore — 'D—n it, Tom, don't be poetical.'

"*March* 14. — J. B. called this morning to take leave, and receive directions about proofs, &c. Talks of the uproar about Malachi; but I am tired of Malachi — the humour is off, and I have said what I wanted to say, and put the people of Scotland on their guard, as well as Ministers, if they like to be warned. They are gradually destroying what remains of na tionality, and making the country *tabula rasa* for doctrines of bold innovation. Their loosening and grinding down all those peculiarities which distinguished us as Scotsmen, will throw the country into a state in which it will be universally turned to democracy, and instead of canny Saunders, they will have a very dangerous North-British neighbourhood. Some lawyer expressed to Lord Elibank an opinion, that at the Union the English law should have been extended all over Scotland. 'I cannot say how that might have answered our purpose,' said Lord Patrick, who was never nonsuited for want of an answer, 'but it would scarce have suited *yours*, since by this time the *Aberdeen Advocates** would have possessed themselves of all the business in Westminster Hall.'

"What a detestable feeling this fluttering of the heart is! I know it is nothing organic, and that it is entirely nervous; but the sickening effects of it are dispiriting to a degree. Is it the body brings it on the mind, or the mind that inflicts it on the body? I cannot tell; but it is a severe price to pay for the *Fata Morgana* with which Fancy sometimes amuses men of warm imaginations. As to body and mind, I fancy I might as well inquire whether the fiddle or fiddlestick makes the tune. In youth this complaint used to throw me into involuntary passions of causeless tears. But I will drive it away in the country by exercise. I wish I had been a mechanic: a turning-lathe or a chest of tools would have been a God-send; for thought makes the access of melancholy rather worse than better. I have it seldom, thank God, and, I believe lightly, in comparison of others.

"It was the fiddle, after all, was out of order — not the fiddlestick; the body, not the mind. I walked out; met Mrs. Skene, who took a round with me in Prince's Street. Bade Constable and Cadell farewell, and had a brisk walk home, which enables me to face the desolation here with more spirit.

---

* The *Attorneys* of the town of Aberdeen are styled *Advocates*. This valuable privilege is said to have been bestowed at an early period by some (sportive) monarch.

News from Sophia. She has had the luck to get an anti-druggist in a Dr. Gooch, who prescribes care for Johnnie instead of drugs, and a little home-brewed ale instead of wine; and, like a liberal physician, supplies the medicine he prescribes. As for myself, since I had scarce stirred to take exercise for four or five days, no wonder I had the mulligrubs. It is an awful sensation, though, and would have made an enthusiast of me, had I indulged my imagination on devotional subjects. I have been always careful to place my mind in the most tranquil posture which it can assume during my private exercises of devotion.

"I have amused myself occasionally very pleasantly during the last few days by reading over Lady Morgan's novel of O'Donnel, which has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining. I do not remember being so much pleased with it at first. There is a want of story, always fatal to a book the first reading — and it is well if it gets a chance of a second. Alas, poor novel! Also read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of Pride and Prejudice. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!

"*March* 15. — This morning I leave No. 39 Castle Street, for the last time. 'The cabin was convenient,' and habit had made it agreeable to me. I never reckoned upon a change in this particular so long as I held an office in the Court of Session. In all my former changes of residence it was from good to better; this is retrograding. I leave this house for sale, and I cease to be an Edinburgh citizen, in the sense of being a proprietor, which my father and I have been for sixty years at least. So farewell, poor 39, and may you never harbour worse people than those who now leave you. Not to desert the Lares all at once, Lady S. and Anne remain till Sunday. As for me, I go, as aforesaid, this morning.

'Ha til mi tulidh'! — " *

---

* I return no more.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Domestic afflictions — Correspondence with Sir Robert Dunda and Mr. Croker on the subject of Malachi Malagrowther.

1826.

Sir Walter's Diary begins to be clouded with a darker species of distress than mere loss of wealth could bring to his spirit. His darling grandson is sinking apace at Brighton. The misfortunes against which his manhood struggled with stern energy were encountered by his affectionate wife under the disadvantages of enfeebled health; and it seems but too evident that mental pain and mortification had a great share in hurrying her ailments to a fatal end.

Nevertheless, all his afflictions do not seem to have interrupted for more than a day or two his usual course of labour. With rare exceptions he appears, all through this trying period, to have finished his daily task — thirty printed pages of Woodstock — until that novel was completed; or, if he paused in it, he gave a similar space of time to some minor production; such as his paper on Galt's Omen for Blackwood's Magazine — or his very valuable one on the Life of Kemble for the Quarterly Review. And hardly had Woodstock been finished before he began the Chronicles of the Canongate. He also corresponded much as usual (notwithstanding all he says about indolence on that score) with his absent friends and I need scarcely add, that his duties as Sheriff claimed many hours every week. The picture of resolution and industry which this portion of his Journal presents, is certainly as remarkable as the boldest imagination could have conceived.

Before I open the Diary again, however, I may as well place in what an ingenious contemporary novelist calls an "Inter-Chapter," three letters connected with the affair of Malachi Malagrowther. The first was addressed to the late Sir Robert Dundas (his colleague at the Clerk's table), on receiving through him the assurance that Lord Melville, however strong in his dissent from Malachi's views on the Currency Question, had not allowed that matter to interrupt his affectionate regard for the author. The others will speak for themselves.

" *To Sir Robert Dundas of Dunira, Bart., Heriot Row, Edinburgh.*

" My Dear Sir Robert, — I had your letter to-day, and am much interested and affected by its contents. Whatever Lord Melville's sentiments had been towards me, I could never have lost remembrance of the very early friend with whom I carried my satchel to school, and whose regard I had always considered as one of the happiest circumstances of my life. I remain of the same opinion respecting the Letters, which have occasioned so much more notice than they would have deserved, had there not been a very general feeling in this country, and among Lord Melville's best friends too, authorizing some public remonstrances of the kind from some one like myself, who had nothing to win or to lose — or rather, who hazarded losing a great deal in the good opinion of friends whom he was accustomed not to value only, but to reverence. As to my friend Croker, an adventurer like myself, I would throw my hat into the ring for love, and give him a bellyful. But I do not feel there is any call on me to do so, as I could not do it without entering into particulars, which I have avoided. If I had said, which I might have done, that, in a recent case, a gentleman holding an office under the Great Seal of Scotland, was referred to the English Crown Counsel — who gave their opinion — on which opinion the Secretary was prepared to act — that he was forcibly to be pushed from his situation, because he was, from age and malady, not adequate to its duties, — and that by a process of English law, the very name of which was unknown to us, — I would, I think, have made a strong case But I care not to enter into statements to the public, the indirect consequence of which might be painful to some of our friends. I only venture to hope on that subject, that, suffering Malachi to go as a misrepresenter, or calumniator, or what they will, some attention may be paid that such grounds for calumny and misrepresentation shall not exist in future — I am contented to be the scape-goat. I remember the late Lord Melville defending, in a manner that defied refutation, the Scots laws against sedition, and I have lived to see these repealed, by what our friend Baron Hume calls 'a bill for the better encouragement of sedition and treason.' It will last my day probably; at least I shall be too old to be shot, and have only the honourable chance of being hanged for *incivisme.* The whole burgher class of Scotland are gradually preparing for radical reform — I mean the middling and respectable classes; and when a burgh reform comes, which perhaps cannot long be delayed, Ministers will not return a member for Scotland from the towns. The gentry will abide longer by sound principles; for they are needy, and desire advancement for their sons, and appointments, and so on. But this is a very hollow dependence, and those who sincerely hold ancient opinions are waxing old.

"Differing so much as we do on this head, and holding my own opinion as I would do a point of religious faith, I am sure I ought to feel the more indebted to Lord Melville's kindness and generosity for suffering our difference to be no breach in our ancient friendship. I shall always feel his sentiments in this respect as the deepest obligation I owe him; for, perhaps, there are some passages in Malachi's epistles that I ought to have moderated. But I desired to make a strong impression, and speak out, not on the Currency Question alone, but on the treatment of Scotland generally, the opinion which, I venture to say, has been long entertained by Lord Melville's best friends, though who that had anything to hope or fear would have hesitated to state it? So much for my Scottish feelings — prejudices, if you will; but which were born, and will die with me. For those I entertain towards Lord Melville personally, I can only say that I have lost much in my life; but the esteem of an old friend is that I should regret the most; and I repeat I feel most sensibly the generosity and kindness so much belonging to his nature, which can forgive that which has probably been most offensive to him. People may say I have been rash and inconsiderate; they cannot say I have been either selfish or malevolent — I have shunned all the sort of popularity attending the discussion; nay, have refused to distribute the obnoxious letters in a popular form, though urged from various quarters.

" Adieu! God bless you, my dear Sir Robert! You may send the whole or any part of this letter if you think proper; I should not wish him to think that I was sulky about the continuance of his friendship. — I am yours most truly,

" Walter Scott."

" *To Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*

[*Private and confidential.*]

Admiralty, March 16, 1826.

" My Dear Scott, — I have seen Lord Melville's and your letters to Sir R. Dundas, and the tone of both of them makes me feel very anxious to say a confidential word or two to you on the subject. I am not going to meddle with the politics, which are bad enough in printed letters, but to endeavour, in the cordiality of a sincere private friendship, to satisfy you that these differences on speculative points of public policy do not, in this region, and ought not in yours, to cause any diminution of private intercourse and regard. Lord Melville certainly felt that *his* administration of Scottish affairs was sweepingly attacked, and the rest of the Government were astonished to see the one-pound note question made a kind of war-cry which might excite serious practical consequences; and, no doubt, these feelings were expressed pretty strongly, but it was in the spirit of *et tu, Brute!* The regard, the admiration, the love, which we all bear towards you, made the stroke so much more painful to those who thought it directed at them; but that feeling was local and temporary: by local, I mean that the pain was felt on the spot where the blow was given — and I hope and believe it was so temporary as to be already forgotten. I can venture to assure you that it did not at all interfere with the deep sympathy with which we all heard of the losses you had sustained, nor would it, I firmly believe, have caused a moment's hesitation in doing anything which might be useful or agreeable to you, if such an opportunity had occurred. However Lord Melville may have expressed his soreness on what, it must be admitted, was an attack on *him*, as being for the last twenty years the Minister for Scotland, there is not a man in the world who would be more glad to have an opportunity of giving you any mark of his regard; and from the moment we heard of the inconvenience you suffered, even down to this hour, I do not believe he has had another feeling towards you privately, than that which you might have expected from his general good-nature and his particular friendship for you.

"As to *myself* (if I may venture to name myself to you), I am so ignorant of Scottish affairs, and so remote from Scottish interest, that you will easily believe that I felt no *personal* discomposure from Mr. Malagrowther. What little I know of Scotland *you* have taught me, and my chief feeling on this subject was *wonder* that so clever a fellow as M. M. could entertain opinions so different from those which I fancied that I had learnt from you. But this has nothing to do with our *private feelings*. If I differed from M. M. as widely as I do from Mr. M'Culloch, that need not affect my *private feelings* towards Sir Walter Scott, nor his towards me. He may feel the matter very warmly as a Scotchman; I can only have a very general, and therefore proportionably faint interest in the subject. — But in either case you and I are not, like Sir Archy and Sir Callaghan, to quarrel about Sir Archy's great-grandmother. — But I find that I am dwelling too long on so insignificant a part of the subject as myself. I took up my pen with the intention of satisfying you as to the feelings of more important persons, and I shall now quit the topic altogether, with a single remark, that this letter is strictly confidential, that even Lord Melville knows nothing of it, and *à plus forte raison*, nobody else. — Believe me to be, my dear Scott, most sincerely and affectionately yours,

" J. W. CROKER."

" *To J. W. Croker, Esq., M. P., &c. &c., Admiralty.*

" Abbotsford, 19th March 1826.

" My Dear Croker — I received your very kind letter with the feelings it was calculated to excite — those of great affection mixed with pain, which, indeed, I had already felt and anticipated before taking the step which I knew you must all feel as awkward, coming from one who has been honoured with so much personal regard. I need not, I am sure, say, that I acted from nothing but an honest desire of serving this country. Depend upon it, that if a succession of violent and experimental changes are made from session to session, with bills to amend bills, where no want of legislation had been at all felt, Scotland will, within ten or twenty years, perhaps much sooner, read a more fearful commentary on poor Malachi's Epistles than any statesman residing out of the country, and stranger to the habits and feelings which are entertained here, can possibly anticipate. My head may be low — I hope it will — before the time comes. But Scotland, completely liberalized, as she is in a fair way of being, will be the most dangerous neighbour to England that she has had since 1639 There is yet time to make a stand, for there is yet a great deal of good and genuine feeling left in the country. But if you *unscotch* us, you will find us damned mischievous Englishmen. The restless and yet laborious and constantly watchful character of the people, their desire for speculation in politics or anything else, only restrained by some proud feelings about their own country, now become antiquated, and which late measures will tend much to destroy, will make them, under a wrong direction, the most formidable revolutionists who ever took the field of innovation. The late Lord Melville knew them well, and managed them accordingly. Our friend, the present Lord Melville, with the same sagacity, has not the same advantages. His high office has kept him much in the south; — and when he comes down here, it is to mingle with persons who have almost all something to hope or ask for at his hands.

"But I shall say no more on this subject so far as politics are concerned, only you will remember the story of the shield, which was on one side gold, and on the other silver, and which two knights fought about till they were mutually mortally wounded, each avowing the metal to be that which he himself witnessed. You see the shield on the golden, I, God knows, not on the silver side — but in a black, gloomy, and most ominous aspect.

"With respect to your own share in the controversy, it promised me so great an honour that I laboured under a strong temptation to throw my hat into the ring, tie my colours to the ropes, cry, *Hollo there, Saint Andrew for Scotland!* and try what a good cause might do for a bad, at least an inferior, combatant. But then I must have brought forward my facts; and, as these must have compromised friends individually concerned, I felt myself obliged, with regret for forfeiting some honour, rather to abstain from the contest. Besides, my dear Croker, I must say that you sported too many and too direct personal allusions to myself, not to authorize and even demand some retaliation *dans le meme genre* and however good-humouredly men begin this sort of 'sharp encounter of their wits,' their temper gets the better of them at last. When I was a cudgel-player, a sport at which I was once an ugly customer, we used to bar rapping over the knuckles, because it always ended in breaking heads; the matter may be remedied by baskets in a set-to with oak saplings, but I know no such defence in the rapier-and-poniard game of wit. So I thought it best not to endanger the loss of an old friend for a bad jest, and sit quietly down with your odd hits, and the discredit which I must count on here for not repaying them, or trying to do so.

"As for my affairs, which you allude to so kindly, I can safely say, that no oak ever quitted its withered leaves more easily than I have done what might be considered as great wealth. I wish to God it were as easy for me to endure impending misfortunes of a very different kind. You may have heard that Lockhart's only child is very ill, and the delicate habits of the unfortunate boy have ended in a disease of the spine, which is a hopeless calamity, and in my daughter's present situation may have consequences on her health terrible for me to anticipate. To add to this, though it needs no addition — for the poor child's voice is day and night in my ear — I have, from a consultation of physicians, a most melancholy account of my wife's health, the faithful companion of rough and smooth, weal and wo, for so many years. So if you compare me to Brutus in the harsher points of his character, you must also allow me some of his stoical fortitude — 'no man bears sorrow better.' *

"I cannot give you a more absolute assurance of the uninterrupted regard with which I must always think of you, and the confidence I repose in your expressions of cordiality, than by entering on details, which one reluctantly mentions, except to those who are sure to participate in them.

"As for Malachi, I am like poor Jean Gordon, the prototype of Meg Merrilees, who was ducked to death at Carlisle for being a Jacobite, and till she was smothered outright, cried out every

---

* *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV. Scene 3.

time she got her head above water, *Charlie yet.* But I have said my say, and have no wish to give my friends a grain more offence than is consistent with the discharge of my own feelings, which, I think, would have choked me if I had not got my breath out. I had better, perhaps, have saved it to cool my porridge; I have only the prospect of being a sort of Highland Cassandra. But even Cassandra tired of her predictions, I suppose, when she had cried herself hoarse, and disturbed all her friends by howling in their ears what they were not willing to listen to.

"And so God bless you — and believe, though circumstances have greatly diminished the chance of our meeting, I have the same warm sense of your kindness as its uniform tendency has well deserved. — Yours affectionately,

"WALTER SCOTT."

CHAPTER LXX.

Diary resumed — Abbotsford in solitude — Death of Sir A. Don — Review of the Life of Kemble, &c. — Conclusion of Woodstock — Death of Lady Scott — Chronicles of the Canongate begun — Letter to Miss Edgeworth.

APRIL — MAY 1826.

DIARY.

"*Abbotsford, March* 15, — 9 *at night.* — The naturally unpleasant feelings which influenced me in my ejectment, for such it is virtually, readily evaporated in the course of the journey, though I had no pleasanter companions than Mrs. Mackay the housekeeper and one of the maids; and I have a shyness of disposition, which looks like pride, but is not, which makes me awkward in speaking to my household domestics. With an out-of-doors' labourer or an old woman gathering sticks I can crack for ever. I was welcomed here on my arrival by the tumult great of men and dogs, all happy to see me. One of my old labourers killed by the fall of a stone working at Gattonside Bridge. Old Will Straiton, my man of wisdom and proverbs, also dead. He was entertaining from his importance and self-conceit, but really a sensible old man. When he heard of my misfortunes, he went to bed, and said he would not rise again, and kept his word. He was very infirm when I last saw him. Tom Purdie in great glory, being released from all farm duty, and destined to attend the woods and be my special assistant.

"*March* 17. — Sent off a packet to J. B.; only three pages copy — so must work hard for a day or two. I wish I could wind up my bottom handsomely (an odd but accredited phrase); the conclusion will not be luminous — we must try to make it dashing. Have a good deal to do between hands in sorting up — hourly arrival of books. I need not have exulted so soon in having attained ease and quiet. I am robbed of both with a vengeance. A letter from Lockhart. My worst augury is verified; the medical people think poor Johnnie is losing strength; he is gone with his mother to Brighton. The bitterness of this probably impending calamity is extreme. The child was almost too good for this world; beautiful in features; and though spoiled by every one, having one of the sweetest tempers as well as the quickest intellect I ever saw; a sense of humour quite extraordinary in a child, and, owing to the general notice which was taken of him, a great deal more information than suited his hours. He was born in the eighth month, and such children are never strong — seldom long-lived. I look on this side and that, and see nothing but protracted misery — a crippled frame, and decayed constitution, occupying the attention of his parents for years, and dying at the end of that period, when their hearts were turned on him; or the poor child may die before Sophia's confinement, and that may again be a dangerous and bad affair; or she may, by increase of attention to him, injure her own health. In short, to trace into how many branches such a misery may flow, is impossible. The poor dear love had so often a slow fever, that when it pressed its little lips to mine, I always foreboded to my own heart, what all I fear are now aware of.

"*March* 18. — Slept indifferently, and under the influence of Queen Mab, seldom auspicious to me. Dreamed of reading the tale of the Prince of the Black Marble Islands to little Johnnie, extended on a paralytic chair, and yet telling all his pretty stories about Ha-Papa, as he calls me, and Chiefswood — and waked to think I should see the little darling no more, or see him as a thing that had better never have existed. Oh, misery, misery, that the best I can wish for him is early death, with all the wretchedness to his parents that is likely to ensue! I had intended to have staid at home to-day; but Tom more wisely had resolved that I should walk, and hung about the window with his axe and my own in his hand till I turned out with him, and helped to cut some fine paling.

"*March* 19. — Lady S., the faithful and true companion of my fortunes, good and bad, for so many years, has, but with difficulty, been prevailed on to see Dr. Abercrombie, and his opinion is far from favourable. Her asthmatic complaints are fast terminating in hydropsy, as I have long suspected; yet the announcement of the truth is overwhelming. They are to stay a little longer in town to try the effects of a new medicine. On Wednesday they propose to return hither — a new affliction, where there was enough before; yet her constitution is so good, that if she will be guided by advice, things may be yet ameliorated. God grant it! for really these misfortunes come too close upon each other.

"*March* 20. — Despatched proofs and copy this morning; and Swanston the carpenter coming in, I made a sort of busy idle day of it with altering and hanging pictures and prints, to find room for those which came from Edinburgh, and by dint of being on foot from ten to near five, put all things into apple-pie order. What strange beings we are! The serious duties I have on hand cannot divert my mind from the most melancholy thoughts; and yet the talking of these workmen, and the trifling occupation which they give me, serves to dissipate my attention. The truth is, I fancy that a body under the impulse of violent motion cannot be stopped or forced back. but may indirectly be urged into a different channel. In the evening I read and sent off my sheriff-court processes.

"*March* 21. — Perused an attack upon myself, done with as much ability as truth, by no less a man than Joseph Hume, the night-work man of the House of Commons, who lives upon petty abuses, and is a very useful man by so doing. He has had the kindness to say that I am interested in keeping up the taxes; I wish I had anything else to do with them than to pay them. But he is an ass, and not worth a man's thinking about. Joseph Hume, indeed! — I say Joseph Hum, — and could add a Swiftian rhyme, but forbear. Busy in unpacking and repacking. I wrote five pages of Woodstock, which work begins

'To appropinque an end.' *

"*March* 23. — Lady Scott arrived yesterday to dinner. She was better than I expected, but Anne, poor soul, looked very poorly, and had been much worried with the fatigue and discomfort of the last week. Lady S. takes the *digitalis*, and as she thinks, with advantage, though the medicine makes her very sick. Yet on the whole, things are better than my gloomy apprehensions had anticipated. Took a brushing walk, but not till I had done a good task.

"*March* 24. — Sent off copy, proofs, &c., to J. B.; clamorous for a motto. It is foolish to encourage people to expect such decoraments. It is like being in the habit of showing feats of strength, which you gain little praise by accomplishing, while some shame occurs in failure.

"*March* 26. — Here is a disagreeable morning; snowing and hailing, with gleams of bright sunshine between, and all the ground white, and all the air frozen. I don't like this jumbling of weather. It is ungenial, and gives chilblains. Besides, with its whiteness, and its coldness, and its discomfort, it resembles that most disagreeable of all things, a vain, cold, empty, beautiful woman, who has neither mind nor heart, but only features like a doll. I do not know what is so like this disagreeable day, when the sun is so bright, and yet so uninfluential, that

---

* *Hudibras.*

'One may gaze upon its beams,
Till he is starved with cold.'

No matter, it will serve as well as another day to finish Woodstock. Walked right to the lake, and coquetted with this disagreeable weather, whereby I catch chilblains in my fingers, and cold in my head. Fed the swans. Finished Woodstock, however, *cum toto sequela* of title-page, introduction &c., and so, as Dame Fortune says in *Quevedo*,

'Fly wheel, and the devil drive thee.' *

"*March* 27. — Another bright cold day. I answered two modest requests from widow ladies. One, whom I had already assisted in some law business, on the footing of her having visited my mother, requested me to write to Mr. Peel, saying, on her authority, that her second son, a youth of infinite merit and accomplishment, was fit for any situation in a public office, and that I requested he might be provided accordingly. Another widowed dame, whose claim is having read Marmion and the Lady of the Lake, besides a promise to read all my other works — Gad, it is a rash engagement! — demands that I shall either pay £200 to get her cub into some place or other, or settle him in a seminary of education. Really this is very much after the fashion of the husbandman of Miguel Turra's requests of Sancho when Governor. 'Have you anything else to ask, honest man?' quoth Sancho. But what are the demands of an honest man to those of an honest woman, and she a widow to boot? I do believe your destitute widow, especially if she hath a charge of children, and one or two fit for patronage, is one of the most impudent animals living. Went to Galashiels, and settled the dispute about Sandie's Wall

"*March* 28. — We have now been in solitude for some time — myself nearly totally so, excepting at meals. One is tempted to ask himself, knocking at the door of his own heart, Do you love this extreme loneliness? I can answer conscientiously, *I do.* The love of solitude was with me a passion of early youth; when in my teens, I used to fly from company to indulge in visions and airy castles of my own, the disposal of ideal wealth, and the exercise of imaginary power. This feeling prevailed even till I was eighteen, when love and ambition awakening with other passions, threw me more into society, from which I have, however, at times withdrawn myself, and have been always even glad to do so. I have risen from a feast satiated; and unless it be one or two persons of very strong intellect, or whose spirits and good-humour amuse me, I wish neither to see the high, the low, nor the middling class of society. This is a feeling without the least tinge of misanthropy, which I always consider as a kind of blasphemy of a shocking description. If God bears with the very worst of us, we may surely endure each other. If thrown into society, I always have, and always will endeavour to bring pleasure with me, at least to show willingness to please. But for all this, 'I had rather live alone,' and I wish my appointment, so convenient otherwise, did not require my going to Edinburgh. But this must be, and in my little lodging I shall be lonely enough. Reading at intervals a novel called Granby, one of the class that aspire to describe the actual current of society, whose colours are so evanescent, that it is difficult to fix them on the canvass. It is well written, but over-laboured — too much attempt to put the reader exactly up to the thoughts and sentiments of the parties. The women do this better: Edgeworth, Ferrier, Austen, have all given portraits of real society, far superior to anything man, vain man, has produced of the like nature.

---

* *Fortune in her Wits, and the Hour of all Men.* — QUEVEDO'S WORKS, Edinburgh, 1798, vol. iii. p. 107.

"*March* 29. — Worked in the morning. Walked from one till half-past four. A fine flashy disagreeable day — snow-clouds sweeping past among sunshine, driving down the valley, and whitening the country behind them. Mr. Gibson came suddenly in after dinner. Brought very indifferent news from

Constable's house. It is not now hoped that they will pay above three or four shillings in the pound. Robinson supposed not to be much better. Mr. G. goes to London immediately, to sell Woodstock. This work may fail, perhaps, though better than some of its predecessors. If so, we must try some new manner. I think I could catch the dogs yet. A beautiful and perfect lunar rainbow to-night.

"*April* 1. — *Ex uno die disce omnes.* — Rose at seven or sooner, studied and wrote till breakfast with Anne, about a quarter before ten. Lady Scott seldom able to rise till twelve or one. Then I write or study again till one. At that hour to-day I drove to Huntly Burn, and walked home by one of the hundred and one pleasing paths which I have made through the woods I have planted — now chatting with Tom Purdie, who carries my plaid, and speaks when he pleases, telling long stories of hits and misses in shooting twenty years back — sometimes chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy — and sometimes attending to the humours of two curious little terriers of the Dandie Dinmont breed, together with a noble wolf-hound puppy which Glengarry has given me to replace Maida. This brings me down to the very moment I do tell — the rest is prophetic. I shall feel drowsy when this book is locked, and perhaps sleep until Dalgleish brings the dinner summons. Then I shall have a chat with Lady S. and Anne; some broth or soup, a slice of plain meat — and man's chief business, in Dr. Johnson's estimation, is briefly despatched. Half an hour with my family, and half an hour's coquetting with a cigar, a tumbler of weak whisky and water, and a novel perhaps, lead on to tea, which sometimes consumes another half hour of chat; then write and read in my own room till ten o'clock at night; a little bread, and then a glass of porter, and to bed; — and this, very rarely varied by a visit from some one, is the tenor of my daily life — and a very pleasant one indeed, were it not for apprehensions about Lady S. and poor Johnnie Hugh. The former will, I think, do well; for the latter — I fear — I fear ——

"*April* 2. — I am in a wayward humour this morning. I received yesterday the last proof-sheets of Woodstock, and I ought to correct them. Now, this *ought* sounds as like as possible to *must*, and *must* I cannot abide. I would go to Prester John's country of free good-will, sooner than I would *must* it to Edinburgh. Yet this is all folly, and silly folly too; and so *must* shall be for once obeyed *after* I have thus written myself out of my aversion to its peremptory sound. — Corrected the said proofs till twelve o'clock — when I think I will treat resolution, not to a dram, as the fellow said after he had passed the gin-shop, but to a walk, the rather that my eyesight is somewhat uncertain and wavering.

"*April* 3. — I have the extraordinary and gratifying news that Woodstock is sold for £8228; all ready money — a matchless sale for less than three months' work.* If Napoleon does as well, or near it, it will put the trust affairs in high flourish. Four or five years of leisure and industry would, with such success, amply replace my losses. I have a curious fancy: I will go set two or three acorns, and judge by their success in growing whether I shall succeed in clearing my way or not. I have a little toothach keeps me from working much to-day, besides I sent off, per Blucher, copy for Napoleon, as well as the d——d proofs. — A blank forenoon! But how could I help it, Madam Duty? I was not lazy; on my soul I was not. I did not cry for half holiday for the sale of Woodstock. But in came Colonel Fergusson with Mrs. Stewart of Blackhill, or hall, or something, and I must show her the garden, pictures, &c. This lasts till one; and just as they are at their lunch, and about to go off, guard is relieved by the Laird and Lady Harden, and Miss Eliza Scott — and my dear Chief, whom I love very much, proving a little obsidional or so, remains till three. That same crown, composed of the grass which grew on the walls of besieged places, should be offered to visiters who stay above an hour in any eident* person's house. Wrote letters this evening.

---

* The reader will understand that, the Novel being sold for the behoof of James Ballantyne and Company's creditors, this sum includes the cost of printing the first edition, as well as paper.

"*April* 4. — Wrote two pages in the morning. Then went to Ashestiel with Colonel Fergusson. Found my cousin Russell settled kindly to his gardening, &c. He seems to have brought home with him the enviable talent of being interested and happy in his own place. Ashestiel looks waste, I think, at this time of the year, but is a beautiful place in summer, where I passed some happy years. Did I ever pass unhappy years anywhere? None that I remember, save those at the High School, which I thoroughly detested on account of the confinement. I disliked serving in my father's office, too, from the same hatred to restraint. In other respects, I have had unhappy days, unhappy weeks — even, on one or two occasions, unhappy months; but Fortune's finger has never been able to play a dirge on me for a quarter of a year together. I am sorry to see the Peel-wood and other natural coppice decaying and abridged about Ashestiel —

'The horrid plough has razed the green,
  Where once my children play'd;
The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,
  The schoolboy's summer shade.' †

"There was a very romantic pasturage, called the Cow-park, which I was particularly attached to, from its wild and sequestered character. Having been part of an old wood which had been cut down, it was full of copse — hazel, and oak, and all sorts of young trees, irregularly scattered over fine pasturage, and affording a hundred intricacies so delicious to the eye and the imagination. But some misjudging friend had cut down and cleared away without mercy, and divided the varied and sylvan scene (which *was* divided by a little rivulet) into the two most formal things in the world — a *thriving* plantation, many-angled, as usual — and a park *laid down in grass;* wanting, therefore, the rich graminivorous variety which Nature gives her carpet, and showing instead a braird of six days growth — lean and hungry growth too — of rye-grass and clover. As for the rill, it stagnates in a deep square ditch, which silences its prattle. and restrains its meanders with a witness. The original scene was, of course, imprinted still deeper on Russell's mind than mine, and I was glad to see he was intensely sorry for the change.

---

* *Eident*, i. e. eagerly diligent.

† These lines are slightly altered from Logan

"*April* 5. — Rose late in the morning to give the cold and toothach time to make themselves scarce, which they have obligingly done. Yesterday every tooth on the right side of my head was absolutely waltzing. I would have drawn by the half-dozen, but country dentists are not to be lippened to.* To-day all is quietness, but a little stiffness and swelling in the jaw. Worked a fair task; dined, and read Clapperton's journey and Denham's into Bornou. Very entertaining, and less botheration about mineralogy, botany, and so forth, than usual. Pity Africa picks off so many brave men, however. Work again in the evening.

"*April* 6. — Wrote in the morning. Went at one to Huntly Burn, where I had the great pleasure to hear, through a letter from Sir Adam, that Sophia was in health, and Johnnie gaining strength. It is a fine exchange from deep and aching uncertainty on so interesting a subject, to the little spitfire feeling of 'Well, but they might have taken the trouble to write.' But so wretched a correspondent as myself has not much to say, so I will but grumble sufficiently to maintain the patriarchal dignity. I returned in time to work, and to have a shoal of things from J. B. Among others, a letter from an Irish lady, who, for the *beaux yeux* which I shall never look upon, desires I may forthwith send her all the Waverley Novels, which she assures me will be an *era* in her life. She may find out some other epocha.

"*April* 7. — Made out my morning's task — at one drove to

---

* *Lippened to* — i. e. relied upon.

Chiefswood, and walked home by the Rhymer's Glen Mar's Lee, and Haxell-Cleugh. Took me three hours. The heath gets somewhat heavier for me every year — but never mind, I like it altogether as well as the day I could tread it best. The plantations are getting all into green leaf, especially the larches, if theirs may be called leaves, which are only a sort of hair. As I returned, there was, in the phraseology of that most precise of prigs in a white collarless coat and chapeau bras, Mister Commissary * * * * * *, 'a rather dense inspissation of rain.' Deil care.

> 'Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
> And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?' *

Yet misfortune comes our way too. Poor Laidlaw lost a fine prattling child of five years old yesterday. It is odd enough — John, the Kentish Esquire, has just made the ejaculation which I adopted in the last page, when he kills Cade, and posts away up to Court to get the price set upon his head: — here is a letter come from Lockhart, full of Court news, and all sorts of news. He erroneously supposes that I think of applying to Ministers about Charles. I would not make such an application for millions; I think if I were to ask patronage it would not be through them, for some time at least, and I might have better access.†

"*April* 8. — We expect a *raid* of folks to visit us this morning, whom we must have *dined* before our misfortunes. Save time, wine, and money, these misfortunes — and so far are convenient things. Besides, there is a dignity about them when they come only like the gout in its mildest shape, to authorize diet and retirement, the night-gown and the velvet shoe when the one comes to chalk-stones, and you go to prison through the other, it is the devil. Or compare the effects of Sieur Gout and absolute poverty upon the stomach — the necessity of a bottle of laudanum in the one case, the want of a morsel of meat in the other. Laidlaw's infant which died on Wednesday is buried to-day. The people coming to visit prevent my going, and I am glad of it. I hate funerals — always did. There is such a mixture of mummery with real grief — the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce of most tragical mirth, and I am not sorry (like Provost Coulter *) but glad that I shall not see my own. This is a most unfilial tendency of mine, for my father absolutely loved a funeral; and as he was a man of a fine presence, and looked the mourner well, he was asked to every interment of distinction. He seemed to preserve the list of a whole bead-roll of cousins, merely for the pleasure of being at their funerals, which he was often asked to superintend, and I suspect had sometimes to pay for. He carried me with him as often as he could to these mortuary ceremonies; but feeling I was not, like him, either useful or ornamental, I escaped as often as I could. I saw the poor child's funeral from a distance. Ah, that *Distance!* What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdities, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination. A Scottish wedding should be seen at a distance — the gay band of dancers just distinguished amid the elderly group of the spectators — the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowed, should be only a sketch, not a finished Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish. Scotch psalmody, too, should be heard from a distance. The grunt and the snivel, and the whine and the scream, should all be blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the Eolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of one's Maker. Even so the distant funeral: the few mourners on horseback, with their plaids wrapped around them — the father heading the procession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling is to be carried on the last long road — none of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tone of the incident, but seeming just accessions, and no more ; — this *is* affecting.

---

* 2d *King Henry VI.* Act. IV. Scene 10.

† In a letter of the same day he says — "My interest, as you might have known, lies Windsor-way."

---

* See *ante*, Vol. III. p. 77.

"*April* 12. — I have finished my task this morning at *half-past eleven* — easily and early — and, I think, not amiss. I hope J. B. will make some great points of admiration ! ! ! — otherwise I shall be disappointed. If this work answers — if it *but* answers, it must set us on our legs; I am sure worse trumpery of mine has had a great run. I remember with what great difficulty I was brought to think myself something better than common, and now I will not in mere faintness of heart give up good hopes.

"*April* 13. — On my return from my walk yesterday, I learnt with great concern the death of my old friend, Sir Alexander Don. He cannot have been above six or seven-and-forty. Without being much together, we had, considering our different habits, lived in much friendship, and I sincerely regret his death. His habits were those of a gay man, much connected with the turf; but he possessed strong natural parts, and in particular few men could speak better in public when he chose. He had tact, with power of sarcasm, and that indescribable something which marks the gentleman. His manners in society were extremely pleasing, and as he had a taste for literature and the fine arts, there were few more agreeable companions, besides being a highly-spirited, steady, and honourable man. His indolence prevented his turning these good parts towards acquiring the distinction he might have attained. He was among the *detenus* whom Buonaparte's iniquitous commands confined so long in France, and coming into possession of a large estate in right of his mother, the heiress of the Glencairn family, he had the means of being very expensive, and probably then acquired those gay habits which rendered him averse to serious business. Being our member for Roxburghshire, his death will make a stir amongst us. I prophesy Harden *will be here*, to talk about starting his son Henry.—Accordingly the Laird and Lady called. I exhorted him to write instantly. There can be no objection to Henry Scott for birth, fortune, or political principles; and I do not see where we could get a better representative.

"*April* 15.—Received last night letters from Sir John Scott Douglas, and Sir William Elliot of Stobbs, both canvassing for the county. Young Harry's the lad for me. Poor Don died of a disease in the heart; the body was opened, which was very right. Odd enough, too, to have a man, probably a friend two days before, slashing at one's heart as it were a bullock's. I had a letter yesterday from John Gibson. The House of Longman and Co. guarantee the sale of Woodstock. Also I made up what was due of my task both for 13th and 14th. So hey for a Swiftianism—

'I loll in my chair,
And around me I stare,
With a critical air,
Like a calf at a fair;
And say I, Mrs. Duty,
Good-morrow to your beauty,
I kiss your sweet shoe-tie,
And hope I can suit ye.'

"Fair words butter no parsnips, says Duty; don't keep talking, then, but go to your work again. Here is a day's task before you—the siege of Toulon.—Call you that a task? d—n me, I'll write it as fast as Boney carried it on.

"*April* 16.—I am now far a-head with Nap.—Lady Scott seems to make no way. A sad prospect! In the evening a despatch from Lord Melville, written with all the familiarity of former times. I am very glad of it.

"*Jedburgh*, *April* 17.—Came over to Jedburgh this morn ing, to breakfast with my good old friend Mr. Shortreed, and had my usual warm reception. Lord Gillies held the Circuit Court, and there was no criminal trial for any offence whatever. I have attended these circuits with tolerable regularity since 1792, and though there is seldom much of importance to be done, yet I never remember before the Porteous roll being quite blank. The Judge was presented with a pair of white gloves, in consideration of its being a maiden circuit.

"Received £100 from John Lockhart, for review of Pepys; but this is by far too much — £50 is plenty. Still 'I must *impeticos the gratillity*'* for the present. Wrote a great many letters. Dined with the Judge, where I met the disappointed candidate, Sir J. S. D., who took my excuse like a gentleman.

"*April* 18. — This morning I go down to Kelso to poor Don's funeral. It is, I suppose, forty years since I saw him first. I was staying at Sydenham, a lad of fourteen, or by'r Lady some sixteen; and he, a boy of six or seven, was brought to visit me on a pony, a groom holding the leading rein — and now I, an old grey man, am going to lay him in his grave Sad work. The very road I go, is a road of grave recollections.

"*Abbotsford, April* 19. — Returned last night from the house of death and mourning to my own, now the habitation of sickness and anxious apprehension. The result cannot yet be judged. — Two melancholy things last night. I left my pallet in our family apartment, to make way for a female attendant, and removed to a dressing-room adjoining, when to return, or whether ever, God only can tell. Also my servant cut my hair, which used to be poor Charlotte's personal task. I hope she will not observe it. The funeral yesterday was very mournful; about fifty persons present, and all seemed affected. The domestics in particular were very much so. Sir Alexander was a kind, though an exact master. It was melancholy to see those apartments, where I have so often seen him play the graceful and kind landlord, filled with those who were to carry him to his long home. There was very little talk of the election, at least till the funeral was over.

---

* *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Scene 3.

"*April* 20. — Another death; Thomas Riddell, younger of Camiston, serjeant-major of the Edinburgh Troop in the sunny days of our yeomanry, and a very good fellow. — The day was so tempting that I went out with Tom Purdie to cut some trees, the rather that my task was very well advanced. He led me into the wood, as the blind King of Bohemia was led by his four knights into the thick of the battle at Agincourt or Cressy, and then, like the old king, 'I struck good strokes more than one,' which is manly exercise.

"*April* 24. — Good news from Brighton. Sophia is confined, and both she and her baby are doing well, and the child's name is announced to be Walter — a favourite name in our family, and I trust of no bad omen. Yet it is no charm for life. Of my father's family, I was the second Walter, if not the third. I am glad the name came my way, for it was borne by my father, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather; also by the grandsire of that last-named venerable person, who was the first laird of Raeburn. — Hurst and Robinson, the Yorkshire tykes, have failed, after all their swaggering. But if Woodstock and Napoleon take with the public, I shall care little about their insolvency; and if they do not, I don't think their solvency would have lasted long. Constable is sorely broken down.

> 'Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
> That's sorry yet for thee.'

His conduct has not been what I deserved at his hand; but I believe that, walking blindfold himself, he misled me without *malice prepense.* It is best to think so at least, until the contrary be demonstrated. To nourish angry passions against a man whom I really liked, would be to lay a blister on my own heart.

"*April* 27. — This is one of those abominable April mornings which deserve the name of *Sans Cullotides*, as being cold, beggarly, coarse, savage, and intrusive. The earth lies an inch deep with snow, to the confusion of the worshippers of Flora. It is as imprudent to attach yourself to flowers in Scotland as to a caged bird; the cat, sooner or later, snaps up the one, and these *Sans Cullotides* annihilate the other. It was but yesterday I was admiring the glorious flourish of the pears and apricots, and now hath come the 'killing frost.' But let it freeze without, we are comfortable within. Lady Scott continues better, and, we may hope, has got the turn of her disease.

"*April* 28. — Beautiful morning, but ice as thick as pasteboard, too surely showing that the night has made good yesterday's threat. Dalgleish, with his most melancholy face, conveys the most doleful tidings from Bogie. But servants are fond of the woful, it gives such consequence to the person who communicates bad news. Wrote two letters, and read till twelve, and now for a stout walk among the plantations till four. — Found Lady Scott obviously better, I think, than I had left her in the morning. In walking I am like a spavined horse, and heat as I get on. The flourishing plantations around me are a great argument for me to labour hard. 'Barbarus has segetes?' I will write my finger-ends off first.

"*April* 29. — I was always afraid, privately, that Woodstock would not stand the test. In that case my fate would have been that of the unfortunate minstrel and trumpeter Maclean at the battle of Sheriffmuir —

'Through misfortune he happened to fa', man,
But saving his neck
His trumpet did break,
And came off without music at a', man,'[*]

---

[*] Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. ii. p. 5.

J. B. corroborated my doubts by his raven-like croaking and criticizing; but the good fellow writes me this morning that he is written down an ass, and that the approbation is unanimous. It is but Edinburgh, to be sure; but Edinburgh has always been a harder critic than London. It is a great mercy, and gives encouragement for future exertion. Having written two leaves this morning, I think I will turn out to my walk, though two hours earlier than usual. Egad, I could not persuade myself that it was such bad *Balaam*,* after all.

"*May* 2.—Yesterday was a splendid May-day—to-day seems inclined to be *soft*, as we call it; but *tant mieux*. Yesterday had a twang of frost in it. I must get to work and finish Boaden's Life of Kemble, and Kelly's Reminiscences, for the Quarterly.†—I wrote and read for three hours, and then walked, the day being soft and delightful; but, alas, all my walks are lonely from the absence of my poor companion. She does not suffer, thank God—but strength must fail at last. Since Sunday there has been a gradual change—very gradual—but, alas! to the worse. My hopes are almost gone. But I am determined to stand this grief as I have done others.

"*May* 4.—On visiting Lady Scott's sick-room this morning I found her suffering, and I doubt if she knew me. Yet after breakfast, she seemed serene and composed. The worst is, she will not speak out about the symptoms under which she labours. Sad, sad work. I am under the most melancholy apprehension, for what constitution can hold out under these continued and wasting attacks. My niece, Anne Scott, a prudent, sensible, and kind young woman, arrived to-day having come down to assist us in our distress from so far as

---

* *Balaam* is the cant name in a newspaper office for Asinine paragraphs, about monstrous productions of nature and the like, kept standing in type to be used whenever the real news of the day leave an awkward space that must be filled up somehow.

† See *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, (Edin. Ed.) vol. xx. pp. 152-244

Cheltenham. This is a great consolation. — Henry Scott carries the county without opposition.

"*May* 6. — The same scene of hopeless (almost) and unavailing anxiety. Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better. I fear the disease is too deeply entwined with the principles of life. Still labouring at this Review, without heart or spirits to finish it. I am a tolerable Stoic, but preach to myself in vain.

> 'Are these things then necessities ?
> Then let us meet them like necessities.' *

"*May* 7.—Hammered on at the Review till my backbone ached. But I believe it was a nervous affection, for a walk cured it. Sir Adam and the Colonel dined here. So I spent the evening as pleasantly as I well could, considering I am so soon to go like a stranger to the town of which I have been so long a citizen, and leave my wife lingering, without prospect of recovery, under the charge of two poor girls. *Talia cogit dura necessitas.*

"*May* 8. — I went over to the election at Jedburgh. There was a numerous meeting; the Whigs, who did not bring ten men to the meeting, of course took the whole matter under their patronage, which was much of a piece with the Blue Bottle drawing the carriage. To see the difference of modern times! We had a good dinner, and excellent wine; and I had ordered my carriage at half-past seven, almost ashamed to start so soon. Everybody dispersed at so early an hour, however, that when Henry had left the chair, there was no carriage for me, and Peter proved his accuracy by showing me it was but a quarter past seven. In the days that I remember, they would have kept it up till day-light; nor do I think poor Don would have left the chair before midnight. Well, there is a medium. Without being a veteran Vice --

---

* 2*d King Henry VI.* Act III. Scene 1.

a grey Iniquity, like Falstaff, I think an occasional jolly-bout, if not carried to excess, improved society: men were put into good humour; when the good wine did its good office, the jest, the song, the speech, had double effect; men were happy for the night, and better friends ever after, because they had been so.

"*May* 11. — 'Der Abschied's tag est da,
Schwer liegt es auf den herzen — schwer.' *

"Charlotte was unable to take leave of me, being in a sound sleep, after a very indifferent night. Perhaps it was as well. Emotion might have hurt her; and nothing I could have expressed would have been worth the risk. I have foreseen, for two years and more, that this menaced event could not be far distant. I have seen plainly, within the last two months, that recovery was hopeless. And yet to part with the companion of twenty-nine years when so very ill — that I did not, could not foresee. It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attendance have availed — and Anne has promised close and constant intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne to-day *en famille.* I cannot help it; but would rather be at home and alone. However, I can go out too. I will not yield to the barren sense of hopelessness which struggles to invade me.

"*Edinburgh — Mrs. Brown's Lodgings, North St. David Street — May* 12. — I passed a pleasant day with kind J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone.

---

* This is the opening couplet of a German trooper's song, alluded to, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 16. The literal translation is —

The day of departure is come,
Heavy lies it on the hearts — heavy.

"Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, 'When I was at home I was in a better place;'* I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Bailie Nicol Jarvie's consolation — 'One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one.' Were I at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy — a clergyman; and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one.

"*May* 13. — The projected measure against the Scottish bank-notes has been abandoned. Malachi might clap his wings upon this, but, alas! domestic anxiety has cut his comb. — I think very lightly in general of praise; it costs men nothing, and is usually only lip-salve. Some praise, however, and from some people, does at once delight and strengthen the mind; and I insert in this place the quotation with which Ld. C. Baron Shepherd concluded a letter concerning me to the Chief-Commissioner: — "Magna etiam illa laus, et admirabilis videri solet, tulisse casus sapienter adversos, non fractum esse fortunâ, retinuisse in rebus asperis dignitatem." † I record these words, not as meriting the high praise they imply, but to remind me that such an opinion being partially entertained of me by a man of a character so eminent, it becomes me to make my conduct approach as much as possible to the standard at which he rates it. — As I must pay some cash in London, I have borrowed from Mr. Alexander Ballantyne the sum of £500. If God should call me before next November, when my note falls due, I request my son Walter will, in reverence to my memory, see that Mr. Alexander Ballantyne does not suffer for having obliged me in a sort of exigency — he cannot afford it, and God has given my son the means to repay him.

"*May* 14. — A fair good-morrow to you, Mr. Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering. — Hogg was here yesterday in danger, from having obtained an accommodation of £100 from James Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable to help the poor fellow, being obliged to borrow myself. But I long ago remonstrated against the transaction at all, and gave him £50 out of my pocket to avoid granting the accommodation, but it did no good.

---

* *As You Like it*, Act I. Scene 4.

† Cicero, *de Orat.* ii. 346.

"*May* 15. — Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

"*Abbotsford*, *May* 16. — She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days — easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child — the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. 'Poor mamma — never return again — gone for ever — a better place.' Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger — what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel — sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family — all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. — Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

"I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte — my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic — but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolution, which I should rather write up if I could. I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years. I suspect they will be hers yet, for a long time at least. But I will not blaze cambric and crape in the public eye like a disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters.

"*May* 17. — Last night Anne, after conversing with apparent ease, dropped suddenly down as she rose from the supper-table, and lay six or seven minutes, as if dead. Clarkson, however, has no fear of these affections.

"*May* 18. — Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no. She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere — somehow; *where* we cannot tell — *how* we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. The necessity of this separation, that necessity which rendered it even a relief, that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself, and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if anything touches me, — the choking sensation. I have been to her room: there was no voice in it — no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat, as she loved it, but all was calm — calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her: she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces.' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said; when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. This was but seven days since.

"They are arranging the chamber of death — that which was long the apartment of connubial happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a foot-fall. Oh, my God!

"*May* 19. — Anne, poor love, is ill with her exertions and agitation — cannot walk — and is still hysterical, though less so. I ordered flesh-brush and tepid bath, which I think will bring her about. We speak freely of her whom we have lost, and mix her name with our ordinary conversation. This is the rule of nature. All primitive people speak of their dead, and I think virtuously and wisely. The idea of blotting the names of those who are gone out of the language and familiar discourse of those to whom they were dearest, is one of the rules of ultra-civilization which, in so many instances, strangle natural feeling by way of avoiding a painful sensation. The Highlanders speak of their dead children as freely as of their living members; how poor Colin or Robert would have acted in such or such a situation. It is a generous and manly tone of feeling; and so far as it may be adopted without affectation or contradicting the general habits of society, I reckon on observing it.

"*May* 20.—To-night, I trust, will bring Charles or Lockhart, or both; at least I must hear from them. A letter from Violet Lockhart gave us the painful intelligence that she had not mentioned to Sophia the dangerous state in which her mother was. Most kindly meant, but certainly not so well judged. I have always thought that truth, even when painful, is a great duty on such occasions, and it is seldom that concealment is justifiable. Sophia's baby was christened on Sunday 14th May, at Brighton, by the name of Walter Scott. May God give him life and health to wear it with credit to himself and those belonging to him! Melancholy to think that the next morning after this ceremony deprived him of so near a relation!

"*May* 21.—Our sad preparations for to-morrow continue. A letter from Lockhart; doubtful if Sophia's health will let him be here. If things permit he comes to-night. From Charles not a word; but I think I may expect him. I wish to-morrow were over; not that I fear it, for my nerves are pretty good, but it will be a day of many recollections.

"*May* 22.—Charles arrived last night, much affected, of course. Anne had a return of her fainting-fits on seeing him, and again upon seeing Mr. Ramsay,* the gentleman who performs the service. I heard him do so with the utmost propriety for my late friend, Lady Alvanley,† the arrangement of whose funeral devolved upon me. How little I could guess when, where, and with respect to whom, I should next hear those solemn words. Well, I am not apt to shrink from that which is my duty, merely because it is painful; but I wish this day over. A kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if all were unreal that men seem to be doing and talking about ——

---

* The Rev. E. B. Ramsay, A. M., St. John's College, Cambridge,—minister of St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh.

† Lady Alvanley died at Edinburgh, 17th January 1825—and was buried in the Chapel of Holyrood. See *ante*, Vol. III. p. 212.

"*May* 23. — About an hour before the mournful ceremony of yesterday, Walter arrived, having travelled express from Ireland on receiving the news. He was much affected, poor fellow, and no wonder. Poor Charlotte nursed him, and perhaps for that reason she was over partial to him. The whole scene floats as a sort of dream before me — the beautiful day, the grey ruins covered and hidden among clouds of foliage and flourish, where the grave, even in the lap of beauty, lay lurking, and gaped for its prey. Then the grave looks, the hasty important bustle of men with spades and mattocks — the train of carriages — the coffin containing the creature that was so long the dearest on earth to me, and whom I was to consign to the very spot which in pleasure-parties we so frequently visited. It seems still as if this could not be really so. But it is so — and duty to God and to my children must teach me patience. Poor Anne has had longer fits since our arrival from Dryburgh than before, but yesterday was the crisis. She desired to hear prayers read by Mr. Ramsay, who performed the duty in the most solemn manner. But her strength could not carry it through. She fainted before the service was concluded.

"*May* 24. — Slept wretchedly, or rather waked wretchedly all night, and was very sick and bilious in consequence, and scarce able to hold up my head with pain. A walk, however, with my sons, did me a deal of good; indeed their society is the greatest support the world can afford me. Their ideas of everything are so just and honourable, kind towards their sisters, and affectionate to me, that I must be grateful to God for sparing them to me, and continue to battle with the world for their sakes, if not for my own.

"*May* 25. — I had sound sleep to-night, and waked with little or nothing of the strange dreamy feeling which had made me for some days feel like one bewildered in a country where mist or snow has disguised those features of the landscape which are best known to him. — This evening Walter left us, being anxious to return to his wife as well as to his regiment.

"*May* 26. — A rough morning makes me think of St. George's Channel, which Walter must cross to-night or to-morrow to get to Athlone. The wind is almost due east, however, and the Channel at the narrowest point between Portpatrick and Donaghadee. His absence is a great blank in our circle, especially I think to his sister Anne, to whom he shows invariably much kindness. But indeed they do so without exception each towards the other; and in weal or wo, have shown themselves a family of love. I will go to town on Monday and resume my labours. Being now of a grave nature, they cannot go against the general temper of my feelings, and in other respects the exertion, as far as I am concerned, will do me good; besides, I must reëstablish my fortune for the sake of the children, and of my own character. I have not leisure to indulge the disabling and discouraging thoughts that press on me. Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits? and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by Heaven! This day and to-morrow I give to the currency of the ideas which have of late occupied my mind, and with Monday they shall be mingled at least with other thoughts and cares. — Last night Charles and I walked late on the terrace at Kaeside, when the clouds seemed accumulating in the wildest masses both on the Eildon Hills and other mountains in the distance. This rough morning reads the riddle. Dull, drooping, cheerless, has this day been. I cared not carrying my own gloom to the girls, and so sate in my own room, dawdling with old papers, which awakened as many stings as if they had been the nest of fifty scorpions. Then the solitude seemed so absolute — my poor Charlotte would have been in the room half a score of times to see if the fire burned, and to ask a hundred kind questions. Well, that is over — and if it cannot be forgotten, must be remembered with patience.

"*May* 27. — A sleepless night. It is true, I should be up and be doing, and a sleepless night sometimes furnishes good ideas. Alas! I have no companion now with whom I can communicate, to relieve the loneliness of these watches of the night. But I must not fail myself and my family — and the necessity of exertion becomes apparent. I must try a *hors d'œuvre* — something that can go on between the necessary intervals of Nap. Mrs. Murray Keith's Tale of the Deserter, with her interview with the lad's mother, may be made most affecting, but will hardly endure much expansion.* The frame-work may be a Highland tour, under the guardianship of the sort of postillion whom Mrs. M. K. described to me — a species of *conducteur* who regulated the motions of his company, made their halts, and was their cicerone.

"*May* 28. — I wrote a few pages yesterday, and then walked. I believe the description of the old Scottish lady may do, but the change has been unceasingly rung upon Scottish subjects of late, and it strikes me that the introductory matter may be considered as an imitation of Washington Irving — yet not so neither. In short, I will go on. To-day make a dozen of close pages ready, and take J. B.'s advice. I intend the work as an *olla podrida*, into which any odds and ends of narrative or description may be thrown. I wrote easily. I think the exertion has done me good. I slept sound last night, and at waking, as is usual with me, I found I had some clear views and thoughts upon the subject of this trifling work. I wonder if others find so strongly as I do the truth of the Latin proverb, *Aurora musis amica.*

"*Edinburgh, May* 30. — Returned to town last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of rising early, working in the morning, and attending the Court. All will come easily round. But it is at first as if men looked strange on me, and bite their lip when they wring my hand, and indicated suppressed feelings. It is natural this should be — un doubtedly it has been so with me. Yet it is strange to find one's self resemble a cloud, which darkens gaiety wherever it interposes its chilling shade. Will it be better when, left to my own feelings, I see the whole world pipe and dance around me? I think it will. Their sympathy intrudes on my private affliction. I finished correcting the proofs for the Quarterly; it is but a flimsy article — but then the circumstances wer most untoward. This has been a melancholy day — most melancholy. I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping. I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is a terrible violence — a sort of throttling sensation — then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead. I think I feel my loss more than at the first blow. Poor Charles wishes to come back to study here when his term ends at Oxford. I can see the motive.

---

* *The Highland Widow* — Waverley Novels.

"*May* 31. — The melancholy horrors of yesterday must not return. To encourage that dreamy state of incapacity is to resign all authority over the mind, and I have been used to say

'My mind to me a kingdom is.' *

I am rightful monarch; and, God to aid, I will not be dethroned by any rebellious passion that may rear its standard against me. Such are morning thoughts, strong as carle-hemp — says Burns —

'Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk of carle-hemp in man.'

Charles went by the steam-boat this morning at six. We parted last night mournfully on both sides. Poor boy, this is his first serious sorrow. Wrote this morning a Memorial on the Claim, which Constable's people prefer as to the copyrights of Woodstock and Napoleon. My argument amounts to this, that being no longer accountable as publishers, they cannot claim the character of such, or assert any right arising out of the contracts entered into while they held that capacity. — I also finished a few trifling memoranda on a book called the *Omen*, at Blackwood's request." *

---

* "This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century," &c. — PERCY'S *Reliques*, vol. i p. 307.

* Since these Memoirs were originally published, the Editor has been favoured with a letter to Miss Edgeworth, which seems too valuable to be omitted. The gentleman whose death is alluded to, was an intimate friend of the Edgeworthstown family, and made one of the merry party that met Sir Walter under their roof in August 1825.

" *To Miss Edgeworth, &c.*

"My Dear Miss Edgeworth, — I had been long meditating writing you a letter, but probably should have paid it off with thinking about it, like the parrot in the show, had not your kind letter, just received, made it an absolute act of ingratitude to suspend my purpose any longer. Woe's me if any of my friends judge of my regard by my regularity as a correspondent; for, partly having much necessarily to write, partly from the gradual but very sensible failure of my eyes, and partly from a touch of original sin which often prevents me from doing the very thing I ought to do, I have become a very unworthy letter writer.

" The circumstances which have given you such friendly anxiety, I am not stoic enough to treat with disregard, but it is not my nature to look upon what can't be helped with any anxious or bitter remembrances. My good fortune, so far as wealth is concerned, was exactly like the motions of the Kings of Brentford,

'Ere a pot of good ale you could swallow, (I mean *I*,
It came with a whoop, and is gone with a hollo.' not *you*.)

The fact is, I belong to that set of philosophers who ought to be called Nymmites, after their great founder Corporal Nym, and the fundamental maxim of whose school is, " *things must be as they may* " — and so let that matter rest; things past cure should be past care. I trust I shall do well enough, even if the blackening aspect of affairs in this country should bring on further and more wreckful storms, which is not at present at all unlikely. I had plenty of offers, you may believe, of assistance, and poor Jane proffered her whole fortune as if she had been giving a gooseberry. But what I have done foolishly, I will bear the penance of wisely, and take the whole on my own shoulders. Lady Scott is not a person that cares much about fortune, and as for Beatrice, she amuses herself very well with her altered prospects; for with a sort of high *persiflage* which she never got from me, she has a very generous and independent disposition.

"Abbotsford, 30th April.

"This letter was written as far as above, more than two months since; but I have since had great family distress, which, and not the circumstances you allude to, has made me avoid writing, unless where circumstances made it absolutely necessary. Sophia, when expecting soon to be confined, was obliged to go down to Brighton with little Johnnie, whose natural weakness has resolved itself into a complaint the spine, to cure which the poor child has to lie on his back constantly, and there was the great risk that he might be called for before Sophia's confinement. Then came her being rather prematurely delivered of an infant whose health was at his birth very precarious, although, thank God, he seems now doing well. To complete this scene of domestic distress, is Lady Scott's bad health, which, though better than it was, is still as precarious as possible. The complaint is of water in her chest, and the remedy is foxglove, which seems a cure rather worse than most diseases; yet she sustains both the disease and remedy to the surprise of medical persons. But — I will not write more about it. — As to my pecuniary loss by Constable, it is not worth mentioning, and we have fair prospects that the business may be weathered without much ultimate loss of any kind. The political letters were merely a whim that took about a day each. Of Woodstock, the best I know is that it has been sold for £8400, instead of £3000, which Constable was to have given me. The people are mad, but that in the present circumstances is their affair, and the publishers do not complain.

"I am deeply sorry for Mr. * * * *'s sudden death, and feel much interested for his family. I have scarce seen a man I liked so much on short acquaintance, he had so much good sense, accomplishment, and thorough gentlemanlike manners. Depend on it, I will do what I can for the subscription. I think the book should have been twelve shillings, the usual price of an octavo, and it should be printed well and on good paper. I beg you will immediately put down the following names: —

	Copies.
Lady Scott of Abbotsford,	2
Miss Scott of Abbotsford,	1
Charles Scott, Brazen-Nose College, Oxford,	1
John Lockhart, Esq., Pall Mall, London,	1
Mrs. Lockhart,	1
Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden,	1
Mrs. Scott of Harden,	1
	8
Lieut.-Col. Fergusson,	1
William Scott, younger of Raeburn,	1
Captain Walter Scott of Lochore, King's Hussars	1
Mrs. Scott of Lochore,	1
Sir W. Scott,	6
	18

These are names which I will be responsible for, and will remit the money when I get to Edinburgh, as despatch in such cases is always useful. I have no doubt I may pick up a score of names more, if you will send me a subscription list.

"In general, I am resolute in subscribing only for myself, because I cannot think of asking my friends to subscribe to the numerous applications which I do not think myself entitled to decline — but this is a very different question.

"I am concerned to say, I do not think there is the most distan probability of success at Edinburgh in the line Mrs. * * * * proposes, though I am happy to think it may answer better in Bath. We are a poor people, and in families of consideration our estates are almost uniformly strictly entailed on heirs-male; therefore the mother has to keep the female chickens under her own wing, and those of good account are generally desirous of bringing them out themselves, and their connexions enable them to do so. Those, again, who are very wealthy, desire sometimes London education for their daughters. In short, there does not exist among us the style of young ladies who can give, for such advantages as I am sure Mrs. * * * * would assure them, anything like £200 or £250 a-year. Our eldest sons get our estates, our younger become lawyers, go to India, or enter the army; our girls live at home while mamma can keep house on her jointure — get husbands if they can, and if not, do as they can on the interest of £1500 or £2000. The elder brother is in general an honest fellow, but embarrassed with debt; he keeps his sisters in his house if his wife is not cross; and a sort of half family pride, half family affection, carries the thing through. But for paying large pensions, it is not in the nature of things; besides, though a young Englishman or Irishman gets easily into good society in Edinburgh, it is, I think, more difficult for ladies to do so, unless with some strong recommendation — as fortunes, or talents, or accomplishments, or something. In short, I see no hope in that scheme. The melancholy resource of a boarding-school for young ladies might have succeeded, but the rates have been always kept very low at Edinburgh, so as to make it miserable work My kind love to your brothers and sisters; I hope Mrs. Fox will make you all a lucky present with good fortune to herself. — Walter and Jane have jointly and severally threatened a descent upon Edgeworthstown from Athlone; but they are both really bashful as to doing what they should do, and so Don Whiskerandos and the Lady Tilburina may never accomplish what they themselves consider as grateful and proper. — Kindest regards to Mrs. Edgeworth and Miss Sneyd. — Always yours, WALTER SCOTT.

"2d May 1826, Abbotsford."

CHAPTER LXXI.

Woodstock — Reception of the Novel — Mrs. Brown's Lodgings — Extract from a Diary of Captain Basil Hall — Buonaparte resumed, and Chronicles of the Canongate begun — Uniform labour during Summer and Autumn — Extracts from Sir Walter's Journal.

JUNE — OCTOBER 1826.

The price received for Woodstock shows what eager competition had been called forth among the booksellers, when, after the lapse of several years, Constable's monopoly of Sir Walter's novels was abolished by their common calamity. The interest excited, not only in Scotland and England, but all over civilized Europe, by the news of Scott's misfortunes, must also have had its influence in quickening this commercial rivalry. The reader need hardly be told, that the first meeting of James Ballantyne and Company's creditors witnessed the transformation, a month before darkly prophesied, of the "Great Unknown" into the "Too-well-known." Even for those who had long ceased to entertain any doubt as to the main source at least of the Waverley romances, there would have been something stirring in the first confession of the author; but it in fact included the avowal, that he had stood alone in the work of creation; and when the mighty claim came in the same breath with the announcement of personal ruin, the effect on the community of

Edinburgh was electrical. It is, in my opinion, not the least striking feature in the foregoing Diary, that it contains no allusion (save the ominous one of 18th December) to this long withheld revelation. He notes his painful anticipation of returning to the Parliament-House — *monstrari digito* — as an insolvent. It does not seem even to have occurred to him, that when he appeared there the morning after his creditors had heard his confession, there could not be many men in the place but must gaze on his familiar features with a mixture of curiosity, admiration, and sympathy, of which a hero in the moment of victory might have been proud — which might have swelled the heart of a martyr as he was bound to the stake. The universal feeling was, I believe, much what the late amiable and accomplished Earl of Dudley expressed to Mr. Morritt when these news reached them at Brighton. "Scott ruined!" said he — "the author of Waverley ruined! Good God! let every man to whom he has given months of delight give him a sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild!"

It is no wonder that the book, which it was known he had been writing during this crisis of distress, should have been expected with solicitude. Shall we find him, asked thousands, to have been master truly of his genius in the moment of this ordeal? Shall we trace anything of his own experiences in the construction of his imaginary personages and events?

I know not how others interpreted various passages in Woodstock, but there were not a few that carried deep meaning for such of Scott's own friends as were acquainted with, not his pecuniary misfortune alone, but the drooping health of his wife, and the consolation afforded him by the dutiful devotion of his daughter Anne, in whose character and demeanour a change had occurred exactly similar to that painted in poor Alice Lee:—"A light joyous air, with something of a humorous expression, which seemed to be looking for amusement, had vanished before the touch of affliction, and a calm melancholy supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others." In several *mottoes*, and other scraps of verse, the curious reader will find similar traces of the facts and feelings recorded in the author's Diary.

As to the novel itself, though none can pretend to class it in the very highest rank of his works, since we feel throughout the effects of the great fundamental error, likened by a contemporary critic to that of the writer who should lay his scene at Rome immediately after the battle of Philippi, and introduce Brutus as the survivor in that conflict, and Cicero as his companion in victory; yet even this censor is forced to allow that Woodstock displays certain excellences, not exemplified in all the author's fictions, and which attest, more remarkably than any others could have done, the complete self-possession of the mind when composing it. Its great merit, Mr. Senior thinks, is that it combines an extraordinary variety of incident with perfect *unity of action!* For the rest, after condemning, in my view far too broadly, the old Shaksperian Cavalier Sir Henry Lee, he says—

> "The Cromwell and Charles II. are inaccurate as portraits, but, as imaginary characters they are admirable. Charles is perhaps somewhat too stiff, and Cromwell too sentimental; but these impressions never struck us till our office forced us to pervert the work from its proper end, and to read for the purpose of criticism instead of enjoyment. We are not sure, however, that we do not prefer Tomkins to either of them; his cunning, profligacy, hypocrisy, and enthusiasm, are com-

bined into a character as spirited as it is original. Wildrake, Rochecliffe, Desborough, Holdenough, and Bletson, are composed of fewer materials, and therefore exhibit less power in the author; but they are natural and forcible, particularly Holdenough. There are few subjects which Sir Walter seems more to delight in painting than the meliorating influence of religious feelings on an imperfect temper, even though somewhat alloyed by superstition and enthusiasm. — Woodstock is a picture full of false costume and incorrect design, but splendidly grouped and coloured; and we envy those whose imperfect knowledge of the real events has enabled them to enjoy its beauties without being offended by its inaccuracies."

There is one character of considerable importance which the reviewer does not allude to. If he had happened to have the slightest tincture of his author's fondness for dogs, he would not have failed to say something of the elaborate and affectionate portraiture of old Maida, under the name of Bevis.

The success of this novel was great: large as the price was, its publishers had no reason to repent their bargain; and of course the rapid receipt of such a sum as £8000, the product of hardly three months' labour, highly gratified the body of creditors, whose debtor had devoted to them whatever labour his health should henceforth permit him to perform. We have seen that he very soon began another work of fiction; and it will appear that he from the first designed the "Chronicles of the Canongate" to be published by Mr. Robert Cadell. That gentleman's connexion with Constable was, from circumstances of which the reader may have traced various little indications, not likely to be renewed after the catastrophe of their old copartnership. They were now endeavouring to establish themselves in separate businesses; and each was, of course, eager to secure the countenance of Sir Walter. He did not hesitate a moment. He conceived that Constable had acted in such a manner by him, especially in urging him to borrow large sums of money for his support after all chance of recovery was over, that he had more than forfeited all claims on his confidence; and Mr. Cadell's frank conduct in warning Ballantyne and him against Constable's last mad proposal about a guarantee for £20,000, had produced a strong impression in his favour.

Sir Walter's Diary has given us some pleasing glimpses of the kind of feeling displayed by Ballantyne towards him, and by him towards Ballantyne, during these dark months. In justice to both, I shall here insert one of the notes addressed by Scott, while Woodstock was at press, to his critical typographer. It has reference to a request, that the success of Malachi Malagrowther might be followed up by a set of essays on Irish Absenteeism in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal;* — the editorship of which paper, with the *literary* management of the printing-house, had been continued to Mr. Ballantyne, upon a moderate salary, by his creditors' trustees. I may observe, that when the general superintendence of the printing-house came into the hands of regular men of business, it was found (notwithstanding the loss of Constable's great employment) a lucrative one: the creditors, after paying James his salary, cleared in one year £1200 from the concern, which had for many before been a source of nothing but perplexity to its founders. No hints of mutual complaint or recrimination ever dropt from either of the fallen partners. The printer, like Scott, submitted without a murmur of that sort, or indeed of any sort, to his reverses: he withdrew to a very small house in a sequestered suburban situation, and altered all his domestic habits and arrangements with decision and fortitude. Here he received many communications such as the following: —

"*To Mr. James Ballantyne.*

"North St. David Street.

"Dear James, — I cannot see to read my manuscript in the way you propose — I would give a thousand pounds I could; but, like the officer of the Customs, when the Board desired him to read a coquet of his own, — I am coquet-*writer*, not coquet-*reader* — and you must be thankful that I can perform even that part of the duty.

"We must in some sort stand or fall *together;* and I do not wish you to think that I am forgetting your interest in my own — though I sincerely believe the former is what you least think of. But I am afraid I must decline the political task you invite me to. It would cost me a fortnight's hard work to do anything to purpose, for I have no information on the subject whatever. In short, as the Earl of Essex said on a certain occasion, 'Frankly, it may not be, I hope next winter will afford me an opportunity to do something, which, as Falstaff says, "may do you good."' — Ever yours, W. S."

The date of this note (North St. David Street) reminds me of a passage in Captain Basil Hall's Diary. He called at Mrs. Brown's lodging-house one morning — and on his return home wrote as follows: —

"A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old classical authorities, it may interest some fervent lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday the 10th of June 1826 — five months after the total ruin of his pecuniary fortunes, and twenty-six day after the death of his wife.

"In the days of his good luck he used to live at No. 39 in North Castle Street, in a house befitting a rich baronet; but on reaching the door, I found the plate on it covered with rust (so soon is glory obscured), the windows shuttered up, dusty, and comfortless; and from the side of one projected a board, with this inscription, "To Sell;" the stairs were unwashed, and not a footmark told of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am acquainted, the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great tide of civilization; and, *vice versa*, those persons who decline in fortune, which is mostly equivalent to declining in fashion, shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and inquiring at the clubs in Prince's Street, learned that he now resided in St. David Street, No. 6.

"I was rather glad to recognise my old friend the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door; — the saying about heroes and valets-de-chambre comes to one's recollection on such occasions, and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the stanch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person's dinner. Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and wherever he moved, his head-quarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and, like the recorded honours of Lord Chatham, 'thickened over him.' Lady and Miss Scott were his constant companions; the Lockharts were his neighbours both in town and in Roxburghshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and in short, what with his own family and the clouds of tourists, who, like so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon him, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended — I had almost said overpowered, by company. His wife is now dead — his son-in-law and favourite daughter gone to London — and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the edge of the grave, which, perhaps, is the securest refuge for him — his eldest son is married, and at a distance, and report speaks of no probability of the title descending; in short, all are dispersed, and the tourists, those 'curiosos impertinentes,' drive past Abbotsford gate, and curse their folly in having delayed for a year too late their long-projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile, not to mince the matter, the great man had, somehow or other, managed to involve himself with printers, publishers, bankers, gas-makers, wool-staplers, and all the fraternity of speculators, accommodation-bill manufacturers, land-jobbers, and so on, till, at a season of distrust in money matters, the hour of reckoning came, like a thief in the night; and as our friend, like the unthrifty virgins, had no oil in his lamp, all his affairs went to wreck and ruin, and landed him, after the gale was over, in the predicament of Robinson Crusoe, with little more than a shirt to his back. But like that able navigator, he is not cast away upon a barren rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left him on the beach, but the hull of his fortunes is above water still, and it will go hard indeed with him if he does not shape a raft that shall bring to shore much of the cargo that an ordinary mind would leave in despair to be swept away by the next change of the moon. The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable, than in the power which he possesses over them, of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me, that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvellous difference that I venture to predict, that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven amongst the breakers.

" Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing-desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the Moniteur, — one, which he was leaning over as my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the floor. As he rose to receive us, he closed the volume which he had been extracting from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of woe, but his countenance, though certainly a little woe-begonish, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore, and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the length of his countenance, and allowed the corners of his mouth to curl almost imperceptibly upwards, and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well-regulated, patient, Christian resignation. My meaning will be misunderstood if it be imagined from this picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectation of grief in the first instance. I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and most acutely, the bereavements which have come upon him; but we may very fairly suppose, that among the many visiters he must have, there may be some who cannot understand that it is proper, decent, or even possible, to hide those finer emotions deep in the heart. — He immediately began conversing in his usual style — the chief topic being Captain Denham (whom I had recently seen in London), and his book of African Travels, which Sir Walter had evidently read with much attention. * * * * After sitting a quarter of an hour, we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit — and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possibly all the better for the discipline — better, I mean, for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion — and one which all the world must admit to be thoroughly noble and generous."

A week before this visit took place, Sir Walter had sufficiently mastered himself to resume his literary tasks; and he thenceforth worked with determined resolution on the Life of Napoleon, interlaying a day or two of the

Chronicles of the Canongate, whenever he had got before the press with his historical MS., or felt the want of the only repose he ever cared for — a change of labour In resuming his own Diary, I shall make extracts rather less largely than before, because many entries merely reflect the life of painful exertion to which he had now submitted himself, without giving us any interesting glimpses either of his feelings or opinions. I hope I have kept enough to satisfy all proper curiosity on these last points.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY — JUNE 1826.

" *Edinburgh, June* 4. — I wrote a good task yesterday, and to-day a great one, scarce stirring from the desk. I am not sure that it is right to work so hard; but a man must take himself, as well as other people, when in the humour. I doubt if men of method, who can lay aside or take up the pen just at the hours appointed, will ever be better than poor creatures. Lady Louisa Stuart used to tell me of Mr. Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, and in that capacity a noble transmuter of gold into lead, that he was a clerk in the India-House, with long ruffles and a snuff-coloured suit of clothes, who occasionally visited her father, John Earl of Bute. She sometimes conversed with him, and was amused to find that he did exactly so many couplets day by day, neither more nor less; and habit had made it light to him, however heavy it might seem to the reader. Well, but if I lay down the pen, as the pain in my breast hints that I should, what am I to do? If I think, why I shall weep — and that's nonsense; and I have no friend now — none — to relieve my tediousness for half-an-hour of the gloaming. Let me be grateful — I have good news from Abbotsford.

" *June* 7. — Again a day of hard work — busy at half-past eight. I went to the Dean of Faculty's to a consultation about Constable,* and sat with said Dean and Mr. J. S. More and J. Gibson. I find they have as high hope of success as lawyers ought to express; and I think I know how our profession speak when sincere; but I cannot interest myself deeply in it. When I had come home from such a business, I used to carry the news to poor Charlotte, who dressed her face in sadness or mirth as she saw the news affect me: this hangs lightly about me. I had almost forgot the appointment, if J. G. had not sent me a card. I passed a piper in the street as I went to the Dean's and could not help giving him a shilling to play *Pibroch a Donuil Dhu* for luck's sake: — what a child I am!

"*June* 8. — Bilious and headach this morning. A dog howl'd all night and left me little sleep: — poor cur! I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine. I was obliged to make Dalgleish shut the windows when he appeared at half-past six, as usual, and did not rise till nine. I have often deserved a headach in my younger days without having one, and Nature is, I suppose, paying off old scores. Ay — but then the want of the affectionate care that used to be ready, with lowered voice and stealthy pace, to smooth the pillow and offer condolence and assistance, — gone — gone — for ever — ever — ever. Well, there is another world, and we'll meet free from the mortal sorrows and frailties which beset us here: — amen, so be it. Let me change the topic with hand and head, and the heart must follow. I finished four pages to-day, headach, laziness, and all.

"*June* 9. — Corrected a stubborn proof this morning. These battles have been the death of many a man — I think they will be mine. Well, but it clears to windward; so we will fag on. Slept well last night. By the way, how intolerably selfish this

---

* This alludes to the claim advanced by the creditors of Constable and Co. to the copyright of *Woodstock* and the *Life of Napoleon.* The Dean of the Faculty of Advocates was at this time **Mr. Cranstoun,** now Lord Corehouse. — [1839.]

Journal makes me seem — so much attention to one's naturals and non-naturals? Lord Mackenzie * called, and we had much chat about parish business. — The late regulations for preparing cases in the Outer-House do not work well. One effect of running causes faster through the Courts below is, that they go by scores to appeal, and Lord Gifford has hitherto decided them with such judgment, and so much rapidity, as to give great satisfaction. The consequence will in time be, that the Scottish Supreme Court will be in effect situated in London. Then down fall, as national objects of respect and veneration, the Scottish Bench, the Scottish Bar, the Scottish Law herself, and — and —— 'Here is an end of an auld sang.' † Were I as I have been, I would fight knee-deep in blood ere it came to that. I shall always be proud of Malachi as having headed back the Southron, or helped to do so in one instance at least.

"*June* 11. — Bad dreams. Woke, thinking my old and inseparable friend beside me; and it was only when I was fully awake that I could persuade myself that she was dark, low, and distant, and that my bed was widowed. I believe the phenomena of dreaming are in a great measure occasioned by the *double touch* which takes place when one hand is crossed in sleep upon another. Each gives and receives the impression of touch to and from the other, and this complicated sensation our sleeping fancy ascribes to the agency of another being, when it is in fact produced by our own limbs rolling on each other. Well, here goes — *incumbite remis.*

"*June* 12. — Finished volume third of Napoleon. I resumed it on the 1st of June, the earliest period that I could bend my mind to it after my great loss. Since that time I have lived, to be sure, the life of a hermit, except attending the Court five days in the week for about three hours on an average. Except at that time, I have been reading or writing on the subject of Boney, and have finished last night, and sent to printer this morning, the last sheet of fifty-two written since 1st June. It is an awful screed; but grief makes me a housekeeper, and to labour is my only resource.

---

* The eldest son of the Man of Feeling.

† Speech of Lord Chancellor Seafield on the ratification of the Scotch Union. — See *Tales of a Grandfather*, chap. lx.

"*June* 14. — To-day I began with a page and a half before breakfast. This is always the best way. You stand like a child going to be bathed, shivering and shaking till the first pitcherful is flung about your ears, and then are as blythe as a water-wagtail. I am just come home from Court; and now, my friend Nap, have at you with a downright blow! Methinks I would fain make peace with my conscience by doing six pages to-night. Bought a little bit of Gruyere cheese, instead of our dame's choke-dog concern. When did I ever purchase anything for my own eating? But I will say no more of that. And now to the bread-mill —

"*June* 16. — Yesterday safe in the Court till nearly four. I had, of course, only time for my task. I fear I shall have little more to-day, for I have accepted to dine at Hector's. I got, yesterday, a present of two engravings from Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of me, which (poor fellow!) was the last he ever painted, and certainly not the worst.* I had the pleasure to give one to young Davidoff for his uncle, the celebrated Black Captain of the campaign of 1812. Curious that he should be interested in getting the resemblance of a person whose mode of attaining some distinction has been very different. But I am sensible, that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition. I have been no sigher in shades — no writer of

'Songs and sonnets and rustical roundelays,
Framed on fancies, and whistled on reeds.' †

---

* See *ante*, Vol. VI. p. 193.

† Song of *The Hunting of the Hare*.

"*Abbotsford, Saturday, June* 17. — Left Edinburgh to-day after Parliament-House. My two girls met me at Torsonce, which was a pleasant surprise, and we returned in the sociable all together. Found everything right and well at Abbotsford under the new regime. I again took possession of the family bed-room and my widowed couch. This was a sore trial, but it was necessary not to blink such a resolution. Indeed, I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten.*

"*June* 19. — This morning wrote till half past twelve — good day's work — at Canongate Chronicles. Methinks I can make this answer. Then drove to Huntly Burn, and called at Chiefswood. Walked home. The country crying for rain; yet, on the whole, the weather delicious, dry and warm, with a fine air of wind. The young woods are rising in a kind of profusion I never saw elsewhere. Let me once clear off these incumbrances, and they shall wave broader and deeper yet.

"*June* 21. — For a party of pleasure, I have attended to business well. Twenty pages of Croftangry, five printed pages each, attest my diligence, and I have had a delightful variation by the company of the two Annes. Regulated my little expenses here.

"*Edinburgh, June* 22. — Returned to my Patmos. Heard good news from Lockhart. Wife well, and John Hugh better. He mentions poor Southey testifying much interest for me, even to tears. It is odd — am I so hard-hearted a man? I could not have wept for him, though in distress I would have gone any length to serve him. I sometimes think I do not deserve people's good opinion, for certainly my feelings are rather guided by reflection than impulse. But everybody has his own mode of expressing interest, and mine is stoical even in bitterest grief. I hope I am not the worse for wanting the tenderness that I see others possess, and which is so amiable. I think it does not cool my wish to be of use when I can. But the truth is, I am better at enduring or acting, than at consoling. From childhood's earliest hour, my heart rebelled against the influence of external circumstances in myself and others — *non est tanti!* To-day, I was detained in the Court from half-past ten till near four, yet I finished and sent off a packet to Cadell, which will finish one-third of the Chronicles, vol. 1st. Henry Scott came in while I was at dinner, and sat while I eat my beef-steak. A gourmand would think me much at a loss, coming back to my ploughman's meal of boiled beef and Scotch broth, from the rather *récherché* table at Abbotsford, but I have no philosophy in my carelessness on that score. It is natural, though I am no ascetic, as my father was.

---

* This entry reminds me of Hannah More's account of Mrs. Garrick's conduct after her husband's funeral. "She told me," says Mrs. More, "that she prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure." — See *Memoirs of Mrs. More*, vol. i. p. 135.

"*June* 23. — I received to-day £10 from Blackwood for the article on *The Omen.* Time was I would not have taken these small tithes of mint and cummin, but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, and I, with many depending on me, must do the best I can with my time; God help me.

"*Blair-Adam, June* 24. — Left Edinburgh yesterday after the Court, and came over here with the Lord Chief-Baron and William Clerk, to spend as usual a day or two at the Chief-Commissioner's. His Lordship's family misfortunes and my own make our holiday this year of a more quiet description than usual, and a sensible degree of melancholy hangs on the re-union of our party. It was wise, however, not to omit it; for to slacken your hold on life in any agreeable point of connexion, is the sooner to reduce yourself to the indifference and passive vegetation of old age.

"*June* 25. — Another melting day: — we have lounged away the morning, creeping about the place, sitting a great deal, and walking as little as might be, on account of the heat. Blair-Adam has been successively in possession of three generations of persons attached to and skilled in the art of embellishment, and may be fairly taken as a place where art and taste have done a great deal to improve nature. A long ridge of varied ground sloping to the foot of Benarty, and which originally was of a bare, mossy, boggy character, has been clothed by the son, father, and grandfather; while the undulations and hollows, which seventy or eighty years since must have looked only like wrinkles in the black morasses, being now drained and lined, are skirted with deep woods, particularly of spruce, which thrives wonderfully, and covered with excellent grass. We drove in the droskie, and walked in the evening.

"*June* 26. — Another day of unmitigated heat; thermometer 82° : must be higher in Edinburgh, where I return to-night, when the decline of the sun makes travelling practicable. It will be well for my works to be there — not quite so well for me: there is a difference between the clever nice arrangement of Blair-Adam and Mrs. Brown's accommodations, though he who is insured against worse has no right to complain of them. But the studious neatness of poor Charlotte has perhaps made me fastidious. She loved to see things clean, even to Oriental scrupulosity. So oddly do our deep recollections of other kinds correspond with the most petty occurrences of our life. Lord Chief-Baron told us a story of the ruling passion strong in death. A Mr. * * * *, a Master in Chancery, was on his deathbed — a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred in which it was necessary to make an affidavit, and the attorney, missing one or two other Masters whom he enquired after, ventured to ask if Mr. * * * * would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The Master was lifted up in bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper as he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk —

Wallace.' — 'Sir?' — 'Your ear — lower — lower. Have you got the *half-crown?*' He was dead before morning.

"*Edinburgh, June* 27. — Returned to Edinburgh late last night, and had a most sweltering night of it. This day also cruel hot. However, I made a task, or nearly so, and read a good deal about the Egyptian expedition. I have also corrected proofs, and prepared for a great start, by filling myself with facts and ideas.

"*June* 29. — I walked out for an hour last night, and made one or two calls — the evening was delightful —

'Day her sultry fires had wasted,
  Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
Even a captive spirit tasted
  Half oblivion of his woes.' *

I wonder often how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late. The Magazine seems to have paralyzed him. The author, not only of the Pleasures of Hope, but of Hohenlinden, Lochiel, &c., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation. He is a great corrector too, which succeeds as ill in composition as in education. Many a clever boy is flogged into a dunce, and many an original composition corrected into mediocrity. Tom ought to have done a great deal more: his youthful promise was great. John Leyden introduced me to him. They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated Hohenlinden to Leyden, he said — 'Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him; — but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer — 'Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation.' This feud was therefore in the way of being taken up. 'When Leyden comes back from India,' said Tom Campbell, 'what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces!'

---

* Campbell's *Turkish Lady.* The poet was then Editor of the ***New Monthly** Magazine*, but he soon gave it up.

"Gave a poor poetess £1. Gibson writes me that £2300 is offered for the poor house; it is worth £300 more, but I will not oppose my own opinion and convenience to good and well-meant counsel: so farewell, poor No. 39. What a portion of my life has been spent there! It has sheltered me, from the prime of life to its decline; and now I must bid good-by to it. I have bid good-by to my poor wife, so long its courteous and kind mistress — and I need not care about the empty rooms; yet it gives me a turn. Never mind; all in the day's work.

"*June* 30. — Here is another dreadful warm day, fit for nobody but the flies. I was detained in Court till four; dreadfully close, and obliged to drink water for refreshment, which formerly I used to scorn, even in the moors, with a burning August sun, the heat of exercise, and a hundred springs gushing around me. Corrected proofs, &c. on my return.

"*Abbotsford*, *July* 2. — I worked a little this morning, then had a long and warm walk. Captain and Mrs. Hamilton, from Chiefswood, the present inhabitants of Lockhart's cottage, dined with us, which made the evening pleasant. He is a fine soldierly-looking man* — his wife a sweet good-humoured little woman. Since we were to lose the Lockharts, we could scarce have had more agreeable neighbours.

"*Edinburgh*, *July* 6. — Returned last night, and suffered, as usual, from the incursions of the black horse. Mr. B—— C—— writes to condole with me. I think our acquaintance scarce warranted this; but it is well meant, and modestly done. I cannot conceive the idea of forcing myself on strangers in distress, and I have half a mind to turn sharp round on some of my consolers.

---

* Thomas Hamilton, Esq. — the author of *Cyril Thornton* — *Men and Manners of America* — *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns*, &c. &c.

"*July* 8. — Wrote a good task this morning. I may be mistaken; but I do think the tale of Elspat M'Tavish* in my bettermost manner — but J. B. roars for chivalry. He does not quite understand that everything may be overdone in this world, or sufficiently estimate the necessity of novelty. The Highlanders have been off the field now for some time. — Returning from the Court, looked into a fine show of wild beasts, and saw Nero the great lion, whom they had the brutal cruelty to bait with bull-dogs, against whom the noble creature disdained to exert his strength. He was lying like a prince in a large cage, where you might be admitted if you wished. I had a month's mind — but was afraid of the newspapers. I could be afraid of nothing else, for never did a creature seem more gentle and yet majestic. I longed to caress him. Wallace, the other lion, born in Scotland, seemed much less trustworthy. He handled the dogs as his namesake did the southron.

"*July* 10. — Dined with John Swinton *en famille.* He told me an odd circumstance. Coming from Berwickshire in the mail-coach, he met with a passenger who seemed more like a military man than anything else. They talked on all sorts of subjects, at length on politics. Malachi's letters were mentioned, when the stranger observed they were much more seditious than some expressions for which he had three or four years ago been nearly sent to Botany Bay. And perceiving John Swinton's surprise at this avowal, he added, 'I am Kinloch of Kinloch.' This gentleman had got engaged in the Radical business (the only real gentleman, by the way, who did), and harangued the weavers of Dundee with such emphasis, that he would have been tried and sent to Botany Bay, had he not fled abroad. He was outlawed, and only restored to his estates on a composition with Government. It seems to have escaped Mr. Kinloch, that the man who places a lighted coal in the middle of combustibles and upon the floor, acts a little differently from him who places the same quantity of burning fuel in a fire-grate.

---

* *The Highland Widow.*

"*July* 13. — Dined yesterday with Lord Abercromby at a party he gave to Lord Melville and some old friends, who formed the Contemporary Club. Lord M. and I met with considerable feeling on both sides, and all our feuds were forgotten and forgiven; I conclude so at least, because one or two people, whom I know to be sharp observers of the weather-glass on occasion of such squalls, have been earnest with me to meet him at parties — which I am well assured they would not have been (had I been Horace come to life again) were they not sure the breeze was over. For myself, I am happy that our usual state of friendship should be restored, though I could not have *come down proud stomach* to make advances, which is, among friends, always the duty of the richer and more powerful of the two. To-day I leave Mrs. Brown's lodgings. I have done a monstrous sight of work here, notwithstanding the indolence of this last week, which must and shall be amended.

So good-by, Mrs. Brown,
I am going out of town,
Over dale, over down,
Where bugs bite not,
Where lodgers fight not,
Where below you chairmen drink not,
Where beside you gutters stink not;
But all is fresh, and clear, and gay,
And merry lambkins sport and play;
And they toss with rakes uncommonly short hay,
Which looks as if it had been sown only the other day,
And where oats are at twenty-five shillings a-boll, they say.
But all's one for that, since I must and will away.

"*July* 14, *Abbotsford.* — Anybody would think, from the fal-de-ral conclusion of my journal of yesterday, that I left town in a very gay humour — *cujus contrarium verum est.* But nature has given me a kind of buoyancy — I know not what to call it — that mingled even with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours. I have a secret pride — I fancy it will be so most truly termed — which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth 'which have no mirth in them.'

"*July* 16. — Sleepy, stupid, indolent — finished arranging the books, and after that was totally useless — unless it can be called study that I slumbered for three or four hours over a variorum edition of the Gill's-Hill tragedy.* Admirable escape for low spirits — for, not to mention the brutality of so extraordinary a murder, it led John Bull into one of his most uncommon fits of gambols, until at last he became so maudlin as to weep for the pitiless assassin, Thurtell, and treasure up the leaves and twigs of the hedge and shrubs in the fatal garden as valuable relics, nay, thronged the minor theatres to see the roan horse and yellow gig in which his victim was transported from one house to the other. I have not stept over the threshold to-day, so very stupid have I been.

"*July* 17. — *Desidiæ tandem valedixi.* — Our time is like our money. When we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eye. I set stoutly about seven this morning to Boney —

And long ere dinner time, I have
Full eight close pages wrote;
What, Duty, hast thou now to crave?
Well done, Sir Walter Scott!

---

* The murder of Weare by Thurtell and Co. at Gill's-Hill, in Hertfordshire. Sir Walter collected printed trials with great assiduity, and took care always to have the contemporary ballads and prints bound up with them. He admired particularly this verse of Mr. Hook's broadside —

"They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

"*July* 21. — To Mertoun. Lord and Lady Minto and several other guests were there, besides their own large family So my lodging was a little room which I had not occupied since I was a bachelor, but often before in my frequent intercourse with this kind and hospitable family. Feeling myself returned to that celibacy which renders many accommodations indifferent which but lately were indispensable, my imagination drew a melancholy contrast between the young man entering the world on fire for fame, and busied in imagining means of coming by it, and the aged widower, *blasé* on the point of literary reputation, deprived of the social comforts of a married state, and looking back to regret instead of looking forward to hope. This brought bad sleep and unpleasing dreams. But if I cannot hope to be what I have been, I will not, if I can help it, suffer vain repining to make me worse than I may be. We left Mertoun after breakfast, and the two Annes and I visited Lady Raeburn at Lessudden. My aunt is now in her ninetieth year — so clean, so nice, so well arranged in every respect, that it makes old age lovely. She talks both of late and former events with perfect possession of her faculties, and has only failed in her limbs. A great deal of kind feeling has survived, in spite of the frost of years. Home to dinner, and worked all the afternoon among the Moniteurs — to little purpose, for my principal acquisition was a headach.

"*July* 24. — At dinner-time to-day came Dr. Jamieson* of the Scottish Dictionary — an excellent good man, and full of auld Scottish cracks, which amuse me well enough, but are *caviare* to the young people.

"*July* 26. — This day went to Selkirk, to hold a court. The Doctor chose to go with me. Action and reaction — Scots proverb — 'The unrest (*i. e.* pendulum) of a clock gangs aye as far the ae gait as the t' other.'

---

* The venerable lexicographer often had lodgings near Abbotsford in the angling season, being still very fond of that sport. [Dr. Jamieson died 12th July 1838, aged eighty-one.]

"*July* 27. — Up and at it this morning, and finished four pages. An unpleasant letter from London, as if I might be troubled by some of the creditors there, if I should go up to get materials for Nap. I have no wish to go — none at all. I would even like to put off my visit, so far as John Lockhart and my daughter are concerned, and see them when the meeting could be more pleasant. But then, having an offer to see the correspondence from St. Helena, I can make no doubt that I ought to go. However, if it is to infer any danger to my personal freedom, English wind shall not blow on me. It is monstrous hard to prevent me doing what is certainly the best for all parties.

"*July* 28. — I am wellnigh choked with the sulphurous heat of the weather — and my hand is as nervous as a paralytic's. Read through and corrected Saint Ronan's Well. I am no judge, but I think the language of this piece rather good. Then I must allow the fashionable portraits are not the true thing. I am too much out of the way. The story is horribly contorted and unnatural, and the catastrophe is melancholy, which should always be avoided. No matter; I have corrected it for the press.* Walter's account of his various quarters per last despatch. Query, if original: —

'Loughrin is a blackguard place,
  To Gort I give my curse;
Athlone itself is bad enough,
  But Ballinrobe is worse.
I cannot tell which is the worst,
  They're all so very bad;
But of all towns I ever saw,
  Bad luck to Kinnegad.'

"*August* 1. — Yesterday evening I took to arranging old plays, and scrambled through two: one, called Michaelmas Term, full of traits of manners; and another a sort of bouncing tragedy, called the Hector of Germany, or the Palsgrave.

---

* This Novel was passing through the press in 8vo., 12mo., and 18mo., to complete collective editions in these sizes.

The last, worthless in the extreme, is like many of the plays in the beginning of the seventeenth century, written to a good tune. The dramatic poets of that time seem to have possessed as joint-stock a highly poetical and abstract tone of language, so that the worst of them remind you of the very best. The audience must have had a much stronger sense of poetry in those days than in ours, since language was received and applauded at the Fortune or the Red Bull, which could not now be understood by any general audience in Great Britain. Now to work.

"*August* 2.—I finished before dinner five leaves, and I would crow a little about it, but here comes Duty like an old housekeeper to an idle chambermaid. Hear her very words—

"*Duty.* Oh! you crow, do you? Pray, can you deny that your sitting so quiet at work was owing to its raining heavily all the forenoon, and indeed till dinner-time, so that nothing would have stirred out that could help it, save a duck or a goose? I trow, if it had been a fine day, by noon there would have been aching of the head, throbbing, shaking, and so forth, to make an apology for going out.

"*Egomet Ipse.* And whose head ever throbbed to go out when it rained, Mrs. Duty?

"*Duty. Answer not to me with a fool-born jest*, as your friend Erskine used to say to you when you escaped from his good advice under the fire of some silly pun. You smoke a cigar after dinner, and I never check you—drink tea, too, which is loss of time; and then, instead of writing me one other page, or correcting those you have written out, you rollock into the woods till you have not a dry thread about you; and here you sit writing down my words in your foolish journal instead of minding my advice.

"*Ego.* Why, Mrs. Duty, I would as gladly be friends with you as Crabbe's tradesman fellow with his conscience;* but you should have some consideration with human frailty.

"*Duty.* Reckon not on that. But, however, good-night for the present. I would recommend to you to think no thoughts in which I am not mingled — to read no books in which I have no concern — to write three sheets of botheration all the six days of the week *per diem*, and on the seventh to send them to the printer. Thus advising, I heartily bid you farewell.

---

* See Crabbe's Tale of *The Struggles of Conscience.*

" *Ego.* Farewell, madam (*exit* DUTY) —— and be d——d to ye for an unreasonable bitch! 'The devil must be in this greedy gled!' as the Earl of Angus said to his hawk; 'will she never be satisfied?'*

" *August* 3. — Wrote half a task in the morning. From eleven till half-past eight in Selkirk taking precognitions about a *row*, and came home famished and tired. Now, Mrs. Duty, do you think there is no other Duty of the family but yourself? Or can the Sheriff-depute neglect his Duty, that the Author may mind *his?* The thing cannot be; — the people of Selkirk must have justice as well as the people of England books. So the two Duties may go pull caps about it. My conscience is clear.

" *August* 6. — Wrote to-day a very good day's work. Walked to Chiefswood, and saw old Mrs. Tytler, a friend when life was young. Her husband, Lord Woodhouselee, was a kind, amiable, and accomplished man; and when we lived at Lasswade Cottage, soon after my marriage, we saw a great deal of the family, who were very kind to us as newly entered on the world. How many early stories did the old lady's presence recall! She might almost be my mother; yet there we sat, like two people of another generation, talking of things and people the rest knew nothing of. When a certain period of life is over, the difference of years, even when considerable, becomes of much less consequence.

" *August* 10. — Rose early, and wrote hard till two, when I went with Anne to Minto. I must not let her quite forego the custom of good society. We found the Scotts of Harden, &c., and had a very pleasant party. I like Lady M. particularly, but missed my facetious and lively friend, Lady Anna Maria. It is the fashion of some silly women and silly men to abuse her as a blue-stocking. If to have good sense and good-humour, mixed with a strong power of observing, and an equally strong one of expressing — if of this the result must be *blue*, she shall be as blue as they will. Such cant is the refuge of fools who fear those who can turn them into ridicule: it is a common trick to revenge supposed raillery with good substantial calumny. Slept at Minto.

---

* See *Tales of a Grandfather*, chap. xxix.

"*August* 11. — I was up as usual, and wrote about two leaves, meaning to finish my task at home; but found my Sheriff-substitute here on my return, which took up the evening. But I shall finish the volume in less than a month after beginning it. The same exertion would bring the book out at Martinmas, but December is a better time.

"*August* 14. — Finished Vol. IV. yesterday evening — *Deo gratias.* This morning I was seized with a fit of the clevers, and finished my task by twelve o'clock, and hope to add something in the evening. I was guilty, however, of some waywardness, for I began Vol. V. of Boney instead of carrying on the Canongate as I proposed. The reason, however, was, that I might not forget the information I had acquired about the treaty of Amiens.

"*August* 16. — Walter and Jane arrived last night. God be praised for restoring to me my dear children in good health, which has made me happier than anything that has happened these several months. If we had Lockhart and Sophia, there would be a meeting of the beings dearest to me in life. Walked to ———, where I find a certain lady on a visit — so youthy, so beautiful, so strong in voice — with sense and learning — above all, so fond of good conversation, that, in compassion to my eyes, ears, and understanding, off bolted in the middle of a tremendous shower of rain, and rather chose to be wet to the skin than to be bethumped with words at that rate. In the evening we had music from the girls, and the voice of the harp and viol were heard in my halls once more, which have been so long deprived of mirth. It is with a mixed sensation I hear these sounds. I look on my children and am happy; and yet every now and then a pang shoots across my heart.

"*August* 19. — This morning wrote none excepting extracts, &c. being under the necessity of reading and collating a great deal, which lasted till one o'clock or thereabouts, when Dr. and Mrs. Brewster and their young people came to spend a day of happiness at the Lake. We were met there by Captain and Mrs. Hamilton, and a full party. Since the days of Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia, these days of appointed sport and happiness have seldom answered; but we came off indifferently well. We did not indeed catch much fish; but we lounged about in a delightful day, eat and drank — and the children, who are very fine infantry, were clamorously enjoying themselves. We sounded the loch in two or three different places — the deepest may be sixty feet. I was accustomed to think it much more, but your deepest pools, like your deepest politicians and philosophers, often turn out more shallow than was expected.

"*August* 23, *Bittock's-bridge.* — Set off early with Walter, Charles, and ladies, in the sociable, to make a trip to Drumlanrig. We breakfasted at Mr. Boyd's, Broadmeadows, and were received with Yarrow hospitality. From thence climbed the Yarrow, and skirted Saint Mary's Lake, and ascended the Birkhill path, under the moist and misty influence of the *genius loci.* Never mind — my companions were merry and I cheerful. When old people can be with the young without fatiguing them or themselves, their tempers derive the same benefits which some fantastic physicians of old supposed accrued to their constitutions from the breath of the young and healthy. You have not — cannot again have their gaiety or pleasure in seeing sights; but still it reflects itself upon you, and you are cheered and comforted. Our luncheon eaten in the herd's cottage; — but the poor woman saddened me unawares, by asking for poor Charlotte, whom she had often seen there with me. She put me in mind that I had come twice over those hills and bogs with a wheel-carriage, before the road, now an excellent one, was made. I knew it was true; but, on my soul, looking where we must have gone, I could hardly believe I had been such a fool. For riding, pass if you will; but to put one's neck in such a venture with a wheel-carriage was too silly.

"*Drumlanrig, August* 24. — What visions does not this magnificent old house bring back to me! The exterior is much improved since I first knew it. It was then in the state of dilapidation to which it had been abandoned by the celebrated old Q——, and was indeed scarce wind and water tight. Then the whole wood had been felled, and the outraged castle stood in the midst of waste and desolation, excepting a few scattered old stumps, not judged worth the cutting. Now, the whole has been, ten or twelve years since, completely replanted, and the scattered seniors look as graceful as fathers surrounded by their children. The face of this immense estate has been scarcely less wonderfully changed. The scrambling tenants, who held a precarious tenure of lease under the Duke of Queensberry, at the risk (as actually took place) of losing their possession at his death, have given room to skilful men, working their farms regularly, and enjoying comfortable houses, at a rent which is enough to forbid idleness, but not to overpower industry.

"*August* 25. — The Duke has grown up into a graceful and apparently strong young man, and received us most kindly. I think he will be well qualified to sustain his difficult and important task. The heart is excellent, so are the talents, — good sense and knowledge of the world, picked up at one of the great English schools (and it is one of their most important results), will prevent him from being deceived; and with perfect good-nature, he has a natural sense of his own situation, which will keep him from associating with unworthy companions. God bless him! — his father and I loved each other well, and his beautiful mother had as much of the angel as is permitted to walk this earth. I see the balcony from which they welcomed poor Charlotte and me, long ere the ascent was surmounted, streaming out their white handkerchiefs from the battlements. There were *four* merry people that day — now one sad individual is all that remains. *Singula prædantur anni.* I had a long walk to-day through the new plantations, the Duchess's Walk by the Nith, &c. (formed by Prior's 'Kitty young and gay;') fell in with the ladies, but their donkies outwalked me — a flock of sheep afterwards outwalked me, and I began to think, on my conscience, that a snail put in training might soon outwalk me. I must lay the old salve to the old sore, and be thankful for being able to walk at all. Nothing was written to-day, my writing-desk having been forgot at Parkgate, but Tom Crichton fetched it up to-day, so something more or less may be done to-morrow morning — and now to dress.

"*Bittock's-bridge, August* 26. — We took our departure from the friendly halls of Drumlanrig this morning, after breakfast. I trust this young nobleman will be

'A hedge about his friends,
A heckle to his foes.' *

I would have him not quite so soft-natured as his grandfather, whose kindness sometimes mastered his excellent understanding. His father had a temper which better jumped with my humour. Enough of ill-nature to keep your good-nature from being abused, is no bad ingredient in their disposition who have favours to bestow.

---

* Ballad on *young* Rob Roy's abduction of Jean Key. — *Cromek's Collection.*

"In coming from Parkgate here, I intended to accomplish a purpose which I have for some years entertained, of visiting Lochwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, of which King James said, when he visited it, that the man who built it must have been a thief in his heart. It rained heavily, however, which prevented my making this excursion, and indeed I rather over-walked myself yesterday, and have occasion for rest.

'So sit down, Robin, and rest thee.'

"*Abbotsford, August* 27. — To-day we journeyed through the hills and amongst the storms; the weather rather bullying than bad. We viewed the Grey Mare's Tail, and I still feel confident in crawling along the ghastly bank, by which you approach the fall. I will certainly get some road of application to Mr. Hope Johnstone, to pray him to make the place accessible. We got home before half-past four, having travelled forty miles.

"*Blair-Adam, August* 28. — Set off with Walter and Jane at seven o'clock, and reached this place in the middle of dinner-time. By some of my not unusual blunders, we had come a day before we were expected. Luckily, in this ceremonious generation, there are still houses where such blunders only cause a little raillery, and Blair-Adam is one of them. My excellent friend is in high health and spirits, to which the presence of Sir Frederick adds not a little. His lady is here — a beautiful woman, whose countenance realizes all the poetic dreams of Byron. There is certainly something of full maturity of beauty which seems framed to be adoring and adored; and it is to be found in the full dark eye, luxuriant tresses, and rich complexion of Greece, and not among 'the pale unripened beauties of the north.' What sort of a mind this exquisite casket may contain, is not so easily known. She is anxious to please, and willing to be pleased, and, with her striking beauty, cannot fail to succeed.

“*August* 29. — Besides Mrs. and Admiral Adam, Mrs. Loch, d Miss Adam, I find here Mr. Impey, son of that Sir Elijah celebrated in Indian history. He has himself been in India, but has, with a great deal of sense and observation, much better address than always falls to the share of the Eastern adventurer. The art of quiet, easy, entertaining conversation is, I think, chiefly known in England. In Scotland we are pedantic, and wrangle, or we run away with the harrows on some topic we chance to be discursive upon. In Ireland they have too much vivacity, and are too desirous to make a show, to preserve the golden mean. They are the Gascon of Britain. George Ellis was the first converser I ever knew; his patience and good-breeding made me often ashamed of myself going off at score upon some favourite topic. Richard Sharp is so celebrated for this peculiar gift as to be generally called *Conversation Sharp*.[*] The worst of this talent is, that it seems to lack sincerity. You never know what are the real sentiments of a good converser, or at least it is very difficult to discover in what extent he entertains them. His politeness is inconsistent with energy. For forming a good converser, good taste and extensive information and accomplishment are the principal requisites, to which must be added an easy and elegant delivery, and a well-toned voice. I think the higher order of genius is not favourable to this talent.

“Thorough, decided downfall of rain. Nothing for it but patience and proof-sheets.

“*August* 30. — The weather scarce permitted us more license than yesterday, yet we went down to Lochore, and Walter and I perambulated the property, and discussed the necessity of a new road from the south-west, also that of planting some willows along the ditches in the low grounds. Returned to Blair-Adam to dinner.

---

[*] Mr. Sharp published, in 1834, a very elegant and interesting little volume of *Letters and Essays in prose and verse*. See *Quarterly Review*, No. 102.

"*Abbotsford, August* 31. — Left Blair at seven in the morning. Transacted business with Cadell and Ballantyne. Arrived here at eight o'clock at night.

"*September* 6. — Walter being to return to Ireland for three weeks, set off to-day, and has taken Charles with him. I fear this is but a wild plan, but the prospect seemed to make them so happy, that I could not find in my heart to say 'No.' So away they went this morning to be as happy as they can. Youth is a fine carver and gilder. I had a letter from Jem Ballantyne, plague on him! full of remonstrance deep and solemn, upon the carelessness of Buonaparte. The rogue is right, too. But, as to correcting my style, to the

'Jemmy jemmy linkum feedle

tune of what is called fine writing, I'll be d——d if I do. Drew £12 in favour of Charles for his Irish jaunt; same time exhorted him to make himself as expensive to Walter, in the way of eating and drinking, as he could.

"*September* 8. — Sir Frederick Adam deeply regrets the present Greek war, as prematurely undertaken before knowledge and rational education had extended themselves sufficiently. The neighbourhood of the Ionian Islands was fast producing civilization; and as knowledge is power, it is clear that example and opportunities of education must soon have given them an immense superiority over the Turk. This premature war has thrown all back into a state of barbarism. It was, I cannot doubt, precipitated by the agents of Russia. Sir Frederick spoke most highly of Byron — the soundness of his views, the respect in which he was held — his just ideas of the Grecian cause and character, and the practical and rational wishes he formed for them. Singular that a man whose conduct in his own personal affairs had been anything but practical, should be thus able to stand by the helm of a sinking State! Sir Frederick thinks he might have done much for them if he had lived. The rantipole friends of liberty who go about freeing nations with the same success which Don Quixote had in redressing wrongs, have, of course, blundered everything which they touched. — Task bang-up.

" *September* 12. — I begin to fear Nap will swell to seven volumes. I had a long letter from James B., threatening me with eight; but that is impossible. The event of his becoming Emperor is the central point of his history. Now I have just attained it, and it is the centre of the third volume. Two volumes and a half may be necessary to complete the whole. — As I slept for a few minutes in my chair, to which I am more addicted than I could wish, I heard, as I thought, my poor wife call me by the familiar name of fondness which she gave me. My recollections on waking were melancholy enough. These be

'The airy tongues that syllable men's names.' *

All, I believe, have some natural desire to consider these unusual impressions as bodements of good or evil to come. But alas! this is a prejudice of our own conceit. They are the empty echoes of what is past, not the foreboding voice of things to come.

" *September* 13. —Wrote my task in the morning, and thereafter had a letter from that sage Privy-counsellor ——. He proposes to me that I shall propose to the —— of ——, and offers his own right honourable intervention to bring so beautiful a business to bear. I am struck dumb — absolutely mute and speechless — and how to prevent him making me farther a fool is not easy, for he has left me no time to assure him of the absurdity of what he proposes; and if he should ever hint at such a piece of d—d impertinence, what must the lady think of my conceit or of my feelings! I will write to his present quarters, however, that he may, if possible, have warning not to continue this absurdity.†

---

* Milton's *Comus*, v. 208.

† Lady Scott had not been quite four months dead, and the entry

"*September* 14.—I should not have forgotten, among the *memorabilia* of yesterday, that two young Frenchmen made their way to our sublime presence. in guerdon of a laudatory copy of French verses sent up the evening before, by way of 'Open Sesamum,' I suppose. I have not read them, nor shall I. No man that ever wrote a line despised the *pap* of praise so heartily as I do. There is nothing I scorn more, except those who think the ordinary sort of praise or censure is matter of the least consequence. People have almost always some private view of distinguishing themselves, or of gratifying their animosity—some point, in short, to carry, with which you have no relation—when they take the trouble to praise you. In general, it is their purpose to get the person praised to puff away in return. To me their rank praises no more make amends for their bad poetry, than tainted butter would pass off stale fish.

"*September* 17.—Rather surprised with a letter from Lord Melville, informing me he and Mr. Peel had put me into the Commission for inquiring into the condition of the Colleges in Scotland. I know little on the subject, but I dare say as much as some of the official persons who are inserted of course. The want of efficient men is the reason alleged. I must of course do my best, though I have little hope of being useful, and the time it will occupy is half ruinous to me, to whom time is everything. Besides, I suppose the honour is partly meant as an act of grace for Malachi.

"*Jedburgh*, *September* 19.—Circuit. Went to poor Mr. Shortreed's, and regretted bitterly the distress of the family, though they endeavoured to bear it bravely, and to make my reception as comfortable and cheerful as possible. My old

---

of the preceding day shows how extremely ill-timed was this communication, from a gentleman with whom Sir Walter had never had any intimacy. This was not the only proposition of the kind that reached him during his widowhood. In the present case there was very high rank and an ample fortune.

friend R. S. gave me a ring found in a grave at the Abbey, to be kept in memory of his son. I will certainly preserve it with especial care.*

"Many trifles at circuit, chiefly owing to the cheap whisky, as they were almost all riots. One case of an assault on a deaf and dumb woman. She was herself the chief evidence; but being totally without education, and having, from her situation, very imperfect notions of a Deity and a future state, no oath could be administered. Mr. Kinniburgh, teacher of the deaf and dumb, was sworn interpreter, together with another person, her neighbour, who knew the accidental or conventional signs which the poor thing had invented for herself, as Mr. K. was supposed to understand the more general or natural signs common to people in such a situation. He went through the task with much address, and it was wonderful to see them make themselves intelligible to each other by mere pantomime. Still I did not consider such evidence as much to be trusted to on a criminal case. Several previous interviews had been necessary between the interpreter and the witness, and this is very much like getting up a story. Some of the signs, brief in themselves, of which Mr. K. gave long interpretations, put me in mind of Lord Burleigh in the Critic. 'Did he mean all this by a shake of the head?' 'Yes, if he shook his head as I taught him.' The man was found not guilty. Mr. K. told us of a pupil of his whom he restored, as it may be said, to humanity, and who told him that his ideas of another world were that some great person in the skies lighted up the sun in the morning as he saw his mother light a fire, and the stars in the evening as she kindled a lamp. He said the witness had ideas of truth and falsehood, which was, I believe, true; and that she had an idea of punishment in a future state, which I doubt. He confessed she could not give any guess at its duration, whether temporary or eternal. Dined of course with Lord Mackenzie, the Judge.

---

* Mr. Thomas Shortreed, a young gentleman of elegant taste and attainments, devotedly attached to Sir Walter, and much beloved in return had recently died.

"*September* 20. — Waked after a restless night, in which I dreamed of poor Tom Shortreed. Breakfasted with the Rev. Dr. Somerville. This venerable gentleman is one of the oldest of the literary brotherhood — I suppose about eighty-seven,* — and except a little deafness, quite entire. Living all his life in good society as a gentleman born — and having, besides, professional calls to make among the poor — he must know, of course, much that is curious concerning the momentous changes which have passed under his eyes. He talked of them accordingly, and has written something on the subject, but has scarce the force necessary to seize on the most striking points. The bowl that rolls easiest along the green goes farthest, and has the least clay sticking to it. I have often noticed that a kindly, placid good-humour is the companion of longevity, and, I suspect, frequently the leading cause of it. Quick, keen, sharp observation, with the power of contrast and illustration, disturbs this easy current of thought. My good friend, the venerable Doctor, will not, I think, die of that disease.

"*September* 23. — Wrought in the morning, but only at reading and proofs. That cursed battle of Jena is like to cost me more time than it did Buonaparte to gain it. I met Colonel Fergusson about one, to see his dogs run. It is a sport I have loved well; but now, I know not why, I find it little interesting. To be sure, I used to gallop, and that I cannot now do. We had good sport, however, and killed five hares. I felt excited during the chase, but the feeling was but momentary. My mind was immediately turned to other remembrances, and to pondering upon the change which had taken place in my own feelings. The day was positively heavenly, and the wild hill-side, with our little coursing party, was beautiful to look at. Yet I felt like a man come from the dead, ooking with indifference on that which interested him while living. We dined at Huntly Burn. Kind and comfortable as usual.

---

* The Rev. Dr. Thomas Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, author of the *History of Great Britain during the reign of Queen Anne* and other works, died 14th May 1830, in the 90th year of his age, and 64th of his ministry. See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 288.

"*September* 24. — I made a rally to-day, and wrote four pages, or nearly. Never stirred abroad the whole day, but was made happy after dinner by the return of Charles, full of his Irish jaunt, and happy as young men are with the change of scene. To-morrow I must go to Melville Castle. I wonder what I can do or say about these Universities. One thing occurs — the distribution of bursaries only *ex meritis*. That is, I would have the presentations continue in the present patrons, but exact that those presented should be qualified by success in their literary attainments and distinction acquired at school to hold those scholarships. This seems to be following out the idea of the founders, who, doubtless, intended the furthering of good literature. To give education to dull mediocrity is a flinging of the children's bread to dogs — it is sharping a hatchet on a razor-strop, which renders the strop useless, and does no good to the hatchet. Well, something we will do.

"*Melville Castle, September* 25. — Found Lord and Lady M. in great distress. Their son Robert is taken ill at a Russian town about 350 miles from Moscow — dangerously ill. The distance increases the extreme distress of the parents, who, however, bore it like themselves. I was glad to spend a day upon the old terms with such old friends, and believe my being with them, even in this moment of painful suspense, as it did not diminish the kindness of my reception, might rather tend to divert them from the cruel subject. Dr. Nicoll, Principal of St. Andrews, dined — a very gentlemanlike sensible man. We spoke of the visitation, of granting degrees, of public examinations, of abolishing the election of professors by the Senatus Academicus (a most pregnant source of jobs), and much beside — but all desultory. I go back to Abbotsford to-morrow morning

"*Abbotsford, September* 29. — A sort of zeal of working has seized me, which I must avail myself of. No dejection of mind, and no tremor of nerves, for which God be humbly thanked. My spirits are neither low nor high — grave, I think, and quiet — a complete twilight of the mind. I wrote five pages, nearly a double task, yet wandered for three hours, axe in hand, superintending the thinning of the home planting. That does good too. I feel it give steadiness to my mind. Women, it is said, go mad much seldomer than men. I fancy, if this be true, it is in some degree owing to the little manual works in which they are constantly employed, which regulate in some degree the current of ideas, as the pendulum regulates the motion of the time-piece. I do not know if this is sense or nonsense; but I am sensible that if I were in solitary confinement, without either the power of taking exercise or employing myself in study, six months would make me a madman or an idiot.

"*October* 3. — I wrote my task as usual; — but, strange to tell, there is a want of paper. I expect some to-day. In the meantime, to avoid all quarrel with Dame Duty, I cut up some other leaves into the usual statutory size. They say of a fowl, that if you draw a chalk line on a table, and lay chick-a-diddle down with his bill upon it, the poor thing will imagine himself opposed by an insurmountable barrier, which he will not attempt to cross. Suchlike are one-half of the obstacles which serve to interrupt our best resolves, and such is my pretended want of paper. It is like Sterne's want of *sous*, when he went to relieve the *Pauvre Honteux*.

"*October* 5. — I was thinking this morning that my time glided away in a singularly monotonous manner, — like one of those dark grey days which neither promise sunshine nor threaten rain — too melancholy for enjoyment, too tranquil for repining. But this day has brought a change which somewhat shakes my philosophy. I find, by a letter from J. Gibson, that I *may* go to London without danger; and if I may, I in a manner *must*, to examine the papers in the Secretary of State's office about Buonaparte when at St. Helena. The opportunity having been offered, must be accepted; and yet I had much rather stay at home. Even the prospect of seeing Sophia and Lockhart must be mingled with pain; — yet this is foolish too. Lady Hamilton * writes me that Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Minister at Paris, is willing to communicate to me some particulars of Buonaparte's early life. Query — might I not go on there? In for a penny, in for a pound. I intend to take Anne with me, and the pleasure will be great to her, who deserves much at my hand.

" *October* 9. — A gracious letter from Messrs. Abud and Son, bill-brokers, &c.; assure my trustees that they will institute no legal proceedings against me for four or five weeks. And so I am permitted to spend my money and my time to improve the means of paying them their debts, for that is the only use of this journey. They are Jews: I suppose the devil baits for Jews with a pork griskin. Were I not to exert myself, I wonder where their money is to come from.

" *October* 10. — I must prepare for going to London, and perhaps to Paris. I have great unwillingness to set out on this journey; I almost think it ominous; but

> ' They that look to freits, my master dear,
> Their freits will follow them.'

I am down-hearted about leaving all my things, after I was quietly settled; it is a kind of disrooting that recalls a thousand painful ideas of former happier journeys. And to be at the mercy of these fellows. God help — but rather God bless — man must help himself.

---

* Now Lady Jane Hamilton Dalrymple — the eldest daughter of the illustrious Admiral Lord Duncan. Her Ladyship's kindness procured several valuable communications to the author of the *Life of Buonaparte*.

"*October* 11. — We are ingenious self-tormentors. This journey annoys me more than anything of the kind in my life. My wife's figure seems to stand before me, and her voice is in my ears — 'Scott, do not go.' It half frightens me. Strange throbbing at my heart, and a disposition to be very sick. It is just the effect of so many feelings which had been lulled asleep by the uniformity of my life, but which awaken on any new subject of agitation. Poor, poor Charlotte!! I cannot daub it farther. I get incapable of arranging my papers too. I will go out for half an hour. God relieve me!"

CHAPTER LXXII.

Journey to London and Paris — Scott's Diary — Rokeby — Burleigh — Imitators of the Waverley Novels — Southey's Peninsular War — Royal Lodge at Windsor — George IV — Adelphi Theatre — Terry, Crofton Croker, Thomas Pringle, Allan Cunningham, Moore, Rogers, Lawrence, &c. — Calais, Montreuil, &c. — Paris — Pozzo di Borgo, Lord Granville, Marshals Macdonald and Marmont, Gallois, W. R. Spencer, Princess Galitzin, Charles X., Duchess of Angouleme, &c. — Enthusiastic reception in Paris — Dover Cliff — Theodore Hook, Lydia White, Duke of Wellington, Peel, Canning, Croker, &c. &c. — Duke of York — Madame D'Arblay — State of Politics — Oxford — Cheltenham — Abbotsford — Walker Street, Edinburgh.

OCT. — DEC. 1826.

On the 12th of October, Sir Walter left Abbotsford for London, where he had been promised access to the papers in the Government offices; and thence he proceeded to Paris, in the hope of gathering from various eminent persons authentic anecdotes concerning Napoleon. His Diary shows that he was successful in obtaining many valuable materials for the completion of his historical work; and reflects, with sufficient distinctness, the very brilliant reception he, on this occasion, experienced both in London and Paris. The range of his society is strikingly (and unconsciously) exemplified in the record of one day, when we find him breakfasting at the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, and supping on oysters and porter in "honest Dan Terry's house, like a squirrel's cage," above the Adelphi Theatre, in the Strand. There can be no doubt that this expedition was in many ways serviceable to his Life of Napoleon; and I think as little, that it was chiefly so by renerving his spirits. The deep and respectful sympathy with which his misfortunes, and gallant behaviour under them, had been regarded by all classes of men at home and abroad, was brought home to his perception in a way not to be mistaken. He was cheered and gratified, and returned to Scotland, with renewed hope and courage, for the prosecution of his marvellous course of industry.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

"*Rokeby Park, October* 13.—We left Carlisle before seven, and, visiting Appleby Castle by the way (a most interesting and curious place), we got to Morritt's about half-past four, where we had as warm a welcome as one of the warmest hearts in the world could give an old friend. It was great pleasure to me to see Morritt happy in the middle of his family circle, undisturbed, as heretofore, by the sickness of any one dear to him. I may note that I found much pleasure in my companion's conversation, as well as in her mode of managing all her little concerns on the road. I am apt to judge of character by good-humour and alacrity in these petty concerns. I think the inconveniences of a journey seem greater to me than formerly; while, on the other hand, the pleasures it affords are rather less. The ascent of Stainmore seemed duller and longer than usual, and, on the other hand, Bowes, which used to strike me as a distinguished feature, seemed an ill-formed mass of rubbish, a great deal lower in height than I had supposed; yet I have seen it twenty times at least. On the other hand, what I lose in my own personal feelings I gain in those of my companion, who shows an intelligent curiosity and interest in what she sees. I enjoy, therefore, reflectively, *veluti in speculo*, the sort of pleasure to which I am now less accessible. — Saw in Morritt's possession the original miniature of Milton, by Cooper — a valuable thing indeed. The countenance is handsome and dignified, with a strong expression of genius.*

" *Grantham, October* 15. — Old England is no changeling. It is long since I travelled this road, having come up to town chiefly by sea of late years. One race of red-nosed innkeepers are gone, and their widows, eldest sons, or head-waiters, exercise hospitality in their room with the same bustle and importance. But other things seem, externally at least, much the same: the land is better ploughed; straight ridges everywhere adopted in place of the old circumflex of twenty years ago. Three horses, however, or even four, are still often seen in a plough yoked one before the other. Ill habits do not go out at once.

" *Biggleswade, October* 16. — Visited Burleigh this morning; the first time I ever saw that grand place, where there are so many objects of interest and curiosity. The house is magnificent, in the style of James I.'s reign, and consequently in mixed Gothic. Of paintings I know nothing; so shall attempt to say nothing. But whether to connoisseurs, or to an ignorant admirer like myself, the Salvator Mundi, by Carlo Dolci, must seem worth a king's ransom. Lady Exeter, who was at home, had the goodness or curiosity to wish to see us. She is a beauty after my own heart; a great deal of liveliness in the face; an absence alike of form and of affected ease, and really courteous after a genuine and ladylike fashion.

---

* This precious miniature, executed by Cooper for Milton's favourite daughter, was long in the possession of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and bequeathed by him to the poet Mason, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Morritt's father.

"25 *Pall-Mall, October* 17. — Here am I in this capital once more, after an April-weather meeting with my daughter and Lockhart. Too much grief in our first meeting to be joyful; too much pleasure to be distressing — a giddy sensation between the painful and the pleasurable. I will call another subject.

"I read with interest, during my journey, Sir John Chiverton * and Brambletye House — novels, in what I may surely claim as the style

'Which I was born to introduce —
Refined it first, and show'd its use.' †

They are both clever books — one in imitation of the days of chivalry — the other (by Horace Smith, one of the authors of Rejected Addresses) dated in the time of the Civil Wars, and introducing historical characters.

"I believe, were I to publish the Canongate Chronicles without my name (*nomme de guerre*, I mean), the event might be a corollary to the fable of the peasant who made the real pig squeak against the imitator, when the sapient audience killed the poor grunter as if inferior to the biped in his own language. The peasant could, indeed, confute the long-eared multitude by showing piggy; but were I to fail as a knight with a white and maiden shield, and then vindicate my claim to attention by putting 'By the Author of Waverley' in the title, my good friend *Publicum* would defend itself by stating I had tilted so ill, that my course had not the least resemblance to former doings, when indisputably I bore away the garland. Therefore I am firmly and resolutely determined to tilt under my own cognizance. The hazard, indeed, remains of being beaten. But there is a prejudice (not an undue one neither) in favour of the original patentee; and Joe Manton's name has borne out many a sorry gun-barrel. More of this to-morrow.

---

* *Chiverton* was the first publication (anonymous) of Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth, the author of *Rookwood* and other popular romances.

† Swift.

Expense of journey,	£41	0	0
Anne, pocket money,	5	0	0
Servants on journey,	2	0	0
Cash in purse (silver not reckoned),	2	0	0
	£50	0	0

This is like to be an expensive trip; but if I can sell an early copy to a French translator, it should bring me home. Thank God, little Dohnnie Hoo, as he calls himself, is looking well, though the poor dear child is kept always in a prostrate posture.

"*October* 18. — I take up again my remarks on imitators. I am sure I mean the gentlemen no wrong by calling them so, and heartily wish they had followed a better model. But it serves to show me *veluti in speculo* my own errors, or, if you will, those of the *style.* One advantage, I think, I still have over all of them. They may do their fooling with better grace; but I, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, do it more natural. They have to read old books, and consult antiquarian collections, to get their knowledge; I write because I have long since read such works, and possess, thanks to a strong memory, the information which they have to seek for. This leads to a dragging-in historical details by head and shoulders, so that the interest of the main piece is lost in minute descriptions of events which do not affect its progress. Perhaps I have sinned in this way myself; indeed, I am but too conscious of having considered the plot only as what Bayes calls the means of bringing in fine things; so that, in respect to the descriptions, it resembled the string of the showman's box, which he pulls to exhibit in succession, Kings, Queens, the Battle of Waterloo, Buonaparte at St. Helena, Newmarket Races, and White-headed Bob floored by Jemmy from Town. All this I may have done, but I have repented of it; and in my better efforts, while I conducted my story through the agency of historical personages, and by connecting it with historical incidents, I have endeavoured to weave them pretty closely together, and in future I will study this more. Must not let the back-ground eclipse the principal figures — the frame overpower the picture.

"Another thing in my favour is, that my contemporaries steal too openly. Mr. Smith has inserted in Brambletye House, whole pages from De Foe's 'Fire and Plague of London.'

'Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase —
Convey, the wise it call!'

When I *convey* an incident or so, I am at as much pains to avoid detection as if the offence could be indicted at the Old Bailey. But leaving this, hard pressed as I am by these imitators, who must put the thing out of fashion at last, I consider, like a fox at his shifts, whether there be a way to dodge them — some new device to throw them off, and have a mile or two of free ground while I have legs and wind left to use it. There is one way to give novelty — to depend for success on the interest of a well-contrived story. But, wo's me! that requires thought, consideration — the writing out a regular plan or plot — above all, the adhering to one — which I never can do, for the ideas rise as I write, and bear such a disproportioned extent to that which each occupied at the first concoction, that (cocksnowns!) I shall never be able to take the trouble; and yet to make the world stare, and gain a new march ahead of them all! Well, something we still will do.

'Liberty's in every blow;
Let us do or die!'

Poor Rob Burns! to tack thy fine strains of sublime patriotism! Better Tristram Shandy's vein. Hand me my cap and bells there. So now, I am equipped. I open my raree-show with

'Ma'am, will you walk in, and fal de ral diddle?
And, sir, will you stalk in, and fal de ral diddle?
And, miss, will you pop in, and fal de ral diddle?
And, master, pray hop in, and fal de ral diddle.'

Query — How long is it since I heard that strain of dulcet mood, and where or how came I to pick it up? It is not mine, 'though by your smiling you seem to say so.'* Here is a proper morning's work! But I am childish with seeing them all well and happy here; and as I can neither whistle nor sing, I must let the giddy humour run to waste on paper.

"Sallied forth in the morning; bought a hat. Met Sir William Knighton,† from whose discourse I guess that Malachi has done me no prejudice in a certain quarter; with more indications of the times, which I need not set down. Sallied again after breakfast, and visited the Piccadilly ladies. Saw also the Duchess of Buckingham, and Lady Charlotte Bury, with a most beautiful little girl. Owen Rees breakfasted, and agreed I should have what the Frenchman has offered for the advantage of translating Napoleon, which will help my expenses to town and down again.

"*October* 19. — I rose at my usual time, but could not write; so read Southey's History of the Peninsular War. It is very good, indeed — honest English principle in every line; but there are many prejudices, and there is a tendency to augment a work already too long, by saying all that can be said of the history of ancient times appertaining to every place mentioned. What care we whether Saragossa be derived from Cæsaria Augusta? Could he have proved it to be Numantium, there would have been a concatenation accordingly.‡

"Breakfasted at Sam Rogers's with Sir Thomas Lawrence, Luttrel, the great London wit; Richard Sharp, &c. One of them made merry with some part of Rose's Ariosto; proposed that the Italian should be printed on the other side, for the sake of assisting the indolent reader to understand the English; and complained of his using more than once the phrase of a lady having 'voided her saddle,' which would certainly sound extraordinary at Apothecaries' Hall. Well, well, Rose carries a dirk too. The morning was too dark for Westminster Abbey, which we had projected.

---

* *Hamlet*, Act II. Scene 2.

† Sir William was Private Secretary to King George IV. Sir Walter made his acquaintance in August 1822, and ever afterwards they corresponded with each other — sometimes very confidentially.

‡ It is amusing to compare this criticism with Sir Walter's own anxiety to identify his daughter-in-law's place, *Lochore*, with the ***Urbs Orrea*** of the Roman writers. See Vol. VII p. 107.

"I then went to Downing Street, and am put by Mr. Wilmot Horton into the hands of a confidential clerk, Mr. Smith, who promises access to everything. Then saw Croker, who gave me a bundle of documents. Sir George Cockburn promises his despatches and journal. In short, I have ample prospect of materials. Dined with Mrs. Coutts. Tragi-comic distress of my good friend on the marriage of her presumptive heir with a daughter of Lucien Buonaparte.

"*October* 20. — Commanded down to pass a day at Windsor. This is very kind of his Majesty. — At breakfast, Crofton Croker, author of the Irish Fairy Tales — little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy, prepossessing manners — something like Tom Moore. Here were also Terry, Allan Cunningham, Newton, and others. Now I must go to work. Went down to Windsor, or rather to the Lodge in the Forest, which, though ridiculed by connoisseurs, seems to be no bad specimen of a royal retirement, and is delightfully situated. A kind of cottage, too large perhaps for the style, but yet so managed, that in the walks you only see parts of it at once, and these well composed and grouping with the immense trees. His Majesty received me with the same mixture of kindness and courtesy which has always distinguished his conduct towards me. There was no company besides the royal retinue — Lady Conyngham — her daughter — and two or three other ladies. After we left table, there was excellent music by the royal band, who lay ambushed in a green-house adjoining the apartment. The King made me sit beside him, and talk a great deal — *too much* perhaps — for he has the art of raising one's spirits, and making you forget the *retenue* which is prudent everywhere, especially at court. But he converses himself with so much ease and elegance, that you lose thoughts of the prince in admiring the well-bred and accomplished gentleman. He is in many respects the model of a British Monarch — has little inclination to try experiments on government otherwise than through his Ministers — sincerely, I believe, desires the good of his subjects — is kind towards the distressed, and moves and speaks 'every inch a king.'* I am sure such a man is fitter for us than one who would long to head armies, or be perpetually intermeddling with *la grande politique.* A sort of reserve, which creeps on him daily, and prevents his going to places of public resort, is a disadvantage, and prevents his being so generally popular as is earnestly to be desired. This, I think, was much increased by the behaviour of the rabble in the brutal insanity of the Queen's trial, when John Bull, meaning the best in the world, made such a beastly figure.

"*October* 21. — Walked in the morning with Sir William Knighton, and had much confidential chat, not fit to be here set down, in case of accidents. He undertook most kindly to recommend Charles, when he has taken his degree, to be attached to some of the diplomatic missions, which I think is best for the lad, after all. After breakfast, went to Windsor Castle, and examined the improvements going on there under Mr. Wyattville, who appears to possess a great deal of taste and feeling for Gothic architecture. The old apartments, splendid enough in extent and proportion, are paltry in finishing. Instead of being lined with heart of oak, the palace of the British King is hung with paper, painted wainscot colour. There are some fine paintings, and some droll ones: among the last are those of divers princes of the House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, of which Queen Charlotte was descended. They are ill-coloured, orang-outang-looking figures, with black eyes and hook-noses, in old-fashioned uniforms Returned to a hasty dinner in Pall-Mall, and then hurried away to see honest Dan Terry's theatre, called the Adelphi, where we saw the Pilot, from an American novel of that name. It is extremely popular, the dramatist having seized on the whole story, and turned the odious and ridiculous parts, assigned by the original author to the British, against the Yankees themselves. There is a quiet effrontery in this, that is of a rare and peculiar character. The Americans were so much displeased, that they attempted a row — which rendered the piece doubly attractive to the seamen at Wapping, who came up and crowded the house night after night, to support the honour of the British flag. After all, one must deprecate whatever keeps up ill-will betwixt America and the mother country; and *we* in particular should avoid awakening painful recollections. Our high situation enables us to contemn petty insults, and to make advances towards cordiality. I was, however, glad to see Dan's theatre as full seemingly as it could hold. The heat was dreadful, and Anne so unwell that she was obliged to be carried into Terry's house, a curious dwelling no larger than a squirrel's cage, which he has contrived to squeeze out of the vacant space of the theatre, and which is accessible by a most complicated combination of staircases and small passages. There we had rare good porter and oysters after the play, and found Anne much better.

---

* *King Lear*, Act IV. Scene 6.

" *October* 22. — This morning Mr. Wilmot Horton, Under Secretary of State, breakfasted. He is full of some new plan of relieving the poor's-rates, by encouraging emigration.* But John Bull will think this savours of Botany-Bay. The attempt to look the poor's-rates in the face is certainly meritorious. Laboured in writing and marking extracts to be copied, from breakfast to dinner — with the exception of an hour spent in telling Johnnie the history of his namesake, Gilpin. Tom Moore and Sir Thomas Lawrence came in the evening, which made a pleasant *soirée*. Smoke my French —

---

* The Right Honourable Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Bart. (lately Governor of Ceylon) has published various tracts on the important subject here alluded to. — [1839.]

Egad, it is time to air some of my vocabulary. It is, I find, cursedly musty.

"*October* 23. — Sam Rogers and Moore breakfasted here, and we were very merry fellows. Moore seemed disposed to go to France with us. I foresee I shall be embarrassed with more communications than I can use or trust to, coloured as they must be by the passions of those who make them. Thus I have a statement from the Duchess d'Escars, to which the Buonapartists would, I dare say, give no credit. If Talleyrand, for example, could be communicative, he must have ten thousand reasons for perverting the truth, and yet a person receiving a direct communication from him would be almost barred from disputing it.

'Sing tantarara, rogues all.'

"We dined at the Residentiary-house with good Dr. Hughes — Allan Cunningham, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and young Mr. Hughes. Thomas Pringle * is returned from the Cape. He might have done well there, could he have scoured his brains of politics, but he must needs publish a Whig journal at the Cape of Good Hope!! He is a worthy creature, but conceited withal — *hinc illæ lachrymæ.* He brought me some antlers and a skin, in addition to others he had sent to Abbotsford four years since.

---

* Mr. Pringle was a Roxburghshire farmer's son (lame from birth) who, in youth, attracted Sir Walter's notice by his poem called, *Scenes of Teviotdale.* He was for a time Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, but the publisher and he had different politics, quarrelled, and parted. Sir Walter then gave Pringle strong recommendations to the late Lord Charles Somerset, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, in which colony he settled, and for some years throve under the Governor's protection; but the newspaper alluded to in the text ruined his prospects at the Cape — he returned to England — became Secretary to an anti-slavery association — published a charming little volume entitled *African Sketches*. — and died, I fear in very distressed circumstances, in December 1834. He was a man of amiable feelings and elegant genius.

"*October* 24. — Laboured in the morning. At breakfast, Dr. Holland, and Cohen, whom they now call Palgrave, a mutation of names which confused my recollections. Item, Moore. I worked at the Colonial Office pretty hard. Dined with Mr. Wilmot Horton, and his beautiful wife, the original of the '*She walks in beauty*,' &c. of poor Byron. — *N. B.* The conversation is seldom excellent among official people. So many topics are what Otaheitians call *taboo*. We hunted down a pun or two, which were turned out, like the stag at the Epping Hunt, for the pursuit of all and sundry. Came home early, and was in bed by eleven.

"*October* 25. — Kind Mr. Wilson [*] and his wife at breakfast; also Sir Thomas Lawrence. Locker [†] came in afterwards, and made a proposal to me to give up his intended Life of George III. in my favour on cause shown. I declined the proposal, not being of opinion that my genius lies that way, and not relishing hunting in couples. Afterwards went to the Colonial Office, and had Robert Hay's assistance in my inquiries — then to the French Ambassador's for my passports. Picked up Sotheby, who endeavoured to saddle me for a review of his polyglott Virgil. I fear I shall scarce convince him that I know nothing of the Latin lingo. Sir. R. H. Inglis, Richard Sharp, and other friends called. We dine at Miss Dumergue's, and spend a part of our soirée, at Lydia White's. To-morrow,

'For France, for France, for it is more than need.' [‡]

"*Calais, October* 26. — Up at five, and in the packet by six. A fine passage — save at the conclusion, while we lay on and off the harbour of Calais. But the tossing made no impression on my companion or me; we ate and drank like dragoons the whole way, and were able to manage a good supper and best part of a bottle of Chablis, at the classic Dessein's, who received us with much courtesy.

---

[*] William Wilson, Esq. of Wandsworth Common, formerly of Wilsontown, in Lanarkshire.

[†] E. H. Locker, Esq., then Secretary, now one of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital — an old and dear friend of Scott's.

[‡] *King John*, Act. I. Scene 1.

"*October* 27. — Custom-house, &c. detained us till near ten o'clock, so we had time to walk on the Boulevards, and to see the fortifications, which must be very strong, all the country round being flat and marshy. Lost, as all know, by the bloody papist bitch (one must be vernacular when on French ground) Queen Mary, of red-hot memory. I would rather she had burned a score more of bishops. If she had kept it, her sister Bess would sooner have parted with her virginity. Charles I. had no temptation to part with it — it might, indeed, have been shuffled out of our hands during the Civil Wars, but Noll would have as soon let Monsieur draw one of his grinders — then Charles II. would hardly have dared to sell such an old possession, as he did Dunkirk; and after that the French had little chance till the Revolution. Even then, I think, we could have held a place that could be supplied from our own element, the sea. *Cui bono?* None, I think, but to plague the rogues. — We dined at Cormont, and being stopped by Mr. Canning having taken up all the post-horses, could only reach Montreuil that night. I should have liked to have seen some more of this place, which is fortified; and as it stands on an elevated and rocky site, must present some fine points. But as we came in late, and left early, I can only bear witness to good treatment, good supper, good *vin de Barsac*, and excellent beds.

"*October* 28. — Breakfasted at Abbeville, and saw a very handsome Gothic church, and reached Grandvilliers at night. The house is but second-rate, though lauded by several English travellers for the moderation of its charges, as was recorded in a book presented to us by the landlady. There is no great patriotism in publishing that a traveller thinks the bills moderate — it serves usually as an intimation to mine host or hostess that John Bull will bear a little more squeezing.

gave my attestation too, however, for the charges of the good lady resembled those elsewhere, and her anxiety to please was extreme. Folks must be harder hearted than I am to resist the *empressement*, which may, indeed, be venal, yet has in its expression a touch of cordiality.

"*Paris, October* 29. — Breakfasted at Beauvais, and saw its magnificent cathedral — unfinished it has been left, and unfinished it will remain, of course, — the fashion of cathedrals being passed away. But even what exists is inimitable, the choir particularly, and the grand front. Beauvais is called the *Pucelle*, yet, so far as I can see, she wears no stays — I mean, has no fortifications. On we run, however. *Vogue la galère; et voila nous à Paris, Hotel de Windsor* (Rue Rivoli), where we are well lodged. France, so far as I can see, which is very little, has not undergone many changes. The image of war has, indeed, passed away, and we no longer see troops crossing the country in every direction — villages either ruined or hastily fortified — inhabitants sheltered in the woods and caves to escape the rapacity of the soldiers, — all this has passed away. The inns, too, much amended. There is no occasion for that rascally practice of making a bargain — or *combiening* your landlady, before you unharness your horses, which formerly was matter of necessity. The general taste of the English seems to regulate the travelling — naturally enough, as the hotels, of which there are two or three in each town, chiefly subsist by them. We did not see one French equipage on the road; the natives seem to travel entirely in the diligence, and doubtless *à bon marché;* the road was thronged with English. But in her great features France is the same as ever. An oppressive air of solitude seems to hover over these rich and extended plains, while we are sensible, that whatever is the nature of the desolation, it cannot be sterility The towns are small, and have a poor appearance, and more frequently exhibit signs of decayed splendour than of increasing prosperity. The chateau, the abode of the gentleman, — and the villa, the retreat of the thriving *negociant*, — are rarely seen till you come to Beaumont. At this place, which well deserves its name of the fair mount, the prospect improves greatly, and country-seats are seen in abundance; also woods, sometimes deep and extensive, at other times scattered in groves and single trees. Amidst these the oak seldom or never is found; England, lady of the ocean, seems to claim it exclusively as her own. Neither are there any quantity of firs. Poplars in abundance give a formal air to the landscape. The forests chiefly consist of beeches, with some birches, and the roads are bordered by elms cruelly cropped and pollarded and switched. The demand for fire-wood occasions these mutilations. If I could waft by a wish the thinnings of Abbotsford here, it would make a little fortune of itself. But then to switch and mutilate my trees! — not for a thousand francs. Ay, but sour grapes, quoth the fox.

"*October* 30. — Finding ourselves snugly settled in our Hotel, we determined to remain here at fifteen francs per day. We are in the midst of what can be seen. This morning wet and surly. Sallied, however, by the assistance of a hired coach, and left cards for Count Pozzo di Borgo, Lord Granville, our ambassador, and M. Gallois, author of the History of Venice. Found no one at home, not even the old pirate Galignani, at whose den I ventured to call. Showed my companion the Louvre (which was closed unluckily), the fronts of the palace, with its courts, and all that splendid quarter which the fame of Paris rests upon in security. We can never do the like in Britain. Royal magnificence can only be displayed by despotic power. In England, were the most splendid street or public building to be erected, the matter must be discussed in Parliament, or perhaps some sturdy cobbler holds out, and refuses to part with his stall, and the whole plan is disconcerted. Long may such impediments exist! But then we should conform to circumstances, and assume in our public works a certain sober simplicity of character, which should point out that they were dictated by utility rather than show The affectation of an expensive style only places us at a disadvantageous contrast with other nations, and our substitution of plaster for freestone resembles the mean ambition which displays Bristol stones in default of diamonds.

"We went in the evening to the Comedie Française; *Rosamonde* the piece. It is the composition of a young man with a promising name — Emile de *Bonnechose;* the story that of Fair Rosamond. There were some good situations, and the actors in the French taste seemed to be admirable, particularly Mademoiselle Bourgoin. It would be absurd to criticise what I only half understood; but the piece was well received, and produced a very strong effect. Two or three ladies were carried out in hysterics; one next to our box was frightfully ill. A Monsieur *à belles moustaches* — the husband, I trust, though it is likely they were *en partie fine* — was extremely and affectionately assiduous. She was well worthy of the trouble, being very pretty indeed — the face beautiful, even amidst the involuntary convulsions. The afterpiece was *Femme Juge et Partie*, with which I was less amused than I had expected, because I found I understood the language less than I did ten or eleven years since. Well, well, I am past the age of mending.

"Some of our friends in London had pretended that at Paris I might stand some chance of being encountered by the same sort of tumultuary reception which I met in Ireland; but for this I see no ground. It is a point on which I am totally indifferent. As a literary man I cannot affect to despise public applause; as a private gentleman, I have always been embarrassed and displeased with popular clamours, even when in my favour. I know very well the breath of which such shouts are composed, and am sensible those who applaud me to-day would be as ready to toss me to-morrow; and I would not have them think that I put such a value on their favour as would make me for an instant fear their displeasure. Now all this disclamation is sincere, and yet it sounds affected. It puts me in mind of an old woman, who, when Carlisle was taken by the Highlanders in 1745, chose to be particularly apprehensive of personal violence, and shut herself up in a closet, in order that she might escape ravishment. But no one came to disturb her solitude, and she began to be sensible that poor Donald was looking out for victuals, or seeking some small plunder, without bestowing a thought on the fair sex; by and by she popped her head out of her place of refuge with the pretty question, 'Good folks, can you tell when the ravishing is going to begin?' I am sure I shall neither hide myself to avoid applause, which probably no one will think of conferring, nor have the meanness to do anything which can indicate any desire of ravishment. I have seen, when the late Lord Erskine entered the Edinburgh theatre, papers distributed in the boxes to mendicate a round of applause — the natural reward of a poor player.

"*October* 31. — At breakfast visited by M. Gallois, an elderly Frenchman (always the most agreeable class), full of information, courteous, and communicative. He had seen nearly, and remarked deeply, and spoke frankly, though with due caution. He went with us to the Museum, where I think the Hall of Sculpture continues to be a fine thing — that of Pictures but tolerable, when we reflect upon 1815. A number of great French daubs (comparatively), by David and Gerard, cover the walls once occupied by the Italian *chefs-d'œuvre*. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.* We then visited Nôtre Dame and the Palace of Justice. The latter is accounted the oldest building in Paris, being the work of St. Louis. It is, however, in the interior, adapted to the taste of Louis XIV. We drove over the Pont Neuf, and visited the fine quays, which was all we could make out to-day, as I was afraid to fatigue Anne. When we returned home, I found Count Pozzo di Borgo waiting for me, a personable man, inclined to be rather corpulent — handsome features, with all the Corsican fire in his eyes. He was quite kind and communicative. Lord Granville had also called, and sent his Secretary to invite us to dinner to-morrow. In the evening at the Odeon, where we saw *Ivanhoe.* It was superbly got up, the Norman soldiers wearing pointed helmets and what resembled much hauberks of mail, which looked very well. The number of the attendants, and the skill with which they were moved and grouped on the stage, were well worthy of notice. It was an opera, and, of course, the story sadly mangled, and the dialogue, in great part, nonsense. Yet it was strange to hear anything like the words which I (then in agony of pain with spasms in my stomach) dictated to William Laidlaw at Abbotsford, now recited in a foreign tongue, and for the amusement of a strange people. I little thought to have survived the completing of this novel.

" *November* 1. — I suppose the ravishing is going to begin, for we have had the Dames des Halles, with a bouquet like a maypole, and a speech full of honey and oil, which cost me ten francs; also a small worshipper, who would not leave his name, but came *seulement pour avoir le plaisir*, *la felicité*, &c. &c. All this jargon I answer with corresponding *blarney* of my own, for have I not licked the black stone of that ancient castle? As to French, I speak it as it comes, and like Doeg in Absalom and Achitophel —

> ' ——— dash on through thick and thin,
> Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.'

We went this morning with M. Gallois to the Church of St. Genevieve, and thence to the College Henri IV., where I saw once more my old friend Chevalier. He was unwell, swathed in a turban of nightcaps and a multiplicity of *robes de chambre ;* but he had all the heart and vivacity of former times. I was truly glad to see the kind old man. We were unlucky in our day for sights, this being a high festival — All Souls' Day. We were not allowed to scale the steeple of St. Genevieve, neither could we see the animals at the Jardin des Plantes, who, though they have no souls, it is supposed, and no interest, of course, in the devotions of the day observe it in strict retreat, like the nuns of Kilkenny. I met, however, one lioness walking at large in the Jardin, and was introduced. This was Madame de Souza, the authoress of some well-known French romances of a very classical character, I am told, for I have never read them. She must have been beautiful, and is still well-looked. She is the mother of the handsome Count de Flahault, and had a very well-looking daughter with her, besides a son or two. She was very agreeable. We are to meet again. The day becoming decidedly rainy, we returned along the Boulevards by the Bridge of Austerlitz, but the weather spoiled the fine show.

"We dined at the Ambassador, Lord Granville's. He inhabits the same splendid house which Lord Castlereagh had in 1815, namely, Numero 30, Rue de Fauxbourg St. Honoré. It once belonged to Pauline Borghese, and, if its walls could speak, they might tell us mighty curious stories. Without their having any tongue, they speak to my feelings 'with most miraculous organ.'* In these halls I had often seen and conversed familiarly with many of the great and powerful, who won the world by their swords, and divided it by their counsel. There I saw very much of poor Lord Castlereagh — a man of sense, presence of mind, and fortitude, which carried him through many an affair of critical moment, when finer talents would have stuck in the mire. He had been, I think, indifferently educated, and his mode of speaking being far from logical or correct, he was sometimes in danger of becoming almost ridiculous, in despite of his lofty presence, which had all the grace of the Seymours, and his determined courage. But then he was always up to the occasion, and upon important matters was an orator to convince, if not to delight his hearers. He is gone, and my friend * * * * * * * * also, whose kindness this town so strongly recalls. It is remarkable they were the only persons of sense and credibility who both attested supernatural appearances on their own evidence, and both died in the same melancholy manner. I shall always tremble when any friend of mine becomes visionary I have seen in these rooms the Emperor Alexander, Platoff,

---

* *Hamlet*, Act II. Scene 2.

Schwartzenberg, Old Blucher, Fouché, and many a marshal whose truncheon had guided armies — all now at peace, without subjects, without dominion, and where their past life, perhaps, seems but the recollection of a feverish dream. What a group would this band have made in the gloomy regions described in the Odyssey! But to lesser things. We were most kindly received by Lord and Lady Granville, and met many friends, some of them having been guests at Abbotsford; among these were Lords Ashley and Morpeth — there were also Charles Ellis (Lord Seaford now), *cum plurimis aliis.* Anne saw for the first time an entertainment *à la mode de France*, where the gentlemen left the parlour with the ladies. In diplomatic houses it is a good way of preventing political discussion, which John Bull is always apt to introduce with the second bottle. We left early, and came home at ten, much pleased with Lord and Lady Granville's kindness, though it was to be expected, as our recommendation came from Windsor.

"*November* 2. — Another gloomy day — a pize upon it! — and we have settled to go to St. Cloud, and dine, if possible, with the Drummonds at Auteuil. Besides, I expect poor Spencer * to breakfast. There is another thought which depresses me. Well — but let us jot down a little politics, as my book has a pretty firm lock. The Whigs may say what they please, but I think the Bourbons will stand. M. * * * *, no great Royalist, says that the Duke of Orleans lives on the best terms with the reigning family, which is wise on his part, for the golden fruit may ripen and fall of itself, but it would be dangerous to

---

* The late Honourable William Robert Spencer, the best writer of *vers de societé* in our time, and one of the most charming of companions, was exactly Sir Walter's contemporary, and like him first attracted notice by a version of Bürger's *Lenore*. Like him, too, this remarkable man fell into pecuniary distress in the disastrous year 1825, and he was now an involuntary resident in Paris, where he died in October 1834, *ann. ætat.* 65.

'Lend the crowd his arm to shake the tree.' *

The army, which was Buonaparte's strength, is now very much changed by the gradual influence of time, which has removed many, and made invalids of many more. The artisans are neutral, and if the King will govern according to the Charte, and, what is still more, according to the habits of the people, he will sit firm enough, and the constitution will gradually attain more and more reverence as age gives it authority, and distinguishes it from those temporary and ephemeral governments, which seemed only set up to be pulled down. The most dangerous point in the present state of France is that of religion. It is, no doubt, excellent in the Bourbons to desire to make France a religious country; but they begin, I think, at the wrong end. To press the observancy and ritual of religion on those who are not influenced by its doctrines, is planting the growing tree with its head downwards. Rites are sanctified by belief; but belief can never arise out of an enforced observance of ceremonies; it only makes men detest what is imposed on them by compulsion. Then these Jesuits, who constitute emphatically an *imperium in imperio*, labouring first for the benefit of their own order, and next for that of the Roman See — what is it but the introduction into France of a foreign influence, whose interest may often run counter to the general welfare of the kingdom?

"We have enough of ravishment. M. Meurice writes me that he is ready to hang himself that we did not find accommodation at his hotel; and Madame Mirbel came almost on her knees to have permission to take my portrait. I was cruel; but, seeing her weeping ripe, consented she should come to-morrow and work while I wrote. A Russian Princess Galitzin, too, demands to see me, in the heroic vein; '*Elle vouloit traverser les mers pour aller voir* S. W. S.,' † &c., —

---

* Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* — Character of Shaftesbury.

† S. W. S. stands very often in this Diary for *Sir Walter Scott.* This is done in sportive allusion to the following trait of Tom Purdie: — The morning after the news of Scott's baronetcy reached Abbotsford, Tom was not to be found in any of his usual haunts: he re-

and offers me a rendezvous at my hotel. This is precious tom-foolery; however, it is better than being neglected like a fallen sky-rocket, which seemed like to be my fate last year.

"We went to St. Cloud with my old friend Mr. Drummond, now living at a pretty *maison de campagne* at Auteuil. St. Cloud, besides its unequalled views, is rich in remembrances. I did not fail to visit the *Orangerie*, out of which Boney expelled the Council of Five-Hundred. I thought I saw the scoundrels jumping the windows, with the bayonet at their rumps. What a pity the house was not two stories high! I asked the Swiss some questions on the *locale*, which he answered with becoming caution, saying, however, that 'he was not present at the time.' There are also new remembrances. A separate garden, laid out as a play-ground for the royal children, is called Trocadero, from the siege of Cadiz. But the Bourbons should not take military ground — it is firing a pop-gun in answer to a battery of cannon. All within the house is deranged. Every trace of Nap. or his reign totally done away, as if traced in sand over which the tide has passed. Moreau and Pichegru's portraits hang in the royal ante-chamber. The former has a mean physiognomy; the latter has been a strong and stern-looking man. I looked at him, and thought of his death-struggles. In the guard-room were the heroes of La Vendeé, Charette with his white bonnet, the two La Roche Jacquelins, l'Escures, in an attitude of prayer, Stofflet, the gamekeeper, with others.

"*November* 3.—Sat to Madame Mirbel — Spencer at breakfast. Went out and had a long interview with Marshal Mac-

mained absent the whole day — and when he returned at night the mystery was thus explained. He and the head shepherd (who, by the by, was also butcher in ordinary), viz. Robert Hogg (a brother of the Bard of Ettrick), had been spending the day on the hill busily employed in prefixing a large S. for Sir to the W. S. which previously appeared on the backs of the sheep. It was afterwards found that honest Tom had taken it upon him to order a mason to carve a similar honourable augmentation on the stones which marked the line of division between his master's moor and that of the Laird of Kippilaw donald, the purport of which I have put down elsewhere. Visited Princess Galitzin, and also Cooper, the American novelist. This man, who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manners, or want of manners, peculiar to his countrymen. He proposed to me a mode of publishing in America, by entering the book as the property of a citizen. I will think of this. Every little helps, as the tod says, when, &c. At night, at the Theatre de Madame, where we saw two petit pieces, *Le Marriage de Raison*, and *Le plus beau jour de Ma Vie* — both excellently played. Afterwards, at Lady Granville's rout, which was as splendid as any I ever saw — and I have seen *beaucoup dans ce genre.* A great number of ladies of the first rank were present, and if honeyed words from pretty lips could surfeit, I had enough of them. One can swallow a great deal of whipped cream, to be sure, and it does not hurt an old stomach.

"*November* 4. — After ten I went with Anne to the Tuileries, where we saw the royal family pass through the Glass Gallery as they went to chapel. We were very much looked at in our turn, and the King, on passing out, did me the honour to say a few civil words, which produced a great sensation. Mad. la Dauphine and Mad. de Berri curtsied, smiled, and looked extremely gracious; and smiles, bows, and curtsies rained on us like odours, from all the courtiers and ladies of the train. We were conducted by an officer of the Royal Gardes du Corps to a convenient place in the chapel, where we had the pleasure of hearing the mass performed with excellent music.

"I had a perfect view of the royal family. The King is the same in age as I knew him in youth at Holyroodhouse, — debonair and courteous in the highest degree. Mad. Dauphine resembles very much the prints of Marie Antoinette, in the profile especially. She is not, however, beautiful, her features being too strong, but they announce a great deal of character, and the Princess whom Buonaparte used to call the *man* of the family. She seemed very attentive to her devotions. The

Duchess of Berri seemed less immersed in the ceremony, and yawned once or twice. She is a lively-looking blonde — looks as if she were good-humoured and happy, by no means pretty, and has a cast with her eyes; splendidly adorned with diamonds, however. After this, gave Madame Mirbel a sitting, where I encountered a general officer, her uncle, who was chef de l'etat major to Buonaparte. He was very communicative, and seemed an interesting person, by no means over much prepossessed in favour of his late master, whom he judged impartially, though with affection. We came home and dined in quiet, having refused all temptations to go out in the evening; this on Anne's account as well as my own. It is not quite gospel, though Solomon says it — The eye *can* be tired with seeing, whatever he may allege in the contrary. And then there are so many compliments. I wish for a little of the old Scotch causticity. I am something like the bee that sips treacle.

" *November* 5. — I believe I must give up my journal till I leave Paris. The French are literally outrageous in their civilities — bounce in at all hours, and drive one half mad with compliments. I am ungracious not to be so entirely thankful as I ought to this kind and merry people. We breakfasted with Mad. Mirbel, where were the Dukes of Fitz-James and Duras, &c. &c. ; goodly company — but all's one for that. I made rather an impatient sitter, wishing to talk much more than was agreeable to Madame. Afterwards we went to the Champs Elysées, where a balloon was let off, and all sorts of frolics performed for the benefit of the *bons gens de Paris* — besides stuffing them with victuals. I wonder how such a civic festival would go off in London or Edinburgh, or especially in Dublin. To be sure, they would not introduce their shilelahs ! But, in the classic taste of the French, there were no such gladiatorial doings. To be sure, they have a natural good-humour and gaiety which inclines them to be pleased with themselves, and everything about them. We dined at the Ambassador's, where was a large party, Lord

Morpeth, the Duke of Devonshire, and others — all very kind. Pozzo di Borgo there, and disposed to be communicative. A large soirée. Home at eleven. These hours are early, however.

" *November* 6. — Cooper came to breakfast, but we were *obsedés partout.* Such a number of Frenchmen bounced in successively, and exploded (I mean discharged) their compliments, that I could hardly find an opportunity to speak a word, or entertain Mr. Cooper at all. After this we sat again for our portraits. Madame Mirbel took care not to have any one to divert my attention, but I contrived to amuse myself with some masons finishing a façade opposite to me, who placed their stones, not like Inigo Jones, but in the most lubberly way in the world, with the help of a large wheel, and the application of strength of hand. John Smith of Darnick, and two of his men, would have done more with a block and pulley than the whole score of them. The French seem far behind in machinery. We are almost eaten up with kindness, but that will have its end. I have had to parry several presents of busts, and so forth. The funny thing was the airs of my little friend. We had a most affectionate parting — wet, wet cheeks on the lady's side. Pebble-hearted, and shed as few tears as Crab of doggish memory.*

" Went to Galignani's, where the brothers, after some palaver, offered £105 for the sheets of Napoleon, to be reprinted at Paris in English. I told them I would think of it. I suppose Treuttel and Würtz had apprehended something of this kind, for they write me that they had made a bargain with my publisher (Cadell, I suppose) for the publishing of my book in all sorts of ways. I must look into this.

" Dined with Marshal Macdonald † and a splendid party;

---

* See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Scene 3.

† The Marshal had visited Scotland in 1825 — and the Diarist then saw a good deal of him under the roof of his kinsman, Mr. Macdonald Buchanan. — He died 25th September 1840, at his domain of Courcelles, near Orleans, aged 75.

amongst others, Marshal Marmont — middle size, stout made, dark complexion, and looks sensible. The French hate him much for his conduct in 1814, but it is only making him the scape-goat. Also I saw Mons. de Molé, but especially the Marquis de Lauriston, who received me most kindly. He is personally like my cousin Colonel Russell. I learned that his brother, Louis Law,* my old friend, was alive, and the father of a large family. I was most kindly treated, and had my vanity much flattered by the men who had acted such important parts talking to me in the most frank manner.

" In the evening to Princess Galitzin, where were a whole covey of Princesses of Russia arrayed in *tartan*, with music and singing to boot. The person in whom I was most interested was Mad. de Boufflers, upwards of eighty, very polite, very pleasant, and with all the acquirements of a French court lady of the time of Mad. Sevigné, or of the correspondent rather of Horace Walpole. Cooper was there, so the Scotch and American lions took the field together. — Home, and settled our affairs to depart.

" *November* 7. — Off at seven — breakfasted at Beauvais, and pushed on to Amiens. This being a forced march, we had bad lodgings, wet wood, uncomfortable supper, damp beds, and an extravagant charge. I was never colder in my life than when I waked with the sheets clinging around me like a shroud.

" *November* 8. — We started at six in the morning, having no need to be called twice, so heartily was I weary of my comfortless couch. Breakfasted at Abbeville — then pushed on to Boulogne, expecting to find the packet ready to start next morning, and so to have had the advantage of the easterly tide. But, lo ye! the packet was not to sail till next day. So, after shrugging our shoulders — being the solace *à la mode de France* — and recruiting ourselves with a pullet and a bottle of Chablis *à la mode d'Angleterre*, we set off for Calais after supper, and it was betwixt three and four in the morning before we got to Dessein's, when the house was full, or reported to be so. We could only get two wretched brick-paved garrets, as cold and moist as those of Amiens, instead of the comforts which we were received with at our arrival.* But I was better prepared. Stripped off the sheets, and lay down in my dressing-gown, and so roughed it out — *tant bien que mal.*

---

* Lauriston, the ancient seat of the Laws, so famous in French history, is very near Edinburgh, and the estate was in their possession at the time of the Revolution. Two or three cadets of the family were of the first emigration, and one of them (M. Louis Law) was a frequent guest of the poet's father, and afterwards corresponded during many years with himself. I am not sure whether it was M. Louis Law whose French designation so much amused the people of Edinburgh. One brother of the Marquis de Lauriston, however, was styled *Le Chevalier de Mutton-hole* — this being the name of a village on the Scotch property.

" *November* 9. — At four in the morning we were called — at six we got on board the packet, where I found a sensible and conversible man, a very pleasant circumstance. At Dover Mr. Ward came with the lieutenant-governor of the castle, and wished us to visit that ancient fortress. I regretted much that our time was short, and the weather did not admit of our seeing views, so we could only thank the gentlemen in declining their civility. The castle, partly ruinous, seems to have been very fine. The Cliff, to which Shakspeare gave his immortal name, is, as all the world knows, a great deal lower than his description implies. Our Dover friends, justly jealous of the reputation of their Cliff, impute this diminution of its consequence to its having fallen in repeatedly since the poet's time. I think it more likely that the imagination of Shakspeare, writing perhaps at a period long after he may have seen the rock, had described it such as he conceived it to have been. Besides, Shakspeare was born in a flat country, and Dover Cliff is at least lofty enough to have suggested the exaggerated features to his fancy. At all events, it has maintained its reputation better than the Tarpeian Rock — no man could leap from it and live. Left Dover after a hot luncheon about four o'clock, and reached London at half-past three in the morning. So adieu to *la belle France*, and welcome merry England.

---

* A room in Dessein's hotel is now inscribed " Chambre de Walter Scott " — another has long been marked " Chambre de Sterne."

" *Pall-Mall, November* 10. — Ere I leave *la belle France*, however, it is fit I should express my gratitude for the unwontedly kind reception which I met with at all hands. It would be an unworthy piece of affectation did I not allow that I have been pleased — highly pleased — to find a species of literature intended only for my own country, has met such an extensive and favourable reception in a foreign land, where there was so much *à priori* to oppose its progress. For my work I think I have done a good deal; but, above all, I have been confirmed strongly in the impressions I had previously formed of the character of Nap., and may attempt to draw him with a firmer hand.

" The succession of new people and unusual incidents has had a favourable effect on my mind, which was becoming rutted like an ill-kept highway. My thoughts have for sometime flowed in another and pleasanter channel than through the melancholy course into which my solitary and deprived state had long driven them, and which gave often pain to be endured without complaint, and without sympathy. 'For this relief,' as Marcellus says in Hamlet, 'much thanks.'

" To-day I visited the public offices, and prosecuted my researches. Left inquiries for the Duke of York, who has recovered from a most desperate state. His legs had been threatened with mortification; but he was saved by a critical discharge; — also visited the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melville, and others, besides the ladies in Piccadilly. Dined and spent the evening quietly in Pall-Mall.

" *November* 11. — Croker came to breakfast, and we were soon after joined by Theodore Hook, *alias* (*on dit*) John Bull — he has got as fat as the actual monarch of the herd. Lock he sat still with us, and we had, as Gil Blas says, a delicious morning, spent in abusing our neighbours, at which my three neighbours are no novices any more than I am myself, though (like Puss in Boots, who only caught mice for his amusement) I am only a chamber counsel in matters of scandal. The fact is, I have refrained, as much as human frailty will permit, from all satirical composition. Here is an ample subject for a little black-balling in the case of Joseph Hume, the great accountant, who has managed the Greek loan so egregiously. I do not lack personal provocation (see 13th March last), yet I won't attack him — at present at least — but *qu'il se garde de moi:*

‘I'm not a king, nor nae sic thing,
My word it may not stand;
But Joseph may a buffet bide,
Come he beneath my brand.’

“At dinner we had a little blow-out on Sophia's part. Lord Dudley, Mr. Hay, Under Secretary of State, Sir Thomas Lawrence, &c. *Mistress* (as she now calls herself) Joanna Baillie, and her sister, came in the evening. The whole went off pleasantly.

“*November* 12. — Went to sit to Sir T. L. to finish the picture for his Majesty, which every one says is a very fine one. I think so myself; and wonder how Sir Thomas has made so much out of an old weather-beaten block. But I believe the hard features of old Dons like myself are more within the compass of the artist's skill than the lovely face and delicate complexion of females. Came home after a heavy shower. I had a long conversation about * * * with * * *. All that was whispered is true — a sign how much better our domestics are acquainted with the private affairs of our neighbours than we are. A dreadful tale of incest and seduction, and nearly of blood also — horrible beyond expression in its complications and events — ‘And yet the end is not;’ — and this man was amiable, and seemed the soul of honour — laughed, too, and was the soul of society. It is a mercy our own thoughts are concealed from each other. Oh! if, at our social table we could see what passes in each bosom around, we would seek dens and caverns to shun human society! To see the projector trembling for his falling speculations — the voluptuary rueing the event of his debauchery — the miser wearing out his soul for the loss of a guinea, — all — all bent upon vain hopes and vainer regrets, — we should not need to go to the hall of the Caliph Vathek to see men's hearts broiling under their black veils. Lord keep us from all temptation, for we cannot be our own shepherd!

"We dined to-day at Lady Stafford's, at Westhill. Lord S. looks very poorly, but better than I expected. No company, excepting Sam Rogers and Mr. Thomas Grenville, a very amiable and accomplished man, whom I knew better about twenty years since. Age has touched him, as it has doubtless affected me. The great lady received us with the most cordial kindness, and expressed herself, I am sure sincerely, desirous to be of service to Sophia.

"*November* 13. — I consider Charles's business as settled, by a private intimation which I had to that effect from Sir W. K.; so I need negotiate no farther, but wait the event. Breakfasted at home, and somebody with us, but the whirl of visits so great that I have already forgot the party. Lockhart and I dined at an official person's, where there was a little too much of that sort of flippant wit, or rather smartness, which becomes the parochial Joe Miller of boards and offices. You must not be grave, because it might lead to improper discussions; and to laugh without a joke is a hard task. Your professed wags are treasures to this species of company. Gil Blas was right in eschewing the literary society of his friend Fabricio; but nevertheless one or two of the mess could greatly have improved the conversation of his *Commis.* Went to poor Lydia White's, and found her extended on a couch, frightfully swelled, unable to stir, rouged, jesting, and dying She has a good heart, and is really a clever creature, but unhappily, or rather happily, she has set up the whole staff of her rest in keeping literary society about her. The world has not neglected her. It is not always so bad as it is called. She can always make up her circle, and generally has some people of real talent and distinction. She is wealthy, to be sure, and gives petit dinners, but not in a style to carry the point *à force d'argent.* In her case the world is good-natured, and perhaps it is more frequently so than is generally supposed.

"*November* 14. — We breakfasted at honest Allan Cunningham's — honest Allan — a leal and true Scotsman of the old cast. A man of genius, besides, who only requires the tact of knowing when and where to stop, to attain the universal praise which ought to follow it. I look upon the alteration of 'It's hame and it's hame,' and 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' as among the best songs going. His prose has often admirable passages; but he is obscure, and overlays his meaning, which will not do now-a-days, when he who runs must read.

"Dined at Croker's, at Kensington, with his family, the Speaker,* and the facetious Theodore Hook.

"We came away rather early, that Anne and I might visit Mrs. Arbuthnot to meet the Duke of Wellington. In all my life I never saw him better. He has a dozen of campaigns in his body — and tough ones. Anne was delighted with the frank manners of this unequalled pride of British war, and me he received with all his usual kindness. He talked away about Buonaparte, Russia, and France.

"*November* 15. — I went to the Colonial Office, where I laboured hard. Dined with the Duke of Wellington. Anne could not look enough at the *vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre.* The party were Mr. and Mrs. Peel and Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot, Vesey Fitzgerald, Banks, and Croker, with Lady Bathurst and Lady Georgina. One gentleman took much of the conversation, and gave us, with unnecessary emphasis, and at superfluous length, his opinion of a late gambling transaction. This spoiled the evening. I am sorry for the occurrence though, for Lord * * * is fetlock deep in it, and it looks like a vile bog. This misfortune, with the foolish incident at * * *, will not be suffered to fall to the ground, but will be used as a counterpoise to the Greek loan. Peel asked me, in private, my opinion of three candidates for the Scotch gown, and I gave it him candidly. We shall see if it has weight.* I begin to tire of my gaieties; and the late hours and constant feasting disagree with me. I wish for a sheep's-head and whisky-toddy against all the French cookery and champaign in the world. Well, I suppose I might have been a Judge of Session by this time — attained, in short, the grand goal proposed to the ambition of a Scottish lawyer. It is better, however, as it is, — while, at least, I can maintain my literary reputation.

---

* The Right Honourable Sir Charles Manners Sutton, now Viscount Canterbury. — [1839.]

"*November* 16. — Breakfasted with Rogers, with my daughters and Lockhart. R. was exceedingly entertaining, in his dry, quiet, sarcastic manner. At eleven to the Duke of Wellington, who gave me a bundle of remarks on Buonaparte's Russian campaign, written in his carriage during his late mission to St. Petersburg. It is furiously scrawled, and the Russian names hard to distinguish, but it *shall* do me yeoman's service. Thence I passed to the Colonial Office, where I concluded my extracts. Lockhart and I dined with Croker at the Admiralty *au grand couvert.* No less than five Cabinet Ministers were present — Canning, Huskisson, Melville, Peel, and Wellington, with sub-secretaries by the bushel. The cheer was excellent, but the presence of too many men of distinguished rank and power always freezes the conversation. Each lamp shines brightest when placed by itself; when too close, they neutralize each other.†

---

* Sir Walter's early friend Cranstoun was placed on the Scotch Bench, as Lord Corehouse, in 1826.

† In returning from this dinner Sir Walter said, "I have seen some of these great men at the same table *for the last time.*"

"*November* 17. — Sir John Malcolm at breakfast. Saw the Duke of York. The change on H. R. H. is most wonderful. From a big, burly, stout man, with a thick and sometimes an inarticulate mode of speaking, he has sunk into a thin-faced, slender-looking old man, who seems diminished in his very size. I could hardly believe I saw the same person, though I was received with his usual kindness. He speaks much more distinctly than formerly; his complexion is clearer; in short, his Royal Highness seems, on the whole, more healthy after this crisis than when in the stall-fed state, for such it seemed to be, in which I remember him. God grant it! — his life is of infinite value to the King and country — it is a breakwater behind the throne.

"*November* 18. — Was introduced by Rogers to Mad. D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of Evelina and Cecilia — an elderly lady, with no remains of personal beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, a pleasing expression of countenance, and apparently quick feelings. She told me she had wished to see two persons — myself, of course, being one, the other George Canning. This was really a compliment to be pleased with — a nice little handsome pat of butter made up by a 'neat-handed Phillis'* of a dairy-maid, instead of the grease, fit only for cart-wheels, which one is dosed with by the pound.

"Mad. D'Arblay told us that the common story of Dr. Burney, her father, having brought home her own first work, and recommended it to her perusal, was erroneous. Her father was in the secret of Evelina being printed. But the following circumstances may have given rise to the story: — Dr. Burney was at Streatham soon after the publication, where he found Mrs. Thrale recovering from her confinement, low at the moment, and out of spirits. While they were talking together, Johnson, who sat beside in a kind of reverie, suddenly broke out — 'You should read this new work, madam — you should read Evelina; every one says it is excellent, and they are right.' The delighted father obtained a commission from Mrs. Thrale to purchase his daughter's work, and retired the happiest of men. Mad. D'Arblay said she was wild with joy at this decisive evidence of her literary success, and that she could only give vent to her rapture by dancing and skipping round a mulberry-tree in the garden. She was very young at this time. I trust I shall see this lady again.

---

* Milton's *L'Allegro*.

"Dined at Mr. Peel's with Lord Liverpool, Duke of Wellington, Croker, &c. The conversation very good, Peel taking the lead in his own house, which he will not do elsewhere. . . . . Should have been at the play, but sat too long at Peel's. So ends my campaign amongst these magnificoes and 'potent seigniors,' * with whom I have found, as usual, the warmest acceptation.

"*November* 20. — I ended this morning my sittings to Lawrence, and am heartily sorry there should be another picture of me except that which he has finished. The person is remarkably like, and conveys the idea of the stout blunt carle that cares for few things, and fears nothing. He has represented the author as in the act of composition, yet has effectually discharged all affectation from the manner and attitude. He dined with us at Peel's yesterday, where, by the way, we saw the celebrated Chapeau de Paille, which is not a Chapeau de Paille at all. I also saw this morning the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of York; the former so communicative, that I regretted extremely the length of time,† but have agreed on a correspondence with him. *Trop d'honneur pour moi.* The Duke of York seems still mending, and spoke of state affairs as a high Tory. Were his health good, his spirit is as strong as ever. H. R. H. has a devout horror of the Liberals. Having the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor, and (perhaps) a still greater person on his side, he might make a great fight when they split, as split they will. But Canning, Huskisson, and a mitigated party of Liberaux, will probably beat them. Canning's wit and eloquence are almost invincible. But then the Church, justly alarmed for their property, which is plainly struck at, and the bulk of the landed interest, will scarce brook even a mild infusion of Whiggery into the Administration. Well, time will show.

---

* *Othello.*

† Sir Walter no doubt means that he regretted not having seen the Duke at an earlier period of his historical labours.

"We visited our friends Peel, Lord Gwydir, Mr. Arbuthnot, &c. and left our tickets of adieu. In no instance, during my former visits to London, did I ever meet with such general attention and respect on all sides.

"Lady Louisa Stuart dined — also Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Christie. Dr. and Mrs. Hughes came in the evening; so ended pleasantly our last night in London.

"*Oxford, November* 20. — Left London after a comfortable breakfast, and an adieu to the Lockhart family. If I had had but comfortable hopes of their poor, pale, prostrate child, so clever and so interesting, I should have parted easily on this occasion; but these misgivings overcloud the prospect. We reached Oxford by six o'clock, and found Charles and his friend young Surtees waiting for us, with a good fire in the chimney, and a good dinner ready to be placed on the table. We had struggled through a cold, sulky, drizzly day, which deprived of all charms even the beautiful country near Henley. So we came from cold and darkness into light, and warmth, and society. — *N.B.* We had neither daylight nor moonlight to see the view of Oxford from the Maudlin Bridge, which I used to think one of the most beautiful in the world.

"The expense of travelling has mounted high. I am too old to rough it, and scrub it, nor could I have saved fifty pounds by doing so. I have gained, however, in health and spirits, in a new stock of ideas, new combinations, and new views. My self-consequence is raised, I hope not unduly, by the many flattering circumstances attending my reception in the two capitals, and I feel confident in proportion. In Scotland I shall find time for labour and for economy.

"*Cheltenham, November* 21. — Breakfasted with Charles in his chambers at Brazen-nose, where he had everything very neat. How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board! It is like the aged man reclining under the shadow of the oak which he has planted. My poor plant has some storms to undergo, but were this expedition conducive to no more than his entrance into life under suitable auspices, I should consider the toil and the expense well bestowed. We then sallied out to see the lions. Remembering the ecstatic feelings with which I visited Oxford more than twenty-five years since, I was surprised at the comparative indifference with which I revisited the same scenes. Reginald Heber, then composing his Prize Poem, and imping his wings for a long flight of honourable distinction, is now dead in a foreign land — Hodgson * and other able men all entombed. The towers and halls remain, but the voices which fill them are of modern days. Besides, the eye becomes saturated with sights, as the full soul loathes the honeycomb. I admired indeed, but my admiration was void of the enthusiasm which I formerly felt. I remember particularly having felt, while in the Bodleian, like the Persian magician who visited the enchanted library in the bowels of the mountain, and willingly suffered himself to be enclosed in its recesses, while less eager sages retired in alarm. Now I had some base thoughts concerning luncheon, which was most munificently supplied by Surtees, at his rooms in University College, with the aid of the best ale I ever drank in my life, the real wine of Ceres, and worth that of Bacchus. Dr. Jenkyns,† the vice-chancellor, did me the honour to call, but I saw him not. Before three set out for Cheltenham, — a long and uninteresting drive, which we achieved by nine o'clock. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Scott, and her daughter, instantly came to the hotel, and seem in excellent health and spirits.

---

* Dr. Frodsham Hodgson, the late excellent Master of Brazen-nose College.

† Dr. Richard Jenkyns, Master of Balliol College.

"*November* 22. — Breakfasted and dined with Mrs. Scott, and leaving Cheltenham at seven, pushed on to Worcester to sleep. — *Nov.* 23. Breakfasted at Birmingham and slept at Macclesfield. As we came in between ten and eleven, the people of the inn expressed surprise at our travelling so late, as the general distress of the manufacturers has rendered many of the lower classes desperately outrageous. — *Nov.* 24. Breakfasted at Manchester — pressed on — and by dint of exertion reached Kendal to sleep; thus getting out of the region of the stern, sullen, unwashed artificers, whom you see lounging sulkily along the streets in Lancashire. God's justice is requiting, and will yet farther requite, those who have blown up this country into a state of unsubstantial opulence, at the expense of the health and morals of the lower classes.

"*Abbotsford, November* 26. — Consulting my purse, found my good £60 diminished to Quarter less Ten. In purse, £8. Naturally reflected how much expense has increased since I first travelled. My uncle's servant, during the jaunts we made together while I was a boy, used to have his option of a shilling per diem for board wages, and usually preferred it to having his charges borne. A servant, now-a-days, to be comfortable on the road, should have 4s. or 4s. 6d. board wages, which before 1790 would have maintained his master. But if this be pitiful, it is still more so to find the alteration in my own temper. When young, on returning from such a trip as I have just had, my mind would have loved to dwell on all I had seen that was rich and rare, or have been placing, perhaps, in order, the various additions with which I had supplied my stock of information — and now, like a stupid boy blundering over an arithmetical question half obliterated on his slate, I go stumbling on upon the audit of pounds, shillings, and pence. Well, — the skirmish has cost me £200. I wished for information — and I have had to pay for it." ——

On proceeding to Edinburgh to resume his official duties, Sir Walter established himself in a furnished house in Walker Street, it being impossible for him to leave his daughter alone in the country, and the aspect of his affairs being so much ameliorated that he did not think it necessary to carry the young lady to such a place as Mrs. Brown's lodgings. During the six ensuing months, however, he led much the same life of toil and seclusion from company which that of Abbotsford had been during the preceding autumn — very rarely dining abroad, except with one or two intimate friends, *en famille* — still more rarely receiving even a single guest at home; and, when there was no such interruption, giving his night as well as his morning to the desk.*

*** Here ended the 6th Volume of the First Edition.**

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Life of Napoleon, and Chronicles of the Canongate in progress — Reviewals of Mackenzie's Edition of Home, and of Hoffman's Tales — Rheumatic attacks — Theatrical Fund Dinner — Avowal of the sole Authorship of the Waverley Novels — Letter from Goethe — Reply — Deaths of the Duke of York, Mr. Gifford, Sir George Beaumont, &c. — Mr. Canning Minister — Completion of the Life of Buonaparte — Reminiscences of an Amanuensis — Goethe's Remarks on the Work — its pecuniary results.

DEC. 1826 — JUNE 1827.

During the winter of 1826–7, Sir Walter suffered great pain (enough to have disturbed effectually any other man's labours, whether official or literary) from successive attacks of rheumatism, which seems to have been fixed on him by the wet sheets of one of his French inns; and his Diary contains, besides, various indications that his constitution was already shaking under the fatigue to which he had subjected it. Formerly, however great the quantity of work he put through his hands, his evenings were almost always reserved for the light reading of an elbow-chair, or the enjoyment of his family and friends. Now he seemed to grudge every minute that was not spent at the desk. The little that he read of new books, or for mere amusement, was done by snatches in the course of his meals; and to walk, when he could walk at all, to the Parliament House, and back again through the Prince's Street Gardens, was his only exercise and his only relaxation. Every ailment, of whatever sort, ended in aggravating his lameness; and, perhaps, the severest test his philosophy encountered was the feeling of bodily helplessness that from week to week crept upon him. The winter, to make bad worse, was a very cold and stormy one. The growing sluggishness of his blood showed itself in chilblains, not only on the feet but the fingers, and his handwriting becomes more and more cramped and confused. I shall not pain the reader by extracting merely medical entries from his Diary; but the following give characteristic sketches of his temperament and reflections: —

"*December* 16. — Another bad night. I remember I used to think a slight illness was a luxurious thing. My pillow was then softened by the hand of affection, and the little cares put in exercise to soothe the languor or pain, were more flattering and pleasing than the consequences of the illness were disagreeable. It was a new scene to be watched and attended, and I used to think that the *malade imaginaire* gained something by his humour. It is different in the latter stages; — the old post-chaise gets more shattered and out of order at every turn — windows will not be pulled up, doors refuse to open, or being open will not shut again — which last is rather my case. There is some new subject of complaint every moment — your sicknesses come thicker and thicker — your comforting and sympathizing friends fewer and fewer — for why should they sorrow for the course of nature? The recollection of youth, health, and uninterrupted powers of activity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor strain of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at last, and cure all. This was a day of labour, agreeably varied by a pain which rendered it scarce possible to sit upright. My journal is getting a vile chirurgical aspect. I begin to be afraid of the odd consequences complaints in the *post equitem* are said to produce. I shall tire of my journal. In my better days I had stories to tell; but death has closed the long dark avenue upon loves and friendships, and I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, with no insincere wish that it may open for me at no distant period, provided such be the will of God. My pains were those of the heart, and had something flattering in their character; if in the head, it was from the blow of a bludgeon gallantly received, and well paid back. I think I shall not live to the usual verge of human existence; I shall never see the threescore and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either.

"*December* 18. — Sir Adam Fergusson breakfasted — one of the few old friends left out of the number of my youthful companions. In youth, we have many companions, few friends perhaps; in age, companionship is ended, except rarely, and by appointment. Old men, by a kind of instinct, seek younger associates, who listen to their stories, honour their grey hairs while present, and mimic and laugh at them when their backs are turned. At least that was the way in our day, and I warrant our chicks of the present brood crow to the same tune. Of all the friends that I have left here, there is none who has any decided attachment to literature. So either I must talk on that subject to young people — in other words, turn proser — or I must turn tea-table talker and converse with ladies. I am too old and too proud for either character, so I'll live alone and be contented. Lockhart's departure for London was a loss to me in this way."

He spent a few days at Abbotsford at Christmas, and several weeks during the spring vacation; but the frequent Saturday excursions were now out of the question — if for no other reason, on account of the quantity of books which he must have by him while working at his Napoleon. He says on the 30th of December —

"Wrote hard. Last day of an eventful year; much evil — and some good, but especially the courage to endure what Fortune sends without becoming a pipe for her fingers.* It is *not* the last day of the year; but to-morrow being Sunday, we hold our festival to-day. — The Fergussons came, and we had the usual appliances of mirth and good cheer. Yet our party, like the chariot-wheels of Pharoah in the Red Sea, dragged heavily. — It must be allowed that the regular recurrence of annual festivals among the same individuals has, as life advances, something in it that is melancholy. We meet like the survivors of some perilous expedition, wounded and weakened ourselves, and looking through diminished ranks to think of those who are no more. Or they are like the feasts of the Caribs, in which they held that the pale and speechless phantoms of the deceased appeared and mingled with the living. Yet where shall we fly from vain repining? — or why should we give up the comfort of seeing our friends, because they can no longer be to us, or we to them, what we once were to each other?

"*January* 1, 1827. — God make this a happy new year to the King and country, and to all honest men!

"I went to dine as usual at the kind house of Huntly Burn; but the cloud still had its influence. The effect of grief upon persons who, like myself and Sir Adam, are highly susceptible of humour, has, I think, been finely touched by Wordsworth in the character of the merry village teacher Matthew, whom Jeffrey profanely calls 'a half crazy sentimental person.'† But, with my friend Jeffrey's pardon, I think he loves to see imagination best when it is bitted and managed, and ridden upon the *grand pas.* He does not make allowance for starts and sallies, and bounds, when Pegasus is beautiful to ehold, though sometimes perilous to his rider. Not that I think the amiable bard of Ryedale shows judgment in choosing such subjects as the popular mind cannot sympathize in It is unwise and unjust to himself. I do not compare myself, in point of imagination, with Wordsworth — far from it; for his is naturally exquisite, and highly cultivated from constant exercise. But I can see as many castles in the clouds as any man, as many genii in the curling smoke of a steam-engine, as perfect a Persepolis in the embers of a sea-coal fire. My life has been spent in such day-dreams. But I cry no roast-meat. There are times a man should remember what Rousseau used to say, *Tais-toi, Jean Jacques, car on ne t'entend pas!*

---

* *Hamlet*, Act III. Scene 2.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, No. xxiii. p. 135.

"Talking of Wordsworth, he told Anne a story, the object of which, as she understood it, was to show that Crabbe had no imagination. Crabbe, Sir George Beaumont, and Wordsworth, were sitting together in Murray's room in Albemarle Street. Sir George, after sealing a letter, blew out the candle which had enabled him to do so, and exchanging a look with Wordsworth, began to admire in silence the undulating thread of smoke which slowly arose from the expiring wick, when Crabbe put on the extinguisher. Anne laughed at the instance, and inquired if the taper was wax, and being answered in the negative, seemed to think that there was no call on Mr. Crabbe to sacrifice his sense of smell to their admiration of beautiful and evanescent forms. In two other men I should have said, 'Why it is affectations,' with Sir Hugh Evans;* but Sir George is the man in the world most void of affectation; and then he is an exquisite painter, and no doubt saw where the *incident* would have succeeded in painting. The error is not in you yourself receiving deep impressions from slight hints, but in supposing that precisely the same sort of impression must arise in the mind of men otherwise of kindred feeling, or that the common-place folk of the world can derive such inductions at any time or under any circumstances.

---

* *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Scene 1.

"*January* 13. — The Fergussons, with my neighbours Mr. Scrope and Mr. Bainbridge, ate a haunch of venison from Drummond Castle, and seemed happy. We had music and a little dancing, and enjoyed in others the buoyancy of spirit that we no longer possess ourselves. Yet I do not think the young people of this age so gay as we were. There is a turn for persiflage, a fear of ridicule among them, which stifles the honest emotions of gaiety and lightness of spirit; and people, when they give in the least to the expansion of their natural feelings, are always kept under by the fear of becoming ludicrous. To restrain your feelings and check your enthusiasm in the cause even of pleasure, is now a rule among people of fashion, as much as it used to be among philosophers.

"*Edinburgh, January* 15. — Off we came, and in despite of rheumatism I got through the journey tolerably. Coming through Galashiels, we met the Laird of Torwoodlee, who, on hearing how long I had been confined, asked how I bore it, observing that he had *once* in his life — Torwoodlee must be between sixty and seventy — been confined for five days to the house, and was like to hang himself. I regret God's free air as much as any man, but I could amuse myself were it in the Bastile.

"*February* 19. — Very cold weather. What says Dean Swift? —

'When frost and snow come both together,
Then sit by the fire and save shoe leather.'

I read and wrote at the bitter account of the French retreat from Moscow, in 1812, till the little room and coal fire seemed snug by comparison. I felt cold in its rigour in my childhood and boyhood, but not since. In youth and middle life I was yet less sensible to it than now — but I remember thinking it worse than hunger. Uninterrupted to-day, and did eight leaves.*

---

* One page of his MS. answers to from four to five of the close-printed pages of the original edition of his Buonaparte.

"*March* 3. — Very severe weather, and home covered with snow. White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo. No matter; I am not sorry to find I can stand a brush of weather yet. I like to see Arthur's Seat and the stern old Castle with their white watchcloaks on. But, as Byron said to Moore, d——n it, Tom, don't be poetical. I settled to Boney, and wrote right long and well.

"*Abbotsford*, *March* 12. — Away we set, and came safely to Abbotsford amid all the dulness of a great thaw, which has set the rivers a streaming in full tide. The wind is high, but for my part

'I like this rocking of the battlements.' *

I was received by old Tom and the dogs with the unsophisticated feelings of good-will. I have been trying to read a new novel which I had heard praised. It is called *Almacks*, and the author has so well succeeded in describing the cold selfish fopperies of the time, that the copy is almost as dull as the original. I think I shall take up my bundle of Sheriff-Court processes instead of Almacks, as the more entertaining avocation of the two.

"*March* 13. — Before breakfast, prepared and forwarded the processes to Selkirk. Had a pleasant walk to the thicket, though my ideas were olla-podrida-ish. I expect this will not be a day of work but of idleness, for my books are not come. Would to God I could make it light, thoughtless idleness, such as I used to have when the silly smart fancies ran in my brain like the bubbles in a glass of champaign — as brilliant to my thinking, as intoxicating, as evanescent. But the wine is somewhat on the lees. Perhaps it was but indifferent cyder after all. Yet I am happy in this place, where everything looks friendly from old Tom to young Nym.† After all, he has little to complain of who has left so many things that like him.

---

* Zanga, in *The Revenge*, Act I. Scene 1.

† Nimrod — a stag-hound.

"*March* 21. — Wrote till twelve, then out upon the heights though the day was stormy, and faced the gale bravely. Tom Purdie was not with me. He would have obliged me to keep the sheltered ground. There is a touch of the old spirit in me yet, that bids me brave the tempest — the spirit that, in spite of manifold infirmities, made me a roaring boy in my youth, a desperate climber, a bold rider, a deep drinker, and a stout player at single-stick, of all which valuable qualities there are now but slender remains. I worked hard when I came in, and finished five pages.

"*March* 26. — Despatched packets. Colonel and Captain Fergusson arrived to breakfast. I had previously determined to give myself a day to write letters; and this day will do as well as another. I cannot keep up with the world without shying a letter now and then. It is true, the greatest happiness I could think of would be to be rid of the world entirely. Excepting my own family, I have little pleasure in the world, less business in it, and am heartily careless about all its concerns.

"*April* 24. — Still deep snow — a foot thick in the court-yard, I dare say. Severe welcome for the poor lambs now coming into the world. But what signifies whether they die just now, or a little while after to be united with sallad at luncheon time? It signifies a good deal too. There is a period, though a short one, when they dance among the gowans, and seem happy. As for your aged sheep or wether, the sooner they pass to the *Norman* side of the vocabulary, the better. They are like some old dowager ladies and gentlemen of my acquaintance — no one cares about them till they come to be *cut up*, and then we see how the tallow lies on the kidneys and the chine.

"*May* 13. — A most idle and dissipated day. I did not rise till half-past eight o'clock. Colonel and Captain Fergusson came to breakfast I walked half-way home with them, then turned back and spent the day, which was delightful, wandering from place to place in the woods, sometimes reading the new and interesting volumes of *Cyril Thornton*, sometimes 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies' which alternated in my mind, idly stirred by the succession of a thousand vague thoughts and fears, the gay strangely mingled with those of dismal melancholy; tears which seemed ready to flow unbidden; smiles which approached to those of insanity; all that wild variety of mood which solitude engenders. I scribbled some verses, or rather composed them in my memory. The contrast at leaving Abbotsford to former departures, is of an agitating and violent description. Assorting papers, and so forth. I never could help admiring the concatenation between Ahithophel's setting his house in order and hanging himself.* The one seems to follow the other as a matter of course. But what frightens and disgusts me is those fearful letters from those who have been long dead, to those who linger on their wayfare through the valley of tears. Those fine lines of Spencer came into my head—

'The shade of youthful Hope is there,
  That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
  With phantom Honours by his side.
What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
  They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh! die to thought, to memory die,
  Since lifeless to my heart ye prove.' †

Ay, and can I forget the author—the frightful moral of his own vision? What is this world?—a dream within a dream: as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The grave the last sleep? No; it is the last and final awakening.

---

* 2d Samuel, xvii. 23.

† Poems by the late Honourable W. R. Spencer, London, 1835, p. 45. See *ante*, p. 144.

"*Edinburgh, May* 15. — It is impossible not to compare this return to Edinburgh with others in more happy times. But we should rather recollect under what distress of mind I took up my lodgings in Mrs. Brown's last summer. — Went to Court and resumed old habits. Heard the true history of ——.* Imagination renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits. All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy class, must have felt, that but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy. I am sure I know one who has often felt so. O God! what are we? — Lords of nature? — Why, a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin — the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain — takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else. We hold our health and our reason on terms slighter than one would desire, were it in their choice, to hold an Irish cabin."

These are melancholy entries. Most of those from which they have been selected begin with R. for Rheumatism, or R.R. for Rheumatism Redoubled, and then mark the number of leaves sent to James Ballantyne — the proof-sheets corrected for press — or the calculations on which he reluctantly made up his mind to extend the Life of Buonaparte from six to seven, from seven to eight, and finally from eight to nine thick and closely printed volumes.

During the early months of 1827, however, he executed various minor tracts also: for the Quarterly Review, an article on Mackenzie's Life and Works of John Home, author of Douglas, which is, in fact, a rich chapter of Scott's own early reminiscences, and gives many interesting sketches of the literary society of Scotland in the age of which Mackenzie was the last honoured relic;* and for the Foreign Review, then newly started under the editorship of Mr. R. P. Gillies, an ingenious and elaborate paper on the writings of the German Novelist Hoffman.† This article, it is proper to observe, was a benefaction to Mr. Gillies, whose pecuniary affairs rendered such assistance very desirable. Scott's generosity in this matter — for it was exactly giving a poor brother author £100 at the expense of considerable time and drudgery to himself — I think it necessary to mention; the date of the exertion requires it of me. But such, in fact, had been in numberless instances his method of serving literary persons who had little or no claim on him, except that they were of that class. I have not conceived it delicate to specify many instances of this kind; but I am at liberty to state, that when he wrote his first article for the Encyclopædia Supplement, and the editor of that work, Mr. Macvey Napier (a Whig in politics, and with whom he had hardly any personal acquaintance), brought him £100 as his remuneration, Sir Walter said — "Now tell me frankly, if I don't take this money, does it go into your pocket or your publisher's? for it is impossible for me to accept a penny of it from a literary brother." Mr. Napier assured him that the arrangements of the work were such, that the editor had nothing to do with the fund destined for contributions. Scott then pocketed his due, with the observation, that "he had trees to plant, and no conscience as to the purse of his fat friend" — to wit, Constable.

---

* Sir Walter had this morning heard of the suicide of a man of warm imagination, to whom, at an earlier period, he was much attached.

---

* See *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, (Edin. Ed.) vol. xix. p. 283.

† *Ibid.* vol. xviii. p. 270.

At this period, Sir Walter's Diary very seldom mentions anything that could be called a dinner-party. He and his daughter partook generally once in every week the family meal of Mr. and Mrs. Skene; and they did the like occasionally with a few other old friends, chiefly those of the Clerks' table. When an exception occurs, it is easy to see that the scene of social gaiety was doubly grateful from its rarity. Thus one entry, referring to a party at Mr. J. A. Murray's,* says — "Went to dine with John Murray, where met his brother (Henderland), Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford, and others of that file. Very pleasant — capital good cheer and excellent wine — much laugh and fun. I do not know how it is, but when I am out with a party of my Opposition friends, the day is often merrier than when with our own set. Is it because they are cleverer? Jeffrey and Harry Cockburn are to be sure very extraordinary men; yet it is not owing to that entirely. I believe both parties meet with the feeling of something like novelty — we have not worn out our jests in daily contact. There is also a disposition on such occasions to be courteous, and of course to be pleased."

Another evening, spent in Rose Court with his old friend, Mr. Clerk, seems to have given him especial delight. He says — "This being a blank day at the Court, I wrote hard till dressing time, when I went to Will Clerk's to dinner. As a bachelor, and keeping a small establishment, he does not do these things often, but they are proportionally pleasant when they come round. He had trusted Sir Adam to bespeak his dinner, who did it *con amore*, so we had excellent cheer, and the wines were various and capital. As I before hinted, it is not every day that M'Nab mounts on horseback,* and so our landlord had a little of that solicitude that the party should go off well, which is very flattering to the guests. We had a very pleasant evening. The Chief-Commissioner was there, Admiral Adam, J. A. Murray, Tom Thomson, &c. &c., — Sir Adam predominating at the head, and dancing what he calls his merry-andrada in great style. In short, we really laughed, and real laughter is a thing as rare as real tears. I must say, too, there was a *heart* — a kindly feeling prevailed over the party. Can London give such a dinner? — it may, but I never saw one — they are too cold and critical to be easily pleased. —— I hope the Bannatyne Club will be really useful and creditable. Thomson is superintending a capital edition of Sir James Melville's Memoirs. It is brave to see how he wags his Scots tongue, and what a difference there is in the form and firmness of the language, compared to the mincing English edition in which he has hitherto been alone known."

---

* Afterwards Lord Advocate, and now a Judge of the Court of Session, by the title of Lord Murray. — [1839.]

No wonder that it should be a sweet relief from Buonaparte and Blucher to see M'Nab on horseback, and Sir Adam Fergusson in his merry-andrada exaltation, and laugh over old Scotch stories with the Chief Commissioner, and hear Mr. Thomas Thomson report progress as to the doings of the Bannatyne Club. But

---

* That singular personage, the late M'Nab of *that ilk*, spent his life umost entirely in a district where a boat was the usual conveyance suspect, however, there is an allusion to some particular anecdote which I have not recovered.

I apprehend every reader will see that Sir Walter was misled by his own modesty, when he doubted whether London could afford symposia of the same sort. He forgets that he had never mixed in the society of London except in the capacity of a stranger, a rare visiter, the unrivalled literary marvel of the time, and that every party at which he dined was got up expressly on his account, and constituted, whoever might be the landlord, on the natural principle of bringing together as many as the table could hold — to see and hear Sir Walter Scott. Hence, if he dined with a Minister of State, he was likely to find himself seated with half the Cabinet — if with a Bishop, half the Bench had been collected. As a matter of course, every man was anxious to gratify on so rare an occasion as many as he could of those who, in case they were uninvited, would be likely to reproach him for the omission. The result was a crowding together of too many rival eminences; and he very seldom, indeed, witnessed the delightful result so constantly produced in London by the intermingling of distinguished persons of various classes, full of facts and views new to each other — and neither chilled nor perplexed by the pernicious and degrading trickery of lionizing. But, besides, it was unfair to institute any comparison between the society of comparative strangers and that of old friends dear from boyhood. He could not have his Clerks and Fergussons both in Edinburgh and in London. Enough, however, of commentary on a very plain text.

That season was further enlivened by one public dinner, and this, though very briefly noticed in Scott's Diary occupied a large space in public attention at the time, and, I believe I may add, several columns in every newspaper printed in Europe. His good friend William Murray, manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, invited him to preside at the first festival of a charitable fund then instituted for the behoof of decayed performers. He agreed, and says in his Journal —

"There are 300 tickets given out. I fear it will be uncomfortable; and whatever the stoics may say, a bad dinner throws cold water on charity. I have agreed to preside — a situation in which I have been rather felicitous, not by much superiority of art or wisdom, far less of eloquence; but by two or three simple rules, which I put down here for the benefit of my posterity: —

"1*st*, Always hurry the bottle round for five or six rounds, without prosing yourself, or permitting others to prose. A slight fillip of wine inclines people to be pleased, and removes the nervousness which prevents men from speaking — disposes them, in short, to be amusing and to be amused.

2*d*, Push on, keep moving, as Young Rapid says.* Do not think of saying fine things — nobody cares for them any more than for fine music, which is often too liberally bestowed on such occasions. — Speak at all ventures, and attempt the *mot pour rire.* You will find people satisfied with wonderfully indifferent jokes, if you can but hit the taste of the company, which depends much on its character. Even a very high party, primed with all the cold irony and *non est tanti* feelings or no feelings of fashionable folks, may be stormed by a jovial, rough, round, and ready preses. Choose your text with discretion — the sermon may be as you like. Should a drunkard or an ass break in with anything out of joint, if you can parry it with a jest, good and well — if not, do not exert your serious authority, unless it is something very bad. The authority even of a chairman ought to be very cautiously exercised. With patience you will have the support of every one.

---

* Morton's comedy of *A Cure for the Heart-Ache.*

"*3dly*, When you have drunk a few glasses to play the good-fellow, and banish modesty — (if you are unlucky enough to have such a troublesome companion) — then beware of the cup too much. Nothing is so ridiculous as a drunken preses.

"*Lastly*, always speak short, and *Skeoch doch na skiel* — cut a tale with a drink.

"This is the purpose and intent
Of gude Schir Walter's testament.'" *

This dinner took place on Friday the 23d February. Sir Walter took the chair, being supported by the Earl of Fife, Lord Meadowbank, Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Admiral Adam, Robert Dundas of Arniston, *Peter* Robertson, and many other personal friends. Lord Meadowbank had come on short notice, and was asked abruptly on his arrival to take a toast which had been destined for a noble person who had not been able to appear. He knew that this was the first public dinner at which the object of this toast had appeared since his misfortunes, and taking him aside in the anteroom, asked him whether he would consider it indelicate to hazard a distinct reference to the parentage of the Waverley Novels as to which there had, in point of fact, ceased to be any obscurity from the hour of Constable's failure. Sir Walter smiled, and said, "Do just as you like — only don't say much about so old a story." — In the course of the evening the Judge rose accordingly, and said — †

"I would beg leave to propose a toast — the health of one of the Patrons — a great and distinguished individual, whose name must always stand by itself, and which, in an assembly such as this, or in any other assembly of Scotsmen, must ever be received, I will not say with ordinary feelings of pleasure or of delight, but with those of rapture and enthusiasm. In doing this I feel that I stand in a somewhat new situation. Whoever had been called upon to propose the health of my Hon. Friend some time ago, would have found himself enabled, from the mystery in which certain matters were involved, to gratify himself and his auditors by allusions sure to find a responding chord in their own feelings, and to deal in the language, the sincere language, of panegyric, without intruding on the modesty of the great individual to whom I refer. But it is no longer possible, consistently with the respect due to my auditors, to use upon this subject terms either of mystification, or of obscure or indirect allusion. The clouds have been dispelled — the *darkness visible* has been cleared away — and the Great Unknown — the minstrel of our native land — the mighty magician who has rolled back the current of time, and conjured up before our living senses the men and the manners of days which have long passed away, stands revealed to the eyes and the hearts of his affectionate and admiring countrymen. If I were capable of imagining all that belongs to this mighty subject — were I able to give utterance to all that as a man, as a Scotsman, and as a friend, I must feel regarding it, yet knowing, as I well do, that this illustrious individual is not more distinguished for his towering talents, than for those feelings which render such allusions ungrateful to himself, however sparingly introduced, I would on that account still refrain from doing what would otherwise be no less pleasing to myself than to those who hear me. But this I hope I may be allowed to say — (my auditors would not pardon me were I to say less) — we owe to him, as a people, a large and heavy debt of gratitude. He it is who has opened to foreigners the grand and characteristic beauties of our country; — it is to him that we owe that our gallant ancestors and illustrious patriots — who fought and bled in order to obtain and secure that independence and that liberty we now enjoy — have obtained a fame no longer confined to the boundaries of a remote and comparatively obscure country — it is *He* who has called down upon their struggles for glory and freedom the admiration of foreign lands; — he it is who has conferred a new reputation on our national character, and bestowed on Scotland an imperishable name, were it only by her having given birth to himself. I propose the health of Sir Walter Scott."

---

* Sir Walter parodies the conclusion of King Robert the Bruce's *Maxims, or Political Testament.* See Hailes's *Annals*, A. D. 1311, — or Fordun's *Scoti-chronicon*, XII. 10.

† By the favour of a friend, who took notes at this dinner, I am enabled to give a better report of these speeches than that of the contemporary newspapers.

Long before Lord Meadowbank ceased speaking, the company had got upon chairs and tables, and the storm of applause that ensued was deafening. When they recovered from the first fever of their raptures, Sir Walter spoke as follows: —

"I certainly did not think, in coming here to-day, that I should have the task of acknowledging, before 300 gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, has been remarkably well kept. I am now at the bar of my country, and may be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; and so quietly did all who were *airt and pairt* conduct themselves, that I am sure that, were the *panel* now to stand on his defence, every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of *Not Proven.* I am willing, however, to plead *guilty* — nor shall I detain the Court by a long explanation why my confession has been so long deferred. Perhaps caprice might have a considerable share in the matter. I have now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, are all entirely imputable to myself. Like another Scottish criminal of more consequence, one Macbeth,

'I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.'

"I have thus far unbosomed myself, and I know that my confession will be reported to the public. I mean, then, seriously to state, that when I say I am the author, I mean the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there is not a single word that was not derived from myself, or suggested in the course of my reading. The wand is now broken, and the book buried. You will allow me further to say, with Prospero, it is your breath that has filled my sails, and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels. I would fain dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented several of those characters, of which I had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a truth and liveliness for which I may well be grateful. I beg leave to propose the health of my friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie — and I am sure, that when the author of Waverley and Rob Roy drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it will be received with the just applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed, — nay, that you will take care that on the present occasion it shall be PRO — DI — GI — OUS!" (Long and vehement applause.)

MR. MACKAY. — "My conscience! My worthy father the deacon could never have believed that his son would hae sic a compliment paid to him by the Great Unknown!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT. — "The Small Known now, Mr. Bailie," &c. &c.

Shortly after resuming his chair, Sir Walter (I am told) sent a slip of paper to Mr. Robertson, begging him to "confess something too, — why not the murder of Begbie?" (See *ante* Vol. III. p. 260.) But if Peter complied with the hint, it was long after the senior dignitaries had left the room.

The "sensation" produced by this scene was, in newspaper phrase, "unprecedented." Sir Walter's Diary merely says —

"*February* 24. I carried my own instructions into effect the best I could, and if our jests were not good, our laughter was abundant. I think I will hardly take the chair again when the company is so miscellaneous; though they all behaved perfectly well. Meadowbank taxed me with the novels, and to end that farce at once, I pleaded guilty; so that splore is ended. As to the collection — it has been much cry and little woo, as the deil said when he shore the sow. I got away at ten at night. The performers performed very like gentlemen, especially Will Murray. —— *March* 2. — Clerk walked home with me from the Court. I was scarce able to keep up with him; could once have done it well enough. Funny thing at the Theatre last night. Among the discourse in High Life below Stairs, one of the ladies' ladies asks who wrote Shakspeare. One says, 'Ben Jonson;' another, 'Finis.' 'No,' said Will Murray,* 'it is Sir Walter Scott; he confessed it at a public meeting the other day.' "

The reader may, perhaps, expect that I should endeavour to name the "upwards of twenty persons" whom Sir Walter alluded to on this occasion as having been put into the secret of the Waverley Novels, previously, and without reference, to the catastrophe of 1826. I am by no means sure that I can give the complete list: but in addition to the immediate members of the author's own family — (including his mother and his brother Thomas) — there were Constable, Cadell, the two Ballantynes — two persons employed in the printing-office, namely Daniel M'Corkindale and Daniel Robertson — Mr. Terry, Mr. Laidlaw, Mr. Train, and Mr. G. H. Gordon — Charles Duke of Buccleuch, Lady Louisa Stuart, Lord Montagu, Lord and Lady Polwarth, Lord Kinnedder, Sir Adam Fergusson, Mr. Morritt, Mr. and Mrs. Skene, Mr. William Clerk, Mr. Hay Donaldson, Mr. Thomas Shortreed, Mr. John Richardson, and Mr. Thomas Moore.

The entries in Scott's Diary on contemporary literature are at this time very few; nor are there many on the public events of the day, though the period was a very stirring one. He seems, in fact, to have rarely seen, even when in town, any newspaper except the Edinburgh Weekly Journal. At his age, it is not wonderful that when that sheet reached him it for the most part contained the announcement of a death which interested his feelings; and several of the following passages refer to incidents of this melancholy class: —

---

* For *W. Murray*, read *Jones*. — *Note by Mr. Andrew Shortrede.*— [1839.]

"*January* 9. — This morning received the long-expected news of the Duke of York's death. I am sorry both on public and private accounts. His R. H. was, while he occupied the situation of next in succession, a *Breakwater* behind the throne. I fear his brother of Clarence's opinions may be different, and that he may hoist a standard under which men of desperate hopes and evil designs will rendezvous. I am sorry, too, on my own account. The Duke of York was uniformly kind to me, and though I never tasked his friendship, yet I find a powerful friend is gone. His virtues were honour, good sense, integrity; and by exertion of these qualities, he raised the British army from a very low ebb to be the pride and dread of Europe. His errors were those of a sanguine and social temper — he could not resist the temptation of deep play, which was fatally allied with a disposition to the bottle. This last is incident to his complaint, which vinous influence soothes for the time, while it insidiously increases it in the end.

"*January* 17. — I observe in the papers my old friend Gifford's funeral. He was a man of rare attainments and many excellent qualities. His Juvenal is one of the best versions ever made of a classical author, and his satire of the Baviad and Mæviad squabashed at one blow a set of coxcombs, who might have humbugged the world long enough. As a commentator he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancours against those who had preceded him in the task; but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacing of a comma, was in Gifford's eyes a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labours, and in general he flagellated with so little pity, that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment. This lack of temper probably arose from indifferent health, for he was very valetudinary, and realized two verses, wherein he says Fortune assigned him —

——— 'One eye not over good,
Two sides that to their cost have stood
A ten years' hectic cough,
Aches, stitches, all the various ills
That swell the devilish doctor's bills,
And sweep poor mortals off.

But he might also justly claim, as his gift, the moral qualities expressed in the next fine stanza —

——————— 'A soul
That spurns the crowd's malign control,
A firm contempt of wrong;
Spirits above affliction's power,
And skill to soothe the lingering hour
With no inglorious song.'

He was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance. Though so little of an athlete, he nevertheless beat off Dr. Wolcott, when that celebrated person, the most unsparing calumniator of his time, chose to be offended with Gifford for satirizing him in his turn. Peter Pindar made a most vehement attack, but Gifford had the best of the affray,* and remained, I think, in triumphant possession of the field of action, and of the assailant's cane. G. had one singular custom. He used always to have a duenna of a housekeeper to sit in his study with him while he wrote. This female companion died when I was in London, and his distress was extreme. I afterwards heard he got her place supplied. I believe there was no scandal in all this.

---

* See *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, Gifford's *Baviad and Mæviad*, pp 181-191. ed. 1812.

"This is another vile day of darkness and rain, with a heavy yellow mist that might become Charing Cross — one of the benefits of our extended city; for that in our atmosphere was unknown till the extent of the buildings below Queen Street.

"*January* 28. — Hear of Miss White's death. Poor Lydia! she gave a dinner on the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for another party. Twenty years ago she used to tease me with her youthful affectations — her dressing like the Queen of Chimney-sweeps on May-day morning, &c.; and sometimes with letting her wit run wild. But she *was* a woman of wit, and had a feeling and kind heart. Poor Lydia! I saw the Duke of York and her in London, when Death, it seems, was brandishing his dart over them.

> 'The view o't gave them little fright.'*

"*February* 10. — I got a present of Lord Francis Gower's printed but unpublished Tale of the Mill. It is a fine tale of terror in itself, and very happily brought out. He has certainly a true taste for poetry. I do not know why, but from my childhood I have seen something fearful, or melancholy at least, about a mill. Whether I had been frightened at the machinery when very young, of which, I think, I have some shadowy remembrance — whether I had heard the stories of the Miller of Thirlstane, and similar molendinar tragedies, I cannot tell; but not even recollections of the Lass of Patie's Mill, or the Miller of Mansfield, or 'he who dwelt on the river Dee,' have ever got over my inclination to connect gloom with a mill, especially when the sun is setting. So I entered into the spirit of the terror with which Lord Francis has invested his haunted spot.

---

* Burns's *Twa Dogs*.

"*February* 14. — 'Death's gi'en the art an unco devel.'* Sir George Beaumont's dead; by far the most sensible and pleasing man I ever knew — kind, too, in his nature, and generous — gentle in society, and of those mild manners which tend to soften the causticity of the general London tone of persiflage and personal satire. As an amateur painter, he was of the very highest distinction; and though I know nothing of the matter, yet I should hold him a perfect critic on painting, for he always made his criticisms intelligible, and used no slang. I am very sorry — as much as it is in my nature to be for one whom I could see but seldom. He was the great friend of Wordsworth, and understood his poetry, which is a rare thing, for it is more easy to see his peculiarities than to feel his great merit, or follow his abstract ideas.

"A woman of rather the better class, a farmer's wife, was tried a few days ago for poisoning her maid-servant. There seems to have been little doubt of her guilt; but the motive was peculiar. The unfortunate girl had an intrigue with her son, which this Mrs. Smith (I think that is the name) was desirous to conceal, from some ill-advised Puritanic notions, and also for fear of her husband. She could find no better way of hiding the shame than giving the girl (with her own knowledge and consent, I believe) potions to cause abortion, which she afterwards changed for arsenic, as the more effectual silencing medicine. In the course of the trial one of the jury fell down in an epileptic fit, and on his recovery was far too much disordered to permit the trial to proceed. With only fourteen jurymen, it was impossible to go on. The Advocate says she shall be tried anew, since she has not *tholed ane assize. Sic Paulus ait — et recte quidem.* But, having been half-tried, I think she should have some benefit of it, as far as saving her life, if convicted on the second indictment. Lord Advocate declares, however, that she shall be hanged, as certainly she deserves. Yet it looks something like hanging up a man who has been recovered by the surgeons, which has always been accounted harsh justice.

---

* "Death's gi'en the lodge an unco devel,
Tam Sampson's dead." — *Burns.*

"*February* 20. — At Court, and waited to see the poisoning woman tried. She is clearly guilty, but as one or two witnesses said the poor wench hinted an intention to poison herself, the jury gave that bastard verdict, *Not proven*. I hate that Caledonian *medium quid*. One who is not *proved guilty*, is innocent in the eyes of law. It was a face to do or die, or perhaps to do to die. Thin features, which had been handsome, a flashing eye, an acute and aquiline nose, lips much marked as arguing decision, and I think bad temper — they were thin, and habitually compressed, rather turned down at the corners, as one of a rather melancholy disposition. There was an awful crowd; but, sitting within the bar, I had the pleasure of seeing much at my ease; the constables knocking the other folks about, which was of course very entertaining.

"I have a letter from Baron von Goethe, which I must have read to me; for though I know German, I have forgot their written hand. I make it a rule seldom to read, and never to answer foreign letters from literary folks. It leads to nothing but the battledore and shuttlecock intercourse of compliments, as light as cork and feathers. But Goethe is different, and a wonderful fellow — the Ariosto at once, and almost the Voltaire of Germany. Who could have told me thirty years ago I should correspond and be on something like an equal footing with the author of the Goetz? Ay, and who could have told me fifty things else that have befallen me?"

Goethe's letter (as nearly as the Editor can render it, runs thus: —

"*To Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Edinburgh.*

"Weimar, January 12th, 1827

"Mr. H——, well known to me as a collector of objects of art, has given me a likeness, I hope authentic and accurate, of the late Lord Byron, and it awakens anew the sorrow which I could not but feel for the loss of one whom all the world prized, and I in particular: since how could I fail to be delighted with the many expressions of partiality for me which his writings contain?

"Meantime the best consolation for us, the survivors, is to look around us, and consider, that as the departed is not *alone*, but has joined the noble spiritual company of high-hearted men, capable of love, friendship, and confidence, that had left this sphere before him, so we have still kindred spirits on earth, with whom, though not visible any more than the blessed shades of past ages, we have a right to feel a brother like connexion — which is indeed our richest inheritance.

"And so, as Mr. H—— informs me he expects to be soon in Edinburgh, I thus acquit myself, mine honoured sir, of a duty which I had long ago felt to be incumbent on me — to acknowledge the lively interest I have during many years taken in your wonderful pictures of human life. I have not wanted external stimulants enough to keep my attention awake on this subject, since not only have translations abounded in the German, but the works are largely read here in the original, and valued according as different men are capable of comprehending their spirit and genius.

"Can I remember that such a man in his youth made himself acquainted with my writings, and even (unless I have been misinformed) introduced them in part to the knowledge of his own nation, and yet defer any longer, at my now very advanced years, to express my sense of such an honour? It becomes me, on the contrary, not to lose the opportunity now offered of praying for a continuance of your kindly regard, and telling you how much a direct assurance of good-will from your own hand would gratify my old age.

"With high and grateful respect I salute you,

"J. W. v. GOETHE."

This letter might well delight Scott. Goethe, in writing soon afterwards to his friend Mr. Thomas Carlyle (the translator of the Wilhelm Meister), described the answer as "cheering and warm-hearted."

"*To the Baron von Goethe, &c. &c., Weimar.*

"Venerable and much-respected Sir, — I received your highly-valued token of esteem by Mr. H——, and have been rarely so much gratified as by finding that any of my productions have been fortunate enough to attract the attention of Baron von Goethe, of whom I have been an admirer ever since the year 1798, when I became a little acquainted with the German language: and soon after gave an example at once of my good taste and consummate assurance, by an attempt to translate Goetz of Berlichingen, — entirely forgetting that it is necessary not only to be delighted with a work of genius, but to be well acquainted with the language in which it is written, before we attempt to communicate its beauty to others. I still set a value on my early translation, however, because it serves to show that I knew at least how to select an object worthy of admiration, although, from the terrible blunders into which I fell, from imperfect acquaintance with the language, it was plain I had not adopted the best way of expressing my admiration.

"I have heard of you often from my son-in-law Lockhart — I do not believe you have a more devout admirer than this young connexion of mine. My friend, Sir John Hope of Pinkie, has had more lately the honour of seeing you; and I hoped to have written to you — indeed, *did* use that freedom — by two of his kinsmen who were to travel in Germany, but illness intervened and prevented their journey, and my letter was returned after it was two or three months old; — so that I had presumed to claim the acquaintance of Baron von Goethe even before the flattering notice which he has been pleased to bestow on me. It gives to all admirers of genius and literature delight, to know that one of the greatest European models enjoys a happy and dignified retirement during an age which is so universally honoured and respected. Fate destined a premature close to that of poor Lord Byron, who was cut off when his life was in the flower, and when so much was hoped and expected from him. He esteemed himself, as I have reason to know, happy in the honour which you did him, and not unconscious of the obligations which he owed to ONE to whom all the authors of this generation have been so much obliged, that they are bound to look up to him with filial reverence.

"I have given another instance that, like other barristers, I am not encumbered with too much modesty, since I have entreated Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz to find some means of conveying to you a hasty, and, of course, rather a tedious attempt to give an account of that remarkable person Napoleon, who had for so many years such a terrible influence in the world. I do not know but what I owe him some obligations, since he put me in arms for twelve years, during which I served in one of our corps of Yeomanry, and notwithstanding an early lameness, became a good horseman, a hunter, and a shooter. Of late these faculties have failed me a little, as the rheumatism, that sad torment of our northern climate, has had its influence on *my* bones. But I cannot complain, since I see my sons pursuing the sport I have given up. My eldest has a troop of Hussars, which is high in our army for a young man of twenty-five; my youngest son has just been made Bachelor of Arts at Oxford, and is returned to spend some months with me before going out into the world. God having been pleased to deprive me of their mother, my youngest daughter keeps my household in order, my eldest being married, and having a family of her own. Such are the domestic circumstances of the person you so kindly inquired after: for the rest, I have enough to live on in the way I like, notwithstanding some very heavy losses; and I have a stately antique chateau (modern antique) — to which any friend of Baron von Goethe will be at all times most welcome — with an entrance-hall filled with armour, which might have become Jaxthausen itself, and a gigantic blood-hound to guard the entrance.

"I have forgot, however, one who did not use to be forgot ren when he was alive: — I hope you will forgive the faults of the composition, in consideration of the author's wish to be as candid toward the memory of this extraordinary man, as his own prejudices would permit. As this opportunity of addressing you opens suddenly by a chance traveller, and must be instantly embraced, I have not time to say more than to wish Baron von Goethe a continuance of health and tranquillity, and to subscribe myself, with sincerity and profound respect, his much honoured and obliged humble servant,

"Walter Scott." *

I now insert a few entries from Sir Walter's Diary, intermixed with extracts from his letters to myself and Mr. Morritt, which will give the reader sufficient information as to the completion of his Life of Buonaparte, and also as to his impressions on hearing of the illness of Lord Liverpool, the consequent dissolution of the Cabinet, and the formation of a new Ministry under Mr. Canning.

Diary — "*February* 21. — Lord Liverpool is ill of an apoplexy. I am sorry for it. He will be missed. Who will be got for Premier? If Peel would consent to be made a peer, he would do; but I doubt his ambition will prefer the House of Commons. Wrought a good deal.

---

* I am indebted [1839] to the politeness of Goethe's accomplished friend Mrs. Jameson for a copy of this hasty letter; and I may quote in connexion with it the following passage from that lady's *Winter Studies and Rambles in Canada* (1838), vol. i. p. 246: — "Everywhere Goethe speaks of Sir Walter Scott with the utmost enthusiasm of admiration, as the greatest writer of his time: he speaks of him as being without his *like*, as without his equal. I remember Goethe's daughter-in-law saying to me playfully — 'When my father got hold of one of Scott's romances, there was no speaking to him till he had finished the third volume; he was worse than any girl at a boarding-school with her first novel!'"

Mrs. Jameson says — "All Goethe's family recollect the exceeding pleasure which Sir Walter's letter gave him."

"*April* 16. — A day of work and exercise. In the evening a letter from L., with the wonderful news that the Ministry has broken up, and apparently for no cause that any one can explain. The old grudge, I suppose, which has gone on like a crack in the side of a house, enlarging from day to day, till down goes the whole."

"*To John Lockhart, Esq., Wimbledon.*

. . . . "Your letter has given me the vertigo — my head turns round like a chariot-wheel, and I am on the point of asking

'Why, how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?'

The Duke of Wellington out? bad news at home, and worse abroad. Lord Anglesea in his situation? — does not much mend the matter. Duke of Clarence in the Navy? — wild work. Lord Melville, I suppose, falls of course — perhaps *cum totâ sequelâ*, about which *sequela*, unless Sir W. Rae and the Solicitor, I care little. The whole is glamour to one who reads no papers, and has none to read. I must get one, though, if this work is to go on, for it is quite bursting in ignorance. Canning is haughty and prejudiced — but, I think, honourable as well as able — *nous verrons*. I fear Croker will shake, and heartily sorry I should feel for that." . . . .

Diary — "*April* 25. — I have now got Boney pegg'd up in the knotty entrails of St. Helena, and may make a short pause. So I finished the review of John Home's works, which, after all, are poorer than I thought them. Good blank verse, and stately sentiment, but something lukewarmish, excepting Douglas, which is certainly a masterpiece

Even that does not stand the closet. Its merits are for the stage; and it is certainly one of the best acting plays going. Perhaps a play to act well should not be too poetical.

"*April* 26.—The snow still profusely distributed, and the surface as our hair used to be in youth, after we had played at some active game—half black, half white, all in large patches. I finished the criticism on Home, adding a string of Jacobite anecdotes, like that which boys put to a kite's tail. Received a great cargo of papers from Bernadotte—some curious, and would have been inestimable two months back, but now my task is almost done. And then my feelings for poor Count Itterberg, the lineal and legitimate, make me averse to have much to do with this child of the revolution."

"*To J. G. Lockhart, Esq.*

"April 26.

. . . . "'The news you send is certainly the most wonderful of my time, in a party point of view, especially as I can't but think all has turned on personal likings and dislikings. I hope they won't let in the Whigs at the breach, for I suppose, if Lansdowne come in, he must be admitted with a tail on, and Lauderdale will have the weight in Scotland. How our tough Tories may like that, I wot not; but they will do much to keep the key of the corn-chest within reach. The Advocate has not used me extremely kindly, but I shall be sorry if he suffers in this State tempest. For me, I remain, like the Lilliputian poet—'In amaze, Lost I gaze'—or rather, as some other bard sings—

So folks beholding at a distance
Seven men flung out of a casement,
They never stir to their assistance,
But just afford them their amazement.'*

---

* *Crazy Tales*, by John Hall Stevenson.

— You ask why the wheels of Napoleon tarry. Not by my fault, I swear; —

'We daily are jogging,
While whistling and flogging,
While whistling and flogging,
The coachman drives on,
With a hey hoy, gee up gee ho,' &c. &c. &c.

To use a more classical simile —

'Wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as I go.' *

I have just got some very curious papers from Sweden. I have wrought myself blind between writing and collating, and, except about three or four hours for food and exercise, I have not till to-day *devauled*† from my task. . . . .

O, Boney, I'll owe you a curse, if Hereafter
To my vision your tyrannous spectre shall show,
But I doubt you'll be pinned on old Nick's reddest rafter,
While the vulgar of Tophet howl back from below. . . .

I shall, however, displease Ultras such as Croker, on the subject of Boney, who was certainly a great man, though far from a good man, and still farther from a good king. But the stupidest Roitelet in Europe has his ambition and selfishness; and where will you find his talents? I own I think Ultra-writing only disgusts people, unless it is in the way of a downright invective, and that in history you had much better keep the safe side, and avoid colouring too highly. After all, I suspect, were Croker in presence of Boney to-morrow, he might exclaim, as Captain T. did at one of the Elba levees, 'Well, Boney's a d——d good fellow after all.'"

"*To the Same.*

"Abbotsford, May 10, 1827.

. . . . . "To speak seriously of these political movements, I cannot say that I approve of the dissidents. I understand Peel had from the King *carte blanche* for an Anti-Catholic Administration, and that he could not accept it because there was not strength enough to form such. What is this but saying in plain words that the Catholics had the country and the Question? And because they are defeated in a single question, and one which, were it to entail no farther consequences, is of wonderfully little import, they have abandoned the King's service — given up the citadel because an exterior work was carried, and marched out into Opposition. I can't think this was right. They ought either to have made a stand without Canning, or a stand with him; for to abdicate as they have done was the way to subject the country to all the future experiments which this Catholic Emancipation may lead those that now carry it to attempt, and which may prove worse, far worse, than anything connected with the Question itself. Thus says the old Scotch Tory. But *I* for one do not believe it was the question of Emancipation, or any public question, which carried them out. I believe the predominant motive in the bosom of every one of them was personal hostility to Canning; and that with more prudence, less arbitrary manners, and more attention to the feelings of his colleagues, he would have stepped *nem. con.* into the situation of Prime Minister, for which his eloquence and talent naturally point him out. They objected to the man more than the statesman, and the Duke of Wellington, more frank than the rest, almost owns that the quarrel was personal. Now, acting upon that, which was, I am convinced, the *real* ground, I cannot think the dissidents acted well and wisely. It is very possible that they might not have been able to go on with Canning; but I think they were bound, as loyal subjects and patriots, to ascertain that continuing in the Cabinet with him as Premier was impossible, before they took a step which may change the whole policy, perhaps eventually the whole destiny of the realm, and lead to the prevalence of those principles which the dissidents have uniformly represented as destructive to the interests of Britain. I think they were bound to have made a trial before throwing Canning —

---

* Goldsmith's *Hermit.*

† Anglicè, *ceased.*

and, alas! both the King and the country — into the hand of the Whigs. These are the sort of truths more visible to the lookers-on than to those who play.

"As for Canning, with his immense talent, wit, and eloquence, he unhappily wants prudence and patience, and in his eager desire to scramble to the highest point, is not sufficiently select as to his assistants. The Queen's affair is an example of this — Lord Castlereagh's was another. In both he threw himself back by an over-eager desire to press forward, and something of the kind must have been employed now. It cannot be denied that he has placed himself (perhaps more from compulsion than choice) in a situation which greatly endangers his character. Still, however, he has that character to maintain, and unluckily it is all we have to rest upon as things go. The sons of Zeruiah would be otherwise too many for us.* It is possible, though I doubt it, that the Whigs will be satisfied with their share of *orts* and *grains*, and content themselves with feeding out of the trough without overturning it. My feeling, were I in the House of Commons, would lead me to stand up and declare that I supported Canning so far, and so far only, as he continued to preserve and maintain the principles which he had hitherto professed — that my allegiance could not be irredeemably pledged to him, because his camp was filled with those against whom I had formerly waged battle under his command — that, however, it should not be mere apprehension of evil that would make me start off — reserving to myself to do what should be called for when the crisis arrived. I think, if a number of intelligent and able men were to hold by Canning on these grounds, they might yet enable him to collect a Tory force around him, sufficient to check at least, if not on all points to resist the course of innovation. If my old friend is wise, he will wish to organize such a force; for nothing is more certain than that if the champion of Anti-Jacobinism should stoop to become the tool of the Whigs, it is not all his brilliancy of talents, eloquence, and wit which can support him in such a glaring want of con sistency. *Meliora spero.* I do not think Canning can rely on his Whig confederates, and some door of reconciliation may open itself as unexpectedly as the present confusion has arisen."

---

* 2d Samuel, ii. 18

DIARY — "*May* 11. — The boar of the Forest called this morning to converse about trying to get him on the pecuniary list of the Royal Literary Society. Certainly he deserves it, if genius and necessity can do so. But I do not belong to the society, nor do I propose to enter it as a coadjutor. I do not like your royal academies of this kind; they almost always fall into jobs, and the members are seldom those who do credit to the literature of a country. It affected, too, to comprehend those men of letters who are specially attached to the Crown, and though I love and honour my King as much as any of them can, yet I hold it best, in this free country, to preserve the exterior of independence, that my loyalty may be the more impressive, and tell more effectually. Yet I wish sincerely to help poor Hogg, and have written to Lockhart about it. It may be my own desolate feelings — it may be the apprehension of evil from this political hocus-pocus; but I have seldom felt more moody and uncomfortable than while writing these lines. I have walked, too, but without effect. W. Laidlaw, whose very ingenious mind is delighted with all novelties, talked nonsense about the new government, in which men are to resign principle, I fear, on both sides.

"Parliament House a queer sight. Looked as if people were singing to each other the noble song of 'The sky's falling — chickie diddle.' Thinks I to myself, I'll keep a calm sough.

'Betwixt both sides I unconcerned stand by —
Hurt can I laugh, and harmless need I cry?'

"*May* 15. — I dined at a great dinner given by Sir George Clerk to his electors, the freeholders of Mid-Lothian; a great attendance of Whig and Tory, huzzaing each other's toasts.

If is a good peace-maker, but quarter-day is a better. I have a guess the best game-cocks would call a truce, if a handful or two of oats were scattered among them.

"*May* 27. — I got ducked in coming home from the Court. Made a hard day of it; scarce stirred from one room to another, but by bed-time finished a handsome handful of copy. I have quoted Gourgaud's evidence; I suppose he will be in a rare passion, and may be addicted to vengeance, like a long-moustached son of a French bitch as he is.

'Frenchman, Devil, or Don,
Damn him let him come on,
He shan't scare a son of the Island.' *

"*May* 28. — Another day of uninterrupted study; two such would finish the work with a murrain. What shall I have to think of when I lie down at night and awake in the morning? What will be my plague and my pastime — my curse and my blessing — as ideas come and the pulse rises, or as they flag and something like a snow-haze covers my whole imagination? — I have my Highland Tales — and then — never mind — sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. — Letter from John touching public affairs; don't half like them, and am afraid we shall have the Whig alliance turn out like the calling in of the Saxons. I told this to Jeffrey, who said they would convert us as the Saxons did the British. I shall die in my Paganism for one. I don't like a bone of them as a party. Ugly reports of the King's health; God pity this poor country should that be so, but I hope it is a thing devised by the enemy.

"*June* 3. — Wrought hard. I thought I had but a trifle to do, but new things cast up; we get beyond the Life, however, for I have killed him to-day. The newspapers are very saucy; the *Sun* says I have got £4000 for suffering a Frenchman to look over my manuscript. Here is a proper fellow for you! I wonder what he thinks Frenchmen are made of—walking money bags, doubtless. 'Now,' as Sir Fretful Plagiary says, 'another person would be vexed at this,' but I care not one brass farthing.

---

* Sir W. *varies* a verse of *The tight little Island.*

"*June* 5.—Proofs. Parliament House till two. Commenced the character of Buonaparte. To-morrow being a Teind-day, I may hope to get it finished.

"*June* 10.—Rose with the odd consciousness of being free of my daily task. I have heard that the fish-women go to church of a Sunday with their creels new washed, and a few stones in them for ballast, just because they cannot walk steadily without their usual load. I feel something like them, and rather inclined to take up some light task, than to be altogether idle. I have my proof-sheets, to be sure; but what are these to a whole day? A good thought came in my head to write Stories for little Johnnie Lockhart, from the History of Scotland, like those taken from the History of England. But I will not write mine quite so simply as Croker has done.* I am persuaded both children and the lower class of readers hate books which are written *down* to their capacity, and love those that are composed more for their elders and betters. I will make, if possible, a book that a child shall understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up. It will require, however, a simplicity of style not quite my own. The grand and interesting consists in ideas, not in words. A clever thing of this kind might have a race."

---

* The following note accompanied a copy of the First Series of the *Tales of a Grandfather*:—

"*To the Right Hon. J. W. Croker.*

"My Dear Croker,—I have been stealing from you, and as it seems the fashion to compound felony, I send you a sample of the *swag*, by way of stopping your mouth . . . Always yours.

"W. Scott."

"*To John B. S Morritt, Esq., Portland Place, London.*

"Edinburgh, June 10, 1827.

'My Dear Morritt, — Napoleon has been an absolute millstone about my neck, not permitting me for many a long day to think my own thoughts, to work my own work, or to write my own letters — which last clause of prohibition has rendered me thus long your debtor. I am now finished — *valeat quod valere potest* — and as usual not very anxious about the opinion of the public, as I have never been able to see that such anxiety has any effect in mollifying the minds of the readers, while it renders that of the author very uncomfortable — so *vogue la galère.*

"How are you, as a moderate pro-Catholic, satisfied with this strange alliance in the Cabinet? I own I look upon it with doubt at best, and with apprehensions. At the same time I cannot approve of the late Ministers leaving the King's councils in such a hurry. They could hardly suppose that Canning's fame, talent, and firm disposition would be satisfied with less than the condition of Premier, and such being the case —

> 'To fly the boar before the boar pursued,
> Was to incense the boar to follow them.' *

On the other hand, his allying himself so closely and so hastily with the party against whom he had maintained war from youth to age seems to me, at this distance, to argue one of two things; — either that the Minister has been hoodwinked by ambition and anger — or that he looks upon the attachment of those gentlemen to the opinions which he has always opposed as so slight, unsubstantial, and unreal, that they will not insist upon them, or any of them, provided they are gratified personally with a certain portion of the benefits of place and revenue. Now, not being disposed to think overwell of the Whigs, I cannot suppose that a large class of British statesmen, not deficient certainly in talents, can be willing to renounce all the political maxims and measures which they have been insisting upon for thirty years, merely to become placeholders under Canning. The supposition is too profligate. But then, if they come in the same Whigs we have known them, where, how, or when are they to execute their favourite notions of Reform of Parliament? and what sort of amendments will they be which are to be brought forward when the proper time comes? or how is Canning to conduct himself when the Saxons, whom he has called in for his assistance, draw out to fight for a share of the power which they have assisted him to obtain? When such strange and unwonted bedfellows are packed up together, will they not kick and struggle for the better share of the coverlid and blankets? Perhaps you will say that I look gloomily on all this, and have forgotten the way of the world, which sooner or later shows that the principles of statesmen are regulated by their advance towards, or retreat from power; and that from men who are always acting upon the emergencies of the moment, it is in vain to expect consistency. Perfect consistency, I agree, we cannot look for — it is inconsistent with humanity. But that gross inconsistency which induces men to clasp to their bosom the man whom they most hated, and to hold up to admiration the principles which they have most forcibly opposed, may gain a temporary triumph, but will never found a strong Ministry or a settled Government. My old friend Canning, with his talents and oratory, ought not, I think, to have leagued himself with any party, but might have awaited, well assured that the general voice must have carried him into full possession of power. I am sorry he has acted otherwise, and augur no good from it, though when or how the evil is to come I cannot pretend to say.

---

* *King Richard III.* Act III. Scene 2.

"My best compliments wait on your fireside. — I conclude you see Lady Louisa Stuart very often, which is a happiness to be envied. — Ever yours, most kindly,

"WALTER SCOTT."

I received, some years ago, from a very modest and intelligent young man, the late Mr. Robert Hogg (a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd), employed in 1827 as a *reader* in Ballantyne's printing-office, a letter for which this is perhaps the most proper place.

"*To J. G. Lockhart, Esq.*

"Edinburgh, 16th February 1833.

"Sir, — Having been for a few days employed by Sir Walter Scott, when he was finishing his Life of Buonaparte, to copy papers connected with that work, and to write occasionally to his dictation, it may perhaps be in my power to mention some circumstances relative to Sir Walter's habits of composition, which could not fall under the observation of any one except a person in the same situation with myself, and which are therefore not unlikely to pass altogether without notice.

"When, at Sir Walter's request, I waited upon him to be informed of the business in which he needed my assistance, after stating it, he asked me if I was an early riser, and added that it would be no great hardship for me, being a young man, to attend him the next morning at six o'clock. I was punctual, and found Sir Walter already busy writing. He appointed my tasks, and again sat down at his own desk. We continued to write during the regular work hours till six o'clock in the evening, without interruption, except to take breakfast and dinner, which were served in the room beside us, so that no time was lost; — we rose from our desks when everything was ready, and resumed our labours when the meals were over. I need not tell you, that during these intervals Sir Walter conversed with me as if I had been on a level of perfect equality with himself.

"I had no notion it was possible for any man to undergo the fatigue of composition for so long a time at once, and Sir Walter acknowledged he did not usually subject himself to so much exertion, though it seemed to be only the manual part of the operation that occasioned him any inconvenience. Once or twice he desired me to relieve him, and dictated while I wrote with as much rapidity as I was able. I have performed the same service to several other persons, most of whom walked up and down the apartment while excogitating what was to be committed to writing; they sometimes stopt too, and, like those who fail in a leap and return upon their course to take the advantage of another race, endeavoured to hit upon something additional by perusing over my shoulder what was already set down, — mending a phrase, perhaps, or recasting a sentence, till they should recover their wind. None of these aids were necessary to Sir Walter: his thoughts flowed easily and felicitously, without any difficulty to lay hold of them, or to find appropriate language; which was evident by the absence of all solicitude (*miseria cogitandi*) from his countenance. He sat in his chair, from which he rose now and then, took a volume from the bookcase, consulted it, and restored it to the shelf — all without intermission in the current of ideas, which continued to be delivered with no less readiness than if his mind had been wholly occupied with the words he was uttering. It soon became apparent to me, however, that he was carrying on two distinct trains of thought, one of which was already arranged, and in the act of being spoken, while at the same time he was in advance considering what was afterwards to be said. This I discovered by his sometimes introducing a word which was wholly out of place — *entertained* instead of *denied*, for example, — but which I presently found to belong to the next sentence, perhaps four or five lines farther on, which he had been preparing at the very moment that he gave me the words of the one that preceded it. Extemporaneous orators of course, and no doubt many writers, think as rapidly as was done by Sir Walter; but the mind is wholly occupied with what the lips are uttering or the pen is tracing. I do not remember any other instance in which it could be said that two threads were kept hold of at once — connected with each other indeed, but grasped at different points. I was, as I have said, two or three days beside Sir Walter, and had repeated opportunities of observing the same thing. — I am, Sir, respectfully your obliged humble servant, ROBERT HOGG."

The Life of Buonaparte, then, was at last published about the middle of June 1827. Two years had elapsed since Scott began it; but, by a careful comparison of dates, I have arrived at the conclusion that, his expeditions to Ireland and Paris, and the composition of novels and critical miscellanies, being duly allowed for, the historical task occupied hardly more than twelve months. The book was closely printed; in fact, those nine volumes contain as much letter-press as Waverley, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, the Monastery, and the Legend of Montrose, all put together. If it had been printed on the original model of those novels, the Life of Buonaparte would have filled from thirteen to fourteen volumes: — the work of one twelvemonth — done in the midst of pain, sorrow, and ruin.

The magnitude of the theme, and the copious detail with which it was treated, appear to have frightened the critics of the time. None of our great Reviews grappled with the book at all; nor am I so presumptuous as to undertake what they shrunk from. The general curiosity with which it was expected, and the satisfaction with which high and candid minds perused it, cannot I believe be better described than in the words of the author's most illustrious literary contemporary.

"Walter Scott," says Goethe, "passed his childhood among the stirring scenes of the American War, and was a youth of seventeen or eighteen when the French Revolution broke out. Now well advanced in the fifties, having all along been favourably placed for observation, he proposes to lay before us his views and recollections of the important events through which he has lived. The richest, the easiest, the most celebrated narrator of the century, undertakes to write the history of his own time.

"What expectations the announcement of such a work must have excited in me, will be understood by any one who remembers that I, twenty years older than Scott, conversed with Paoli in the twentieth year of my age, and with Napoleon himself in the sixtieth.

"Through that long series of years, coming more or less into contact with the great doings of the world, I failed not to think seriously on what was passing around me, and, after my own fashion, to connect so many extraordinary mutations into something like arrangement and interdependence.

"What could now be more delightful to me, than leisurely and calmly to sit down and listen to the discourse of such a man, while clearly, truly, and with all the skill of a great artist, he recalls to me the incidents on which through life I have meditated, and the influence of which is still daily in operation?" — *Kunst und Altherthum.*

The lofty impartiality with which Scott treats the personal character of Buonaparte was, of course, sure to make all ultra-politicians both at home and abroad condemn his representation; and an equally general and better founded exception was taken to the lavish imagery of his historical style. He despised the former clamour — to the latter he bowed submissive. He could not, whatever character he might wish to assume, cease to be one of the greatest of poets. Metaphorical illustrations, which men born with prose in their souls hunt for painfully, and find only to murder, were to him the natural and necessary offspring and playthings of ever-teeming fancy. He could not write a note to his printer — he could not speak to himself in his Diary — without introducing them. Few will say that his historical style is, on the whole, excellent — none that it is perfect; but it is completely unaffected, and therefore excites nothing of the unpleasant feeling with which we consider the elaborate artifices of a far greater historian — the greatest that our literature can boast — Gibbon. The rapidity of the execution infers many inaccuracies as to minor matters of fact; but it is nevertheless true that no inaccuracy in the smallest degree affecting the character of the book as a fair record of great events, has to this hour been detected even by the malevolent ingenuity of Jacobin and Buonapartist pamphleteers. Even the most hostile examiners were obliged to acknowledge that the gigantic career of their idol had been traced, in its leading features, with wonderful truth and spirit. No civilian, it was universally admitted, had ever before described modern battles and campaigns with any approach to his daring and comprehensive felicity. The public, ever unwilling to concede a new species of honour to a name already covered with distinction, listened eagerly for a while to the indignant reclamations of nobodies, whose share in mighty transactions had been omitted, or slightly misrepresented; but, ere long, all these pompous rectifications were summed up — and found to constitute nothing but a contemptible monument of self-deluding vanity. The work, devoured at first with breathless delight, had a shade thrown over it for a time by the pertinacious blustering of these angry Lilliputians; but it has now emerged, slowly and surely, from the mist of suspicion — and few, whose opinions deserve much at tention, hesitate to avow their conviction that, whoever may be the Polybius of the modern Hannibal, posterity will recognise his Livy in Scott.

Woodstock, as we have seen, placed upwards of £8000 in the hands of Sir Walter's creditors. The Napoleon (first and second editions) produced for them a sum which it even now startles me to mention — £18,000. As by the time the historical work was published, nearly half of the First Series of Chronicles of the Canongate had been written, it is obvious that the amount to which Scott's literary industry, from the close of 1825, to the 10th of June 1827, had diminished his debt, cannot be stated at less than £28,000. Had health been spared him, how soon must he have freed himself from all his encumbrances!

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Excursion to St. Andrews — Deaths of Lady Diana Scott, Constable, and Canning — Extract from Mr. Adolphus's Memoranda — Affair of General Gourgaud — Letter to Mr Clerk — Blythswood — Corehouse — Duke of Wellington's Visit to Durham — Dinner in the Castle — Sunderland — Ravensworth — Alnwick — Verses to Sir Cuthbert Sharp — Affair of Abud & Co. — Publication of the Chronicles of the Canongate, Series First — and of the first Tales of a Grandfather — Essay on Planting, &c. — Miscellaneous Prose Works collected — Sale of the Waverley Copyrights — Dividend to Creditors.

JUNE — DEC. 1827.

My wife and I spent the summer of 1827, partly at a sea-bathing place near Edinburgh, and partly in Roxburghshire; and I shall, in my account of the sequel of this year, draw, as it may happen, on Sir Walter's Diary, his letters, the memoranda of friendly visitors, or my own recollections. The arrival of his daughter and her children at Portobello was a source of constant refreshment to him during June; for every other day he came down and dined there, and strolled about afterwards on the beach; thus interrupting, beneficially for his health, and I doubt not for the result of his labours also, the new custom of regular night-work, or, as he called it, of serving double-tides. When the Court released him, and he returned to Abbotsford, his family did what they could to keep him to his ancient evening habits; but nothing was so useful as the presence of his invalid grandson. The poor child was at this time so far restored as to be able to sit his pony again; and Sir Walter, who had, as the reader has observed, conceived, the very day he finished Napoleon, the notion of putting together a series of stories on the history of Scotland, somewhat in the manner of Mr. Croker's on that of England, rode daily among the woods with his "Hugh Littlejohn," and told the tale, and ascertained that it suited the comprehension of boyhood, before he reduced it to writing. Sibyl Grey had been dismissed in consequence of the accident at the Catrail; and he had now stooped his pride to a sober, steady creature of very humble blood; dun, with black mane and legs; by name Douce Davie, *alias* the Covenanter. This, the last of his steeds, by the way, had been previously in the possession of a jolly old laird in a neighbouring county, and acquired a distinguished reputation by its skill in carrying him home safely when dead drunk. Douce Davie, on such occasions, accommodated himself to the swerving balance of his rider with such nice discrimination, that, on the laird's death, the country people expected a vigorous competition for the sagacious animal; but the club companions of the defunct stood off to a man when it was understood that the Sheriff coveted the succession.

The Chronicles of the Canongate proceeded *pari passu* with these historical tales; and both works were published before the end of the year. He also superintended, at the same time, the first collection of his Prose Miscellanies, in six volumes 8vo. — several articles being remodelled and extended to adapt them for a more permanent sort of existence than had been originally thought of. Moreover, Sir Walter penned, that autumn, his beautiful and instructive paper on the Planting of Waste Lands, which is indeed no other than a precious chapter of his autobiography, for the Quarterly Review.* What he wrote of new matter between June and December, fills from five to six volumes in the late uniform edition of his works; but all this was light and easy after the perilous drudgery of the preceding eighteen months.

The Blair-Adam Club, this year, had their head-quarters at Charleton, in Fife — the seat of the founder's son-in-law, Mr. Anstruther Thomson; and one of their drives was to the two ancient mansions of Ely and Balcaskie.

> "The latter," says Sir Walter in his Diary, "put me in mind of poor Philip Anstruther, dead and gone many a long year since. He was a fine, gallant, light-hearted young sailor. I remember the story of his drawing on his father for some cash, which produced an angry letter from old Sir Robert, to which Philip replied, that if he did not know how to write like a gentleman, he did not desire any more of his correspondence. Balcaskie is much dilapidated; but they are restoring the house in the good old style, with its terraces and yew hedges."

Another morning was given to St. Andrews, which one of the party had never before visited.

> "The ruins," he says, "have been lately cleared out. They had been chiefly magnificent from their size, not their richness in ornament.† I did not go up to St. Rule's Tower, as on

---

* See *Miscellaneous Prose Works* (edition 1836) vol. xxi.

† I believe there is no doubt that the Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Andrews had been the *longest* in Europe — a very remarkable fact, when one thinks of the smallness and poverty of the country. It is stated, with minute calculations, and much exultation, by an old Scotch writer — *Volusenus* (*i. e.* Wilson) — in his once celebrated treatise *De Tranquillitate Animi.*

former occasions; this is a falling off, for when before did I remain sitting below when there was a steeple to be ascended? But the rheumatism has begun to change that vein for some time past, though I think this is the first decided sign of acquiescence in my lot. I sat down on a grave-stone, and recollected the first visit I made to St. Andrews, now thirty-four years ago. What changes in my feelings and my fortunes have since then taken place! — some for the better, many for the worse. I remembered the name I then carved in runic characters on the turf beside the castle-gate, and I asked why it should still agitate my heart. But my friends came down from the tower, and the foolish idea was chased away."

On the 22d of July, his Diary bears the date of *Minto.* He then says —

"We rubbed up some recollections of twenty years ago, when I was more intimate in the family, till Whig and Tory separated us for a time. By the way, nobody talks Whig or Tory just now, and the fighting men on each side go about muzzled and mute, like dogs after a proclamation about canine madness. Am I sorry for this truce or not? Half and half. It is all we have left to stir the blood, this little political brawling. But better too little of it than too much. — Here I have received news of two deaths at once; Lady Die Scott, my very old friend, and Archibald Constable, the bookseller." — He adds next day — "Yes! they are both, for very different reasons, subjects of reflection. Lady Diana Scott, widow of Walter Scott of Harden, was the last person whom I recollect so much older than myself, that she kept always at the same distance in point of age, so that she scarce seemed older to me (relatively) two years ago, when in her ninety-second year, than fifty years before. She was the daughter (alone remaining) of Pope's Earl of Marchmont, and, like her father, had an acute mind, and an eager temper. She was always kind to me, remarkably so indeed when I was a boy. — Constable's death might have been a most important thing to me if it had happened some years ago, and I should then have lamented it much. He has lived to do me some injury; yet, excepting the last £5000, I think most unintentionally. He was a prince of booksellers; his views sharp, powerful, and liberal; too sanguine, however, and, like many bold and successful schemers, never knowing when to stand or stop, and not always calculating his means to his object with mercantile accuracy. He was very vain, for which he had some reason, having raised himself to great commercial eminence, as he might also, with good management, have attained great wealth. He knew, I think, more of the business of a bookseller, in planning and executing popular works, than any man of his time. In books themselves, he had much bibliographical information, but none whatever that could be termed literary. He knew the rare volumes of his library, not only by the eye, but by the touch, when blindfolded. Thomas Thomson saw him make this experiment, and that it might be complete, placed in his hand an ordinary volume instead of one of these *libri rariores.* He said he had overestimated his memory; he could not recollect that volume. Constable was a violent tempered man with those he dared use freedom with. He was easily overawed by people of consequence; but, as usual, took it out of those whom poverty made subservient to him. Yet he was generous, and far from bad-hearted:—in person good-looking, but very corpulent latterly; a large feeder, and deep drinker, till his health became weak. He died of water in the chest, which the natural strength of his constitution set long at defiance. I have no great reason to regret him; yet I do. If he deceived me, he also deceived himself."

Constable's spirit had been effectually broken by his downfall. To stoop from being *primus absque secundo* among the Edinburgh booksellers, to be the occupant of an obscure closet of a shop, without capital, without credit, all his mighty undertakings abandoned or gone into other hands, except indeed his Miscellany, which he had now no resources for pushing on in the fashion he once contemplated — this reverse was too much for that proud heart. He no longer opposed a determined mind to the ailments of the body, and sunk on the 21st of this month, having, as I am told, looked, long ere he took to his bed, at least ten years older than he was. He died in his 54th year; but into that space he had crowded vastly more than the usual average of zeal and energy, of hilarity and triumph, and perhaps of anxiety and misery.

About this time the rumour became prevalent that Mr. Canning's health was breaking up among toils and mortifications of another order, and Scott's Diary has some striking entries on this painful subject. Meeting Lord Melville casually at the seat of a common friend towards the end of July, he says —

> "I was sorry to see my very old friend, this upright statesman and honourable gentleman, deprived of his power, and his official income, which the number of his family must render a matter of importance. He was cheerful, not affectedly so, and bore his declension like a wise and brave man. Canning said the office of Premier was his by inheritance; he could not, from constitution, hold it above two years, and then it would descend to Peel. Such is ambition! Old friends forsaken — old principles changed — every effort used to give the vessel of the State a new direction, — and all to be Palinurus for two years!"

Of the 10th of August — when the news of Mr. Canning's death reached Abbotsford — and the day following, are these entries: —

"The death of the Premier is announced — late George

Canning — the witty, the accomplished, the ambitious; — he who had toiled thirty years, and involved himself in the most harassing discussions, to attain this dizzy height; he who had held it for three months of intrigue and obloquy — and now a heap of dust, and that is all. He was an early and familiar friend of mine, through my intimacy with George Ellis. No man possessed a gayer and more playful wit in society; no one, since Pitt's time, had more commanding sarcasm in debate; in the House of Commons he was the terror of that species of orators called the Yelpers. His lash fetched away both skin and flesh, and would have penetrated the hide of a rhinoceros. In his conduct as a statesman he had a great fault: he lent himself too willingly to intrigue. Thus he got into his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh, and lost credit with the country for want of openness. Thus, too, he got involved with the Queen's party to such an extent, that it fettered him upon that miserable occasion, and obliged him to butter Sir Robert Wilson with *dear friend*, and *gallant general*, and so forth. The last composition with the Whigs was a sacrifice of principle on both sides. I have some reason to think they counted on getting rid of him in two or three years. To me Canning was always personally most kind. I saw, with pain, a great change in his health when I met him at Colonel Bolton's, at Storrs, in 1825. In London last year I thought him looking better. My nerves have for these two or three last days been susceptible of an acute excitement from the slightest causes; the beauty of the evening, the sighing of the summer breeze, bring the tears into my eyes not unpleasantly. But I must take exercise, and case-harden myself. There is no use in encouraging these moods of the mind.

"*August* 11. — Wrote nearly five pages; then walked. A visit from Henry Scott; nothing known as yet about politics. A High Tory Administration would be a great evil at this time. There are repairs in the structure of our constitution which ought to be made at this season, and without which the people will not long be silent. A pure Whig Administration would probably play the devil by attempting a thorough repair. As to a compound, or melo-dramatic Ministry, the parts out of which such a one could be organised just now are at a terrible discount in public estimation, nor will they be at par in a hurry again. The public were generally shocked at the complete lack of principle testified on the late occasion, and by some who till then had high credit. The Duke of Wellington has risen by his firmness on the one side, Earl Grey on the other."

He received, about this time, a third visit from Mr. J. L. Adolphus. The second occurred in August 1824, and since that time they had not met. I transcribe a few paragraphs from my friend's memoranda, on which I formerly drew so largely. He says —

" Calamity had borne heavily upon Sir Walter in the interval; but the painful and anxious feeling with which a friend is approached for the first time under such circumstances, gave way at once to the unassumed serenity of his manner. There were some signs of age about him which the mere lapse of time would scarcely have accounted for; but his spirits were abated only, not broken; if they had sunk, they had sunk equably and gently. It was a declining, not a clouded sun. I do not remember, at this period, hearing him make any reference to the afflictions he had suffered, except once, when, speaking of his Life of Napoleon, he said 'he knew that it had some inaccuracies, but be believed it would be found right in all essential points;' and then added, in a quiet, but affecting tone, 'I could have done it better, if I could have written at more leisure, and with a mind more at ease.' One morning a party was made to breakfast at Chiefswood; and any one who on that occasion looked at and heard Sir Walter Scott, in the midst of his children, and grandchildren and friends, must have rejoiced to see that life still yielded him a store of pleasures, and that his heart was as open to their influence as ever.

"I was much struck by a few words which fell from him on this subject a short time afterwards. After mentioning an accident which had spoiled the promised pleasure of a visit to his daughter in London, he then added — 'I am like Seged, Lord of Ethiopia, in the Rambler, who said that he would have ten happy days, and all turned to disappointment. But, however, I have had as much happiness in my time as most men, and I must not complain now.' I said, that whatever had been his share of happiness, no man could have laboured better for it. He answered — 'I consider the capacity to labour as part of the happiness I have enjoyed.'

"Abbotsford was not much altered since 1824. I had then seen it complete, even to the statue of Maida at the door, though in 1824 old Maida was still alive, and now and then raised a majestic bark from behind the house. It was one of the little scenes of Abbotsford life which should have been preserved by a painter, when Sir Walter strolled out in a sunny morning to caress poor Maida, and condole with him upon being so 'very frail;' the aged hound dragging his gaunt limbs forward, painfully, yet with some remains of dignity, to meet the hand and catch the deep affectionate tones of his master.

"The greatest observable difference which the last three years had made in the outward appearance of Abbotsford, was in the advanced growth of the plantations. Sir Walter now showed me some rails and palisades, made of their wood, with more self-complacency than I ever saw him betray on any other subject. The garden did not appear to interest him so much, and the 'mavis and merle' were, upon principle, allowed to use their discretion as to the fruit. His favourite afternoon exercise was to ramble through his grounds, conversing with those who accompanied him, and trimming his young trees with a large knife. Never have I received an invitation more gladly than when he has said — 'If you like a walk in the plantations, I will bestow my tediousness upon you after one o'clock.' His conversation at such times ran in that natural, easy, desultory course, which accords so well with the irregular movements of a walk over hill and woodland, and which he has himself described so well in his epistle to Mr. Skene.* I remember with particular pleasure one of our walks through the romantic little ravine of the Huntly Burn. Our progress was leisurely, for the path was somewhat difficult to him. Occasionally he would stop, and, leaning on his walking-stick and fixing his eyes on those of the hearer, pour forth some sonorous stanza of an old poem applicable to the scene, or to the last subject of the conversation. Several times we paused to admire the good taste, as it seemed, with which his great Highland staghound Nimrod always displayed himself on those prominent points of the little glen, where his figure, in combination with the scenery, had the most picturesque effect. Sir Walter accounted for this by observing that the situations were of that kind which the dog's instinct would probably draw him to if looking out for game. In speaking of the Huntly Burn I used the word 'brook.' 'It is hardly that,' said he; — 'it is just a runnel.' Emerging into a more open country, we saw a road a little below us, on each side of which were some feathery saplings. 'I like,' he said, 'that way of giving an eyelash to the road.' Independently of the recollections called up by particular objects, his eye and mind always seemed to dwell with a perfect complacency on his own portion of the vale of Tweed: he used to say that he did not know a more 'liveable' country.

" A substitute for walking, which he always very cheerfully used, and which at last became his only resource for any distant excursion, was a ride in a four-wheeled open carriage, holding four persons, but not absolutely limited to that number on an emergency. Tame as this exercise might be in comparison with riding on horseback, or with walking under propitious circumstances, yet as he was rolled along to Melrose, or

---

* See *Marmion — Poetical Works*, (Edin. Ed.) vol. vii. p. 182.

Bowhill, or Yair, his spirits always freshened; the air, the sounds, the familiar yet romantic scenes, wakened up all the poetry of his thoughts, and happy were they who heard it resolve itself into words. At the sight of certain objects—for example, in passing the green foundations of the little chapel of Lindean, where the body of the 'Dark Knight of Liddesdale' was deposited, on its way to Melrose,—it would, I suppose, have been impossible for him, unless with a companion hopelessly unsusceptible or preoccupied, to forbear some passing comment, some harping (if the word may be favourably used) on the tradition of the place. This was, perhaps, what he called 'bestowing his tediousness;' but if any one could think these effusions tedious because they often broke forth, such a man might have objected against the rushing of the Tweed, or the stirring of the trees in the wind, or any other natural melody, that he had heard the same thing before.

"Some days of my visit were marked by an almost perpetual confinement to the house; the rain being incessant. But the evenings were as bright and cheerful as the atmosphere of the days was dreary. Not that the gloomiest morning could ever be wearisome under a roof where, independently of the resources in society which the house afforded, the visiter might ransack a library, unique, I suppose, in some of its collections, and in all its departments interesting and characteristic of the founder. So many of the volumes were enriched with anecdotes or comments in his own hand, that to look over his books was in some degree conversing with him. And sometimes this occupation was pleasantly interrupted by a snatch of actual conversation with himself, when he entered from his own room, to consult or take away a book. How often have I heard with pleasure, after a long silence, the uneven step, the point of the stick striking against the floor, and then seen the poet himself emerge from his study, with a face of thought but yet of cheerfulness, followed perhaps by Nimrod, who stretched his limbs and yawned, as if tired out with some abstruse investigation.

"On one of the rainy days I have alluded to, when walking at the usual hour became hopeless, Sir Walter asked me to sit with him while he continued his morning occupation, giving me, for my own employment, the publications of the Bannatyne Club. His study, as I recollect it, was strictly a workroom, though an elegant one. It has been fancifully decked out in pictures, but it had, I think, very few articles of mere ornament. The chief of these was the print of Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims, which hung over the chimneypiece, and, from the place assigned to it, must have been in great favour, though Sir Walter made the characteristic criticism upon it, that, if the procession were to move, the young squire who is prancing in the foreground would in another minute be over his horse's head. The shelves were stored with serviceable books; one door opened into the great library, and a hanging-stair within the room itself communicated with his bedroom. It would have been a good lesson to a desultory student, or even to a moderately active amanuensis, to see the unintermitted energy with which Sir Walter Scott applied himself to his work. I conjectured that he was at this time writing the Tales of a Grandfather. When we had sat down to our respective employments, the stillness of the room was unbroken, except by the light rattle of the rain against the windows, and the dashing trot of Sir Walter's pen over his paper; sounds not very unlike each other, and which seemed to vie together in rapidity and continuance. Sometimes, when he stopped to consult a book, a short dialogue would take place upon the subjects with which I was occupied — about Mary Queen of Scots, perhaps, or Viscount Dundee; or, again, the silence might be broken for a moment by some merry outcry in the hall, from one of the little grandchildren, which would half waken Nimrod, or Bran, or Spice, as they slept at Sir Walter's feet, and produce a growl or a stifled bark, not in anger, but by way of protest. For matters like these, work did not proceed the worse, nor, as it seemed to me, did Sir Walter feel at all discomposed by such interruptions as a message, or the entrance of a visiter. One door of his study opened into the hall, and there did not appear to be any understanding that he should not be disturbed. At the end of our morning we attempted a sortie, but had made only a little way in the shrubbery-walks overlooking the Tweed, when the rain drove us back. The river, swollen and discoloured, swept by majestically, and the sight drew from Sir Walter his favourite lines —

'I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their way.'

There could not have been a better moment for appreciating the imagery of the last line. I think it was in this short walk that he mentioned to me, with great satisfaction, the favourable prospects of his literary industry, and spoke sanguinely of retrieving his 'losses with the booksellers.'

"Those who have seen Abbotsford will remember that there is at the end of the hall, opposite to the entrance of the library, an arched door-way leading to other rooms. One night some of the party observed that, by an arrangement of light, easily to be imagined, a luminous space was formed upon the library door, in which the shadow of a person standing in the opposite archway made a very imposing appearance, the body of the hall remaining quite dark. Sir Walter had some time before told his friends of the deception of sight (mentioned in his Demonology) which made him for a moment imagine a figure of Lord Byron standing in the same hall.*

---

* "Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visiter was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon

The discoverers of the little phantasmagoria which I have just described, called to him to come and see *their* ghost. Whether he thought that raising ghosts at a man's door was not a comely amusement, or whether the parody upon a circumstance which had made some impression upon his own fancy was a little too strong, he certainly did not enter into the jest.

"On the subjects commonly designated as the 'marvellous,' his mind was susceptible, and it was delicate. He loved to handle them in his own manner and at his own season, not to be pressed with them, or brought to anything like a test of belief or disbelief respecting them. There is, perhaps, in most minds, a point more or less advanced, at which incredulity on these subjects may be found to waver. Sir Walter Scott, as it seemed to me, never cared to ascertain very precisely where this point lay in his own mental constitution; still less, I suppose, did he wish the investigation to be seriously pursued by others. In no instance, however, was his colloquial eloquence more striking than when he was well launched in some 'tale of wonder.' The story came from

---

was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak, saw right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured, with all his power to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured." — SCOTT'S *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, pp. 38-9 him with an equally good grace, whether it was to receive a natural solution, to be smiled at as merely fantastical, or to take its chance of a serious reception."

About the close of August Sir Walter's Diary is chiefly occupied with an affair which, as the reader of the previous chapter is aware, did not come altogether unexpectedly on him. Among the documents laid before him in the Colonial Office, when he was in London at the close of 1826, were some which represented one of Buonaparte's attendants at St. Helena, General Gourgaud, as having been guilty of gross unfairness, giving the English Government private information that the Emperor's complaints of ill-usage were utterly unfounded, and yet then, and afterwards, aiding and assisting the delusion in France as to the harshness of Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct towards his captive. Sir Walter, when using these remarkable documents, guessed that Gourgaud might be inclined to fix a personal quarrel on himself; and there now appeared in the newspapers a succession of hints that the General was seriously bent on this purpose. He applied, as "*Colonel Grogg*" would have done forty years before, to "*The Baronet.*"

DIARY — "*August* 27. — A singular letter from a lady requesting me to father a novel of hers. That won't pass. Cadell transmits a notice from the French papers that Gourgaud has gone, or is going, to London; and the bibliopolist is in a great funk. I lack some part of his instinct. I have done Gourgaud no wrong. I have written to Will Clerk, who has mettle in him, and will think of my honour, as well as my safety."

"*To William Clerk, Esq., Rose Court, Edinburgh.*

"Abbotsford, 27th August 1827.

"My Dear Clerk, — I am about to claim an especial service from you in the name of our long and intimate friendship. I understand, from a passage in the French papers, that General Gourgaud has, or is about to set out for London, to *verify* the facts averred concerning him in my history of Napoleon. Now, in case of a personal appeal to me, I have to say that his confessions to Baron Sturmer, Count Balmain, and others at St. Helena, confirmed by him in various recorded conversations with Mr. Goulburn, then Under Secretary of State — were documents of a historical nature which I found with others in the Colonial Office, and was therefore perfectly entitled to use. If his language has been misrepresented, he has certainly been very unfortunate; for it has been misrepresented by four or five different people to whom he said the same things, true or false he knows best. I also acted with delicacy towards him, leaving out whatever related to his private quarrels with Bertrand, &c., so that, in fact, he has no reason to complain of me, since it is ridiculous to suppose I was to suppress historical evidence, furnished by him voluntarily, because his present sentiments render it unpleasing for him that those which he formerly entertained should be known. Still, like a man who finds himself in a scrape, General Gourgaud may wish to fight himself out of it, and if the quarrel should be thrust on me — why, *I will not baulk him, Jackie.* He shall not dishonour the country through my sides, I can assure him. I have, of course, no wish to bring the thing to such an arbitrement. Now, in this case, I shall have occasion for a sensible and resolute friend, and I naturally look for him in the companion of my youth, on whose firmness and sagacity I can with such perfect confidence rely. If you can do me this office of friendship, will you have the kindness to let me know where or how we can form a speedy junction, should circumstances require it.

"After all, the matter may be a Parisian *on dit.* But it is best to be prepared. The passages are in the ninth volume of the book. Pray look at them. I have an official copy of the principal communication. Of the others I have abridged extracts. Should he desire to see them, I conceive I cannot refuse to give him copies, as it is likely they may not admit him to the Colonial Office. But if he asks any apology or explanation for having made use of his name, it is my purpose to decline it, and stand to consequences. I am aware I could march off upon the privileges of literature, and so forth, but I have no taste for that species of retreat; and if a gentleman says to me I have injured him, however captious the quarrel may be, I certainly do not think, as a man of honour, I can avoid giving him satisfaction, without doing intolerable injury to my own feelings, and giving rise to the most malignant animadversions. I need not say that I shall be anxious to hear from you, and that I always am, dear Clerk, affectionately yours, WALTER SCOTT."

DIARY — "*September* 4. — William Clerk quite ready and willing to stand my friend if Gourgaud should come my road. He agrees with me that there is no reason why he should turn on me, but that if he does, reason or none, it is best to stand buff to him. It appears to me that what is least forgiven in a man of any mark or likelihood, is want of that article blackguardly called *pluck.* All the fine qualities of genius cannot make amends for it. We are told the genius of poets, especially, is irreconcilable with this species of grenadier accomplishment. If so, *quel chien de genre!*

"*September* 10. — Gourgaud's wrath has burst forth in a very distant clap of thunder, in which he accuses me of contriving, with the Ministry, to slander his rag of a reputation. He be d——d for a fool, to make his case worse by stirring. I shall only revenge myself by publishing the whole extracts I made from the records of the Colonial Office, in which he will find enough to make him bite his nails.

"*September* 17. — Received from James Ballantyne the proofs of my Reply, with some cautious balaam from mine honest friend, alarmed by a Highland colonel, who had described Gourgaud as a *mauvais garçon*, famous fencer, marksman, and so forth. I wrote, in answer, which is true, that I hoped all my friends would trust to my acting with proper caution and advice; but that if I were capable, in a moment of weakness, of doing anything short of what my honour demanded, I should die the death of a poisoned rat in a hole, out of mere sense of my own degradation. God knows, that, though life is placid enough with me, I do not feel anything to attach me to it so strongly as to occasion my avoiding any risk which duty to my character may demand from me. — I set to work with the Tales of a Grandfather, second volume, and finished four pages."

"*To the Editor of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal.*

"Abbotsford, Sept. 14, 1827.

"Sir, — I observed in the London papers which I received yesterday, a letter from General Gourgaud, which I beg you will have the goodness to reprint, with this communication and the papers accompanying it.

"It appears, that the General is greatly displeased, because, availing myself of formal official documents, I have represented him, in my Life of Buonaparte, as communicating to the British Government and the representatives of others of the Allied Powers, certain statements in matter, which he seems at present desirous to deny or disavow, though in what degree, or to what extent, he has not explicitly stated.

"Upon these grounds, for I can discover no other, General Gourgaud has been pleased to charge me, in the most intemperate terms, as the agent of a plot, contrived by the late British Ministers, to slander and dishonour him. I will not attempt to imitate the General either in his eloquence or his invective, but confine myself to the simple fact, that his accusation against me is as void of truth as it is of plausibility I undertook, and carried on, the task of writing the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, without the least intercourse with, or encouragement from, the Ministry of the time, or any person connected with them; nor was it until my task was very far advanced, that I asked and obtained permission from the Earl Bathurst, then Secretary for the Colonial Department, to consult such documents as his office afforded, concerning the residence of Napoleon at St. Helena. His Lordship's liberality, with that of Mr. Hay, the Under Secretary, permitted me, in the month of October last, personal access to the official records, when I inspected more than sixteen quarto volumes of letters, from which I made memoranda or extracts at my own discretion, unactuated by any feeling excepting the wish to do justice to all parties.

"The papers relating to General Gourgaud and his communications were not pointed out to me by any one. They occurred, in the course of my researches, like other pieces of information, and were of too serious and important a character, verified as they were, to be omitted in the history. The idea that, dated and authenticated as they are, they could have been false documents, framed to mislead future historians, seems as absurd, as it is positively false that they were fabricated on any understanding with me, who had not at the time of their date the slightest knowledge of their existence.

"To me, evidence, *ex facie* the most unquestionable, bore, that General Gourgaud had attested certain facts of importance to different persons, at different times and places; and it did not, I own, occur to me that what he is stated to have made the subject of grave assertion and attestation, could or ought to be received as matter of doubt, because it rested only on a verbal communication made before responsible witnesses, and was not concluded by any formal signature of the party. I have been accustomed to consider a gentleman's word as equally worthy of credit with his handwriting.

"At the same time, in availing myself of these documents, felt it a duty to confine myself entirely to those particulars which concerned the history of Napoleon, his person and his situation at St. Helena; omitting all subordinate matters in which General Gourgaud, in his communications with our Ministers and others, referred to transactions of a more private character, personal to himself and other gentlemen residing at St. Helena. I shall observe the same degree of restraint as far as possible, out of the sincere respect I entertain for the honour and fidelity of General Gourgaud's companions in exile, who might justly complain of me for reviving the memory of petty altercations; but out of no deference to General Gourgaud, to whom I owe none. The line which General Gourgaud has adopted, obliges me now, in respect to my own character, to lay the full evidence before the public — subject only to the above restriction — that it may appear how far it bears out the account given of those transactions in my History of Napoleon. I should have been equally willing to have communicated my authorities to General Gourgaud in private, had he made such a request, according to the ordinary courtesies of society.

"I trust that, upon reference to the Life of Napoleon, I shall be found to have used the information these documents afforded, with becoming respect to private feelings, and, at the same time, with the courage and candour due to the truth of history. If I were capable of failing in either respect, I should despise myself as much, if possible, as I do the resentment of General Gourgaud. The historian's task of exculpation is of course ended, when he has published authorities of apparent authenticity. If General Gourgaud shall undertake to prove that the subjoined documents are false and forged, in whole or n part, the burden of the proof will lie with himself; and something better than the assertion of the party interested will be necessary to overcome the testimony of Mr. Goulburn and the other evidence.

"There is indeed another course. General Gourgaud may represent the whole of his communications as a trick played off upon the English Ministers, in order to induce them to grant his personal liberty. But I cannot imitate the General's disregard of common civility, so far as to suppose him capable of a total departure from veracity, when giving evidence upon his word of honour. In representing the Ex-Emperor's health as good, his finances as ample, his means of escape as easy and frequent, while he knew his condition to be the reverse in every particular, General Gourgaud must have been sensible, that the deceptive views thus impressed on the British Ministers must have had the natural effect of adding to the rigours of his patron's confinement. Napoleon, it must be recollected, would receive the visits of no English physician in whom Sir Hudson Lowe seemed to repose confidence, and he shunned, as much as possible, all intercourse with the British. Whom, therefore, were Sir Hudson Lowe and the British Ministers to believe concerning the real state of his health and circumstances, if they were to refuse credit to his own aide-de-camp, an officer of distinction, whom no one could suppose guilty of slandering his master for the purpose of obtaining a straight passage to England for himself, instead of being subjected to the inconvenience of going round by the Cape of Good Hope? And again, when General Gourgaud, having arrived in London, and the purpose of his supposed deception being fully attained, continued to represent Napoleon as feigning poverty whilst in affluence, affecting illness whilst in health, and possessing ready means of escape whilst he was complaining of unnecessary restraint — what effect could such statements produce on Lord Bathurst and the other members of the British Ministry, except a disregard to Napoleon's remonstrances, and a rigorous increase of every precaution necessary to prevent his escape? They had the evidence of one of his most intimate personal attendants to justify them for acting thus; and their own responsibility to Britain, and to Europe, for the safe custody of Napoleon, would have rendered them inexcusable had they acted otherwise.

"It is no concern of mine, however, how the actual truth of the fact stands. It is sufficient to me to have shown, that I have not laid to General Gourgaud's charge a single expression for which I had not the most indubitable authority. If I have been guilty of over-credulity in attaching more weight to General Gourgaud's evidence than it deserves, I am well taught not to repeat the error, and the world, too, may profit by the lesson. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

To this letter Gourgaud made a fiery rejoinder; but Scott declined to prolong the paper war, simply stating in Ballantyne's print, that "while leaving the question to the decision of the British public, he should have as little hesitation in referring it to the French nation, provided the documents he had produced were allowed to be printed in the French newspapers, *from which hitherto they had been excluded*." And he would indeed have been idle had he said more than this, for his cause had been taken up on the instant by every English journal, of whatever politics, and *The Times* thus summed up its very effective demolition of his antagonist: —

"Sir Walter Scott did that which would have occurred to every honest man, whose fair-dealing had violent imputations cast upon it. He produced his authorities, extracted from the Colonial Office. To these General Gourgaud's present pamphlet professes to be a reply; but we do conscientiously declare, that with every readiness to acknowledge — and, indeed, with every wish to discover — something like a defence of the character of General Gourgaud, whose good name has alone been implicated — (for that of Sir Walter was abundantly cleared, even had the official documents which he consulted turned out to be as false as they appear to be unquestionable), — the charge against the General stands precisely where it was before this ill-judged attempt at refutation was published; and in no one instance can we make out a satisfactory answer to the plain assertion, that Gourgaud had in repeated instances either betrayed Buonaparte, or sacrificed the truth. In the

General's reply to Sir Walter Scott's statement, there is enough, even to satiety, of declamation against the English Government under Lord Castlereagh, of subterfuge and equivocation with regard to the words on record against himself, and of gross abuse and Billingsgate against the historian who has placarded him; but of direct and successful negative there is not one syllable. The Aide-de-camp of St. Helena shows himself to be nothing better than a cross between a blusterer and a sophist."

Sir Walter's family were, of course, relieved from considerable anxiety, when the newspapers ceased to give paragraphs about General Gourgaud; and the blowing over of this alarm was particularly acceptable to his eldest daughter, who had to turn southwards about the beginning of October. He himself certainly cared little or nothing about that (or any similar) affair; and if it had any affect at all upon his spirits, they were pleasurably excited and stimulated. He possessed a pair of pistols taken from Napoleon's carriage at Waterloo, and presented to him, I believe, by the late Honourable Colonel James Stanhope, and he said he designed to make use of them, in case the controversy should end in a rencounter, and his friend Clerk should think as well as he did of their fabric. But this was probably a jest. I may observe that I *once* saw Sir Walter shoot at a mark with pistols, and he acquitted himself well; so much so as to excite great admiration in some young officers whom he had found practising in his barn on a rainy day. With the rifle, he is said by those who knew him in early life, to have been a very good shot indeed.

Before Gourgaud fell quite asleep, Sir Walter made an excursion to Edinburgh to meet his friends, Mrs. Maclean Clephane and Lady Northampton, with whom he had some business to transact; and they, feeling, as all his intimate friends at this time did, that the kindliest thing they could do by him was to keep him as long as possible away from his desk, contrived to seduce him into escorting them as far as Greenock on their way to the Hebrides. He visited on his return his esteemed kinsman, Mr. Campbell of Blythswood,* in whose park he saw, with much interest, the Argyle Stone, marking the spot where the celebrated Earl was taken prisoner in 1685. He notes in his Diary, that "the Highland drovers are still apt to break Blythswood's fences to see this Stone;" and then records the capital turtle, &c. of his friend's entertainment, and some good stories told at table, especially this: — "Prayer of the minister of the Cumbrays, two miserable islands in the mouth of the Clyde: 'O Lord, bless and be gracious to the Greater and the Lesser Cumbrays, and in thy mercy do not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.' This is *nos poma natamus* with a vengeance."

Another halt was at the noble seat of his early friend Cranstoun, by the Falls of the Clyde. He says —

> "Cranstoun and I walked before dinner. I never saw the Great Fall of Corra Linn from this side before, and I think it the best point perhaps; at all events, it is not that from which it is usually seen; so Lord Corehouse has the sight, and escapes the locusts. This is a superb place. Cranstoun has as much feeling about improvement as other things. Like all new improvers, he is at more expense than is necessary, plants too thick, and trenches where trenching is superfluous. But this is the eagerness of a young artist. Besides the grand

---

* Archibald Campbell, Esq., Lord-Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, and often M.P. for Glasgow. This excellent man, whose memory will long be honoured in the district which his munificent benevolence adorned, died in London, September 1838, aged 75.

lion, the Fall of Clyde, he has more than one lion's whelp — a fall of a brook in a cleugh called Mill's Gill must be superb in rainy weather. The old Castle of Corehouse, too, is much more castle-like on this than from the other side. My old friend was very happy when I told him the favourable prospect of my affairs. To be sure, if I come through, it will be wonder to all, and most to myself."

On returning from this trip, Scott found an invitation from Lord and Lady Ravensworth to meet the Duke of Wellington at their castle near Durham. The Duke was then making a progress in the north of England, to which additional importance was given by the uncertain state of political arrangements; — the chance of Lord Goderich's being able to maintain himself as Canning's successor seeming very precarious — and the opinion that his Grace must soon be called to a higher station than that of Commander of the Forces, which he had accepted under the new Premier, gaining ground every day. Sir Walter, who felt for the Great Captain the pure and exalted devotion that might have been expected from some honoured soldier of his banners, accepted this invitation, and witnessed a scene of enthusiasm with which its principal object could hardly have been more gratified than he was.

Diary — "*October* 1. — I set about work for two hours, and finished three pages; then walked for two hours; then home, adjusted Sheriff processes, and cleared the table. I am to set off to-morrow for Ravensworth Castle, to meet the Duke of Wellington; a great let-off, I suppose. Yet I would almost rather stay, and see two days more of Lockhart and my daughter, who will be off before my return. Perhaps —— But there is no end to *perhaps*. We must cut the rope, and let the vessel drive down the tide of destiny.

"*October* 2. — Set out in the morning at seven, and reached Kelso by a little past ten with my own horses. Then took the Wellington coach to carry me to Wellington — smart that. Nobody inside but an old lady, who proved a toy-woman in Edinburgh; her head furnished with as substantial ware as her shop, but a good soul, I'se warrant her. Heard all her debates with her landlord about a new door to the cellar — and the propriety of paying rent on the 15th or 25th of May. Landlords and tenants will have different opinions on *that* subject. We dined at Wooler, where an obstreperous horse retarded us for an hour at least, to the great alarm of my friend the toy-woman. — *N. B.* She would have made a good feather-bed if the carriage had happened to fall, and her undermost. The heavy roads had retarded us near an hour more, so that I hesitated to go to Ravensworth so late; but my goodwoman's tales of dirty sheets, and certain recollections of a Newcastle inn, induced me to go on. When I arrived, the family had just retired. Lord Ravensworth and Mr. Liddell came down, however, and both received me as kindly as possible.

"*October* 3. — Rose about eight or later. My morals begin to be corrupted by travel and fine company. Went to Durham with Lord Ravensworth betwixt one and two. Found the gentlemen of Durham county and town assembled to receive the Duke of Wellington. I saw several old friends, and with difficulty suited names to faces, and faces to names. There were Dr. Philpotts, Dr. Gilly, and his wife, and a world of acquaintance, — among others, Sir Thomas Lawrence; whom I asked to come on to Abbotsford, but he could not. He is, from habit of coaxing his subjects I suppose, a little too fair-spoken, otherwise very pleasant. The Duke arrived very late. There were bells, and cannon, and drums, trumpets, and banners, besides a fine troop of yeomanry. The address was well expressed, and as well answered by the Duke. The enthusiasm of the ladies and the gentry was great — the common people more lukewarm. The Duke has lost popularity in accepting political power. He will be more useful to his country, it may be, than ever, but will scarce be so gracious in the people's eyes — and he will not care a curse for what outward show he has lost. But I must not talk of curses, for we are going to take our dinner with the Bishop of Durham. — We dined about one hundred and forty or fifty men,— a distinguished company for rank and property; — Marshal Beresford, and Sir John,* amongst others — Marquis of Lothian, Lord Feversham, Marquis Londonderry — and I know not who besides —

'Lords and Dukes and noble Princes,
All the pride and flower of Spain.'

We dined in the old baronial hall, impressive from its rude antiquity, and fortunately free from the plaster of former improvement, as I trust it will long be from the gingerbread taste of modern Gothicizers. The bright moon streaming in through the old Gothic windows contrasted strangely with the artificial lights within; spears, banners, and armour were intermixed with the pictures of old bishops, and the whole had a singular mixture of baronial pomp with the grave and more chastened dignity of prelacy. The conduct of our reverend entertainer suited the character remarkably well. Amid the welcome of a Count Palatine he did not for an instant forget the gravity of the Church dignitary. All his toasts were gracefully given, and his little speeches well made, and the more affecting that the failing voice sometimes reminded us that our host laboured under the infirmities of advanced life. To me personally the Bishop was very civil."

In writing to me next day, Sir Walter says — "The dinner was one of the finest things I ever saw; it was in the old Castle Hall, untouched, for aught I know, since Anthony Beck feasted Edward Longshanks on his way to invade Scotland.* The moon streamed through the high latticed windows as if she had been curious to see what was going on." I was also favoured with a letter on the subject from Dr. Philpotts (now Bishop of Exeter), who said — "I wish you had witnessed this very striking scene. I never saw curiosity and enthusiasm so highly excited, and I may add, as to a great part of the company, so nearly balanced. Sometimes I doubted whether the hero or the poet was fixing most attention — the latter, I need hardly tell you, appeared unconscious that he was regarded differently from the others about him, until the good Bishop rose and proposed his health." Another friend, the Honourable Henry Liddell, enables me to give the words ("*ipsissima verba*") of Sir Walter in acknowledging this toast. He says — "The manner in which Bishop Van Mildert proceeded on this occasion will never be forgotten by those who know how to appreciate scholarship without pedantry, and dignity without ostentation. Sir Walter had been observed throughout the day with extraordinary interest — I should rather say enthusiasm. The Bishop gave his health with peculiar felicity, remarking that he could reflect upon the labours of a long literary life, with the consciousness that everything he had written tended to the practice of virtue, and to the improvement of the human race. Sir Walter replied, 'that upon no occasion of his life had he ever returned thanks for the honour done him in drinking his health, with a stronger sense of obligation to the proposer of it than on the present — that hereafter he should always reflect with great pride upon that moment of his existence, when his health had been given *in such terms*, by the Bishop of Durham *in his own baronial hall*, surrounded and supported by the assembled aristocracy of the two northern counties, and *in the presence of the Duke of Wellington.*'"

---

* Admiral Sir John Beresford had some few years before this commanded on the Leith station — when Sir Walter and he saw a great deal of each other — "and merry men were they."

---

* The warlike Bishop Beck accompanied Edward I. in his Scotch expedition, and if we may believe Blind Harry, very narrowly missed having the honour to die by the hand of Wallace in a skirmish on the streets of Glasgow.

The Diary continues —

"Mrs. Van Mildert held a sort of drawing-room after we rose from table, at which a great many ladies attended. After this we went to the Assembly-rooms, which were crowded with company. Here I saw some very pretty girls dancing merrily that old-fashioned thing called a country-dance, which Old England has now thrown aside, — as she would do her creed, if there were some foreign frippery offered instead. We got away after midnight, a large party, and reached Ravensworth Castle — Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, and about twenty besides — about half-past one. Soda water, and to bed by two.

"*October* 4. — Slept till nigh ten — fatigued by our toils of yesterday, and the unwonted late hours. Still too early for this Castle of Indolence, for I found few of last night's party yet appearing. I had an opportunity of some talk with the Duke. He does not consider Foy's book as written by himself, but as a thing *got up* perhaps from notes. Mentioned that Foy, when in Spain, was, like other French officers, very desirous of seeing the English papers, through which alone they could collect any idea of what was going on without their own cantonments, for Napoleon permitted no communication of that kind with France. The Duke growing tired of this, at length told Baron Tripp, whose services he chiefly used in communications with the outposts, that he was not to give them the newspapers. 'What reason shall I allege for withholding them?' said Tripp. 'None,' replied the Duke — Let *them* allege some reason why they want them.' Foy was not at a loss to assign a reason. He said he had considerable sums of money in the English funds, and wanted to see how stocks fell and rose. The excuse, however, did not go down. — I remember Baron Tripp, a Dutch nobleman, and a dandy of the first water, and yet with an energy in his dandyism which made it respectable. He drove a gig as far as Dunrobin Castle, and back again, *without a whip.* He looked after his own horse, for he had no servant, and after all his little establishment of clothes and necessaries, with all the accuracy of a *petit maître.* He was one of the best-dressed men possible, and his horse was in equally fine condition as if he had had a dozen of grooms. I met him at Lord Somerville's, and liked him much. But there was something exaggerated, as appeared from the conclusion of his life. Baron Tripp shot himself in Italy for no assignable cause.

"What is called great society, of which I have seen a good deal in my day, is now amusing to me, because from age and indifference I have lost the habit of considering myself as a part of it, and have only the feelings of looking on as a spectator of the scene, who can neither play his part well nor ill, instead of being one of the *dramatis personæ;* so, careless what is thought of myself, I have full time to attend to the motions of others.

"Our party went to-day to Sunderland, when the Duke was brilliantly received by an immense population, chiefly of seamen. The difficulty of getting into the rooms was dreadful — an ebbing and flowing of the crowd, which nearly took me off my legs. The entertainment was handsome; about two hundred dined, and appeared most hearty in the cause which had convened them — some indeed so much so, that, finding themselves so far on the way to perfect happiness, they e'en would go on. After the dinner-party broke up, there was a ball, numerously attended, where there was a prodigious anxiety discovered for shaking of hands. The Duke had enough of it, and I came in for my share; for, though as jackall to the lion, I got some part in whatever was going. We got home about half-past two in the morning, sufficiently tired."

Some months afterwards, Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who had been particularly kind and attentive to Scott when at Sunderland, happened, in writing to him on some matter of business, to say he hoped he had not forgotten his friends in that quarter. Sir Walter's answer to Sir Cuthbert (who had been introduced to him by his old and dear friend Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth) begins thus:—

"Forget thee? No! my worthy fere!
Forget blithe mirth and gallant cheer?
Death sooner stretch me on my bier!
Forget thee? No.

"Forget the universal shout
When 'canny Sunderland' spoke out?—
A truth which knaves affect to doubt—
Forget thee? No.

"Forget you! No—though now-a-day
I've heard your knowing people say,
Disown the debt you cannot pay,
You'll find it far the thriftiest way—
But I!—O no.

"Forget your kindness found for all room,
In what, though large, seem'd still a small room,
Forget my *Surtees* in a ball room?—
Forget you? No.

"Forget your sprightly dumpty-diddles,
And beauty tripping to the fiddles?
Forget my lovely friends the *Liddells*?—
Forget you? No.

"So much for oblivion, my dear Sir C.; and now, having dismounted from my Pegasus, who is rather spavined, I charge a-foot, like an old dragoon as I am," &c. &c.

"DIARY — *October* 5. — A quiet day at Ravensworth Castle, giggling and making giggle among the kind and frank hearted young people. The Castle is modern, excepting always two towers of great antiquity. Lord R. manages his woods admirably well. In the evening plenty of fine music, with heart as well as voice and instrument. Much of this was the spontaneous effusions of Mrs. Arkwright (a daughter of Stephen Kemble), who has set Hohenlinden, and other pieces of poetry, to music of a highly-gifted character. The Miss Liddells and Mrs. Barrington sang 'The Campbells are coming,' in a tone that might have waked the dead.

" *October* 6. — Left Ravensworth this morning, and travelled as far as Whittingham with Marquis of Lothian. Arrived at Alnwick to dinner, where I was very kindly received. The Duke of Northumberland is a handsome man, who will be corpulent if he does not continue to take hard exercise. The Duchess very pretty and lively, but her liveliness is of that kind which shows at once it is connected with thorough principle, and is not liable to be influenced by fashionable caprice. The habits of the family are early and regular; I conceive they may be termed formal and old-fashioned by such visiters as claim to be the pink of the mode. The Castle is a fine old pile, with various courts and towers, and the entrance is magnificent. It wants, however, the splendid feature of a keep. The inside fitting up is an attempt at Gothic, but the taste is meagre and poor, and done over with too much gilding. It was done half a century ago, when this kind of taste was ill understood. I found here the Bishop of Gloucester,* &c. &c.

" *October* 7. — This morning went to church, and heard an excellent sermon from the Bishop of Gloucester; he has great dignity of manner, and his accent and delivery are forcible. Drove out with the Duke in a phaeton, and saw part of the park, which is a fine one lying along the Alne. But it has been ill planted. It was laid out by the celebrated Brown, who substituted clumps of birch and Scottish firs for the beautiful oaks and copse which grow nowhere so freely as in Northumberland. To complete this, the late Duke did not thin, so the wood is in a poor state. All that the Duke cuts down is so much waste, for the people will not buy it where coals are so cheap. Had they been oak-coppice, the bark would have fetched its value; had they been grown oaks, the sea-ports would have found a market; had they been larch, the country demands for ruder purposes would have been unanswerable. The Duke does the best he can to retrieve his woods, but seems to despond more than a young man ought to do. It is refreshing to see such a man in his situation give so much of his time and thoughts to the improvement of his estates, and the welfare of the people. He tells me his people in Keeldar were all quite wild the first time his father went up to shoot there. The women had no other dress than a bed-gown and petticoat. The men were savage, and could hardly be brought to rise from the heath, either from sullenness or fear. They sang a wild tune, the burden of which was *orsina, orsina, orsina.* The females sang, the men danced round, and at a certain point of the tune they drew their dirks, which they always wore.

---

* Dr. Bethell, who had been tutor to the Duke of Northumberland, held at this time the See of Gloucester. He was thence translated to Exeter, and latterly to Bangor. — [1839.]

" We came by the remains of an old Carmelite Monastery, which form a very fine object in the park. It was finished by De Vesci. The gateway of Alnwick Abbey, also a fine specimen, is standing about a mile distant. The trees are much finer on the left side of the Alne, where they have been let alone by the capability villain. Visited the *enceinte* of the Castle, and passed into the dungeon. There is also an armoury, but damp, and the arms in indifferent order. One odd petard-looking thing struck me. — *Mem.* to consult Grose. I had the honour to sit in Hotspur's seat, and to see the Bloody Gap, a place where the external wall must have been breached. The Duchess gave me a book of etchings of the antiquities of Alnwick and Warkworth from her own drawings. I had half a mind to stay to see Warkworth, but Anne is alone. We had prayers in the evening read by the Archdeacon." *

On the 8th Sir Walter reached Abbotsford, and forthwith resumed his Grandfather's Tales, which he composed throughout with the ease and heartiness reflected in this entry: —

"This morning was damp, dripping, and unpleasant; so I even made a work of necessity, and set to the Tales like a dragon. I murdered Maclellan of Bomby at the Thrieve Castle; stabbed the Black Douglas in the town of Stirling; astonished King James before Roxburgh; and stifled the Earl of Mar in his bath, in the Canongate. A wild world, my masters, this Scotland of ours must have been. No fear of want of interest; no lassitude in those days for want of work —

'For treason, d'ye see,
Was to them a dish of tea,
And murder bread and butter.'"

Such was his life in autumn 1827. Before I leave the period, I must note how greatly I admired the manner in which all his dependents appeared to have met the reverse of his fortunes — a reverse which inferred very considerable alteration in the circumstances of every one of them. The butler, instead of being the easy chief of a large establishment, was now doing half the work of the house, at probably half his former wages. Old Peter, who had been for five-and-twenty years a dignified coachman, was now ploughman in ordinary, only putting his horses to the carriage upon high and rare occasions; and so on with all the rest that remained of the ancient train. And all, to my view, seemed happier

---

* Mr. Archdeacon Singleton.

than they had ever done before. Their good conduct had given every one of them a new elevation in his own mind — and yet their demeanour had gained, in place of losing, in simple humility of observance. The great loss was that of William Laidlaw, for whom (the estate being all but a fragment in the hands of the trustees and their agent) there was now no occupation here. The cottage, which his taste had converted into a loveable retreat, had found a rent-paying tenant; and he was living a dozen miles off on the farm of a relation in the Vale of Yarrow. Every week, however, he came down to have a ramble with Sir Walter over their old haunts — to hear how the pecuniary atmosphere was darkening or brightening; and to read in every face at Abbotsford, that it could never be itself again until circumstances should permit his re-establishment at Kaeside.

All this warm and respectful solicitude must have had a preciously soothing influence on the mind of Scott, who may be said to have lived upon love. No man cared less about popular admiration and applause; but for the least chill on the affection of any near and dear to him he had the sensitiveness of a maiden. I cannot forget, in particular, how his eyes sparkled when he first pointed out to me Peter Mathieson guiding the plough on the haugh: "Egad," said he, "auld *Pepe*" (this was the children's name for their good friend) — "auld *Pepe's* whistling at his darg. The honest fellow said, a yoking in a deep field would do baith him and the blackies good. If things get round with me, easy shall be Pepe's cushion." In general, during that autumn, I thought Sir Walter enjoyed much his usual spirits; and often, no doubt, he did so. His Diary shows (what perhaps many of his intimates doubted during his lifetime) that, in spite of the dignified equanimity which characterised all his conversation with mankind, he had his full share of the delicate sensibilities, the mysterious ups and downs, the wayward melancholy, and fantastic sunbeams of the poetical temperament. It is only with imaginative minds, in truth, that sorrows of the spirit are enduring. Those he had encountered were veiled from the eye of the world, but they lasted with his life. What a picture have we in his entry about the Runic letters he had carved in the day of young passion on the turf among the grave-stones of St. Andrews! And again, he wrote neither sonnets, nor elegies, nor monodies, nor even an epitaph on his wife; — but what an epitaph is his Diary throughout the year 1826 — ay, and down to the close!

There is one entry of that Diary for the period we are leaving, which paints the man in his tenderness, his fortitude, and his happy wisdom: —

"*September* 24. — Worked in the morning as usual, and sent off the proofs and copy. Something of the black dog still hanging about me; but I will shake him off. I generally affect good spirits in company of my family, whether I am enjoying them or not. It is too severe to sadden the harmless mirth of others by suffering your own causeless melancholy to be seen; and this species of exertion is, like virtue, its own reward; for the good spirits, which are at first simulated, become at length real."

The first series of Chronicles of the Canongate — (which title supplanted that of "*The Canongate Miscellany, or Traditions of the Sanctuary*") — was published early in the winter. The contents were, the Highland Widow, the Two Drovers, and the Surgeon's Daughter — all in their styles excellent, except that the Indian part of the last does not well harmonize with the rest;

and certain preliminary chapters which were generally considered as still better than the stories they introduce. The portraiture of Mrs. Murray Keith, under the name of Mrs. Bethune Baliol, and that of Chrystal Croftangry throughout, appear to me unsurpassed in Scott's writings. In the former, I am assured he has mixed up various features of his own beloved mother; and in the latter, there can be no doubt that a good deal was taken from nobody but himself. In fact, the choice of the hero's residence, the original title of the book, and a world of minor circumstances, were suggested by the actual condition and prospects of the author's affairs; for it appears from his Diary, though I have not thought it necessary to quote those entries, that from time to time, between December 1826 and November 1827, he had renewed threatenings of severe treatment from Messrs. Abud and Co.; and, on at least one occasion, he made every preparation for taking shelter in the Sanctuary of Holyroodhouse. Although these people were well aware that at Christmas 1827 a very large dividend would be paid on the Ballantyne estate, they would not understand that their interest, and that of all the creditors, lay in allowing Scott the free use of his time; that by thwarting and harassing him personally, nothing was likely to be achieved but the throwing up of the trust, and the settlement of the insolvent house's affairs on the usual terms of a sequestration; in which case there could be no doubt that he would, on resigning all his assets, be discharged absolutely, with liberty to devote his future exertions to his own sole benefit. The Abuds would understand nothing, but that the very unanimity of the other creditors as to the propriety of being gentle with him, rendered it extremely probable that their harshness might be rewarded by immediate payment of their whole demand. They fancied that the trustees would clear off any one debt, rather than disturb the arrangements generally adopted; they fancied that, in case they laid Sir Walter Scott in prison, there would be some extraordinary burst of feeling in Edinburgh — that private friends would interfere — in short, that in one way or another, they should get hold, without further delay, of their "pound of flesh." — Two or three paragraphs from the Diary will be enough as to this unpleasant subject.

"*October* 31. — Just as I was merrily cutting away among my trees, arrives Mr. Gibson with a very melancholy look, and indeed the news he brought was shocking enough. It seems Mr. Abud, the same who formerly was disposed to disturb me in London, has given positive orders to take out diligence against me for his debt. This breaks all the measures we had resolved on, and prevents the dividend from taking place, by which many poor persons will be great sufferers. For me the alternative will be more painful to my feelings than prejudicial to my interests. To submit to a sequestration, and allow the creditors to take what they can get, will be the inevitable consequence. This will cut short my labour by several years, which I might spend, and spend in vain, in endeavouring to meet their demands. We shall know more on Saturday, and not sooner. — I went to Bowhill with Sir Adam Fergusson to dinner, and maintained as good a countenance in the midst of my perplexities as a man need desire. It is not bravado; I feel firm and resolute.

"*November* 1. — I waked in the night and lay two hours in feverish meditation. This is a tribute to natural feeling. But the air of a fine frosty morning gave me some elasticity of spirit. It is strange that about a week ago I was more dispirited for nothing at all, than I am now for perplexities which set at defiance my conjectures concerning their issue. I suppose that I, the Chronicler of the Canongate, will have to take up my residence in the Sanctuary, unless I prefer the more airy residence of the Calton Jail, or a trip to the Isle of Man. It is to no purpose being angry with Abud or Ahab, or whatever name he delights in. He is seeking his own, and thinks by these harsh measures to render his road to it more speedy. — Sir Adam Fergusson left Bowhill this morning for Dumfries-shire. I returned to Abbotsford to Anne, and told her this unpleasant news. She stood it remarkably well, poor body.

"*November* 2. — I was a little bilious this night — no wonder. Had sundry letters without any power of giving my mind to answer them — one about Gourgaud with his nonsense. I shall not trouble my head more on that score. Well, it is a hard knock on the elbow: I knew I had a life of labour before me, but I was resolved to work steadily: now they have treated me like a recusant turnspit, and put in a red-hot cinder into the wheel alongst with me. But of what use is philosophy — and I have always pretended to a little of a practical character — if it cannot teach us to do or suffer? The day is glorious, yet I have little will to enjoy it; yet, were a twelvemonth over, I should perhaps smile at what makes me now very serious. Smile! No — that can never be. My present feelings cannot be recollected with cheerfulness; but I may drop a tear of gratitude.

"*November* 3. — Slept ill, and lay one hour longer than usual in the morning. I gained an hour's quiet by it,— that is much. I feel a little shaken at the result of to-day's post. am not able to go out. My poor workers wonder that I pass them without a word. I can imagine no alternative but the Sanctuary or the Isle of Man. Both shocking enough. But in Edinburgh I am always on the scene of action, free from uncertainty, and near my poor daughter; so I think I shall prefer it, and thus I rest in unrest. But I will not let this unman me. Our hope, heavenly and earthly, is poorly anchored, if the cable parts upon the stream. I believe in God, who can change evil into good; and I am confident that what befalls us is always ultimately for the best.

"*November* 4. — Put my papers in some order, and prepared for the journey. It is in the style of the Emperors of Abyssinia, who proclaim, 'Cut down the Kantuffa in the four quarters of the world, for I know not where I am going. Yet, were it not for poor Anne's doleful looks, I would feel firm as a piece of granite. Even the poor dogs seem to fawn on me with anxious meaning, as if there were something going on they could not comprehend. They probably notice the packing of the clothes, and other symptoms of a journey.

"Set off at twelve, firmly resolved in body and mind. Dined at Fushie Bridge. Ah! good Mrs. Wilson, you know not you are like to lose an old customer! *

"But when I arrived in Edinburgh at my faithful friend Mr. Gibson's — lo! the scene had again changed, and a new hare is started," &c. &c.

The "new hare" was this. It transpired in the very nick of time, that a suspicion of usury attached to these Israelites without guile, in a transaction with Hurst and Robinson, as to one or more of the bills for which the house of Ballantyne had become responsible. This suspicion, upon investigation, assumed a shape sufficiently tangible to justify Ballantyne's trustees in carrying the point before the Court of Session; but they failed to establish their allegation.† The amount was then settled

---

* Mrs. Wilson, landlady of the inn at Fushie, one stage from Edinburgh — an old dame of some humour, with whom Sir Walter always had a friendly colloquy in passing. I believe the charm was, that she had passed her childhood among the Gipsies of the Border. But her fiery Radicalism latterly was another source of high merriment.

† The Editor entirely disclaims giving any opinion of his own respecting these transactions with Messrs. Abud & Co. He considers it

— but how and in what manner was long unknown to Scott. Sir William Forbes, whose banking-house was one of Messrs. Ballantyne's chief creditors, crowned his generous efforts for Scott's relief by privately paying the whole of Abud's demand (nearly £2000) out of his own pocket — ranking as an ordinary creditor for the amount; and taking care at the same time that his old friend should be allowed to believe that the affair had merged quietly in the general measures of the trustees. In fact, it was not until some time after Sir William's death, that Sir Walter learned what he had done on this occasion; and I may as well add here, that he himself died in utter ignorance of some services of a like sort, which he owed to the secret liberality of three of his brethren at the Clerk's table — Hector Macdonald Buchanan, Colin Mackenzie, and Sir Robert Dundas.

I ought not to omit, that as soon as Sir Walter's eldest son heard of the Abud business, he left Ireland for Edinburgh; but before he reached his father, the alarm had blown over.

This vision of the real Canongate has drawn me away from the Chronicles of Mr. Croftangry. The scenery of his patrimonial inheritance was sketched from that of Carmichael, the ancient and now deserted mansion of the noble family of Hyndford; but for his strongly Scottish feelings about parting with his *land*, and stern efforts to suppress them, the author had not to go so far a-field. Christie Steele's brief character of Croftangry's ancestry, too, appears to suit well all that we have on record concerning his own more immediate progenitors of the stub-

---

as his business to represent the views which *Sir Walter* took of the affair from time to time: whether these were or were not uniformly correct, he has no means to decide—and indeed no curiosity to inquire born race of Raeburn: — "They werena ill to the poor folk, sir, and that is aye something; they were just decent bien bodies. Ony poor creature that had face to beg got an awmous, and welcome; they that were shamefaced gaed by, and twice as welcome. But they keepit an honest walk before God and man, the Croftangry's, and as I said before, if they did little good, they did as little ill. They lifted their rents and spent them; called in their kain and eat them; gaed to the kirk of a Sunday; bowed civilly if folk took aff their bannets as they gaed by, and lookit as black as sin at them that keepit them on." I hope I shall give no offence by adding, that many things in the character and manners of Mr. Gideon Gray of Middlemas, in the Tale of the Surgeon's Daughter, were considered at the time by Sir Walter's neighbours on Tweedside as copied from Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson of Selkirk. "He was," says the Chronicler, "of such reputation in the medical world, that he had been often advised to exchange the village and its meagre circle of practice for Edinburgh. There is no creature in Scotland that works harder, and is more poorly requited, than the country doctor, unless perhaps it may be his horse. Yet the horse is, and indeed must be, hardy, active, and indefatigable, in spite of a rough coat and indifferent condition; and so you will often find in his master, under a blunt exterior, professional skill and enthusiasm, intelligence, humanity, courage, and science." A true picture — a portrait from the life, of Scott's hard-riding, benevolent, and sagacious old friend, "to all the country dear."

These Chronicles were not received with exceeding favour at the time; and Sir Walter was a good deal discouraged. Indeed he seems to have been with some difficulty persuaded by Cadell and Ballantyne, that it would not do for him to "lie fallow" as a novelist; and then, when he in compliance with their entreaties began a Second Canongate Series, they were both disappointed with his MS., and told him their opinions so plainly, that his good-nature was sharply tried. The Tales which they disapproved of, were those of My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, and The Laird's Jock; he consented to lay them aside, and began St. Valentine's Eve, or the Fair Maid of Perth, which from the first pleased his critics. It was in the brief interval occasioned by these misgivings and debates, that his ever elastic mind threw off another charming paper for the Quarterly Review — that on Ornamental Gardening, by way of sequel to the Essay on Planting Waste Lands. Another fruit of his leisure was a sketch of the life of George Bannatyne, the collector of ancient Scottish poetry, for the Club which bears his name.

Diary — "*Edinburgh, November* 6. — Wrought upon an introduction to the notices which have been recovered of George Bannatyne, author or rather transcriber of the famous Repository of Scottish Poetry, generally known by the name of the Bannatyne MS. They are very jejune these same notices — a mere record of matters of business, putting forth and calling in sums of money, and such like. Yet it is a satisfaction to know that this great benefactor to the literature of Scotland had a prosperous life, and enjoyed the pleasures of domestic society, and, in a time peculiarly perilous, lived unmolested and died in quiet."

He had taken, for that winter, the house No. 6 Shandwick Place, which he occupied by the month during the remainder of his servitude as a Clerk of Session. Very near this house, he was told a few days after he took possession, dwelt the aged mother of his first love — the lady of the *Runic characters ;* and he expressed to his friend Mrs. Skene a wish that she should carry him to renew an acquaintance which seems to have been interrupted from the period of his youthful romance. Mrs. Skene complied with his desire, and she tells me that a very painful scene ensued, adding — "I think it highly probable that it was on returning from this call that he committed to writing the verses *To Time*, by his early favourite, which you have printed in your first volume."* I believe Mrs. Skene will have no doubt on that matter when the following entries from his Diary meet her eye: —

"*November* 7. — Began to settle myself this morning, after the hurry of mind and even of body which I have lately undergone. — I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself, like an old fool, with recalling old stories, till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow case-hardened, and, like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell! — and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming, and my two years of wakening, will be chronicled, doubtless. But he dead will feel no pain.

"*November* 10. — Wrote out my task and little more. At twelve o'clock I went again to poor Lady —— to talk over old stories. I am not clear that it is a right or healthful indulgence to be ripping up old sores, but it seems to give her deep-rooted sorrow words, and that is a mental bloodletting

---

* See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 277.

To me these things are now matter of calm and solemn recollection, never to be forgotten, yet scarce to be remembered with pain. — We go out to Saint Catherine's to-day. I am glad of it, for I would not have these recollections haunt me, and society will put them out of my head."

Sir Walter has this entry on reading the *Gazette* of the battle of Navarino: —

"*November* 14. — We have thumped the Turks very well. But as to the justice of our interference, I will only suppose some Turkish plenipotentiary, with an immense turban and long loose trousers, comes to dictate to us the mode in which we should deal with our refractory liegemen, the Catholics of Ireland. We hesitate to admit his interference, on which the Moslem runs into Cork Bay, or Bantry Bay, alongside of a British squadron, and sends a boat to tow on a fire-ship. A vessel fires on the boat and sinks it. Is there an aggression on the part of those who fired first, or of those whose manœuvres occasioned the firing?"

A few days afterwards he received a very agreeable piece of intelligence. The King had not forgotten his promise with respect to the poet's second son; and Lord Dudley, then Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, was a much attached friend from early days — (he had been partly educated at Edinburgh under the roof of Dugald Stewart) — his Lordship had therefore been very well disposed to comply with the royal recommendation.

"*November* 30. — The great pleasure of a letter from Lord Dudley, informing me that he has received his Majesty's commands to put down the name of my son Charles for the first vacancy that shall occur in the Foreign Office, and at the same time to acquaint me with his gracious intentions, which were signified in language the most gratifying to me. This makes me really feel light and happy, and most grateful to the kind and gracious sovereign who has always shown, I may say, so much friendship towards me. Would to God *the King's errand might lie in the cadger's gait*, that I might have some better way of showing my feelings than merely by a letter of thanks, or this private memorandum of my gratitude. Public affairs look awkward. The present Ministry are neither Whig nor Tory, and divested of the support of either of the great parties of the state, stand supported by the will of the sovereign alone. This is not constitutional, and though it may be a temporary augmentation of the Prince's personal influence, yet it cannot but prove hurtful to the Crown upon the whole, by tending to throw that responsibility on him of which the law has deprived him. I pray to God I may be wrong, but I think an attempt to govern *par bascule*, by trimming betwixt the opposite parties, is equally unsafe for the Crown, and detrimental to the country, and cannot do for a long time. That with a neutral Administration, this country, hard ruled at any time, can be long governed, I for one do not believe. God send the good King, to whom I owe so much, as safe and honourable an extrication as the circumstances render possible."

The dissolution of the Goderich Cabinet confirmed very soon these shrewd guesses; and Sir Walter anticipated nothing but good from the Premiership of the Duke of Wellington.

The settlement of Charles Scott was rapidly followed by more than one fortunate incident in Sir Walter's literary and pecuniary history. The first Tales of a Grandfather appeared early in December, and their reception was more rapturous than that of any one of his works since Ivanhoe. He had solved for the first time the problem of narrating history, so as at once to excite and gratify the curiosity of youth, and please and instruct the wisest of mature minds. The popularity of the book has grown with every year that has since elapsed; it is equally prized in the library, the boudoir, the schoolroom, and the nursery; it is adopted as the happiest of manuals, not only in Scotland, but wherever the English tongue is spoken; nay, it is to be seen in the hands of old and young all over the civilized world, and has, I have little doubt, extended the knowledge of Scottish history in quarters where little or no interest had ever before been awakened as to any other parts of that subject, except those immediately connected with Mary Stuart and the Chevalier. This success effectually rebuked the trepidation of the author's bookseller and printer, and inspired the former with new courage as to a step which he had for some time been meditating, and which had given rise to many a long and anxious discussion between him and Sir Walter.

The question as to the property of the Life of Napoleon and Woodstock having now been settled by the arbiter (Lord Newton) in favour of the author, the relative affairs of Sir Walter and the creditors of Constable were so simplified, that the trustee on that sequestrated estate resolved to bring into the market, with the concurrence of Ballantyne's trustees, and without farther delay, a variety of very valuable copyrights. This important sale comprised Scott's novels from Waverley to Quentin Durward inclusive, besides a majority of the shares of the Poetical Works.

Mr. Cadell's family and private friends were extremely desirous that he should purchase part at least of these copyrights; and Sir Walter's were not less so that he should seize this last opportunity of recovering a share in the prime fruits of his genius. The relations by this time established between him and Cadell were those of strict confidence and kindness; and both saw well that the property would be comparatively lost, were it not secured that thenceforth the whole should be managed as one unbroken concern. It was in the success of an uniform edition of the Waverley Novels, with prefaces and notes by the Author, that both anticipated the means of finally extinguishing the debt of Ballantyne and Co.; and, after some demur, the trustees of that house's creditors were wise enough to adopt their views. The result was, that the copyrights exposed to sale for behoof of Constable's creditors were purchased, one half for Sir Walter, the other half for Cadell, at the price of £8500 — a sum which was considered large at the moment, but which the London competitors soon afterwards convinced themselves they ought to have outbid.

The Diary says: —

" *December* 17. — Sent off the new beginning of the Chronicles to Ballantyne. I hate cancels — they are a double labour. Mr. Cowan, trustee for Constable's creditors, called in the morning by appointment, and we talked about the sale of the copyrights of Waverley, &c. It is to be hoped the high upset price fixed (£5000) will

'Fright the fuds
Of the pock-puds.'

This speculation may be for good or for evil, but it tends incalculably to increase the value of such copyrights as remain in my own person; and if a handsome and cheap edition of the whole, with notes, can be instituted in conformity with Cadell's plan, it must prove a mine of wealth for my creditors. It is possible, no doubt, that the works may lose their effect on the public mind; but this must be risked, and I think the chances are greatly in our favour. Death (my own, I mean) would improve the property, since an edition with a Life would sell like wildfire. Perhaps those who read this prophecy may shake their heads and say — 'Poor fellow, he little thought how he should see the public interest in him and his extinguished, even during his natural existence.' It may be so, but I will hope better. This I know, that no literary speculation ever succeeded with me but where my own works were concerned; and that, on the other hand, these hav rarely failed.

"*December* 20. — Anent the copyrights — the pock-puds were not frightened by our high price. They came on briskly, four or five bidders abreast, and went on till the lot was knocked down to Cadell at £8500; a very large sum certainly, yet he has been offered profit on it already. The activity of the contest serves to show the value of the property. On the whole, I am greatly pleased with the acquisition."

Well might the "pockpuddings" — the English book sellers — rue their timidity on this day; but it was the most lucky one that ever came for Sir Walter Scott's creditors. A dividend of six shillings in the pound was paid at this Christmas on their whole claims. The result of their high-hearted debtor's exertions, between January 1826 and January 1828, was in all very nearly £40,000. No literary biographer, in all likelihood, will ever have such another fact to record. The creditors unanimously passed a vote of thanks for the indefatigable industry which had achieved so much for their behoof.

On returning to Abbotsford at Christmas, after completing these transactions, he says in his Diary: —

"My reflections in entering my own gate to-day were of a very different and more pleasing cast than those with which I left this place about six weeks ago. I was then in doubt whether I should fly my country, or become avowedly bankrupt, and surrender up my library and household furniture, with the liferent of my estate, to sale. A man of the world will say I had better done so. No doubt, had I taken this course at once, I might have employed the money I have made since the insolvency of Constable and Robinson's houses in compounding my debts. But I could not have slept sound, as I now can under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors, and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty as a man of honour and honesty. I see before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience. And so, I think, I can fairly face the return of Christmas-day."

And again, on the 31st December, he says —

"Looking back to the conclusion of 1826, I observe that the last year ended in trouble and sickness, with pressures for the present and gloomy prospects for the future. The sense of a great privation so lately sustained, together with the very doubtful and clouded nature of my private affairs, pressed hard upon my mind. I am now restored in constitution; and though I am still on troubled waters, yet I am rowing with the tide, and less than the continuation of my exertions of 1827 may, with God's blessing, carry me successfully through 1828, when we may gain a more open sea, if not exactly a safe port. Above all, my children are well. Sophia's situation excites some natural anxiety; but it is only the accomplishment of the burden imposed on her sex. Walter is happy in the view of his majority, on which matter we have favourable hopes from the Horse-Guards. Anne is well and happy. Charles's entry on life under the highest patronage, and in a line for which, I hope, he is qualified, is about to take place presently.

"For all these great blessings, it becomes me well to be thankful to God, who, in his good time and good pleasure, sends us good as well as evil."

CHAPTER LXXV.

The "Opus Magnum"—"Religious Discourses, by a Layman"—Letters to George Huntly Gordon, Cadell, and Ballantyne — Heath's Keepsake, &c. — Arniston — Dalhousie — Prisons — Dissolution of Yeomanry Cavalry — The Fair Maid of Perth published.

JAN. — APRIL 1828.

With the exception of a few weeks occupied by an excursion to London, which business of various sorts had rendered necessary, the year 1828 was spent in the same assiduous labour as 1827. The commercial transaction completed at Christmas cleared the way for two undertakings, which would of themselves have been enough to supply desk-work in abundance; and Sir Walter appears to have scarcely passed a day on which something was not done for them. I allude to Cadell's plan of a new edition of the poetry, with biographical prefaces; and the still more extensive one of an uniform reprint of the Novels, each to be introduced by an account of the hints on which it had been founded, and illustrated throughout by historical and antiquarian annotations. On this last, commonly mentioned in the Diary as the *Opus Magnum*, Sir Walter bestowed pains commensurate with its importance; — and in the execution of the very delicate task which either scheme imposed, he has certainly displayed such a combination of frankness and modesty as entitles him to a high place in the short list of graceful autobiographers. True dignity is always simple; and perhaps true genius, of the highest class at least, is always humble. These operations took up much time; — yet he laboured hard this year, both as a novelist and a historian. He contributed, moreover, several articles to the Quarterly Review and the Bannatyne Club library; and to the Journal conducted by Mr. Gillies, an excellent Essay on Molière; this last being again a free gift to the Editor.

But the first advertisement of 1828 was of a new order; and the announcement that the Author of Waverley had *Sermons* in the press, was received perhaps with as much incredulity in the clerical world, as could have been excited among them by that of a romance from the Archbishop of Canterbury. A thin octavo volume, entitled "Religious Discourses by a Layman," and having "W. S." at the foot of a short preface, did, however, issue in the course of the spring, and from the shop, that all might be in perfect keeping, of Mr. Colburn, a bookseller then known almost exclusively as the standing purveyor of what is called "light reading" — novels of "fashionable life," and the like pretty ephemera. I am afraid that the "Religious Discourses," too, would, but for the author's name, have had a brief existence; but the history of their composition, besides sufficiently explaining the humility of these tracts in a literary as well as a theological point of view, will, I hope, gratify most of my readers.

It may perhaps be remembered, that Sir Walter's cicerone over Waterloo, in August 1815, was a certain Major Pryse Gordon, then on half-pay and resident at Brussels. The acquaintance, until they met at Sir Fred erick Adam's table, had been very slight — nor was it ever carried further; but the Major was exceedingly attentive during Scott's stay, and afterwards took some pains about collecting little reliques of the battle for Abbotsford. One evening the poet supped at his house, and there happened to sit next him the host's eldest son, then a lad of nineteen, whose appearance and situation much interested him. He had been destined for the Church of Scotland, but, as he grew up, a deafness, which had come on him in boyhood, became worse and worse, and at length his friends feared that it must incapacitate him for the clerical function. He had gone to spend the vacation with his father, and Sir Frederick Adam, understanding how he was situated, offered him a temporary appointment as a clerk in the Commissariat, which he hoped to convert into a permanent one, in case the war continued. At the time of Scott's arrival that prospect was wellnigh gone, and the young man's infirmity, his embarrassment, and other things to which his own memorandum makes no allusion, excited the visiter's sympathy. Though there were lion-hunters of no small consequence in the party, he directed most of his talk into the poor clerk's ear-trumpet; and at parting, begged him not to forget that he had a friend on Tweedside.

A couple of years elapsed before he heard anything more of Mr. Gordon, who then sent him his father's little *spolia* of Waterloo, and accompanied them by a letter explaining his situation, and asking advice, in a style which renewed and increased Scott's favourable impression. He had been dismissed from the Commissariat at the general reduction of our establishments, and was now hesitating whether he had better take up agair his views as to the Kirk, or turn his eyes towards English orders; and in the meantime he was anxious to find some way of lightening to his parents, by his own industry, the completion of his professional education. There ensued a copious correspondence between him and Scott, who gave him on all points of his case most paternal advice, and accompanied his counsels with offers of pecuniary assistance, of which the young man rarely availed himself. At length he resolved on reëntering the Divinity Class at Aberdeen, and in due time was licensed by the Presbytery there as a Preacher of the Gospel; but though with good connexions, for he was "sprung of Scotia's gentler blood," his deafness operated as a serious bar to his obtaining the incumbency of a parish. The provincial Synod pronounced his deafness an insuperable objection, and the case was referred to the General Assembly. That tribunal heard Mr. Gordon's cause maintained by all the skill and eloquence of Mr. Jeffrey, whose good offices had been secured by Scott's intervention, and they overruled the decision of the Presbytery. But Gordon, in the course of the discussion, gathered the conviction, that a man almost literally stone-deaf could *not* discharge some of the highest duties of a parish-priest in a satisfactory manner, and he with honourable firmness declined to take advantage of the judgment of the Supreme Court. Meantime he had been employed, from the failure of John Ballantyne's health downwards, as the transcriber of the Waverley MSS. for the press, in which capacity he displayed every quality that could endear an amanuensis to an author; and when the disasters of 1826 rendered it unnecessary for Scott to have his MS. copied, he exerted himself to procure employment for his young friend in one of the

Government offices in London. Being backed by the kindness of the late Duke of Gordon, his story found favour with the then Secretary of the Treasury, Mr Lushington — and Mr. Gordon was named assistant private secretary to that gentleman. The appointment was temporary, but he so pleased his chief that there was hope of better things by and by. — Such was his situation at Christmas 1827; but that being his first Christmas in London, it was no wonder that he then discovered himself to have somewhat miscalculated about money matters. In a word, he knew not whither to look at the moment for extrication, until he bethought him of the following little incident of his life at Abbotsford.

He was spending the autumn of 1824 there, daily copying the MS. of Redgauntlet, and working at leisure hours on the Catalogue of the Library, when the family observed him to be labouring under some extraordinary depression of mind. It was just then that he had at length obtained the prospect of a Living, and Sir Walter was surprised that this should not have exhilarated him. Gently sounding the trumpet, however, he discovered that the agitation of the question about the deafness had shaken his nerves — his scruples had been roused — his conscience was sensitive, — and he avowed that, though he thought, on the whole, he ought to go through with the business, he could not command his mind so as to prepare a couple of sermons, which, unless he summarily abandoned his object, must be produced on a certain day — then near at hand — before his Presbytery. Sir Walter reminded him that his exercises when on trial for the Probationership had given satisfaction; but nothing he could say was sufficient to re-brace Mr. Gordon's spirits, and he at length exclaimed, with tears, that his pen was powerless, — that he had made fifty attempts, and saw nothing but failure and disgrace before him. Scott answered, "My good young friend, leave this matter to me — do you work away at the Catalogue, and I'll write for you a couple of sermons that shall pass muster well enough at Aberdeen." Gordon assented with a sigh; and next morning Sir Walter gave him the MS. of the "Religious Discourses." On reflection, Mr. Gordon considered it quite impossible to produce them as his own, and a letter to be quoted immediately will show, that he by and by had written others for himself in a style creditable to his talents, though, from circumstances above explained, he never delivered them at Aberdeen. But the "Two Discourses" of 1824 had remained in his hands; and it now occurred to him that, if Sir Walter would allow him to dispose of these to some bookseller, they might possibly bring a price that would float him over his little difficulties of Christmas.

Scott consented; and Gordon got more than he had ventured to expect for his MS. But since this matter has been introduced, I must indulge myself with a little retrospect, and give a few specimens of the great author's correspondence with this amiable dependent. The series now before me consists of more than forty letters to Mr. Gordon.

"Edinburgh, 5th January 1817.

" . . . . . I am very sorry your malady continues to distress you; yet while one's eyes are spared to look on the wisdom of former times, we are the less entitled to regret that we hear less of the folly of the present. The Church always presents a safe and respectable asylum, and has many mansions. But in fact, the great art of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance. I have rarely seen, that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of *any* profession, and did not omit to take fair and honourable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, my young friend, is like a game at cards — our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems at first glance to depend on mere chance. But it is not so, for in the long run the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Therefore, do not be discouraged with the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourself to receive fortune when she comes your way. I shall have pleasure at any time in hearing from you, and more especially in seeing you." . . . . . .

"24th July 1818.

". . . . . . . I send you *the Travels of Thiodolf.*[*] Perhaps you might do well to give a glance over Tytler's Principles of Translation, ere you gird up your loins to the undertaking. If the gods have made you poetical, you should imitate, rather than attempt a literal translation of, the verses interspersed; and, in general, I think both the prose and verse might be improved by compression. If you find the versification a difficult or unpleasant task, I must translate for you such parts of the poetry as may be absolutely necessary for carrying on the story, which will cost an old hack like me very little trouble. I would have you, however, by all means try yourself." . . . . . .

"14th October 1818.

". . . . . . I am greatly at a loss what could possibly make you think you had given me the slightest offence. If tha very erroneous idea arose from my silence and short letters, I must plead both business and laziness, which makes me an indifferent correspondent; but I thought I had explained in my last that which it was needful that you should know. . . . . . .

---

[*] A novel by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

"I have said nothing on the delicate confidence you have reposed in me. I have not forgotten that I have been young, and must therefore be sincerely interested in those feelings which the best men entertain with most warmth. At the same time, my experience makes me alike an enemy to premature marriage and to distant engagements. The first adds to our individual cares the responsibility for the beloved and helpless pledges of our affection, and the last are liable to the most cruel disappointments. But, my good young friend, if you have settled your affections upon a worthy object, I can only hope that your progress in life will be such as to make you look forward with prudence to a speedy union." . . . . .

"12th June 1820.

". . . . . . I am very sorry for your illness, and your unpleasant and uncertain situation, for which, unfortunately, I can give no better consolation than in the worn-out and wearying-out word, patience. What you mention of your private feelings on an interesting subject, is indeed distressing; but assure yourself that scarce one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one out of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days is generally rather a fanciful creation of our own than a reality. We build statues of snow, and weep when they melt." . . . . . .

"12th April 1825.

"My Dear Mr. Gordon, — I would have made some additions to your sermon with great pleasure, but it is with even more than great pleasure that I assure you it needs none. It is a most respectable discourse, with good divinity in it, which is always the marrow and bones of a *Concio ad clerum*, and you may pronounce it, *meo periculo*, without the least danger of failure or of unpleasant comparisons. I am not fond of Mr Irving's species of eloquence, consisting of *outré* flourishes and extravagant metaphors. The eloquence of the pulpit should be of a chaste and dignified character; earnest, but not high-flown and ecstatic, and consisting as much in close reasoning as in elegant expression. It occurs to me as a good topic for more than one discourse, — the manner in which the heresies of the earlier Christian Church are treated in the Acts and the Epistles. It is remarkable, that while the arguments by which they are combated are distinct, clear, and powerful, the inspired writers have not judged it proper to go beyond general expressions, respecting the particular heresies which they combated. If you look closely, there is much reason in this. . . . . . In general, I would say, that on entering on the clerical profession, were it my case, I should be anxious to take much pains with my sermons, and the studies on which they must be founded. Nothing rewards itself so completely as exercise, whether of the body or mind. We sleep sound, and our waking hours are happy, because they are employed; and a little sense of toil is necessary to the enjoyment of leisure, even when earned by study and sanctioned by the discharge of duty. I think most clergymen diminish their own respectability by falling into indolent habits, and what players call *walking through their part*. You, who have to beat up against an infirmity, and, it may be, against some unreasonable prejudices arising from that infirmity, should determine to do the thing not only well, but better than others." . . . . . .

"*To G. Huntly Gordon, Esq., Treasury, London.*

"28th December 1827.

"Dear Gordon,—As I have no money to spare at present I find it necessary to make a sacrifice of my own scruples, to relieve you from serious difficulties. The enclosed will entitle you to deal with any respectable bookseller. You must tell the history in your own way as shortly as possible. All that is necessary to say is, that the discourses were written to oblige a young friend. It is understood my name is not to be put on the title-page, or blazed at full length in the preface. You may trust that to the newspapers.

“Pray, do not think of returning any thanks about this; it is enough that I know it is likely to serve your purpose. But use the funds arising from this unexpected source with prudence, for such fountains do not spring up at every place of the desert. — I am, in haste, ever yours most truly,

“Walter Scott.”

The reader will, I believe, forgive this retrospect; and be pleased to know that the publication of the sermons answered the purpose intended. Mr. Gordon now occupies a permanent and respectable situation in her Majesty’s Stationery Office; and he concludes his communication to me with expressing his feeling that his prosperity “is all clearly traceable to the kindness of Sir Walter Scott.”

In a letter to me about this affair of the Discourses, Sir Walter says, “Poor Gordon has got my leave to make *a kirk and a mill* of my *Sermons* — heaven save the mark! Help him, if you can, to the water of Pactolus and a swapping thirlage.” The only entries in the Diary, which relate to the business, are the following: —

“*December* 28. Huntly Gordon writes me in despair about £180 of debt which he has incurred. He wishes to publish two sermons which I wrote for him when he was taking orders; and he would get little money for them without my name. People may exclaim against the undesired and unwelcome zeal of him who stretched his hands to help the ark over, with the best intentions, and cry sacrilege. And yet they will do me gross injustice, for I would, if called upon, die a martyr for the Christian religion, so completely is (in my poor opinion) its divine origin proved by its beneficial effects on the state of society. Were we but to name the abolition of slavery and polygamy, how much has, in these two words, been granted to mankind in the lessons of our Saviour! — *January* 10, 1828. Huntly Gordon has disposed of the two sermons to the bookseller, Colburn, for £250; well sold, I think, and to go forth immediately. I would rather the thing had not gone there, and far rather that it had gone nowhere, — yet hang it, if it makes the poor lad easy, what needs I fret about it? After all, there would be little grace in doing a kind thing, if you did not suffer pain or inconvenience upon the score."

The next literary entry is this: —

"Mr. Charles Heath, the engraver, invites me to take charge of a yearly publication called the Keepsake, of which the plates are beyond comparison beautiful, but the letterpress indifferent enough. He proposes £800 a-year if I would become editor, and £400 if I would contribute from seventy to one hundred pages. I declined both, but told him I might give him some trifling thing or other. To become the stipendiary editor of a New-Year's-Gift Book is not to be thought of, nor could I agree to work regularly, for any quantity of supply, at such a publication. Even the pecuniary view is not flattering, though Mr. Heath meant it should be so. One hundred of his close printed pages, for which he offers £400, are nearly equal to one volume of a novel. Each novel of three volumes brings £4000, and I remain proprietor of the mine after the first ore is scooped out."

The result of this negotiation with Mr. Heath was, that he received, for £500, the liberty of printing in his

Keepsake the long forgotten juvenile drama of the House of Aspen, with My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, and two other little tales, which had been omitted, at Ballantyne's entreaty, from the second Chronicles of Croftangry. But Sir Walter regretted having meddled in any way with the toyshop of literature, and would never do so again, though repeatedly offered very large sums — nor even when the motive of private regard was added, upon Mr. Allan Cunningham's lending his name to one of these painted bladders.

In the same week that Mr. Heath made his proposition, Sir Walter received another, which he thus disposes of in his Diary : —

> "I have an invitation from Messrs. Saunders and Ottley, booksellers, offering me from £1500 to £2000 annually to conduct a journal ; but I am their humble servant. I am too indolent to stand to that sort of work, and I must preserve the undisturbed use of my leisure, and possess my soul in quiet. A large income is not my object ; I must clear my debts ; and that is to be done by writing things of which I can retain the property. Made my excuses accordingly."

In January 1828, reprints both of the Grandfather's Tales and of the Life of Napoleon were called for ; and both so suddenly, that the booksellers would fain have distributed the volumes among various printers in order to catch the demand. Ballantyne heard of this with natural alarm ; and Scott, in the case of the Napoleon, conceived that his own literary character was trifled with, as well as his old ally's interests. On receiving James's first appeal — that as to the Grandfather's Stories, he wrote thus : — I need scarcely add, with the desired effect.

"*To Robert Cadell, Esq., Edinburgh.*

"Abbotsford, 3d January 1828.

"My Dear Sir, — I find our friend James Ballantyne is very anxious about printing the new edition of the Tales, which I hope you will allow him to do, unless extreme haste be an extreme object. I need not remind you that we three are like the shipwrecked crew of a vessel, cast upon a desolate island, and fitting up out of the remains of a gallant bark such a cock-boat as may transport us to some more hospitable shore. Therefore we are bound by the strong tie of common misfortune to help each other, in so far as the claim of self-preservation will permit, and I am happy to think the plank is large enough to float us all.

"Besides my feelings for my own old friend and schoolfellow, with whom I have shared good and bad weather for so many years, I must also remember that, as in your own case, his friends have made great exertions to support him in the printing-office, under an implied hope and trust that these publications would take *in ordinary cases* their usual direction. It is true, no engagement was or could be proposed to this effect; but it was a reasonable expectation, which influenced kind and generous men, and I incline to pay every respect to it in my power.

"Messrs. Longman really keep matters a little too quiet for my convenience. The next thing they may tell me is, that Napoleon must go to press instantly to a dozen of printers. I must boot and saddle, off and away at a fortnight's warning. Now this I neither can nor will do. My character as a man of letters is deeply interested in giving a complete revisal of that work, and I wish to have time to do so without being hurried. Yours very truly, W. S."

The following specimens of his "skirmishes," as he used to call them, with Ballantyne, while the Fair Maid of Perth was in hand, are in keeping with this amiable picture: —

"My Dear James — I return the proofs of Tales, and send some leaves copy of St. Valentine's. Pray get on with *this* in case we should fall through again. When the press does not follow me, I get on slowly and ill, and put myself in mind of Jamie Balfour, who could run when he could not stand still. We *must* go on or stop altogether. Yours," &c. &c.

"I think you are hypercritical in your commentary. I counted the hours with accuracy. In the morning the citizens went to Kinfauns and returned. This puts over the hour of noon, then the dinner-hour. Afterwards, and when the king has had his devotions in private, comes all the scene in the court-yard. The sun sets at half-past five on the 14th February; and if we suppose it to be within an hour of evening, it was surely time for a woman who had a night to put over, to ask where she should sleep. This is the explanation, — apply it as you please to the text; for you who see the doubt can best clear it. Yours truly," &c.

"I cannot afford to be merciful to Master Oliver Proudfoot, although I am heartily glad there is any one of the personages sufficiently interesting to make you care whether he lives or dies. But it would cost my cancelling half a volume, and rather than do so, I would, like the valiant Baron of Clackmannan, kill the whole characters, the author, and the printer. Besides, *entre nous*, the resurrection of Athelstane was a botch. It struck me when I was reading Ivanhoe over the other day.

"I value your criticism as much as ever; but the worst is, my faults are better known to myself than to you. Tell a young beauty that she wears an unbecoming dress, or an ill-fashioned ornament, or speaks too loud, or commits any other mistake which she can correct, and she will do so, if she has sense, and a good opinion of your taste. But tell a fading beauty, that her hair is getting gray, her wrinkles apparent, her gait heavy, and that she has no business in a ball-room but to be ranged against the wall as an evergreen, and you will afflict the poor old lady, without rendering her any service. She knows all that better than you. I am sure the old lady in question takes pain enough at her toilette, and gives you, her trusty *suivante*, enough of trouble. Yours truly,

"W. S."

These notes to the printer appear to have been written at Abbotsford during the holidays. On his way back to Edinburgh, Sir Walter halts for a Saturday and Sunday at Arniston, and the Diary on the second day says —

"Went to Borthwick church with the family, and heard a well-composed, well-delivered, sensible discourse from Mr. Wright.* After sermon we looked at the old castle, which made me an old man. The castle was not a bit older for the twenty-five years which had passed away, but the ruins of the visiter are very apparent. To climb up ruinous staircases, to creep through vaults and into dungeons, were not the easy labours but the positive sports of my younger years; but I thought it convenient to attempt no more than the access to the large and beautiful hall, in which, as it is somewhere described, an armed horseman might brandish his lance.† This feeling of growing inability is painful to one who boasted, in spite of infirmity, great boldness and dexterity in such feats the boldness remains, but hand and foot, grip and accuracy of step, have altogether failed me — the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; and so I must retreat into the invalided corps, and tell them of my former exploits, which may very likely pass for lies. We then drove to Dalhousie, where the gallant Earl, who has done so much to distinguish the British name in every quarter of the globe, is repairing the castle of his ancestors, which of yore stood a siege against John of Gaunt. I was his companion at school, where he was as much beloved by his playmates, as he has been ever respected by his companions in arms and the people over whom he had been deputed to exercise the authority of his sovereign. He was always steady, wise, and generous. The old Castle of Dalhousie — *seu potius* Dalwolsey — was mangled by a fellow called, I believe, Douglas, who destroyed, as far as in him lay, its military and baronial character, and roofed it after the fashion of a poor's-house. Burn * is now restoring and repairing in the old taste, and, I think, creditably to his own feeling. God bless the roof-tree!

---

* The Rev. T. Wright, of Borthwick, is the author of various popular works, — *The Morning and Evening Sacrifice*, &c. &c.

† See Scott's account of Borthwick Castle in his *Prose Miscellanies* vol. vii. (Edin. Ed.)

"We returned home by the side of the South Esk, where I had the pleasure to see that Robert Dundas † is laying out his woods with taste, and managing them with care. His father and uncle took notice of me when I was 'a fellow of no mark nor likelihood,' ‡ and I am always happy in finding myself in the old oak room at Arniston, where I have drank many a merry bottle, and in the fields where I have seen many a hare killed."

At the opening of the Session next day, he misses one of his dear old colleagues of the table, Mr. Mackenzie, who had long been the official preses in ordinary of the Writers to the Signet. The Diary has a pithy entry here: —

"My good friend Colin Mackenzie proposes to retire, from indifferent health. A better man never lived — eager to serve every one — a safeguard over all public business which came through his hands. As Deputy-keeper of the Signet he will be much missed. He had a patience in listening to every one, which is of infinite importance in the management of a public body; for many men care less to gain their point, than they do to play the orator, and be listened to for a certain time. This done, and due quantity of personal consideration being gained, the individual orator is usually satisfied with the reasons of the civil listener, who has suffered him to enjoy his hour of consequence."

---

* William Burn, Esq., architect, Edinburgh.

† R. Dundas of Arniston, Esq., the worthy representative of an illustrious lineage, died at his paternal seat in June 1838.

‡ *King Henry IV.* Act. III. Scene 2.

The following passages appear (in various ways) too curious and characteristic to be omitted. He is working hard — alas! too hard — at the Fair Maid of Perth.

"*February* 17. — A hard day of work, being, I think, eight pages * before dinner. I cannot, I am sure, tell if it is worth marking down, that yesterday, at dinner-time, I was strangely haunted by what I would call the sense of preëxistence — viz. a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time — that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. It is true there might have been some ground for recollections, considering that three at least of the company were old friends, and had kept much company together; that is, Justice-Clerk, [Lord] Abercromby, and I. But the sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a calenture on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and sylvan landscapes in the sea. It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkeley about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said. It made me gloomy and out of spirits, though I flatter myself this was not observed. The bodily feeling which most resembles this unpleasing hallucination is the giddy state which follows profuse bleeding, when one feels as if he were walking on feather-beds and could not find a secure footing. I think the stomach has something to do with it. I drank several glasses of wine, but these only augmented the disorder. I did not find the *in vino veritas* of the philosophers. Something of this insane feeling remains to-day, but a trifle only.

---

* i. e. Forty pages of print, or very nearly.

"*February* 20. — Another day of labour, but not so hard. worked from eight till three with little intermission, but only accomplished four pages.

"A certain Mr. Mackay from Ireland called on me — an active agent, it would seem, about the reform of prisons. He exclaims — justly I doubt not — about the state of our Lock-up House. For myself I have some distrust of the fanaticism even of philanthropy. A good part of it arises in general from mere vanity and love of distinction, gilded over to others and to themselves with some show of benevolent sentiment. The philanthropy of Howard, mingled with his ill-usage of his son, seems to have risen to a pitch of insanity. Yet without such extraordinary men, who call attention to the subject by their own peculiarities, prisons would have remained the same dungeons which they were forty or fifty years ago. I do not, however, see the propriety of making them dandy places of detention. They should be places of punishment, and that can hardly be if men are lodged better, and fed better, than when they are at large. I have never seen a plan for keeping in order these resorts of guilt and misery, without presupposing a superintendence of a kind which might perhaps be exercised, could we turn out upon the watch a guard of angels. But, alas! jailers and turnkeys are rather like angels of a different livery, nor do I see how it is possible to render hem otherwise. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* As to reformation, I have no great belief in it, when the ordinary classes of culprits, who are vicious from ignorance or habit, are the subjects of the experiment. 'A shave from a broken loaf' is thought as little of by the male set of delinquents as by the fair frail. The state of society now leads to such accumulations of humanity, that we cannot wonder if it ferment and reek like a compost dunghill. Nature intended that population should be diffused over the soil in proportion to its extent. We have accumulated in huge cities and smothering manufactories the numbers which should be spread over the face of a country; and what wonder that they should be corrupted? We have turned healthful and pleasant brooks into morasses and pestiferous lakes, — what wonder the soil should be unhealthy? A great deal, I think, might be done by executing the punishment of *death*, without a chance of escape, in all cases to which it should be found properly applicable; of course these occasions being diminished to one out of twenty to which capital punishment is now assigned. Our ancestors brought the country to order by *kilting* thieves and banditti with strings. So did the French when at Naples, and bandits became for the time unheard of. When once men are taught that a crime of a certain character is connected inseparably with death, the moral habits of a population become altered, and you may in the next age remit the punishment which in this it has been necessary to inflict with stern severity.

"*February* 21. — Last night after dinner I rested from my work, and read the third series of *Sayings and Doings*, which shows great knowledge of life in a certain sphere, and very considerable powers of wit, which somewhat damages the effect of the tragic parts. But Theodore Hook is an able writer, and so much of his work is well said, that it will carry through what is indifferent. I hope the same good fortune for other folks.

"I am watching and waiting till I hit on some quaint and clever mode of extricating, but do not see a glimpse of any one. James B., too, discourages me a good deal by his silence, waiting, I suppose, to be invited to disgorge a full allowance of his critical bile. But he will wait long enough, for I am discouraged enough. Now here is the advantage of Edinburgh. In the country, if a sense of inability once seizes me, it haunts me from morning to night; but in town the time is so occupied and frittered away by official duties and chance occupations, that you have not leisure to play Master Stephen, and be melancholy and gentlemanlike.* On the other hand, you never feel in town those spirit-stirring influences — those glances of sunshine that make amends for clouds and mist. The country is said to be the quieter life; not to me, I am sure. In town, the business I have to do hardly costs me more thought than just occupies my mind, and I have as much of gossip and lady-like chat as consumes odd hours pleasantly enough. In the country I am thrown entirely on my own resources, and there is no medium betwixt happiness and the reverse.

"*March* 9. — I set about arranging my papers, a task which I always take up with the greatest possible ill-will, and which makes me cruelly nervous. I don't know why it should be so, for I have nothing particularly disagreeable to look at; far from it. I am better than I was at this time last year, my hopes firmer, my health stronger, my affairs bettered and bettering. Yet I feel an inexpressible nervousness in consequence of this employment. The memory, though it retains all that has passed, has closed sternly over it; and this rummaging, like a bucket dropped suddenly into a well, deranges and confuses the ideas which slumbered on the mind. I am nervous, and I am bilious — and, in a word, I am unhappy. This is wrong, very wrong; and it is reasonably to be apprehended that something of serious misfortune may be the deserved punishment of this pusillanimous lowness of spirits. Strange, that one who in most things may be said to have enough of the 'care na by,' should be subject to such vile weakness! — Drummond Hay, the antiquary and Lyon-herald,† came in. I do not know anything which relieves the mind so much from the sullens as trifling discussions about antiquarian *old womanries*. It is like knitting a stocking, diverting the mind without occupying it; or it is like, by Our

---

* See Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Act I. Scene 3.

† W. A. Drummond Hay, Esq. (now consul at Tangier), was at this time the deputy of his cousin the Earl of Kinnoull, hereditary Lord Lyon King-at-Arms.

Lady, a mill-dam, which leads one's thoughts gently and i perceptibly out of the channel in which they are chafing a boiling. To be sure, it is only conducting them to turn child's mill: what signifies that? — the diversion is a relie though the object is of little importance. I cannot tell wha we talked of.

"*March* 12. — I was sadly worried by the black dog this morning, that vile palpitation of the heart — that *tremor cordis* — that hysterical passion which forces unbidden sighs and tears, and falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it carries no meaning. I wrote three leaves, however, and the story goes on.

"The dissolution of the Yeomanry was the act of the last Ministry. The present did not alter the measure, on account of the expense saved. I am, if not the very oldest Yeoman in Scotland, one of the oldest, and have seen the rise, progress, and now the fall of this very constitutional part of the national force. Its efficacy, on occasions of insurrection, was sufficiently proved in the Radical time. But besides, it kept up a spirit of harmony between the proprietors of land and the occupiers, and made them known to and beloved by each other; and it gave to the young men a sort of military and high-spirited character, which always does honour to a country. The manufacturers are in great glee on this occasion. I wish Parliament, as they have turned the Yeomen adrift somewhat scornfully, may not have occasion to roar them in again.

'The eldrich knight gave up his arms
With many a sorrowful sigh.'"

Sir Walter finished his novel by the end of March, and immediately set out for London, where the last budget of proof-sheets reached him. The Fair Maid was, and continues to be highly popular, and though never classed with his performances of the first file, it has undoubtedly several scenes equal to what the best of them can show, and is on the whole a work of brilliant variety and most lively interest. Though the Introduction of 1830 says a good deal on the most original character, that of Connochar, the reader may not be sorry to have one paragraph on that subject from the Diary: —

"*December* 5, 1827. The fellow that swam the Tay, and escaped, would be a good ludicrous character. But I have a mind to try him in the serious line of tragedy. Miss Baillie has made her Ethling a coward by temperament, and a hero when touched by filial affection. Suppose a man's nerves, supported by feelings of honour, or say by the spur of jealousy, sustaining him against constitutional timidity to a certain point, then suddenly giving way, I think something tragic might be produced. James Ballantyne's criticism is too much moulded upon the general taste of novels to admit (I fear) this species of reasoning. But what can one do? I am hard up as far as imagination is concerned, yet the world calls for novelty Well, I'll try my brave coward or cowardly brave man. *Valeat quantum.*"

The most careful critic that has handled this Tale, while he picks many holes in the plot, estimates the characters very highly. Of the glee-maiden, he well says — "Louise is a delightful sketch. — Nothing can be more exquisite than the manner in which her story is partly told, and partly hinted, or than the contrast between her natural and her professional character;" and after discussing at some length Rothsay, Henbane, Ramorney, &c. &c. he comes to Connochar.

"This character" (says Mr. Senior) "is perfectly tragic, neither too bad for sympathy, nor so good as to render his calamity revolting; but its great merit is the boldness with which we are called upon to sympathize with a deficiency which is generally the subject of unmitigated scorn. It is impossible not to feel the deepest commiseration for a youth cursed by nature with extreme sensibility both to shame and to fear, suddenly raised from a life of obscurity and peace, to head a confederacy of warlike savages, and forced immediately afterwards to elect, before the eyes of thousands, between a frightful death and an ignominious escape. The philosophy of courage and cowardice is one of the obscurest parts of human nature: partly because the susceptibility of fear is much affected by physical causes, by habit, and by example; and partly because it is a subject as to which men do not readily state the result of their own experience, and when they do state it, are not always implicitly believed. The subject has been further perplexed, in modern times, by the Scandinavian invention of the point of honour; — a doctrine which represents the manifestation, in most cases, of even well-founded apprehension as fatal to all nobility of character; — an opinion so little admitted by the classical world, that Homer has attributed to Hector, and Virgil to Turnus, certainly without supposing them dishonoured, precisely the same conduct of which Sir Walter makes suicide a consequence, without being an expiation. The result of all this has been, that scarcely any modern writers have made the various degrees of courage a source of much variety and discrimination of character. They have given us indeed plenty of fire-eaters and plenty of poltroons; and Shakspeare has painted in Falstaff constitutional intrepidity unsupported by honour; but by far the most usual modification of character among persons of vivid imagination, that in which a quick feeling of honour combats a quick apprehension of danger, a character which is the precise converse of Falstaff's, has been left almost untouched for Scott."

I alluded, in an early part of these Memoirs (Vol. III. p. 64), to a circumstance in Sir Walter's conduct, which it was painful to mention, and added, that in advanced life he himself spoke of it with a deep feeling of contrition. Talking over this character of Connochar, just before the book appeared, he told me the unhappy fate of his brother Daniel, and how he had declined to be present at his funeral, or wear mourning for him. He added — "My secret motive, in this attempt, was to perform a sort of expiation to my poor brother's manes. I have now learned to have more tolerance and compassion than I had in those days." I said he put me in mind of Samuel Johnson's standing bareheaded, in the last year of his life, on the market-place of Uttoxeter, by way of penance for a piece of juvenile irreverence towards his father. "Well, no matter," said he; "perhaps that's not the worst thing in the Doctor's story." *

---

* See Croker's *Boswell*, octavo edition, vol. v. p. 288.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Journey to London — Charlecote-Hall — Holland-House — Chiswick — Kensington Palace — Richmond Park — Gill's Hill — Boyd — Sotheby — Coleridge — Sir T. Acland — Bishop Copplestone — Mrs. Arkwright — Lord Sidmouth — Lord Alvanley — Northcote — Haydon — Chantrey and Cunningham — Anecdotes — Letters to Mr. Terry, Mrs. Lockhart, and Sir Alexander Wood — Death of Sir William Forbes — Reviews of Hajji Baba in England, and Davy's Salmonia — Anne of Geierstein begun — Second Series of the Grandfather's Tales published

APRIL — DEC. 1828.

Sir Walter remained at this time six weeks in London. His eldest son's regiment was stationed at Hampton Court; the second had recently taken his desk at the Foreign Office, and was living at his sister's in the Regent's Park; he had thus looked forward to a happy meeting with all his family — but he encountered scenes of sickness and distress, in consequence of which I saw but little of him in general society. I shall cull a few notices from his private volume, which, however, he now opened much less regularly than formerly, and which offers a total blank for the latter half of the year 1828. In coming up to town, he diverged a little for the sake of seeing the interesting subject of the first of these extracts.

" *April* 8. — Learning from Washington Irving's description at Stratford, that the hall of Sir Thomas Lucy, the Justice who rendered Warwickshire too hot for Shakspeare, was still extant, we went in quest of it.

"Charlecote is in high preservation, and inhabited by Mr. Lucy, descendant of the worshipful Sir Thomas. The Hall is about three hundred years old — a brick mansion, with a gate-house in advance It is surrounded by venerable oaks, realizing the imagery which Shakspeare loved to dwell upon; rich verdant pastures extend on every side, and numerous herds of deer were reposing in the shade. All showed that the Lucy family had retained their 'land and beeves.' While we were surveying the antlered old hall, with its painted glass and family pictures, Mr. Lucy came to welcome us in person, and to show the house, with the collection of paintings, which seems valuable.

"He told me the park from which Shakspeare stole the buck was not that which surrounds Charlecote, but belonged to a mansion at some distance, where Sir Thomas Lucy resided at the time of the trespass. The tradition went, that they hid the buck in a barn, part of which was standing a few years ago, but now totally decayed. This park no longer belongs to the Lucys. The house bears no marks of decay, but seems the abode of ease and opulence. There were some fine old books, and I was told of many more which were not in order. How odd, if a folio Shakspeare should be found amongst them. Our early breakfast did not permit taking advantage of an excellent repast offered by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Lucy, the last a lively Welshwoman. This visit gave me great pleasure; it really brought Justice Shallow freshly before my eyes; — the *luces* 'which do become an old coat well,' * were not more plainly portrayed in his own armorials in the hall window, than was his person in my mind's eye. There is a picture shown as that of the old Sir Thomas, but Mr. Lucy conjectures it represents his son. There were three descents of the same name of Thomas. The portrait hath the 'eye severe, and beard of formal cut,' which fill up with judicial austerity the otherwise social physiognomy of the worshipful presence, with his 'fair round belly, with good capon lined.' *

---

* *Henry IV.* Act III. Scene 2

"*Regent's Park, April* 17. — Made up my journal, which had fallen something behind. In this phantasmagorial place, the objects of the day come and depart like shadows. Went to Murray's, where I met Mr. Jacob, the great economist. He is proposing a mode of supporting the poor, by compelling them to labour under a species of military discipline. I see no objection to it, only it will make a rebellion to a certainty and the tribes of Jacob will cut Jacob's throat.†

"Canning's conversion from popular opinions was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment, that in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of their revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take; — and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr. Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered until ——. Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-House of some ten pounds a-year to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the dictator's curule chair.

"Dined with Rogers with all my own family, and met Sharp, Lord John Russell, Jekyll, and others. The conversation flagged as usual, and jokes were fired like minute-guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy. A wit should always have an atmosphere congenial to him, otherwise he will not shine.

---

* *As You Like It*, Act I. Scene 7.

† Mr. Jacob published about this time some tracts concerning the Poor Colonies instituted by the King of the Netherlands; and they had marked influence in promoting the scheme of granting small *allotments* of land, on easy terms, to our cottagers; a scheme which, under the superintendence of Lord Braybroke and other noblemen and gentlemen in various districts of England, appears to have been attended with most beneficent results.

"*April* 18. — Breakfasted at Hampstead with Joanna Baillie, and found that gifted person extremely well, and in the display of all her native knowledge of character and benevolence. I would give as much to have a capital picture of her as for any portrait in the world. Dined with the Dean of Chester, Dr. Philpotts —

> 'Where all above us was a solemn row
> Of priests and deacons — so were all below.'*

There were the amiable Bishop of London,† Copplestone, whom I remember the first man at Oxford, now Bishop of Llandaff, and Dean of St. Paul's (strongly intelligent), and other dignitaries, of whom I knew less. It was a very pleasant day — the wigs against the wits for a guinea, in point of conversation. Anne looked queer, and much disposed to laugh, at finding herself placed betwixt two prelates in black petticoats.

"*April* 19. — Breakfasted with Sir George Phillips. Had his receipt against the blossoms being injured by frost. It consists in watering them plentifully before sunrise. This is like the mode of thawing beef. We had a pleasant morning, much the better that Morritt was with us. Dined with Sir Robert Inglis, and met Sir Thomas Acland, my old and kind friend. I was happy to see him. He may be considered now as the head of the religious party in the House of Commons — a powerful body, which Wilberforce long commanded. It is a difficult situation; for the adaptation of religious motives to earthly policy is apt — among the infinite delusions of the human heart — to be a snare. But I could confide much in

---

* Crabbe's Tale of *The Dumb Orators*.

† Dr. Howley, raised in 1828 to the Archbishopric of Canterbury

Sir T. Acland's honour and integrity. Bishop Bloomfield of Chester,* one of the most learned prelates of the Church, also dined.

"*April* 22.—Sophia left this to take down poor Johnnie to Brighton. I fear—I fear—but we must hope the best. Anne went with her sister.

"Lockhart and I dined with Sotheby, where we met a large party, the orator of which was that extraordinary man Coleridge. After eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian Mysteries, which he regards as affording the germ of all tales about fairies, past, present, and to come. He then diverged to Homer, whose Iliad he considered as a collection of poems by different authors, at different times, during a century. Morritt, a zealous worshipper of the old bard, was incensed at a system which would turn him into a polytheist, gave battle with keenness, and was joined by Sotheby. Mr. Coleridge behaved with the utmost complaisance and temper, but relaxed not from his exertions. 'Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words.' Morritt's impatience must have cost him an extra sixpence-worth of snuff.

"*April* 23.—Dined at Lady Davy's with Lord and Lady Lansdowne and several other fine folks—my keys were sent to Bramah's with my desk, so I have not had the means of putting down matters regularly for several days. But who cares for the whipp'd cream of London society?

"*April* 24.—Spent the day in rectifying a road bill which drew a turnpike road through all the Darnicker's cottages, and a good field of my own. I got it put to rights. I was in some apprehension of being obliged to address the Committee. I did not fear them, for I suppose they are no wiser or better in their capacity of legislators than I find them every day at dinner. But I feared for my reputation. They would have expected something better than the occasion demanded, or the individual could produce, and there would have been a failure. We had one or two persons at home in great wretchedness to dinner. I was not able to make any fight, and the evening went off as heavily as any I ever spent in the course of my life.

---

* Translated to the See of London in 1828.

"*April* 25. — We dined at Richardson's with the two Chief-Barons of England * and Scotland,† — odd enough, the one being a Scotsman and the other an Englishman — far the pleasantest day we have had. I suppose I am partial, but I think the lawyers beat the bishops, and the bishops beat the wits.

"*April* 26. — This morning I went to meet a remarkable man, Mr. Boyd, of the house of Boyd, Benfield, & Co., which broke for a very large sum at the beginning of the war. Benfield went to the devil, I believe. Boyd, a man of very different stamp, went over to Paris to look after some large claims which his house had on the French Government. They were such as, it seems, they could not disavow, however they might be disposed to do so. But they used every effort, by foul means and fair, to induce Mr. Boyd to depart. He was reduced to poverty; he was thrown into prison; and the most flattering prospects were, on the other hand, held out to him if he would compromise his claims. His answer was uniform. It was the property, he said, of his creditors, and he would die ere he resigned it. His distresses were so great, that a subscription was made amongst his Scottish friends, to which I was a contributor, through the request of poor Will Erskine. After the peace of Paris the money was restored; and, faithful to the last, Boyd laid the whole at his creditors' disposal; stating, at the same time, that he was penniless, unless they consented to allow him a moderate sum in name of per centage, in consideration of twenty years of exile, poverty, and danger, all of which evils he might have escaped by surrendering their rights. Will it be believed that a muck-worm was base enough to refuse his consent to this deduction, alleging he had promised to his father, on his deathbed, never to compromise this debt? The wretch, however, was overpowered by the execrations of all around him, and concurred, with others, in setting apart for Mr. Boyd a sum of £40,000 or £50,000 out of half a million. This is a man to whom statues should be erected, and pilgrims should go to see him. He is good-looking, but old and infirm. Bright dark eyes and eye-brows contrast with his snowy hair, and all his features mark vigour of principle and resolution.

---

* Sir William Alexander.

† Sir Samuel Shepherd — Died at his house in Berkshire, 3d November 1840, aged 81.

"*April* 30. — We have Mr. Adolphus, and his father,* the celebrated lawyer, to breakfast, and I was greatly delighted with the information of the latter. A barrister of extended practice, if he has any talents at all, is the best companion in the world. Dined with Lord Alvanley, and met Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Marquis and Marchioness of Worcester, &c. Lord Alvanley's wit made this party very pleasant, as well as the kind reception of my friends the Misses Arden.

"*May* 1. — Breakfasted with Lord and Lady Francis Gower, and enjoyed the splendid treat of hearing Mrs. Arkwright sing her own music, which is of the highest order; — no forced vagaries of the voice, no caprices of tone, but all telling upon and increasing the feeling the words require. This is 'marrying music to immortal verse.'† Most people place them on separate maintenance.‡

---

* The elder Mr. Adolphus distinguished himself early in life by his history of the Reign of George III.

† Milton's *L'Allegro*, v. 137.

‡ Among other songs, Mrs. Arkwright (see *ante*, p. 239), delighted Sir Walter with her own set of —

> "Farewell! farewell! — The voice you hear
> Has left its last soft tone with you;
> Its next must join the seaward cheer,
> And shout among the shouting crew," &c.

He was sitting by me, at some distance from the lady, and whispered

"*May* 2.— I breakfasted with a Mr. ——, and narrowly escaped Mr. Irving, the celebrated preacher. The two ladies of his house seemed devoted to his opinions, and quoted him at every word. Mr. —— himself made some apologies for the Millennium. He is a neat antiquary, who thinks he ought to have been a man of letters, and that his genius has been misdirected in turning towards the law. I endeavoured to combat this idea, which his handsome house and fine family should have checked. Compare his dwelling, his comforts, with poor Tom Campbell's.

"*May* 5.— Breakfasted with Haydon, and sat for my head. I hope this artist is on his legs again. The King has given him a lift, by buying his clever picture of the Mock Election in the King's Bench prison, to which he is adding a second part, representing the chairing of the Member at the moment it was interrupted by the entry of the guards. Haydon was once a great admirer and companion of the champions of the Cockney school, and is now disposed to renounce them and their opinions. To this kind of conversation I did not give much way. A painter should have nothing to do with politics. He is certainly a clever fellow, but too enthusiastic, which, however, distress seems to have cured in some degree. His wife, a pretty woman, looked happy to see me, and that is something. Yet it was very little I could do to help them.*

"*May* 8.—Dined with Mrs. Alexander of Ballochmyle:— Lord and Lady Meath, who were kind to us in Ireland, and

---

as she closed—"Capital words—whose are they? Byron's, I suppose, but I don't remember them." He was astonished when I told him that they were his own in the *Pirate*. He seemed pleased at the moment, but said next minute—"You have distressed me—if memory goes, all is up with me, for that was always my strong point."

* Sir Walter had shortly before been one of the contributors to a subscription for Mr. Haydon. The imprisonment from which this subscription relieved the artist produced, I need scarcely say, the picture mentioned in the Diary.

a Scottish party, pleasant from having the broad accents and honest thoughts of my native land. A large circle in the evening. A gentleman came up to me and asked 'If I had seen the Casket, a curious work, the most beautiful, the most highly ornamented, — and then the editor or editress — a female so interesting, — might he ask a very great favour?' and out he pulled a piece of this pic-nic. I was really angry and said, for a subscription he might command me, — for contributor — No. This may be misrepresented, but I care not. Suppose this patron of the Muses gives five guineas to his distressed lady, he will think he does a great deal, yet he takes fifty from me with the calmest air in the world; for the communication is worth that if it be worth anything. There is no equalizing in the proposal.

"*May* 9. — Grounds of Foote's farce of the Cozeners. Lady —— ——. A certain Mrs. Phipps audaciously set up in a fashionable quarter of the town as a person through whose influence, properly propitiated, favours and situations of importance might certainly be obtained — always for a consideration. She cheated many people, and maintained the trick for months. One trick was to get the equipages of Lord North, and other persons of importance, tó halt before her door, as if their owners were within. With respect to most of them, this was effected by bribing the drivers. But a gentleman who watched her closely, observed that Charles J. Fox actually left his carriage and went into the house, and this more than once. He was then, it must be noticed, in the Ministry. When Mrs. Phipps was blown up, this circumstance was recollected as deserving explanation, which Fox readily gave at Brookes's and elsewhere. It seems Mrs. Phipps had the art to persuade him that she had the disposal of what was then called a *hyæna*, that is, an heiress — an immense Jamaica heiress, in whom she was willing to give or sell her interest to Charles Fox. Without having perfect confidence in the obliging proposal, the great statesman thought the thing worth looking after, and became so earnest in it, that Mrs. Phipps was desirous to back out for fear of discovery. With this view she made confession one fine morning, with many professions of the deepest feelings, that the hyæna had proved a frail monster, and given birth to a girl or boy — no matter which. Even this did not make Charles quit chase of the hyæna. He intimated that if the cash was plenty and certain, the circumstance might be overlooked. Mrs. Phipps had nothing for it but to double the disgusting dose. 'The poor child,' she said, 'was unfortunately of a mixed colour, somewhat tinged with the blood of Africa; no doubt Mr. Fox was himself very dark, and the circumstance might not draw attention,' &c. &c. This singular anecdote was touched upon by Foote, and is the cause of introducing the negress into the Cozeners, though no express allusion to Charles Fox was admitted. Lady —— tells me that, in her youth, the laugh was universal so soon as the black woman appeared. It is one of the numerous hits that will be lost to posterity.

"This day, at the request of Sir William Knighton, I sat to Northcote, who is to introduce himself in the same piece in the act of painting me, like some pictures of the Venetian school. The artist is an old man, low in stature, and bent with years — fourscore at least. But the eye is quick and the countenance noble. A pleasant companion, familiar with recollections of Sir Joshua, Samuel Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, &c. His account of the last confirms all that we have heard of his oddities.

"*May* 11. — Another long sitting to the old Wizard Northcote. He really resembles an animated mummy. Dined with his Majesty in a very private party, five or six only being present. I was received most kindly, as usual. It is impossible to conceive a more friendly manner than that his Majesty used towards me. I spoke to Sir William Knighton about the dedication of the collected novels, and he says it will be highly well taken.*

---

* The *Magnum Opus* was dedicated to King George IV.

"*May* 17. — A day of busy idleness. Richardson came and breakfasted with me, like a good fellow. Then I went to Mr. Chantrey.* Thereafter, about 12 o'clock, I went to breakfast the second at Lady Shelley's, where there was a great morning party. A young lady† begged a lock of my hair, which was not worth refusing. I stipulated for a kiss, which I was permitted to take. From this I went to the Duke of Wellington, who gave me some hints or rather details. Afterwards I drove out to Chiswick, where I had never been before. A numerous and gay party were assembled to walk and enjoy the beauties of that Palladian dome. The place and highly ornamented gardens belonging to it resemble a picture of Watteau. There is some affectation in the picture, but in the *ensemble* the original looked very well. The Duke of Devonshire received every one with the best possible manners. The scene was dignified by the presence of an immense elephant, who, under charge of a groom, wandered up and down, giving an air of Asiatic pageantry to the entertainment. I was never before sensible of the dignity which largeness of size and freedom of movement give to this otherwise very ugly animal. As I was to dine at Holland-House, I did not partake in the magnificent repast which was offered to us, and took myself off about five o'clock. I contrived to make a demi-toilette at Holland-House, rather than drive all the way to London. Rogers came to the dinner, which was very entertaining. Lady Holland pressed us to stay all night, which we did accordingly.

"*May* 18. — The freshness of the air, the singing of the birds, the beautiful aspect of nature, the size of the venerable trees, gave me altogether a delightful feeling this morning. It seemed there was pleasure even in living and breathing without anything else. We (*i. e.* Rogers and I) wandered into a green lane, bordered with fine trees, which might have been twenty miles from a town. It will be a great pity when this ancient house must come down and give way to rows and crescents. It is not that Holland-House is fine as a building, — on the contrary, it has a tumble-down look; and although decorated with the bastard Gothic of James I.'s time, the front is heavy. But it resembles many respectable matrons, who having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age an air of dignity. But one is chiefly affected by the air of deep seclusion which is spread around the domain.

---

* Sir F. Chantrey was at this time executing his *second* bust of Sir Walter — that ordered by Sir Robert Peel, and which is now at Draytote. The reader will find more of this in a subsequent page.

† Miss Shelley — now the Honourable Mrs. George Edgecumbe.

"*May* 19. — Dined by command with the Duchess of Kent. I was very kindly recognised by Prince Leopold — and presented to the little Princess Victoria — I hope they will change her name — the heir-apparent to the crown as things now stand. How strange that so large and fine a family as that of his late Majesty should have died off, or decayed into old age, with so few descendants. Prince George of Cumberland is, they say, a fine boy about nine years old — a bit of a Pickle. This little lady is educating with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.' I suspect, if we could dissect the little heart, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal family — the Duchess herself very pleasing and affable in her manners. I sat by Mr. Spring Rice, a very agreeable man. There were also Charles Wynn and his lady — and the evening, for a court evening, went agreeably off. I am commanded for two days by Prince Leopold, but will send excuses.

"*May* 24. — This day dined at Richmond Park with Lord Sidmouth. Before dinner his Lordship showed me letters which passed between his father, Dr. Addington, and the great Lord Chatham. There was much of that familiar friendship which arises, and must arise, between an invalid, the head of an invalid family, and their medical adviser, supposing the last to be a wise and well-bred man. The character of Lord Chatham's handwriting is strong and bold, and his expressions short and manly. There are intimations of his partiality for William, whose health seems to have been precarious during boyhood. He talks of William imitating him in all he did, and calling for ale because his father was recommended to drink it. 'If I should smoke,' he said, 'William would instantly call for a pipe;' and, he wisely infers, 'I must take care what I do. The letters of the late William Pitt are of great curiosity; but as, like all real letters of business, they only *allude* to matters with which his correspondent is well acquainted, and do not enter into details, they would require an ample commentary. I hope Lord Sidmouth will supply this, and have urged it as much as I can. I think, though I hate letters, and abominate interference, I will write to him on this subject. Here I met my old and much esteemed friend, Lord Stowell, looking very frail and even comatose. *Quantum mutatus!* He was one of the pleasantest men I ever knew.*

"Respecting the letters, I picked up from those of Pitt that he was always extremely desirous of peace with France, and even reckoned upon it at a moment when he ought to have despaired. I suspect this false view of the state of France (for such it was) which induced the British Minister to look for peace when there was no chance of it, damped his ardour in maintaining the war. He wanted the lofty ideas of his father —you read it in his handwriting, great statesman as he was. I saw a letter or two of Burke's, in which there is an *epanchement de cœur* not visible in those of Pitt, who writes like a Premier to his colleague. Burke was under the strange hallucination that his son, who predeceased him, was a man of greater talents than himself. On the contrary, he had little talent, and no nerve. On moving some resolutions in favour of the Catholics, which were ill-received by the House of Commons, young Burke actually ran away, which an Orangeman compared to a cross-reading in the newspapers. 'Yesterday the Catholic resolutions were moved, &c. — but the pistol missing fire, the villains ran off!!'

---

* Sir William Scott, Lord Stowell, died 28th January 1836 aged 90.

"*May* 25. — After a morning of letter-writing, leave-taking, papers destroying, and God knows what trumpery, Sophia and I set out for Hampton Court, carrying with us the following lions and lionesses — Samuel Rogers, Tom Moore, Wordsworth, with wife and daughter. We were very kindly and properly received by Walter and his wife, and had a very pleasant day. At parting, Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair of glasses, which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like S. R., and have always found him most friendly."

This is the last London entry; but I must mention two circumstances that occurred during that visit. Breakfasting one morning with Allan Cunningham, and commending one of his publications, he looked round the table, and said, "What are you going to make of all these boys, Allan?" "I ask that question often at my own heart," said Allan, "and I cannot answer it." "What does the eldest point to?" "The callant would fain be a soldier, Sir Walter — and I have a half promise of a commission in the King's army for him; but I wish rather he could go to India, for there the pay is a maintenance, and one does not need interest at every step to get on." Scott dropped the subject, but went an hour afterwards to Lord Melville (who was now President of the Board of Control), and begged a cadetship for young Cunningham. Lord Melville promised to inquire if he had one at his disposal, in which case he would gladly serve the son of honest Allan; but the point being thus left doubtful, Scott, meeting Mr. John Loch, one of the East-India

Directors, at dinner the same evening, at Lord Stafford's, applied to him, and received an immediate assent. On reaching home at night, he found a note from Lord Melville, intimating that he had inquired, and was happy in complying with his request. Next morning, Sir Walter appeared at Sir F. Chantrey's breakfast-table, and greeted the sculptor (who is a brother of the angle) with — "I suppose it has sometimes happened to you to catch one trout (which was all you thought of) with the fly, and another with the bobber. I have done so, and I think I shall land them both. Don't you think Cunningham would like very well to have cadetships for two of those fine lads?" "To be sure he would," said Chantrey, "and if you'll secure the commissions, I'll make the outfit easy." Great was the joy in Allan's household on this double good news; but I should add, that before the thing was done he had to thank another benefactor. Lord Melville, after all, went out of the Board of Control before he had been able to fulfil his promise; but his successor, Lord Ellenborough, on hearing the circumstances of the case, desired Cunningham to set his mind at rest; and both his young men are now prospering in the India service.

Another friend's private affairs occupied more unpleasantly much of Scott's attention during this residence in London. He learned shortly after his arrival, that misfortunes (as foreseen by himself in May 1825) had gathered over the management of the Adelphi Theatre.* The following letter has been selected from among several on the same painful subject.

---

* See *ante*, Vol. VII. p. 119.

"*To Daniel Terry, Esq., Boulogne-sur-Mer.*

"London, Lockhart's, April 15, 1828.

"My Dear Terry, — I received with sincere distress your most melancholy letter. Certainly want of candour with one's friends is blameable, and procrastination in circumstances of embarrassment is highly unwise. But they bring such a fearful chastisement on the party who commits them, that he may justly expect, not the reproaches, but the sympathy and compassion of his friends; at least of all such whose conscience charges them with errors of their own. For my part, I feel as little title, as God knows I have wish, to make any reflections on the matter, more than are connected with the most sincere regret on your own account. The sum at which I stand noted in the schedule is of no consequence in the now more favourable condition of my affairs, and the loss to me personally is the less, that I always considered £200 of the same as belonging to my godson; but he is young, and may not miss the loss when he comes to be fitted out for the voyage of life; we must hope the best. I told your solicitor that I desired he would consider me as a friend of yours, desirous to take as a creditor the measures which seemed best to forward your interest. It might be inconvenient to me were I called upon to make up such instalments of the price of the theatre as are unpaid; but of this, I suppose, there can be no great danger. Pray let me know as soon as you can, how this stands. I think you are quite right to stand to the worst, and that your retiring was an injudicious measure which cannot be too soon retraced, *coute qui coute.* I am at present in London with Lockhart, who, as well as my daughter, are in deep sorrow for what has happened, as they, as well as I on their account, consider themselves as deeply obliged to Mrs. Terry's kindness, as well as from regard to you. These hard times must seem still harder while you are in a foreign country. I am not, you know, so wealthy as I have been, but £20 or £30 are heartily at your service if you will let me know how the remittance can reach you. It does not seem to me that an arrangement with your creditors will be difficult; but for God's sake do not temporize and undertake burdens which you cannot discharge, and which will only lead to new difficulties.

"As to your views about an engagement at Edinburgh I doubt much, though an occasional visit would probably succeed. My countrymen, taken in their general capacity, are not people to have recourse to in adverse circumstances. John Bull is a better beast in misfortune. Your objections to an American trip are quite satisfactory, unless the success of your solicitor's measures should in part remove them, when it may be considered as a *pis-aller*. As to Walter, there can be no difficulty in procuring his admission to the Edinburgh Academy, and if he could be settled with his grandfather, or under his eye, as to domestic accommodation, I would willingly take care of his schooling, and look after him when I am in town. I shall be anxious, indeed, till I hear that you are once more restored to the unrestrained use of your talents; for I am sensible how dreadfully annoying must be your present situation, which leaves so much time for melancholy retrospection without any opportunity of exertion. Yet this state, like others, must be endured with patience: the furiously impatient horse only plunges himself deeper in the slough, as our old hunting excursions may have taught us. In general, the human mind is strong in proportion to the internal energy which it possesses. Evil fortune is as transient as good, and if the endangered ship is still manned by a sturdy and willing crew, why then

'Up and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys! we're off shore.' *

This was the system I argued upon in my late distresses; and, therefore, I strongly recommend it to you. I beg my kindest compliments to Mrs. Terry, and I hope better days may come. I shall be here till the beginning of May; therefore we may meet; believe me very truly yours, WALTER SCOTT."

---

* Song by G. H. Stevens — *Cease rude Boreas*, &c.

On the afternoon of the 28th of May, Sir Walter started for the north, but could not resist going out of his way to see the spot where "Mr. William Weare, who dwelt in Lyon's Inn," was murdered. His Diary says: —

"Our elegant researches carried us out of the highroad and through a labyrinth of intricate lanes, which seem made on purpose to afford strangers the full benefit of a dark night and a drunk driver, in order to visit Gill's Hill, in Hertfordshire, famous for the murder of Mr. Weare. The place has the strongest title to the description of Wordsworth —

'A merry spot, 'tis said, in days of yore;
But something ails it now — the place is curst.'

The principal part of the house has been destroyed, and only the kitchen remains standing. The garden has been dismantled, though a few laurels and flowering-shrubs, run wild, continue to mark the spot. The fatal pond is now only a green swamp, but so near the house that one cannot conceive how it was ever chosen as a place of temporary concealment for the murdered body. Indeed the whole history of the murder, and the scenes which ensued, are strange pictures of desperate and short-sighted wickedness. The feasting — the singing — the murderer, with his hands still bloody, hanging round the neck of one of the females the watch-chain of the murdered man — argue the utmost apathy. Even Probart, the most frightened of the party, fled no farther for relief than to the brandy bottle, and is found in the very lane, nay, at the very spot of the murder, seeking for the weapon, and exposing himself to the view of the passengers. Another singular mark of stupid audacity was their venturing to wear the clothes of their victim. There was a want of foresight in the whole arrangements of the deed, and the attempts to conceal it, which a professed robber would not have exhibited. There was just one shade of redeeming character about a business so brutal, perpetrated by men above the very lowest rank of life: it was the mixture of revenge, which afforded some relief to the circumstances of treachery and premeditation. But Weare was a cheat,* and had no doubt pillaged Thurtell, who therefore deemed he might take greater liberties with him than with others. The dirt of the present habitation equalled its wretched desolation, and a truculent-looking hag, who showed us the place, and received half-a-crown, looked not unlike the natural inmate of such a mansion. She hinted as much herself, saying the landlord had dismantled the place, because no respectable person would live there. She seems to live entirely alone, and fears no ghosts, she says. One thing about this tragedy was never explained. It is said that Weare, as is the habit of such men, always carried about his person, and between his flannel waistcoat and shirt, a sum of ready money, equal to £1500 or £2000. No such money was ever recovered, and as the sum divided by Thurtell among his accomplices was only about £20, he must, in slang phrase, have *bucketed his palls.*

"*May* 29. — We travelled from Alconbury Hill to Ferry Bridge, upwards of a hundred miles, amid all the beauties of flourish and verdure which spring awakens at her first approach in the midland counties of England, but without any variety, save those of the season's making. I do believe this great north road is the dullest in the world, as well as the most convenient for the travellers. The skeleton at Barnby Moor has deserted his gibbet, and that is the only change I recollect.

"*Rokeby, May* 30. — We left Ferry Bridge at seven, and reached this place at half past three. A mile from the house we met Morritt, looking for us. I had great pleasure in finding myself at Rokeby, and recollecting a hundred passages of past time. Morritt looks well and easy in his mind, which I am delighted to see. He is now one of my oldest, and, I believe, one of my most sincere friends; — a man unequalled in the mixture of sound good sense, high literary cultivation, and the kindest and sweetest temper that ever graced a human bosom. His nieces are much attached to him, and are deserving and elegant, as well as beautiful young women. What there is in our partiality to female beauty that commands a species of temperate homage from the aged, as well as ecstatic admiration from the young, I cannot conceive; but it is certain that a very large portion of some other amiable quality is too little to counterbalance the absolute want of this advantage. I, to whom beauty is, and shall henceforward be, a picture, still look upon it with the quiet devotion of an old worshipper, who no longer offers incense on the shrine, but peaceably presents his inch of taper, taking special care in doing so not to burn his own fingers. Nothing in life can be more ludicrous or contemptible than an old man aping the passions of his youth.

---

* Weare, Thurtell, and all the rest, were professed gamblers. See *ante*, p. 105.

" Talking of youth, there was a certain professor at Cambridge, who used to keep sketches of all the lads who, from their conduct at college, seemed to bid fair for distinction in life. He showed them one day to an old shrewd sarcastic master of arts, who looked over the collection, and then observed — ' A promising nest of eggs: what a pity the great part will turn out addle!' And so they do: — looking round amongst the young men, one sees to all appearances fine flourish — but it ripens not.

" *May* 31. — I have finished Napier's War in the Peninsula.* It is written in the spirit of a Liberal, but the narrative is distinct and clear. He has, however, given a bad sample of accuracy in the case of Lord Strangford, where his pointed affirmation has been as pointedly repelled. It is evident he would require probing. His defence of Moore is spirited and well argued, though it is evident he defends the statesman as much as the general. As a *Liberal* and a military man, Napier finds it difficult to steer his course. The ormer character calls on him to plead for the insurgent Spaniards; the latter induces him to palliate the cruelties of the French. Good-even to him until next volume, which I shall long to see. This was a day of pleasure, and nothing else."

---

* The first volume of Colonel Napier's work had recently been published.

Next night Sir Walter rested at Carlisle.

"A sad place," says the Diary, "in my domestic remembrances, since here I married my poor Charlotte. She is gone, and I am following — faster, perhaps, than I wot of. It is something to have lived and loved; and our poor children are so hopeful and affectionate, that it chastens the sadness attending the thoughts of our separation. . . . My books being finished, I lighted on an odd volume of the Gentleman's Magazine, a work in which, as in a pawnbroker's shop, much of real curiosity and value are stowed away amid the frippery and trumpery of those reverend old gentlewomen who were the regular correspondents of Mr. Urban."

His companion wrote thus a day or two afterwards to her sister: * —

"Early in the morning before we started, papa took me with him to the Cathedral. This he had often done before; but he said he must stand once more on the spot where he married poor mamma. After that we went to the Castle, where a new showman went through the old trick of pointing out Fergus MacIvor's *very* dungeon. Peveril said — 'Indeed? — are you quite sure, sir?' And on being told there could be no doubt, was troubled with a fit of coughing, which ended in a laugh. The man seemed exceeding indignant: so when papa moved on, I whispered who it was. I wish you had seen the man's start, and how he stared and bowed as he parted from us; and then rammed his keys into his pocket, and went off at a hand-gallop to warn the rest of the garrison. But the carriage was ready, and we escaped a row."

---

* I copy from a letter which has no date, so that I cannot be quite sure of this being the halt at Carlisle it refers to. I once witnessed a scene almost exactly the same at Stirling Castle, where an old soldier called Sir Walter's attention to the "very dungeon" of Roderick Dhu.

They reached Abbotsford that night, and a day or two afterwards Edinburgh; where Sir Walter was greeted with the satisfactory intelligence, that his plans as to the "*opus magnum*" had been considered at a meeting of his trustees, and finally approved *in toto*. As the scheme inferred a large outlay on drawings and engravings, and otherwise, this decision had been looked for with much anxiety by him and Mr. Cadell. He says—"I trust it will answer; yet who can warrant the continuance of popularity? Old Nattali Corri, who entered into many projects, and could never set the sails of a windmill to catch the *aura popularis*, used to say he believed that, were he to turn baker, it would put bread out of fashion. I have had the better luck to dress my sails to every wind; and so blow on, good wind, and spin round, whirligig." The *Corri* here alluded to was an unfortunate adventurer, who, among many other wild schemes, tried to set up an Italian Opera at Edinburgh.

The Diary for the next month records the usual meeting at Blair-Adam, but nothing worth quoting, that was done or said, except, perhaps, these two scraps—

"*Salutation of two old Scottish Lairds*—'Yere maist obedient hummil servant, Tannachy-Tulloch.'—'Your nain man, Kilspindie.'

"*Hereditary descent in the Highlands*.—A clergyman showed John Thomson the island of Inchmachome, on the Port of Monteith, and pointed out the boatman as a remarkable person, the representative of the hereditary gardeners of the Earls of Monteith, while these Earls existed. His son, a puggish boy, follows up the theme — 'Feyther, when Donald MacCorkindale dees, will not the family be extinct?'—*Father* — 'No; I believe there is a man in Balquhidder who takes up the *succession.*'"

During the remainder of this year, as I already mentioned, Sir Walter never opened his "locked book." Whether in Edinburgh or the country, his life was such that he describes himself, in several letters, as having become "a writing automaton." He had completed, by Christmas, the Second Series of Tales on Scottish History, and made considerable progress in another novel — Anne of Geierstein: he had also drawn up for the Quarterly Review his article on Mr. Morier's Hajji Baba in England; and that delightful one on Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia* — which, like those on Planting and Gardening, abounds in sweet episodes of personal reminiscence: And, whenever he had not proof-sheets to press him, his hours were bestowed on the *opus magnum.*

A few extracts from his correspondence may supply in part this blank in the Diary. Several of them touch on the affairs of Mr. Terry, whose *stamina* were not sufficient to resist the stroke of misfortune. He had a paralytic seizure, very shortly after the ruin of his theatre was made public. One, addressed to a dear and early friend, Sir Alexander Wood, was written on the death of his brother-in-law, Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo — the same modest, gentle, and high-spirited man with whose history Sir Walter's had (as the Diary ot 1826 tells) been very remarkably intertwined.

"*To John Lockhart, Esq., Regent's Park.*

"Abbotsford, July 14, 1828.

"My Dear L.—I wrote myself blind and sick last week about * * * * * *.[†] God forgive me for having thought it possible that a schoolmaster should be out and out a rational being. I have a letter from Terry—but written by his poor wife—his former one was sadly scrawled. I hope he may yet get better—but I suspect the shot has gone near the heart.

'O what a world of worlds were it,
Would sorrow, pain, and sickness spare it,
And aye a rowth roast-beef and claret;
Syne wha would starve?'

"If it be true that Longman and Co. have offered £1000 for a history of Ireland, Scotland must stand at fifty per cent. discount, for they lately offered me £500 for one of the latter country, which of course I declined. I have also had Murray's request to do some biography for his new undertaking.[‡] But I really can't think of any Life I could easily do, excepting Queen Mary's; and that I decidedly would not do, because my opinion, in point of fact, is contrary both to the popular feeling and to my own. I see, by the by, that your Life of Burns is going to press again, and therefore send you a few letters which may be of use to you. In one of them (to that singular old curmudgeon, Lady Winifred Constable) you will see he plays high Jacobite, and, on that account, it is curious; though I imagine his Jacobitism, like my own, belonged to the fancy rather than the reason. He was, however, a great Pittite down to a certain period. There were some passing stupid verses in the papers, attacking and defending his satire on a certain preacher, whom he termed 'an unco calf.' In one of them occurred these lines in vituperation of the adversary —

[†] These letters, chiefly addressed to Sir Walter's excellent friend, James Heywood Markland, Esq. (Editor of the Chester Mysteries), were on a delicate subject connected with the incipient arrangements of King's College, London.

[‡] Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street was at this time projecting his *Family Library*, one of the many imitations of Constable's last scheme.

> 'A Whig, I guess. But Rab's a Tory,
> An gies us mony a funny story.'

"This was in 1787. — Ever yours,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*To Robert Cadell, Esq., Edinburgh.*

"Abbotsford, 4th October 1828.

"My Dear Sir, — We were equally gratified and surprised by the arrival of the superb time-piece with which you have ornamented our halls. There are grand discussions where it is to be put, and we are only agreed upon one point, that it is one of the handsomest things of the kind we ever saw, and that we are under great obligations to the kind donor. On my part, I shall never look on it without recollecting that the employment of my time is a matter of consequence to you, as well as myself.*

"I send you two letters, of which copies will be requisite for the *magnum opus.* They must be copied separately. I wish you would learn from Mr. Walter Dickson, with my best respects, the maiden name of Mrs. Goldie, and the proper way in which she ought to be designated. Another point of information I wish to have is, concerning the establishment of the King's beadsmen or blue-gowns. Such should occur in any account of the Chapel-Royal, to which they were an appendage, but I have looked into Arnott and Maitland, without being able to find anything. My friend Dr. Lee will know at once where this is to be sought for.

"Here is a question. Burns in his poetry repeatedly states the idea of his becoming a beggar — these passages I have. But there is a remarkable one in some of his *prose*, stating with much spirit the qualifications he possessed for the character. I have looked till I am sick, through all the letters of his which I have seen, and cannot find this. Do you know any amateur of the Ayrshire Bard who can point it out? It will save time, which is precious to me.*

---

* The allusion is to a clock in the style of Louis Quatorze, now in the drawing-room at Abbotsford.

"J. B. has given me such a dash of criticism, that I have laid by the Maid of the Mist for a few days. But I am working hard, meanwhile, at the illustrations; so no time is lost.—Yours very truly, WALTER SCOTT."

"*To Mrs. Lockhart, Brighton.*

"Abbotsford, 24th October 1828.

"My Dear Sophia,—I write to you rather than to the poor Terrys, on the subject of their plans, which appear to me to require reconsideration, as I have not leisure so to modify my expressions as to avoid grating upon feelings which may be sore enough already. But if I advise, I must be plain. The plan of a cottage in this neighbourhood is quite visionary. London or its vicinity is the best place for a limited income, because you can get everything you want without taking a pennyweight more of it than you have occasion for. In the country (with us at least) if you want a basin of milk every day, you must keep a cow—if you want a bunch of straw, you must have a farm. But what is still worse, it seems to me that such a plan would remove Terry out of his natural sphere of action. It is no easy matter, at any rate, to retreat from the practice of an art to the investigation of its theory; but common sense says, that if there is one branch of literature which has a chance of success for our friend, it must be that relating to the drama. Dramatic works, whether designed for the stage or the closet,—dramatic biography (an article in which the public is always interested)—dramatic criticism—these can all be conducted with best advantage in

---

* These queries all point to the annotation of *The Antiquary*.

London, — or, rather, they can be conducted nowhere else. In coming down to Scotland, therefore, Terry would be leaving a position in which, should he prove able to exert himself and find the public favourable, he might possibly do as much for his family as he could by his profession. But then he will require to be in book-shops and publishing-houses, and living among those up to the current of public opinion. And although poor Terry's spirits might not at first be up to this exertion, he should remember that the power of doing things easily is only to be acquired by resolution and habit, and if he really could give heart and mind to literature in any considerable degree, I can't see how, amidst so many Bijoux, and Albums, and Souvenirs — not to mention daily papers, critics, censors, and so forth — I cannot see how he could fail to make £200 or £300 a-year. In Edinburgh there is nothing of this kind going forwards, positively nothing. Since Constable's fall, all exertion is ended in the Gude Town in the publishing business, excepting what I may not long be able to carry on.

"We have had little Walter Terry with us. He is a nice boy. I have got him sent to the New Academy in Edinburgh, and hope he will do well. Indeed, I have good hopes as to them all; but the prospect of success must remain, first, with the restoration of Terry to the power of thought and labour, a matter which is in God's hand; and, secondly, on the choice he shall make of a new sphere of occupation. On these events no mortal can have influence, unless so far as Mrs. Terry may be able to exert over him that degree of power which mind certainly possesses over body.

"Our worthy old aunt, Lady Raeburn, is gone, and I am now the eldest living person of my father's family. My old friend, Sir William Forbes, is extremely ill, — dying, I fear and the winter seems to approach with more than usual gloom We are well here, however, and send love to Lockhart and the babies. I want to see L. much, and hope he may make a run down at Christmas.

"You will take notice, that all the advice I venture to offer to the Terrys is according as matters now stand.* Indeed, I think he is better now than when struggling against a losing concern, turning worse every day. With health I have little doubt he may do well yet, and without it what can any one do? Poor Rose, — he too seems to be very badly; and so end, if I lose him, wit, talent, frolic beyond the bounds of sobriety, all united with an admirable heart and feelings.

"Besides all other objections to Terry's plan, the poor invalid would be most uncomfortable here. As my guest, it was another thing; but without power to entertain the better sort of folk, and liable from his profession to the prejudices of our middling people, without means too of moving about, he must, while we are not at Abbotsford, be an absolute hermit. Besides, health may be restored so as to let him act again — regimen and quiet living do much in such cases — and he should not rashly throw up professional connexions. If they be bent on settling in Scotland, a small house in Edinburgh would be much better than the idea of residing here.

"I have been delighted with your views of coming back to Chiefswood next summer, — but had you not better defer that for another year? Here is plenty of room for you all — plenty of beef and mutton — plenty of books for L., and he should have the little parlour (the monkey-room, as Morritt has christened it) inviolate — and he and I move on easily without interrupting each other. Pray think of all this, and believe that, separated as I am so much from you both and the grandchildren, the more I can see of you all while I have eyes left to see you with, the greater will be my pleasure. I am turning a terrible fixture with rheumatism, and go about little but in the carriage, and round the doors. A change of market-days, — but seams will slit, and elbows will out. My general health is excellent. — I am always, dearest Sophia, your affectionate father, WALTER SCOTT."

---

* Mr. Terry died in London on the 22d June 1829. His widow, to whom these Memoirs have owed many of their materials, is now (1837) married to Mr. Charles Richardson of Tulse Hill, the author of the well-known Dictionary of the English Language, &c.

"*To Sir Alexander Wood, &c. &c. &c., Colinton House, Edinburgh.*

"Abbotsford, Oct. 28, 1828.

"My Dear Sir Alexander,—Your letter brought me the afflicting intelligence of the death of our early and beloved friend Sir William. I had little else to expect, from the state of health in which he was when I last saw him, but that circumstance does not diminish the pain with which I now reflect that I shall never see him more. He was a man who, from his habits, could not be intimately known to many, although everything which he did partook of that high feeling and generosity which belongs perhaps to a better age than that we live in. In him I feel I have sustained a loss which no after years of my life can fill up to me. Our early friendship none knew better than you; and you also well know that if I look back to the gay and happy hours of youth, they must be filled with recollections of our departed friend. In the whole course of life our friendship has been uninterrupted as his kindness has been unwearied. Even the last time I saw him (so changed from what I knew him) he came to town when he was fitter to have kept his room, merely because he could be of service to some affairs of mine. It is most melancholy to reflect that the life of a man whose principles were so excellent, and his heart so affectionate, should have, in the midst of external prosperity, been darkened, and I fear I may say shortened, by domestic affliction. But 'those whom He loveth, he chasteneth;'* and the o'er-seeing Providence, whose ways are as just and kind as they are inscrutable, has given us, in the fate of our dear friend, an example that we must look to a better world for the reward of sound religion. active patriotism, and extended benevolence. I need not write more to you on this subject; you must feel the loss more keenly than any one. But there is another and a better world, in which, I trust in God, those who have loved each other in this transitory scene, may meet and recognise the friends of youth, and companions of more advanced years.

---

* Hebrews, xii. 6

"I beg my kindest compliments and sincere expressions of sympathy to Lady Wood, and to any of the sorrowing family who may be gratified by the interest of one of their father's oldest friends and most afflicted survivors.

"God bless you, my dear Wood! and I am sure you will believe me, yours in sorrow as in gladness,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"*To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Brighton.*

"October 30. 1828.

"Dear John, — I have a sad affliction in the death of poor Sir William Forbes. You loved him well, I know, but it is impossible that you should enter into all my feelings on this occasion. My heart bleeds for his children. God help all!

"Your scruples about doing an epitome of the Life of Boney, for the Family Library that is to be, are a great deal over delicate. My book in nine thick volumes can never fill the place which our friend Murray wants you to fill, and which, if you don't, some one else will, right soon. Moreover, you took much pains in helping me when I was beginning my task, which I afterwards greatly regretted that Constable had no means of remunerating, as no doubt he intended, when you were giving him so much good advice in laying down his grand plans about the Miscellany. By all means do what the Emperor asks. He is what Emperor Nap. was not, much a gentleman, and, knowing our footing in all things, would not have proposed anything that ought to have excited scruples on your side. Alas, poor Crafty! Do you remember his exultation when my Boney affair was first proposed? Good God! I see him as he then was at this moment — how he swelled and rolled and reddened, and outblarneyed all blarney! Well, so be it. I hope

'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.' *

---

* *Macbeth.*

But he has cost me many a toilsome dreary day, and drearier night, and will cost me more yet.

"I am getting very unlocomotive — something like an old cabinet that looks well enough in its own corner, but will scarce bear wheeling about even to be dusted. But my work has been advancing gaily, or at least rapidly, nevertheless, all this harvest. Master Littlejohn will soon have three more tomes in his hand, and the Swiss story too will be ready early in the year. I shall send you Vol. I. with wee Johnnie's affair. Fat James, as usual, has bored and bothered me with his criticisms, many of which, however, may have turned to good. At first my not having been in Switzerland was a devil of a poser for him — but had I not the honour of an intimate personal acquaintance with every pass in the Highlands; and if that were not enough, had I not seen pictures and prints *galore?* I told him I supposed he was becoming a geologist, and afraid of my misrepresenting the *strata* of some rock on which I had to perch my Maid of the Mist, but that he should be too good a Christian to join those humbugging sages, confound them, who are all tarred with the same stick as Mr. Whiston —

'Who proved as sure as God's in Glo'ster,
That Moses was a grand impostor;' *

and that at any rate I had no mind to rival the accuracy of the traveller, I forget who, that begins his chapter on Athens with a disquisition on the *formation* of the Acropolis Rock. Mademoiselle de Geierstein, is now, however, in a fair way — I mean of being married and a' the lave o't, and I of having her ladyship off my hands. I have also twined off a world of not bad balaam in the way of notes, &c. for my Magnum, which if we could but manage the artists decently, might soon be afloat, and will, I do think, do wonders for my extrication. I have no other news to trouble you with. It is possible the Quarterly may be quite right to take the Anti-Catholic line so strongly; but I greatly doubt the prudence of the thing for I am convinced the question must and will be carried very

* Swift.

soon, whoever may or may not be Minister; and as to the Duke of Wellington, my faith is constant, that there is no other man living who can work out the salvation of this country. I take some credit to myself for having foreseen his greatness, before many would believe him to be anything out of the ordinary line of clever officers. He is such a man as Europe has not seen since Julius Cæsar; and if Spain had had the brains to make him king, that country might have been one of the first of the world before his death. — Ever affectionately yours, WALTER SCOTT."

Of the same date was the following letter, addressed to the projector of a work, entitled, "The Courser's Manual." * He had asked Sir Walter for a contribution; and received the ancient Scottish ditty of "*Auld Heck:*" —

"Dear Sir, — I have loved the sport of coursing so well, and pursued it so keenly for several years, that I would with pleasure have done anything in my power to add to your collection on the subject; but I have long laid aside the amusement, and still longer renounced the poetical pen, which ought to have celebrated it; and I could only send you the laments of an old man, and the enumeration of the number of horses and dogs which have been long laid under the sod. I cannot, indeed, complain with the old huntsman, that —

---

* This work, though ultimately published under the name of another editor, was projected and arranged by the late Rev. Mr. Barnard of Brantinghamthorpe in Yorkshire; whose undertaking had no doubt been introduced to Sir Walter's notice by his father-in-law, Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham. That elegant scholar had visited Abbotsford with some of his family about this period. He has since embalmed in pathetic verse the memory of Barnard, whose skill in rural sports by no means interfered with his graceful devotion to literature, or his pious assiduity in the labours of his profession. The reader will find his virtues and accomplishments affectionately recorded in the learned and interesting preface (p. 30) to a Translation of Arrian's Cynegeticus, by a Graduate of Medicine:" London, quarto, 1831.

'——— No one now,
Dwells in the hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead,
And I the sole survivor;' *

but I have exchanged my whip for a walking-stick, my smart hack has dwindled into a Zetland shelty, and my two brace of greyhounds into a pair of terriers. Instead of entering on such melancholy topics, I judge it better to send you an Elegy on 'Bonny Heck,' an old Scottish poem, of very considerable merit in the eyes of those who understand the dialect.

"The elegy itself turns upon a circumstance which, when I kept greyhounds, I felt a considerable alloy to the sport; I mean, the necessity of despatching the instruments and partakers of our amusement, when they begin to make up, by cunning, for the deficiency of youthful vigour. A greyhound is often termed an inferior species of the canine race, in point of sagacity; and in the eyes of an accomplished sportsman it is desirable they should be so, since they are valued for their spirit, not their address. Accordingly, they are seldom admitted to the rank of personal favourites. I have had such greyhounds, however, and they possessed as large a share of intelligence, attachment, and sagacity, as any other species of dog that I ever saw. In such cases, it becomes difficult or impossible to execute the doom upon the antiquated greyhound, so coolly recommended by Dame Juliana Berners: —

'And when he comes to that yere,
Have him to the tannere,
For the best whelp ever bitch had
At nine years is full bad.'

Modern sportsmen anticipate the doom by three years at east.

"I cannot help adding to the 'Last Words of Bonny Heck,' a sporting anecdote, said to have happened in Fife, and not far from the residence of that famous greyhound, which may serve to show in what regard the rules of fair play between

---

* Wordsworth.

hound and hare are held by Scottish sportsmen. There was a coursing club, once upon a time, which met at Balchristy, in the Province, or, as it is popularly called, the Kingdom of Fife. The members were elderly social men, to whom a very moderate allowance of sport served as an introduction to a hearty dinner and jolly evening. Now, there had her seat on the ground where they usually met, a certain large stout hare, who seemed made on purpose to entertain these moderate sportsmen. She usually gave the amusement of three or four turns, as soon as she was put up, — a sure sign of a strong hare, when practised by any beyond the age of a leveret; then stretched out in great style, and after affording the gentlemen an easy canter of a mile or two, threw out the dogs by passing through a particular gap in an inclosure. This sport the same hare gave to the same party for one or two seasons, and it was just enough to afford the worthy members of the club a sufficient reason to be alleged to their wives, or others whom it might concern, for passing the day in the public-house. At length, a fellow who attended the hunt nefariously thrust his plaid, or great-coat, into the gap I mentioned, and poor puss, her retreat being thus cut off, was, in the language of the dying Desdemona, 'basely— basely murdered.' The sport of the Balchristy club seemed to end with this famous hare. They either found no hares, or such as afforded only a halloo and a squeak, or such, finally, as gave them farther runs than they had pleassure in following. The spirit of the meeting died away, and at length it was altogether given up.

"The publican was, of course, the party most especially affected by the discontinuance of the club, and regarded, it may be supposed, with no complacency, the person who had prevented the hare from escaping, and even his memory. One day, a gentleman asked him what was become of such a one, naming the obnoxious individual. 'He is dead, sir,' answered mine host, with an angry scowl, 'and his soul kens this day whether the hare of Balchristy got fair play or not.'

"WALTER SCOTT."

Resuming his journal at the close of the year, he says —

"Having omitted to carry on my Diary for two or three days, I lost heart to make it up, and left it unfilled for many a month and day. During this period nothing has happened worth particular notice : — the same occupations, — the same amusements, — the same occasional alternations of spirits, gay or depressed, — the same absence, for the most part, of all sensible or rational cause for the one or the other. I half grieve to take up my pen, and doubt if it is worth my while to record such an infinite quantity of nothing."

END OF VOL. VIII.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. IX.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Visit to Clydesdale — John Greenshields, sculptor — Letter to Lord Elgin — The Westport Murders — Execution of Burke — Letter to Miss Edgeworth — Ballantyne's Hypochondria Roman Catholic Emancipation carried — Edinburgh Petition, &c. — Deaths of Lord Buchan, Mr. Terry, and Mr Shortreed — Rev. Edward Irving — Anne of Geierstein published — Issue of the " Opus Magnum begun — Its success — Nervous attack — Hæmorrhages — Reviewals on Ancient Scottish History, and Pitcairn's Trials — Third Series of Tales of a Grandfather, and first volume of the Scottish History in Lardner's Cyclopædia, published — Death and Epitaph of Thomas Purdie.

1829.

Sir Walter having expressed a wish to consult me about some of his affairs, I went down to Abbotsford at Christmas, and found him apparently well in health (except that he suffered from rheumatism), and enjoying the society, as usual, of the Fergussons, with the welcome addition of Mr. Morritt and Sir James Steuart of Allanbank — a gentleman whose masterly pencil had often been employed on subjects from his poetry and novels, and whose conversation on art (like that of Sir George Beaumont and Mr. Scrope), being devoid of professional pedantries and jealousies, was always particularly delightful to him. One snowy morning, he gave us sheets of Anne of Geierstein, extending to, I think, about a volume and a half; and we read them together in the library, while he worked in the adjoining room, and occasionally dropt in upon us to hear how we were pleased. All were highly gratified with those vivid and picturesque pages, and both Morritt and Steuart, being familiar with the scenery of Switzerland, could not sufficiently express their astonishment at the felicity with which he had divined its peculiar character, and outdone, by the force of imagination, all the efforts of a thousand actual tourists. Such approbation was of course very acceptable. I had seldom seen him more gently and tranquilly happy.

Among other topics connected with his favourite studies, Sir James Steuart had much to say on the merits and prospects of a remarkable man (well known to myself), who had recently occupied general attention in the North. I allude to the late John Greenshields, a stonemason, who at the age of twenty-eight began to attempt the art of sculpture, and after a few years of solitary devotion to this new pursuit, had produced a statue of the Duke of York, which formed at this time a popular exhibition in Edinburgh. Greenshields was the son of a small farmer, who managed also a ferry-boat, on my elder brother's estate in Lanarkshire; and I could increase the interest with which both Sir James and Sir Walter had examined the statue, by bearing testimony to the purity and modesty of his character and manners.

Another eminent lover of art, who had been especially gratified by Greenshields' work, was the Earl of Elgin. Just at this time, as it happened, the sculptor had been invited to spend a day or two at his Lordship's seat in Fife; but learning that Sir Walter was about to visit Clydesdale, Greenshields would not lose the chance of being presented to him on his native spot, and left Broomhall without having finished the inspection of Lord Elgin's marbles. His Lordship addressed a long and interesting letter to Sir Walter, in which he mentioned this circumstance, and besought him, after having talked with the aspirant, and ascertained his own private views and feelings, to communicate his opinion as to the course which might most advantageously be pursued for the encouragement and developement of his abilities.

Sir Walter went in the middle of January to Milton-Lockhart; there saw the sculptor in the paternal cottage, and was delighted with him and some of the works he had on hand, particularly a statue of George IV. Greenshields then walked with us for several hours by the river side, and among the woods. His conversation was easy and manly, and many sagacious remarks on life, as well as art, lost nothing to the poet's ear by being delivered in an accent almost as broad and unsophisticated as Tom Purdie's. John had a keen sense of humour, and his enjoyment of Sir Walter's lectures on planting, and jokes on everything, was rich. He had exactly that way of drawing his lips into a grim involuntary whistle, when a sly thing occurred, which the author of Rob Roy assigns to Andrew Fairservice. After he left us, Scott said — "There is much about that man that reminds me of Burns." On reaching Edinburgh, he wrote as follows: —

"*To the Right Hon. the Earl of Elgin, &c. &c., Broomhall, Fife.*

"Edinburgh, 20th January 1829.

"My Dear Lord, — I wish I were able to pay in better value the debt which I have contracted with your Lordship, by being the unconscious means of depriving you of Mr. Greenshields sooner than had been meant. It is a complicated obligation, since I owe a much greater debt to Greenshields for depriving him of an invaluable opportunity of receiving the advice, and profiting by the opinions of one whose taste for the arts is strong by nature, and has been so highly cultivated. If it were not that he may again have an opportunity to make up for that which he has lost, I would call the loss irreparable.

"My own acquaintance with art is so very small, that I almost hesitate to obey your Lordship in giving an opinion. But I think I never saw a more successful exertion of a young artist than the King's statue, which, though the sculptor had only an indifferent print to work by, seems to me a very happy likeness. The position (as if in act of receiving some person whom his Majesty delighted to honour) has equal ease and felicity, and conveys an idea of grace and courtesy, and even kindness, mixed with dignity, which, as he never saw the original, I was surprised to find mingled in such judicious proportions. The difficulties of a modern military or court dress are manfully combated; and I think the whole thing purely conceived. In a word, it is a work of great promise.

"I may speak with more confidence of the artist than of the figure. Mr. Greenshields seems to me to be one of those remarkable men who must be distinguished in one way or other. He showed during my conversation with him sound sense on all subjects, and considerable information on such as occupied his mind. His habits, I understand, are perfectly steady and regular. His manners are modest and plain, without being clownish or rude; and he has all the good-breeding which nature can teach. Above all, I had occasion to remark that he had a generous and manly disposition — above feeling little slights, or acts of illiberality. Having to mention some very reasonable request of his which had been refused by an individual, he immediately, as if to obliterate the unfavourable impression, hastened to mention several previous instances of kindness which the same individual had shown to him. His mind seems to be too much bent upon fame, to have room for love of money, and his passion for the arts seems to be unfeignedly sincere.

"The important question of how he is to direct his efforts, must depend on the advice of his friends, and I know no one so capable of directing him as your Lordship. At the same time, I obey your commands, by throwing together in haste the observations which follow.

"Like all heaven-born geniuses, he is ignorant of the rules which have been adopted by artists before him, and has never seen the *chefs-d'œuvre* of classical time. Such men having done so much without education, are sometimes apt either to despise it, or to feel so much mortification at seeing how far short their efforts fall of excellence, that they resign their art in despair. I do think and hope, however, that the sanguine and the modest are so well mixed in this man's temper, that he will study the best models with the hope of improvement, and will be bold, as Spencer says, without being too bold. But opportunity of such study is wanting, and that can only be had in London. To London, therefore, he should be sent if possible. In addition to the above, I must remark, that Mr. G. is not master of the art of tempering his clay, and other mechanical matters relating to his profession. These he should apply to without delay, and it would probably be best, having little time to lose, that he should for a while lay the chisel aside, and employ himself in making models almost exclusively. The transference of the figure from the clay to the marble is, I am informed by Chantrey, a mere mechanical art excepting that some finishing touches are required. Now it follows that Greenshields may model, I dare say, six figures while he could only cut one in stone, and in the former practice must make a proportional progress in the principles of his art. The knowledge of his art is only to be gained in the studio of some sculptor of eminence.

"The task which Mr. G. is full of at present seems to be chosen on a false principle, chiefly adopted from a want of acquaintance with the genuine and proper object of art. The public of Edinburgh have been deservedly amused and delighted with two figures in the character of Tam O'Shanter and his drunken companion Souter Johnny. The figures were much and justly applauded, and the exhibition being of a kind adapted to every taste, is daily filled. I rather think it is the success of this piece by a man much in his own circumstances, which has inclined Mr. Greenshields to propose cutting a group of grotesque figures from the Beggar's Cantata of the same poet. Now, in the first place, I suspect six figures will form too many for a sculptor to group to advantage. But besides, I deprecate the attempt at such a subject. I do not consider caricature as a proper style for sculpture at all. We have Pan and his Satyrs in ancient sculpture, but the place of these characters in the classic mythology gives them a certain degree of dignity. Besides this, 'the gambol has been shown.' Mr. Thom has produced a group of this particular kind, and instead of comparing what Greenshields might do in this way with higher models, the public would certainly regard him as the rival of Mr. Thom, and give Mr. Thom the preference, on the same principle that the Spaniard says when one man walks first, all the rest must be his followers. At the same time I highly approved of one figure in the group, I mean that of Burns himself. Burns (taking his more contemplative moments) would indeed be a noble study, and I am convinced Mr. G. would do it nobly — as, for example, when Coila describes him as gazing on a snow-storm, —

'I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
Strike thy young eye.' *

---

* Burns's *Vision*.

I suppose it possible to represent rocks with icicles in sculpture.

"Upon the moment I did not like to mention to Mr. G. my objections against a scheme which was obviously a favourite one, but I felt as I did when my poor friend John Kemble threatened to play Falstaff. In short, the perdurable character of sculpture, the grim and stern severity of its productions, their size too, and their consequence, confine the art to what is either dignified and noble, or beautiful and graceful: it is, I think, inapplicable to situations of broad humour. A painting of Teniers is very well — it is of a moderate size, and only looked at when we choose; but a group of his drunken boors dancing in stone, as large as life, to a grinning fiddler at the bottom of a drawing-room, would, I think, be soon found intolerable bad company.

"I think, therefore, since Mr. Greenshields has a decided call to the higher and nobler department of his art, he should not be desirous of procuring immediate attention by attempting a less legitimate object. I desired Mr. Lockhart of Milton to state to Mr. G. what I felt on the above subject, and I repeat it to you, that, if I am so fortunate as to agree in opinion with your Lordship, you may exert your powerful influence on the occasion.

"I have only to add, that I am quite willing to contribute my mite to put Mr. Greenshields in the way of the best instruction, which seems to me the best thing which can be done for him. I think your Lordship will hardly claim another epistolary debt from me, since I have given it like a tether, which, Heaven knows, is no usual error of mine. I am always, with respect, my dear Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT.

"P. S. — I ought to mention, that I saw a good deal of Mr. Greenshields, for he walked with us, while we went over the grounds at Milton to look out a situation for a new house."

Mr. Greenshields saw Sir Walter again in Clydesdale in 1831, and profited so well by these scanty opportunities, as to produce a statue of the poet, in a sitting posture, which, all the circumstances considered, must be allowed to be a very wonderful performance. He subsequently executed various other works, each surpassing the promise of the other; but I fear his enthusiastic zeal had led him to unwise exertions. His health gave way, and he died in April 1835, at the age of forty, in the humble cottage of his parents. Celebrity had in no degree changed his manners or his virtues. The most flattering compliment he ever received was a message from Sir Francis Chantrey, inviting him to come to London, and offering to take him into his house, and give him all the benefit of his advice, instruction, and example. This kindness filled his eyes with tears — but the hand of fate was already upon him.

Scott's Diary for the day on which he wrote to Lord Elgin says —

> "We strolled about Milton on as fine a day as could consist with snow on the ground, in company with John Greenshields, the new sculptor, a sensible, strong-minded man. The situation is eminently beautiful; a fine promontory round which the Clyde makes a magnificent bend. We fixed on a situation for William's new house, where the sitting rooms will command the upper valley; and, with an ornamental garden, I think it may be made the prettiest place in Scotland. Next day, on our way to Edinburgh, we stopped at Allanton to see a tree transplanted, which was performed with great ease. Sir Henry Stewart is lifted beyond the solid earth by the effect of his book's success; — but the book well deserves it.* He is in practice particularly anxious to keep the roots of the

---

* See Sir Walter's article on Ornamental Gardening — *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, (Edin. Ed.) vol. xxi. Sir H. Stewart, Bart. died in March 1836.

trees near the surface, and only covers them with about a foot of earth. — *Note.* Lime rubbish dug in among the roots of ivy encourages it much. — The operation delayed us three hours, so it was seven before we reached our dinner and a good fire in Shandwick Place, and we were well-nigh frozen to death. During the excursion I walked very ill — with more pain in fact than I ever remember to have felt — and, even leaning on John Lockhart, could hardly get on. — Well, the day of return to Edinburgh is come. I don't know why, but I am more happy at the change than usual. I am not working hard, and it is what I ought to do and must do. Every hour of laziness cries fie upon me. But there is a perplexing sinking of the heart, which one cannot always overcome. At such times I have wished myself a clerk, quill-driving for twopence per page. You have at least application, and that is all that is necessary, whereas, unless your lively faculties are awake and propitious, your application will do you as little good as if you strained your sinews to lift Arthur's Seat."

On the 23d he says —

"The Solicitor* came to dine with me — we drank a bottle of champaign, and two bottles of claret, which, in former days, I should have thought a very sober allowance, since, Lockhart included, there were three persons to drink it. But I felt I had drunk too much, and was uncomfortable. The young men stood it like young men. — Skene and his wife and daughter looked in in the evening. I suppose I am turning to my second childhood, for not only am I filled drunk, or made stupid at least, with one bottle of wine, but I am disabled from writing by chilblains on my fingers — a most babyish complaint."

At this time the chief topic of discourse in Edinburgh was the atrocious series of murders perpetrated by a gang of Irish desperadoes, Burke, Hare, &c., in a house or cellar of the West Port, to which they seduced poor old wayfaring people, beggar women, idiots, and so forth, and then filled them drunk, and smothered or strangled them, for the mere purpose of having bodies to sell to the anatomists. Sir Walter writes, on the 28th —

---

* John Hope, Esq., Solicitor-General — now Dean of the Faculty of Advocates.

"Burke the murderer, hanged this morning. The mob, which was immense, demanded Knox and Hare, but though greedy for more victims, received with shouts the solitary wretch who found his way to the gallows out of five or six who seem not less guilty than he. But the story begins to be stale, insomuch that I believe a doggrel ballad upon it would be popular, how brutal soever the wit. This is the progress of human passion. We ejaculate, exclaim, hold up to heaven our hand, like the rustic Phidyle * — next morning the mood changes, and we dance a jig to the tune which moved us to tears."

A few days later he discusses the West Port tragedy in this striking letter. It was written in answer to one announcing Miss Fanny Edgeworth's marriage with Mr. Lestock Wilson: —

"*To Miss Edgeworth, Edgeworthstown.*

"Edinburgh, Feb. 4, 1829.

"My Dear Miss Edgeworth, — I have had your letter several days, and only answer just now — not, you may believe, from want of interest in the contents, but from the odd circumstance of being so much afflicted with chilblains in the fingers, that my pen scrambles every way but the right one

---

* Cœlo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente lunâ, rustica Phidyle, &c.
Hor. Lib. iii. Od. 23.

Assuredly I should receive the character of the most crabbed fellow from those modern sages who judge of a man from his handwriting. But as an old man becomes a child, I must expect, I suppose, measles and small-pox. I only wish I could get a fresh set of teeth. To tell you the truth, I feel the advance of age more than I like, though my general health is excellent; but I am not able to walk as I did, and I fear I could not now visit St. Kevin's Bed. This is a great affliction to one who has been so active as I have been, in spite of all disadvantages. I must now have a friendly arm, instead of relying on my own exertions; and it is sad to think I shall be worse before I am better. However, the mild weather may help me in some degree, and the worst is a quiet pony (I used to detest a quiet pony), or perhaps a garden-chair. All this does not prevent my sincere sympathy in the increase of happiness, which I hope Miss Fanny's marriage will afford to herself, and you, and all who love her. I have not had the same opportunity to know her merits as those of my friends Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Fox; but I saw enough of her (being your sister) when at Dublin, to feel most sincerely interested in a young person whose exterior is so amiable. In Mr. Wilson you describe the national character of John Bull, who is not the worst of the three nations, though he has not the quick feeling and rich humour of your countrymen, nor the shrewd sagacity, or the romantic spirit of thinking and adventuring which the Scotch often conceal under their apparent coldness, and which you have so well painted in the M'Leod of your Ennui. Depend upon it, I shall find Russell Square when I go to London, were I to have a voyage of discovery to make it out; and it will be Mr. Wilson's fault if we do not make an intimate acquaintance.

"I had the pleasure of receiving, last autumn, your American friend Miss Douglas,* who seems a most ingenuous person; and I hope I succeeded in making her happy during her short visit at Abbotsford; for I was compelled to leave her to pay suit and service at the Circuit. The mention of the Circuit brings me to the horrors which you have so well described, and which resemble nothing so much as a wild dream. Certainly I thought, like you, that the public alarm was but an exaggeration of vulgar rumour; but the tragedy is too true, and I look in vain for a remedy of the evils, in which it is easy to see this black and unnatural business has found its origin. The principal source certainly lies in the feelings of attachment which the Scotch have for their deceased friends. They are curious in the choice of their sepulchre, and a common shepherd is often, at whatever ruinous expense to his family, transported many miles to some favourite place of burial which has been occupied by his fathers. It follows, of course, that any interference with these remains is considered with most utter horror and indignation. To such of their superiors as they love from clanship or habits of dependence, they attach the same feeling. I experienced it when I had a great domestic loss; for I learned afterwards that the cemetery was guarded, out of good will, by the servants and dependants who had been attached to her during life; and were I to be laid beside my lost companion just now, I have no doubt it would be long before my humble friends would discontinue the same watch over my remains, and that it would incur mortal risk to approach them with the purpose of violation. This is a kind and virtuous principle, in which every one so far partakes, that, although an unprejudiced person would have no objection to the idea of his own remains undergoing dissection, if their being exposed to scientific research could be of the least service to humanity, yet we all shudder at the notion of any who had been dear to us, especially a wife or sister, being subjected to a scalpel among a gazing and unfeeling crowd of students. One would fight and die to prevent it. This current of feeling is encouraged by the law which, as distinguishing murderers and other atrocious criminals, orders that their bodies shall be given for public dissection. This makes it almost impossible to consign the bodies of those who die in the public hospitals to the same fate; for it would be inflicting on poverty the penalty which, wisely or unwisely, the law of the country has denounced against guilt of the highest degree; and it would assuredly deprive all who have a remaining spark of feeling or shame, of the benefit of those consolations of charity of which they are the best objects. If the prejudice be not very liberal, it is surely natural, and so deeply-seated that many of the best feelings must be destroyed ere it can be eradicated. What then remains? The only chance I see is to permit importation from other countries. If a subject can be had in Paris for ten or twenty francs, it will surely pay the importer who brings it to Scotland. Something must be done, for there is an end of the *Cantabit vacuus*,* the last prerogative of beggary, which entitled him to laugh at the risk of robbery. The veriest wretch in the highway may be better booty than a person of consideration, since the last may have but a few shillings in his pocket, and the beggar, being once dead, is worth ten pounds to his murderer.

---

* Now married to Henry D. Cruger, Esq of New York — [1839.]

"The great number of the lower Irish which have come over here since the peace, is, like all important occurrences, attended with its own share of good and evil. It must relieve Ireland in part of the excess of population, which is one of its greatest evils, and it accommodates Scotland with a race of hardy and indefatigable labourers, without which it would be impossible to carry on the very expensive improvements which have been executed. Our canals, our railroads, and our various public works, are all wrought by Irish. I have often employed them myself at burning clay, and similar operations, and have found them as labourers quiet and tractable, light-spirited, too, and happy to a degree beyond belief, and in no degree quarrelsome, keep whisky from them and them from whisky. But most unhappily for all parties they work at far too low a rate — at a rate, in short, which can but just procure salt and potatoes; they become reckless, of course, of all the comforts and decencies of life, which they have no means of procuring. Extreme poverty brings ignorance and vice, and these are the mothers of crime. If Ireland were to submit to some kind of poor-rate — I do not mean that of England, but something that should secure to the indigent their natural share of the fruits of the earth, and enable them at least to feed while others are feasting — it would, I cannot doubt, raise the character of the lower orders, and deprive them of that recklessness of futurity which leads them to think only of the present. Indeed, where intoxication of the lower ranks is mentioned as a vice, we must allow the temptation is well-nigh inevitable; meat, clothes, fire, all that men can and do want, are supplied by a drop of whisky; and no one should be surprised that the relief (too often the only one within the wretches' power) is eagerly grasped at.

---

* Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator. — *Juvenal.*

"We pay back, I suspect, the inconveniences we receive from the character of our Irish importation, by sending you a set of half-educated, cold-hearted Scotchmen, to be agents and middle-men. Among them, too, there are good and excellent characters, — yet I can conceive they often mislead their employers. I am no great believer in the extreme degree of improvement to be derived from the advancement of science; for every study of that nature tends, when pushed to a certain extent, to harden the heart, and render the philosopher reckless of everything save the objects of his own pursuit; all equilibrium in the character is destroyed, and the visual force of the understanding is perverted by being fixed on one object exclusively. Thus we see theological sects (although inculcating the moral doctrines) are eternally placing man's zeal in opposition to them; and even in the practice of the bar, it is astonishing how we become callous to right and wrong, when the question is to gain or lose a cause. I have myself often wondered how I became so indifferent to the horrors of a criminal trial, if it involved a point of law. In like manner, the pursuit of physiology inflicts tortures on the lower animals of creation, and at length comes to rub shoulders against the West Port. The state of high civilization to which we have arrived, is perhaps scarcely a national blessing, since, while the *few* are improved to the highest point, the *many* are in proportion tantalized and degraded, and the same nation displays at the same time the very highest and the very lowest state in which the human race can exist in point of intellect. *Here* is a doctor who is able to take down the whole clock-work of the human frame, and may in time find some way of repairing and putting it together again; and *there* is Burke with the body of his murdered countrywoman on his back, and her blood on his hands, asking his price from the learned carcass-butcher. After all, the golden age was the period for general happiness, when the earth gave its stores without labor, and the people existed only in the numbers which it could easily subsist; but this was too good to last. As our numbers grew, our wants multiplied — and here we are, contending with increasing difficulties by the force of repeated inventions. Whether we shall at last eat each other, as of yore, or whether the earth will get a flap with a comet's tail first, who but the reverend Mr. Irving will venture to pronounce?

"Now here is a fearful long letter, and the next thing is to send it under Lord Francis Gower's omnipotent frank.* Anne sends best compliments; she says she had the honour to despatch her congratulations to you already. Walter and his little wife are at Nice; he is now major of his regiment, which is rapid advancement, and so has gone abroad to see the world. Lockhart has been here for a week or two, but is now gone for England. I suspect he is at this moment stopped by the snow-storm, and solacing himself with a cigar somewhere in Northumberland. That is all the news that can interest you. Dr. and Mrs. Brewster are rather getting over their heavy loss, but it is still too visible on their brows, and that broad river lying daily before them is a sad remembrancer. I saw a brother of yours on a visit at Allerley; † he dined with us one day, and promised to come and see us next summer, which I hope he will make good. — My pen has been declaring itself independent this last half hour, which is the more unnatural as it is engaged in writing to its former mistress.*

---

* Lord F. G. (now Lord F. Egerton) was Secretary for Ireland, under the Duke of Wellington's Ministry.

† Allerley is the seat of Sir David Brewster, opposite Melrose. A fine boy, one of Sir David's sons, had been drowned a year before in the Tweed.

"Ever yours affectionately, W. SCOTT."

Sir Walter's operations appear to have been interrupted ever and anon, during January and February 1829, in consequence of severe distress in the household of his printer; whose warm affections were not, as in his own case, subjected to the authority of a stoical will. On the 14th of February the Diary says — "The letters I received were numerous, and craved answers; yet the 3d volume is getting on *hooly and fairly.* I am twenty leaves before the printer, but Ballantyne's wife is ill, and it is his nature to indulge apprehensions of the worst, which incapacitates him for labour. I cannot help regarding this amiable weakness of the mind with something too nearly allied to contempt." On the 17th — "I received the melancholy news that James Ballantyne has lost his wife. With his domestic habits the blow is irretrievable. What can he do, poor fellow, at the head of such a family of children? I should not be surprised if he were to give way to despair." James was not able to appear at his wife's funeral; and this Scott viewed with something more than pity. Next morning, however, says the Diary: — "Ballantyne came in, to my surprise, about twelve o'clock. He was very serious, and spoke as if he had some idea of sudden and speedy death. He mentioned that he had named Cadell, Cowan, young Hughes, and his brother, to be his trustees, with myself. He has settled to go to the country, poor fellow!"

Ballantyne retired accordingly to some sequestered place near Jedburgh, and there indulged his grief in solitude. Scott regarded this as weakness, and in part at least as wilful weakness, and addressed to him several letters of strong remonstrance and rebuke. I have read them, but do not possess them; nor perhaps would it have been proper for me to print them. In writing of the case to myself, he says — "I have a sore grievance in poor Ballantyne's increasing lowness of heart, and I fear he is sinking rapidly into the condition of a religious dreamer. His retirement from Edinburgh was the worst advised scheme in the world. I in vain reminded him, that when our Saviour himself was to be led into temptation, the first thing the Devil thought of was to get him into the wilderness." Ballantyne, after a few weeks, resumed his place in the printing office; but he addicted himself more and more to what his friend considered as erroneous and extravagant notions of religious doctrine; and I regret to say that in this difference originated a certain alienation, not of affection, but of confidence, which was visible to every near observer of their subsequent intercourse. Towards the last, indeed, they saw but little of each other. I suppose, however, it is needless to add that, down to the very last, Scott watched over Ballantyne's interests with undiminished attention.

---

* Miss Edgeworth had given Sir Walter a bronze inkstand (said to have belonged to Ariosto), with appurtenances.

I must give a few more extracts from the Diary, for the Spring Session, during which Anne of Geierstein was finished, and the Prospectus of the Opus Magnum issued. — Several entries refer to the final carrying of the Roman Catholic Question. When the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel announced their intention of conceding those claims, on which the reader has already seen Scott's opinion, there were meetings and petitions enough in Edinburgh as elsewhere; and though he felt considerable repugnance to acting in any such matter with Whigs and Radicals, in opposition to a great section of the Tories, he ultimately resolved not to shrink from doing his part in support of the Duke's Government on that critical experiment. He wrote, I believe, several articles in favour of the measure for the Weekly Journal; he spoke, though shortly, at the principal meeting, and proposed one of its resolutions; and when the consequent petition was read in the House of Commons, his name among the subscribers was received with such enthusiasm, that Sir Robert Peel thought fit to address to him a special and very cordial letter of thanks on that occasion.

DIARY — "*February* 23. — Anne and I dined at Skene's, where we met Mr. and Mrs. George Forbes, Colonel and Mrs. Blair, George Bell, &c. The party was a pleasant one. Colonel Blair told us that, at the commencement of the battle of Waterloo there was some trouble to prevent the men from breaking their ranks. He expostulated with one man — 'Why, my good fellow, you cannot propose to beat the French alone? You had better keep your ranks.' The man, who was one of the 71st, returned to his place, saying, 'I believe you are right, sir, but I am a man of a very *hot temper*.' There was much *bonhommie* in the reply.

"*February* 24. — Snowy miserable morning. I corrected my proofs, and then went to breakfast with Mr. Drummond Hay, where we again met Colonel and Mrs. Blair, with Thomas Thomson. We looked over some most beautiful drawings which Mrs. Blair had made in different parts of India, exhibiting a species of architecture so gorgeous, and on a scale so extensive, as to put to shame the magnificence of Europe;* and yet, in most cases, as little is known of the people who wrought these wonders as of the kings who built the Pyramids. Fame depends on literature, not on architecture. We are more eager to see a broken column of Cicero's villa, than all these mighty labours of barbaric power. Mrs. Blair is full of enthusiasm. She told me, that when she worked with her pencil she was glad to have some one to read to her as a sort of sedative, otherwise her excitement made her tremble, and burst out a-crying. I can understand this very well. On returning home, I wrought, but not much — rather dawdled and took to reading Chambers's Beauties of Scotland, which would be admirable if they were accurate. He is a clever young fellow, but hurts himself by too much haste. I am not making too much myself, I know — and I know, too, it is time I were making it — unhappily there is such a thing as more haste and less speed. I can very seldom think to purpose by lying perfectly idle, but when I take an idle book, or a walk, my mind strays back to its task, out of contradiction as it were; the things I read become mingled with those I have been writing, and something is concocted. I cannot compare this process of the mind to anything save that of a woman to whom the mechanical operation of spinning serves as a running bass to the songs she sings, or the course of ideas she pursues. The phrase *Hoc age*, so often quoted by my father, does not jump with my humour. I cannot nail my mind to one subject of contemplation, and it is by nourishing two trains of ideas that I can bring one into order.

---

* Some of these fine drawings have been engraved for Colonel Tod's *Travels in Western India*, London, 4to, 1839

"*February* 28. — Finished my proofs this morning; and read part of a curious work, called Memoirs of Vidocq, a fellow who was at the head of Buonaparte's police. It is a *picaresque* tale; in other words, a romance of roguery. The whole seems much exaggerated, and got up; but I suppose there is truth *au fond*. I came home about two o'clock, and wrought hard and fast till now — night. I cannot get myself to feel at all anxious about the Catholic question. I cannot see the use of fighting about the platter, when you have let them snatch the meat off it. I hold Popery to be such a mean and depraving superstition, that I am not sure I could have found myself liberal enough for voting the repeal of the penal laws as they existed before 1780. They must, and would, in course of time, have smothered Popery; and, I confess, I should have seen the old lady of Babylon's mouth stopped with pleasure. But now, that you have taken the plaster off her mouth, and given her free respiration, I cannot see the sense of keeping up the irritation about the claim to sit in Parliament. Unopposed, the Catholic superstition may sink into dust, with all its absurd ritual and solemnities. Still it is an awful risk. The world is, in fact, as silly as ever, and a good competence of nonsense will always find believers. Animal magnetism, phrenology, &c. &c., have all had their believers, and why not Popery? Ecod! if they should begin to make Smithfield broils, I do not know where many an honest Protestant could find courage enough to be carbonadoed. I should shrink from the thoughts of tar-barrels and gibbets, I am afraid, and make a very pusillanimous martyr. So I hope the Duke of Wellington will keep the horned beast well in hand, and not let her get her leg over the harrows.

"*March* 4.—At four o'clock arrives Mr. Cadell, with his horn charged with good news. The prospectus of the Magnum, although issued only a week, has produced such a demand among the trade, that he thinks he must add a large number of copies, that the present edition of 7000 may be increased to meet the demand; he talks of raising it to 10 or 12,000. If so, I shall have a powerful and constant income to bear on my unfortunate debts for several years to come, and may fairly hope to put every claim in a secure way of payment. Laidlaw dined with me, and, poor fellow, was as much elated with the news as I am, for it is not of a nature to be kept secret. I hope I shall have him once more at Kaeside, to debate, as we used to do, on religion and politics.

"*March* 5.—I am admitted a member of the Maitland Club of Glasgow, a Society on the principle of the Roxburgh and Bannatyne. What a tail of the alphabet I should draw after me were I to sign with the indications of the different societies I belong to, beginning with President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and ending with Umpire of the Six-feet-high Club.*

" *March* 6. — Made some considerable additions to the Appendix to General Preface. I am in the sentiments towards the public that the buffoon player expresses towards his patron —

' Go tell my good Lord, said this modest young man,
If he will but invite me to dinner,
I'll be as diverting as ever I can —
I will, on the faith of a sinner.'

I will multiply the notes, therefore, when there is a chance of giving pleasure and variety. There is a stronger gleam of hope on my affairs than has yet touched on them; it is not steady or certain, but it is bright and conspicuous. Ten years may last with me, though I have but little chance of it.

" *March* 7. — Sent away proofs. This extrication of my affairs, though only a Pisgah prospect, occupies my mind more than is fitting; but without some such hopes I must have felt like one of the victims of the wretch Burke, struggling against a smothering weight on my bosom, till nature could endure it no longer.

" *March* 8. — Ballantyne, by a letter of this morning, totally condemns Anne of Geierstein. Third volume nearly finished — a pretty thing, truly, for I shall be expected to do all over again. Great dishonour in this, as Trinculo says, besides an infinite loss. Sent for Cadell to attend me to-morrow morning, that we may consult about this business. — Peel has made his motion on the Catholic question with a speech of three hours. It is almost a complete surrender to the Catholics; and so it should be, for half measures do but linger out the feud. This will, or rather ought to satisfy all men who sincerely love peace, and, therefore, all men of property. But will this satisfy Pat, who, with all his virtues, is certainly not the most sensible person in the world? Perhaps not; and if not, it is but fighting them at last. I smoked away, and thought of ticklish politics and bad novels.

---

* This was a sportive association of young athletes. Hogg, I think was their Poet Laureate.

"*March* 9. — Cadell came to breakfast. We resolved in privy council to refer the question whether Anne of G——n be sea-worthy or not, to further consideration, which, as the book cannot be published, at any rate, during the full rage of the Catholic question, may be easily managed. After breakfast I went to Sir William Arbuthnot's,* and met there a select party of Tories, to decide whether we should act with the Whigs, by adopting their petition in favour of the Catholics. I was not free from apprehension that the petition might be put into such language as I, at least, should be unwilling to homologate by my subscription. The Solicitor was voucher that they would keep the terms quite general; whereupon we subscribed the requisition for a meeting, with a slight alteration, affirming that it was our desire not to have intermeddled, had not the anti-Catholics pursued that course; and so the Whigs and we are embarked in the same boat — *vogue la galère.*

"Went about one o'clock to the Castle, where we saw the auld murderess Mons Meg† brought up in solemn procession to reoccupy her ancient place on the Argyle battery. The day was cold, but serene, and I think the ladies must have been cold enough, not to mention the Celts who turned out upon the occasion, under the leading of Cluny Macpherson, a fine spirited lad. Mons Meg is a monument of our pride and poverty. The size is enormous, but six smaller guns would have been made at the same expense, and done six times as much execution as she could have done. There was immense interest taken in the show by the people of the town, and the numbers who crowded the Castle-hill had a magnificent appearance. About thirty of our Celts attended in costume: and as there was a Highland regiment for duty, with dragoons and artillerymen, the whole made a splendid show. The style in which the last manned and wrought the windlass which raised Old Meg, weighing seven or eight tons, from her temporary carriage to that which has been her basis for many years, was singularly beautiful, as a combined exhibition of skill and strength. My daughter had what might have proved a frightful accident. Some rockets were let off, one of which lighted upon her head, and set her bonnet on fire. She neither screamed nor ran, but quietly permitted Charles Sharpe to extinguish the fire, which he did with great coolness and dexterity. All who saw her, especially the friendly Celts, gave her merit for her steadiness, and said she came of good blood. My own courage was not tried, for being at some distance escorting the beautiful and lively Countess of Hopetoun, I did not hear of the accident till it was over.

---

* This gentleman was a favourite with Sir Walter — a special point of communion being the Antiquities of the British Drama. He was Provost of Edinburgh in 1816–17, and again in 1822, and the King gracefully surprised him by proposing his health, at the civic Banquet in the Parliament House (see *ante*, Vol. VI. p. 233), as "Sir William Arbuthnot, Baronet."

† See *ante*, Vol. VI. p. 248.

"We lunched with the regiment (73d) now in the Castle. The little entertainment gave me an opportunity of observing what I have often before remarked — the improvement in the character of the young and subaltern officers in the army, which in the course of a long and bloody war had been, in point of rank and manners, something deteriorated. The number of persons applying for commissions (3000 being now on the lists) gives an opportunity of selection; and officers should certainly be *gentlemen*, with a complete opening to all who can rise by merit. The style in which duty and the knowledge of their profession are now enforced, prevents *faineants* from remaining long in the profession.

"In the evening I presided at the annual festival of the

Celtic Club. I like this Society, and willingly give myself to be excited by the sight of handsome young men with plaids and claymores, and all the alertness and spirit of Highlanders in their native garb. There was the usual degree of excitation — excellent dancing, capital songs, a general inclination to please and to be pleased. A severe cold caught on the battlements of the Castle prevented me from playing first fiddle so well as on former occasions, but what I could do was received with the usual partiality of the Celts. I got home fatigued and *vino gravatus* about eleven o'clock. We had many guests, some of whom, English officers, seemed both amused and surprised at our wild ways, especially at the dancing without ladies, and the mode of drinking favourite toasts, by springing up with one foot on the bench and one on the table, and the peculiar shriek of applause, so unlike English cheering.

" *Abbotsford, March* 18. — I like the hermit life indifferent well, nor would, I sometimes think, break my heart, were I to be in that magic mountain where food was regularly supplied by ministering genii, and plenty of books were accessible without the least interruption of human society. But this is thinking like a fool. Solitude is only agreeable when the power of having society is removed to a short space, and can be commanded at pleasure. 'It is not good for man to be alone.'* It blunts our faculties, and freezes our active virtues. And now, my watch pointing to noon, I think after four hours' work I may indulge myself with a walk. The dogs see me about to shut my desk, and intimate their happiness by caresses and whining. By your leave, Messrs. Genii of the Mountain, if I come to your retreat I'll bring my dogs with me.

" The day was showery, but not unpleasant — soft dropping rains, attended by a mild atmosphere, that spoke of flowers in their seasons, and a chirping of birds, that had a touch of spring in it. I had the patience to get fully wet, and the grace to be thankful for it.

---

* Genesis, ii. 18.

"Come, a little flourish on the trumpet. Let us rouse the Genius of this same red mountain — so called, because it is all the year covered with roses. There can be no difficulty in finding it, for it lies towards the Caspian, and is quoted in the Persian Tales. Well, I open my ephemerides, form my scheme under the suitable planet, and the Genius obeys the invitation, and appears. The Gnome is a misshapen dwarf, with a huge jolter-head like that of Boerhaave on the Bridge,* his limbs and body monstrously shrunk and disproportioned. — 'Sir Dwarf,' said I, undauntedly, 'thy head is very large, and thy feet and limbs somewhat small in proportion.' 'I have crammed my head, even to the overflowing, with knowledge; and I have starved my limbs by disuse of exercise and denial of sustenance!' — 'Can I acquire wisdom in thy solitary library?' 'Thou mayest!' — 'On what condition?' 'Renounce all gross and fleshly pleasures, eat pulse and drink water, converse with none but the wise and learned, alive and dead.' — 'Why, this were to die in the cause of wisdom!' 'If you desire to draw from our library only the advantage of seeming wise, you may have it consistent with all your favourite enjoyments.' — 'How much sleep?' 'A Lapland night — eight months out of the twelve.' — 'Enough for a dormouse, most generous Genius — a bottle of wine?' 'Two, if you please; but you must not seem to care for them — cigars in loads, whisky in lushings — only they must be taken with an air of contempt, a *flocci-pauci-nihili-pili-fication* of all that can gratify the outward man.' — 'I am about to ask you a serious question — when one has stuffed his stomach, drunk his bottle, and smoked his cigar, how is he to keep himself awake?' 'Either by cephalic snuff or castle-building.' — 'Do you approve of castle-building as a frequent exercise?' — *Genius.* Life were not life without it —

---

* This head may still be seen over a laboratory at No 100 of the South Bridge, Edinburgh. — *N. B.* There is a tradition that the venerable busto in question was once dislodged by "Colonel Grogg" and some of his companions, and waggishly planted in a very inappropriate position.

'Give me the joy that sickens not the heart,
Give me the wealth that has no wings to fly.'

Author. 'I reckon myself one of the best aërial architects now living, and *Nil me pœnitet.*' — *Genius.* '*Nec est cur te pœniteat.* Most of your novels had previously been subjects for airy castles.' — *Author.* 'You have me — and moreover a man derives experience from such fanciful visions. There are few situations I have not in fancy figured, and there are few, of course, which I am not previously prepared to take some part in.' — *Genius.* 'True; but I am afraid your having fancied yourself victorious in many a fight, would be of little use were you suddenly called to the field, and your personal infirmities and nervous agitations both rushing upon you and incapacitating you.' — *Author.* 'My nervous agitations! down with them! —

'Down, down to limbo and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid! —
So there ends the tale, with a hoy, with a hoy,
So there ends the tale with a ho.
There's a moral — if you fail
To seize it by the tail,
Its import will exhale, you must know.'

"*March* 19.—The above was written yesterday before dinner, though appearances are to the contrary. I only meant that the studious solitude I have sometimes dreamed of, unless practised with rare stoicism, might perchance degenerate into secret indulgences of coarser appetites, which, when the cares and restraints of social life are removed, are apt to make us think, with Dr. Johnson, our dinner the most important event of the day. So much in the way of explanation, a humour which I love not. Go to. I fagged at my Review on Ancient Scottish History, both before and after breakfast. I walked from one o'clock till near three. I make it out rather better than of late I have been able to do in the streets of Edinburgh, where I am ashamed to walk so slow as would suit me. Indeed nothing but a certain suspicion, that once drawn up on the beach, I would soon break up, prevents my renouncing pedestrian exercises altogether, for it is positive suffering, and of an acute kind too.

"*March* 26. — Sent off ten pages of the Maid of the Mist this morning with a murrain: — But how to get my catastrophe packed into the compass allotted for it?

'It sticks like a pistol half out of its holster,
Or rather indeed like an obstinate bolster,
Which I think I have seen you attempting, my dear,
In vain to cram into a small pillow-beer.'

There is no help for it — I must make a *tour de force*, and annihilate both time and space.

"*March* 28. — In spite of the temptation of a fine morning, I toiled manfully at the Review till two o'clock, commencing at seven. I fear it will be uninteresting, but I like the muddling work of antiquities, and, besides, wish to record my sentiments with regard to the Gothic question. No one that has not laboured as I have done on imaginary topics can judge of the comfort afforded by walking on all fours, and being grave and dull. I dare say, when the clown of the pantomime escapes from his nightly task of vivacity, it is his especially to smoke a pipe and be prosy with some good-natured fellow, the dullest of his acquaintance. I have seen such a tendency in Sir Adam Fergusson, the gayest man I ever knew; and poor Tom Sheridan has complained to me on the fatigue of supporting the character of an agreeable companion.

"*April* 3. — Both Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Haddington have spoken very handsomely in Parliament of my accession to the Catholic petition, and I think it has done some good; yet I am not confident that the measure will disarm the Catholic spleen — nor am I entirely easy at finding myself allied to the Whigs even in the instance where I agree with them. This is witless prejudice, however.

"*April* 8.—We have the news of the Catholic question being carried in the House of Lords, by a majority of 105 upon the second reading. This is decisive, and the balsam of Fierabras must be swallowed.

"*April* 9.—I have bad news of James Ballantyne. Hypochondria, I am afraid, and religiously distressed in mind.

"*April* 18.—Corrected proofs. I find J. B. has not returned to his business, though I wrote to say how necessary it was. My pity begins to give way to anger. Must he sit there and squander his thoughts and senses upon dowdy metaphysics and abstruse theology, till he addles his brains entirely, and ruins his business?—I have written to him again, letter third, and, I am determined, last.

"*April* 20.—Lord Buchan is dead, a person whose immense vanity, bordering upon insanity, obscured, or rather eclipsed, very considerable talents. His imagination was so fertile, that he seemed really to believe the extraordinary fictions which he delighted in telling. His economy, most laudable in the early part of his life, when it enabled him, from a small income, to pay his father's debts, became a miserable habit, and led him to do mean things. He had a desire to be a great man and a Mecænas—*a bon marché.* The two celebrated lawyers, his brothers, were not more gifted by nature than I think he was, but the restraints of a profession kept the eccentricity of the family in order. Henry Erskine was the best-natured man I ever knew, thoroughly a gentleman, and with but one fault—he could not say *no*, and thus sometimes misled those who trusted him. Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock-and-a-bull story of having seen the ghost of his father's servant, John Burnet, with as much gravity as if he believed every word he was saying. Both Henry and Thomas were saving men, yet both died very poor. The latter at one time possessed £200,000; the other had a considerable fortune. The Earl alone has died wealthy. It is saving, not getting, that is the mother of riches. They all had wit. The Earl's was crack-brained, and sometimes caustic; Henry's was of the very kindest, best-humoured, and gayest sort that ever cheered society; that of Lord Erskine was moody and muddish. But I never saw him in his best days.

"*April* 25. — After writing a heap of letters, it was time to set out for Lord Buchan's funeral at Dryburgh Abbey. The letters were signed by Mr. David Erskine, his Lordship's natural son; and his nephew, the young Earl, was present; but neither of them took the head of the coffin. His Lordship's burial took place in a chapel amongst the ruins. His body was in the grave with its feet pointing westward. My cousin, Maxpopple,* was for taking notice of it, but I assured him that a man who had been wrong in the head all his life would scarce become right-headed after death. I felt something at parting with this old man, though but a trumpery body. He gave me the first approbation I ever obtained from a stranger. His caprice had led him to examine Dr. Adam's class, when I, a boy of twelve years old, and then in disgrace for some aggravated case of negligence, was called up from a low bench, and recited my lesson with some spirit and appearance of feeling the poetry — (it was the apparition of Hector's ghost in the Æneid) — which called forth the noble Earl's applause. I was very proud of this at the time. I was sad from another account — it was the first time I had been among those ruins since I left a very valued pledge there. My next visit may be involuntary. Even God's will be done — at least I have not the mortification of thinking what a deal of patronage and fuss Lord Buchan would bestow on my funeral.† Maxpopple dined and slept here with four of his family, much amused with what they heard and saw. By good fortune, a ventriloquist and parcel juggler came in, and we had him in the library after dinner. He was a half-starved wretched-looking creature, who seemed to have eat more fire than bread. So I caused him to be well stuffed, and gave him a guinea — rather to his poverty than to his skill. — And now to finish Anne of Geierstein."

---

* William Scott, Esq. — the present Laird of Raeburn — was commonly thus designated from a minor possession, during his father's lifetime. Whatever, in things of this sort, used to be practised among the French noblesse, might be traced, till very lately, in the customs of the Scottish provincial gentry.

† See *ante*, Vol. V. p. 235.

Anne of Geierstein was finished before breakfast on the 29th of April; and his Diary mentions that immediately after breakfast he began his Compendium of Scottish History for Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia. We have seen, that when the proprietors of that work, in July 1828, offered him £500 for an abstract of Scottish History in one volume, he declined the proposal. They subsequently offered £700, and this was accepted; but though he began the task under the impression that he should find it a heavy one, he soon warmed to the subject, and pursued it with cordial zeal and satisfaction. One volume, it by and by appeared, would never do — in his own phrase, "he must have elbow-room" — and I believe it was finally settled that he should have £1500 for the book in two volumes; of which the first was published before the end of this year.

Anne of Geierstein came out about the middle of May; and this, which may be almost called the last work of his imaginative genius, was received at least as well — (out of Scotland, that is) — as the Fair Maid of Perth had been, or indeed as any novel of his after the Crusaders. I partake very strongly, I am aware, in the feeling which most of my own countrymen have little shame in avowing, that no novel of his, where neither scenery nor character is Scottish, belongs to the same preeminent class with those in which he paints and peoples his native landscape. I have confessed that I cannot rank even his best English romances with such creations as Waverley and Old Mortality; far less can I believe that posterity will attach similar value to this Maid of the Mist. Its pages, however, display in undiminished perfection all the skill and grace of the mere artist, with occasional outbreaks of the old poetic spirit, more than sufficient to remove the work to an immeasurable distance from any of its order produced in this country in our own age. Indeed, the various play of fancy in the combination of persons and events, and the airy liveliness of both imagery and diction, may well justify us in applying to the author what he beautifully says of his King René —

> "A mirthful man he was; the snows of age
> Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
> Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming brain
> With such wild visions as the setting sun
> Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
> Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues."

It is a common saying that there is nothing so distinctive of *genius* as the retention, in advanced years, of the capacity to depict the feelings of youth with all their original glow and purity. But I apprehend this blessed distinction belongs to, and is the just reward of, virtuous genius only. In the case of extraordinary force of imagination, combined with the habitual indulgence of a selfish mood — not combined, that is to say, with the genial temper of mind and thought which God and Nature design to be kept alive in man by those domestic charities out of which the other social virtues so easily spring, and with which they find such endless links of interdependence; — in this unhappy case, which none who has studied the biography of genius can pronounce to be a rare one, the very power which heaven bestowed seems to become, as old age darkens, the sternest avenger of its own misapplication. The retrospect of life is converted by its energy into one wide blackness of desolate regret; and whether this breaks out in the shape of a rueful contemptuousness, or a sarcastic mockery of tone, the least drop of the poison is enough to paralyze all attempts at awakening sympathy by fanciful delineations of love and friendship. Perhaps Scott has nowhere painted such feelings more deliciously than in those very scenes of Anne of Geierstein, which offer every now and then, in some incidental circumstance or reflection, the best evidence that they are drawn by a grey-headed man. The whole of his own life was too present to his wonderful memory to permit of his brooding with exclusive partiality, whether painfully or pleasurably, on any one portion or phasis of it; and besides, he was always living over again in his children, young at heart whenever he looked on them, and the world that was opening on them and their friends. But above all, he had a firm belief in the future reunion of those whom death has parted.

He lost two more of his old intimates about this time; — Mr. Terry in June, and Mr. Shortreed in the beginning of July. The Diary says: —

"*July* 9. Heard of the death of poor Bob Shortreed, the companion of many a long ride among the hills in quest of old ballads. He was a merry companion, a good singer and mimic, and full of Scottish drollery. In his company, and under his guidance, I was able to see much of rural society in the mountains, which I could not otherwise have attained, and which I have made my use of. He was, in addition, a man of worth and character. I always burdened his hospitality while at

Jedburgh on the circuit, and have been useful to some of his family. Poor fellow! So glide our friends from us.* Many recollections die with him and with poor Terry."

His Diary has few more entries for this twelvemonth. Besides the volume of History for Dr. Lardner's collection, he had ready for publication by December the last of the *Scottish* Series of Tales of a Grandfather; and had made great progress in the prefaces and notes for Cadell's *Opus Magnum.* He had also overcome various difficulties which for a time interrupted the twin scheme of an illustrated edition of his Poems: and one of these in a manner so agreeable to him, and honourable to the other party, that I must make room for the two following letters: —

" *To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Regent's Park.*

" Shandwick Place, 4th June 1829.

" My Dear Lockhart, — I have a commission for you to execute for me, which I shall deliver in a few words. I am now in possession of my own copyrights of every kind, excepting a few things in Longman's hands, and which I am offered on very fair terms — and a fourth share of Marmion, which is in the possession of our friend Murray. Now, I should consider it a great favour if Mr. Murray would part with it at what he may consider as a fair rate, and would be most happy to show my sense of obligation by assisting his views and speculations as far as lies in my power. I wish you could learn as soon as you can Mr. Murray's sentiments on this subject, as they would weigh with me in what I am about to arrange as to the collected edition. The Waverley Novels are doing very well indeed. — I put you to a shilling's expense, as I wish a speedy answer to the above query. I am always, with love to Sophia, affectionately yours,

---

* Some little time before his death, the worthy Sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire received a set of his friend's works, with this inscription: — " To Robert Shortreed, Esq., the friend of the author from youth to age, and his guide and companion upon many an expedition among the Border hills, in quest of the materials of legendary lore which have at length filled so many volumes, this collection of the results of their former rambles is presented by his sincere friend, *Walter Scott.*"

" WALTER SCOTT."

" *To Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Edinburgh.*

" Albemarle Street, June 8, 1829.

" My Dear Sir, — Mr. Lockhart has this moment communicated your letter respecting my fourth share of the copyright of Marmion. I have already been applied to by Messrs. Constable and by Messrs. Longman, to know what sum I would sell this share for; — but so highly do I estimate the honour of being, even in so small a degree, the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it.

" But there is a consideration of another kind, which until now I was not aware of, which would make it painful to me if I were to retain it a moment longer. I mean the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request.

" This share has been profitable to me fifty-fold beyond what either publisher or author could have anticipated, and, therefore, my returning it on such an occasion you will, I trust, do me the favour to consider in no other light than as a mere act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received by, my dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

" JOHN MURRAY."

The success of the collective novels was far beyond what either Sir Walter or Mr. Cadell had ventured to anticipate. Before the close of 1829, eight volumes had been issued; and the monthly sale had reached as high as 35,000. Should this go on, there was, indeed, every reason to hope that, coming in aid of undiminished industry in the preparation of new works, it would wipe off all his load of debt in the course of a very few years. And during the autumn (which I spent near him) it was most agreeable to observe the effects of the prosperous intelligence, which every succeeding month brought, upon his spirits.

This was the more needed, that at this time his eldest son, who had gone to the south of France on account of some unpleasant symptoms in his health, did not at first seem to profit rapidly by the change of climate. He feared that the young man was not quite so attentive to the advice of his physicians as he ought to have been; and in one of many letters on this subject, after mentioning some of Cadell's good news as to the great affair, he says — "I have wrought hard, and so far successfully. But I tell you plainly, my dear boy, that if you permit your health to decline from want of attention, I have not strength of mind enough to exert myself in these matters as I have hitherto been doing." Happily Major Scott was, ere long, restored to his usual state of health and activity.

Sir Walter himself, too, besides the usual allowance of rheumatism, and other lesser ailments, had an attack that season of a nature which gave his family great alarm, and which for some days he himself regarded with the darkest prognostications. After some weeks, during which he complained of headach and nervous irritation, certain hæmorrhages indicated the sort of relief required, and he obtained it from copious cupping. He says, in his Diary for June 3d — "The ugly symptom still continues. Dr Ross does not make much of it; and I think he is apt to look grave. Either way I am firmly resolved. I wrote in the morning. The Court kept me till near two, and then home comes I. Afternoon and evening were spent as usual. In the evening Dr. Ross ordered me to be cupped, an operation which I only knew from its being practised by those eminent medical practitioners the barbers of Bagdad. It is not painful; and, I think, resembles a giant twisting about your flesh between his finger and thumb." After this he felt better, he said, than he had done for years before; but there can be little doubt that the natural evacuation was a very serious symptom. It was, in fact, the precursor of apoplexy. In telling the Major of his recovery, he says — "The sale of the Novels is pro—di—gi—ous. If it last but a few years, it will clear my feet of old incumbrances, nay, perhaps, enable me to talk a word to our friend Nicol Milne.

'But old ships must expect to get out of commission,
Nor again to weigh anchor with *yo heave ho!*'

However that may be, I should be happy to die a free man; and I am sure you will all be kind to poor Anne, who will miss me most. I don't intend to die a minute sooner than I can help for all this; but when a man takes to making blood instead of water, he is tempted to think on the possibility of his soon making earth."

One of the last entries in this year's Diary gives a sketch of the celebrated Edward Irving, who was about this time deposed from the ministry of the Church of Scotland on account of his wild heresies.* Sir Walter describing a large dinner party, says —

"I met to-day the celebrated divine and *soi-disant* prophet Irving. He is a fine-looking man (bating a diabolical squint) with talent on his brow and madness in his eye. His dress, and the arrangement of his hair, indicated that. I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at table. He put me in mind of the devil disguised as an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonize with the dark tranquil features of his face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian pictures, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner. There was much real or affected simplicity in the manner in which he spoke. He rather *made play*, spoke much, and seemed to be good-humoured. But he spoke with that kind of unction which is nearly allied to *cajolerie.* He boasted much of the tens of thousands that attended his ministry at the town of Annan, his native place, till he well-nigh provoked me to say he was a distinguished exception to the rule that a prophet was not esteemed in his own country. But time and place were not fitting."

---

* Mr. Irving died on 6th December 1834, aged 42.

Among a few other friends from a distance, Sir Walter received this autumn a short visit from Mr. Hallam, and made in his company several of the little excursions which had in former days been of constant recurrence. Mr. Hallam had with him his son, Arthur, a young gentleman of extraordinary abilities, and as modest as able, who not long afterwards was cut off in the very bloom of opening life and genius. In a little volume of "Remains," which his father has since printed for private friends — with this motto —

"Vattene in pace alma beata e bella," —

there occurs a memorial of Abbotsford and Melrose, which I have pleasure in being allowed to quote: —

"STANZAS — AUGUST 1829.

'I lived an hour in fair Melrose;
It was not when the pale moonlight'

Its magnifying charm bestows;
Yet deem I that I 'viewed it right.'
The wind-swept shadows fast careered,
Like living things that joyed or feared,
Adown the sunny Eildon Hill,
And the sweet winding Tweed the distance crowned well.

"I inly laughed to see that scene
Wear such a countenance of youth
Though many an age those hills were green,
And yonder river glided smooth,
Ere in these now disjointed walls
The Mother Church held festivals,
And full-voiced anthemings the while
Swelled from the choir, and lingered down the echoing aisle.

"I coveted that Abbey's doom;
For if, I thought, the early flowers
Of our affection may not bloom,
Like those green hills, through countless hours,
Grant me at least a tardy waning,
Some pleasure still in age's paining;
Though lines and forms must fade away,
Still may old Beauty share the empire of Decay!

"But looking toward the grassy mound
Where calm the Douglas chieftains lie,
Who, living, quiet never found,
I straightway learnt a lesson high:
For there an old man sat serene,
And well I knew that thoughtful mien
Of him whose early lyre had thrown
Over these mouldering walls the magic of its tone.

Then ceased I from my envying state,
And knew that aweless intellect
Hath power upon the ways of fate,
And works through time and space uncheck'd.
That minstrel of old chivalry,
In the cold grave must come to be,
But his transmitted thoughts have part
In the collective mind, and never shall depart.

"It was a comfort too to see
Those dogs that from him ne'er would rove,
And always eyed him reverently,
With glances of depending love.
They know not of that eminence
Which marks him to my reasoning sense;
They know but that he is a man,
And still to them is kind, and glads them all he can.

"And hence, their quiet looks confiding,
Hence grateful instincts seated deep,
By whose strong bond, were ill betiding,
They'd risk their own his life to keep.
What joy to watch in lower creature
Such dawning of a moral nature,
And how (the rule all things obey)
They look to a higher mind to be their law and stay!"

The close of the autumn was embittered by a sudden and most unexpected deprivation. Apparently in the fullest enjoyment of health and vigour, Thomas Purdie leaned his head one evening on the table, and dropped asleep. This was nothing uncommon in a hard-working man; and his family went and came about him for several hours, without taking any notice. When supper came, they tried to awaken him, and found that life had been for some time extinct. Far different from other years, Sir Walter seemed impatient to get away from Abbotsford to Edinburgh. "I have lost," he writes (4th November) to Cadell, "my old and faithful servant — my factotum — and am so much shocked, that I really wish to be quit of the country and safe in town. I have this day laid him in the grave. This has prevented my answering your letters."

The grave, close to the Abbey at Melrose, is surmounted by a modest monument, having on two sides these inscriptions : —

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF
THE FAITHFUL AND ATTACHED SERVICES
OF
TWENTY-TWO YEARS,
AND IN SORROW
FOR THE LOSS OF A HUMBLE BUT SINCERE FRIEND;
THIS STONE WAS ERECTED
BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.,
OF ABBOTSFORD

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
THOMAS PURDIE,
WOOD-FORESTER AT ABBOTSFORD,
WHO DIED 29th OCTOBER 1829,
AGED SIXTY-TWO YEARS.

**"Thou hast been faithful
over a few things,
I will make thee ruler
over many things."**
***St. Matthew*, chap. xxv. ver. 21st**

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy — Second Volume of the History of Scotland — Paralytic seizure — Letters on Demonology, and Tales on the History of France, begun — Poetry, with Prefaces, published — Reviewal of Southey's Life of Bunyan — Excursions to Culross and Prestonpans — Resignation of the Clerkship of Session — Commission on the Stuart Papers — Offers of a Pension, and of the rank of Privy-Councillor, declined — Death of George IV. — General Election — Speech at Jedburgh — Second paralytic attack — Demonology, and French History, published — Arrival of King Charles X. at Holyrood-House — Letter to Lady Louisa Stuart.

1830.

Sir Walter's reviewal of the early parts of Mr. Pitcairn's Ancient Criminal Trials had, of course, much gratified the editor, who sent him, on his arrival in Edinburgh, the proof-sheets of the Number then in hand, and directed his attention particularly to its details on the extraordinary case of Mure of Auchindrane, A. D. 1611. Scott was so much interested with these documents, that he resolved to found a dramatic sketch on their terrible story; and the result was a composition far superior to any of his previous attempts of that nature. Indeed, there are several passages in his "Ayrshire Tragedy" — especially that where the murdered corpse floats upright in the wake of the assassin's bark — (an incident suggested by a lamentable chapter in Lord Nelson's history) — which may bear comparison with anything but Shakspeare. Yet I doubt whether the prose narrative of the preface be not, on the whole, more dramatic than the versified scenes. It contains, by the way, some very striking allusions to the recent atrocities of Gill's Hill and the West Port. This piece was published in a thin octavo, early in the year; and the beautiful Essays on Ballad Poetry, composed with a view to a collective edition of all his Poetical Works in small cheap volumes, were about the same time attached to the octavo edition then on sale; the state of stock not as yet permitting the new issue to be begun.

Sir Walter was now to pay the penalty of his unparalleled toils. On the 15th of February, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he returned from the Parliament House apparently in his usual state, and found an old acquaintance, Miss Young of Hawick, waiting to show him some MS. memoirs of her father (a dissenting minister of great worth and talents), which he had undertaken to revise and correct for the press. The old lady sat by him for half an hour while he seemed to be occupied with her papers; at length he rose, as if to dismiss her, but sunk down again — a slight convulsion agitating his features. After a few minutes he got up and staggered to the drawing-room, where Anne Scott and my sister, Violet Lockhart, were sitting. They rushed to meet him, but he fell at all his length on the floor ere they could reach him. He remained speechless for about ten minutes, by which time a surgeon had arrived and bled him. He was cupped again in the evening, and gradually recovered possession of speech, and of all his faculties, in so far that, the occurrence being kept quiet, when he appeared abroad again after a short interval, people in general observed no serious change. He submitted to the utmost severity of regimen, tasting nothing but pulse and water for some weeks, and the alarm of his family and intimate friends subsided. By and by he again mingled in society much as usual, and seems to have *almost* persuaded himself that the attack had proceeded merely from the stomach, though his letters continued ever and anon to drop hints that the symptoms resembled apoplexy or paralysis. When we recollect that both his father and his elder brother died of paralysis, and consider the terrible violences of agitation and exertion to which Sir Walter had been subjected during the four preceding years, the only wonder is that this blow (which had, I suspect, several indistinct harbingers) was deferred so long; there can be none that it was soon followed by others of the same description.

He struggled manfully, however, against his malady, and during 1830 covered almost as many sheets with his MS. as in 1829. About March, I find, from his correspondence with Ballantyne, that he was working regularly at his Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft for Murray's Family Library, and also on a Fourth Series of the Tales of a Grandfather, the subject being French History. Both of these books were published by the end of the year; and the former contains many passages worthy of his best day — little snatches of picturesque narrative and the like — in fact, transcripts of his own familiar fireside stories. The shrewdness with which evidence is sifted on legal cases attests, too, that the main reasoning faculty remained unshaken. But, on the whole, these works can hardly be submitted to a strict ordeal of criticism. There is in both a cloudiness both of words and arrangement. Nor can I speak differently of the second volume of his Scottish History for Lardner's Cyclopædia, which was published in May. His very pretty reviewal of Mr. Southey's Life and Edition of Bunyan was done in August — about which time his recovery seems to have reached its *acmé.*

In the course of the Spring Session, circumstances rendered it highly probable that Sir Walter's resignation of his place as Clerk of Session might be acceptable to the Government; and it is not surprising that he should have, on the whole, been pleased to avail himself of this opportunity.

His Diary was resumed in May, and continued at irregular intervals for the rest of the year; but its contents are commonly too medical for quotation. Now and then, however, occur entries which I cannot think of omitting. For example: —

"*Abbotsford*, *May* 23, 1830. — About a year ago I took the pet at my Diary, chiefly because I thought it made me abominably selfish; and that by recording my gloomy fits, I encouraged their recurrence, whereas out of sight, out of mind, is the best way to get rid of them; and now I hardly know why I take it up again — but here goes. I came here to attend Raeburn's funeral. I am near of his kin, my great-grandfather, Walter Scott, being the second son, or first cadet of this small family. My late kinsman was also married to my aunt, a most amiable old lady. He was never kind to me, and at last utterly ungracious. Of course I never liked him, and we kept no terms. He had forgot, though, an infantine cause of quarrel, which I always remembered. When I was four or five years old, I was staying at Lessudden Place, an old mansion, the abode of this Raeburn. A large pigeon-house was almost destroyed with starlings, then a common bird, though now seldom seen. They were seized in their nests and put in a bag, and I think drowned, or thrashed to death, or put to some such end. The servants gave one to me, which I in some degree tamed, and the laird seized and wrung its neck. I flew at his throat like a wild-cat, and was torn from him with no little difficulty. Long afterwards I did him the mortal offence to recall some superiority which my father had lent to the laird to make up a qualification, which he meant to exercise by voting for Lord Minto's interest against the Duke of Buccleuch's. This made a total breach between two relations who had never been friends; and though I was afterwards of considerable service to his family, he kept his ill-humour, alleging, justly enough, that I did these kind actions for the sake of his wife and name, not for his benefit. I now saw him, at the age of eighty-two or three, deposited in the ancestral grave. Dined with my cousins, and returned to Abbotsford about eight o'clock.

"*Edinburgh*, *May* 26. — Wrought with proofs, &c. at the Demonology, which is a cursed business to do neatly. I must finish it though. I went to the Court, from that came home, and scrambled on with half writing, half reading, half idleness till evening. I have laid aside smoking much; and now, unless tempted by company, rarely take a cigar. I was frightened by a species of fit which I had in March [February], which took from me my power of speaking. I am told it is from the stomach. It looked woundy like palsy or apoplexy. Well, be what it will, I can stand it.

"*May* 27. — Court as usual. I am agitating a proposed retirement from the Court. As they are only to have four instead of six Clerks of Session in Scotland, it will be their interest to let me retire on a superannuation. Probably I shall make a bad bargain, and get only two-thirds of the salary, instead of three-fourths. This would be hard, but I could save between two or three hundred pounds by giving up town residence. At any rate, *jacta est alea* — Sir Robert

Peel and the Advocate acquiesce in the arrangement, and Sir Robert Dundas retires alongst with me. I think the difference will be infinite in point of health and happiness. Yet I do not know. It is perhaps a violent change in the end of life to quit the walk one has trod so long, and the cursed splenetic temper which besets all men makes you value opportunities and circumstances when one enjoys them no longer. Well — 'Things must be as they may,' as says that great philosopher Corporal Nym.

"*June* 3. — I finished my proofs, and sent them off with copy. I saw Mr. Dickinson * on Tuesday; a right plain sensible man. He is so confident in my matters, that being a large creditor himself, he offers to come down, with the support of all the London creditors, to carry through any measure that can be devised for my behoof. Mr. Cadell showed him that we were four years forward in matter prepared for the press. Got Heath's Illustrations, which I dare say are finely engraved, but commonplace enough in point of art.

"*June* 17. — Went last night to Theatre, and saw Miss Fanny Kemble's Isabella, which was a most creditable performance. It has much of the genius of Mrs. Siddons her aunt. She wants her beautiful countenance, her fine form, and her matchless dignity of step and manner. On the other hand, Miss Fanny Kemble has very expressive, though not regular features, and what is worth it all, great energy mingled with and chastised by correct taste. I suffered by the heat, lights, and exertion, and will not go back to-night, for it has purchased me a sore headach this theatrical excursion. Besides, the play is Mrs. Beverley, and I hate to be made miserable about domestic distress; so I keep my gracious presence at home to-night, though I love and respect Miss Kemble for giving her active support to her father in his need, and preventing Covent Garden from coming down about their ears

* Mr. John Dickinson of Nash-mill, Herts, the eminent paper-maker

I corrected proofs before breakfast, attended Court, but was idle in the forenoon, the headach annoying me much.

"*Blair-Adam, June* 18. — Our meeting cordial, but our numbers diminished; the good and very clever Lord Chief-Baron [Shepherd] is returned to his own country with more regrets than in Scotland usually attend a stranger. Will Clerk has a bad cold, Tom Thomson is detained; but the Chief-Commissioner, Admiral Adam, Sir Adam, John Thomson, and I, make an excellent concert.

"*June* 19. — Arose and expected to work a little, but a friend's house is not favourable; you are sure to want the book you have not brought, and are, in short, out of sorts, like the minister who could not preach out of his own pulpit. There is something fanciful in this, and something real too. After breakfast to Culross, where the veteran, Sir Robert Preston, showed us his curiosities. Life has done as much for him as most people. In his ninety-second year, he has an ample fortune, a sound understanding, not the least decay of eyes, ears, or taste, is as big as two men, and eats like three. Yet he too experiences the '*singùla prædantur,*' and has lost something since I last saw him.* If his appearance renders old age tolerable, it does not make it desirable. But I fear, when death comes, we shall be unwilling for all that to part with our bundle of sticks. Sir Robert amuses himself with repairing the old House of Culross, built by the Lord Bruce. What it is destined for is not very evident. It is too near his own mansion of Valleyfield to be useful as a residence, if indeed it could be formed into a comfortable modern house. But it is rather like a banqueting-house. Well, he follows his own fancy. We had a sumptuous cold dinner. Sir Adam grieves it was not hot, — so little can war and want break a man to circumstances. The beauty of Culross consists in magnificent terraces rising on the sea-beach, and commanding the opposite shore of Lothian; the house is repairing in the style of James VI. There are some fine relics of the Old Monastery, with large Saxon arches. At Anstruther I saw with pleasure the painting, by Raeburn, of my old friend Adam Rolland, Esq., who was in the external circumstances, but not in frolic or fancy, my prototype for Paul Pleydell.

---

* Sir R. Preston, Bart. died in May 1834, aged 95.

"*June* 9. — Dined with the Bannatyne, where we had a lively party. Touching the songs, an old *roué* must own an improvement in the times, when all paw-paw words are omitted; — and yet, when the naughty innuendoes are gazers, one is apt to say —

'Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath! and leave In sooth,
And such protests of pepper gingerbread.' *

I think there is more affectation than improvement in the new mode."

Not knowing how poor Maida had been replaced, Miss Edgeworth at this time offered Sir Walter a fine Irish staghound. He replies thus: —

"*To Miss Edgeworth, Edgeworthstown.*

"Edinburgh, 23d June 1830.

"My Dear Miss Edgeworth, — Nothing would be so valuable to me as the mark of kindness which you offer, and yet my kennel is so much changed since I had the pleasure of seeing you, that I must not accept of what I wished so sincerely to possess. I am the happy owner of two of the noble breed, each of gigantic size, and the gift of that sort of Highlander whom we call a High Chief, so I would hardly be justified in parting with them even to make room for your kind present, and I should have great doubts whether the mountaineers would receive the Irish stranger with due hospitality. One of them I had from poor Glengarry, who, with all wild and fierce points of his character, had a kind, honest, and warm heart. The other from a young friend, whom Highlanders call MacVourigh, and Lowlanders MacPherson of Cluny. He is a fine spirited boy, fond of his people and kind to them, and the best dancer of a Highland reel now living. I fear I must not add a third to Nimrod and Bran, having little use for them except being pleasant companions. As to labouring in their vocation, we have only one wolf which I know of, kept in a friend's menagerie near me, and no wild deer. Walter has some roebucks indeed, but Lochore is far off, and I begin to feel myself distressed at running down these innocent and beautiful creatures, perhaps because I cannot gallop so fast after them as to drown sense of the pain we are inflicting. And yet I suspect I am like the sick fox; and if my strength and twenty years could come back, I would become again a copy of my namesake, remembered by the sobriquet of Walter *ill to hauld* (to hold, that is.) 'But age has clawed me in its clutch,'* and there is no remedy for increasing disability except dying, which is an awkward score.

---

* Hotspur — 1st *King Henry IV.* Act III. Scene 1.

" There is some chance of my retiring from my official situation upon the changes in the Court of Session. They cannot reduce my office, though they do not wish to fill it up with a new occupant. I shall be therefore *de trop;* and in these days of economy they will be better pleased to let me retire on three parts of my salary than to keep me a Clerk of Session on the whole; and small grief at our parting, as the old horse said to the broken cart. And yet, though I thought such a proposal when first made was like a Pisgah peep of Paradise, I cannot help being a little afraid of changing the habits of a long life all of a sudden and for ever. You ladies have always your work-basket and stocking-knitting to wreak an hour of tediousness upon. The routine of business serves, I suspect, for the same purpose to us male wretches; it is seldom a burden to the mind, but a something which must be done, and is done almost mechanically; and though dull judges and duller clerks, the routine of law proceedings and law forms, are very unlike the plumed troops and the tug of war, yet the result is the same — the occupation's gone.* The morning, that the day's news must all be gathered from other sources — that the jokes which the principal Clerks of Session have laughed at weekly for a century, and which would not move a muscle of any other person's face, must be laid up to perish like those of Sancho in the Sierra Morena — I don't above half like forgetting all these moderate habits; and yet

---

* *Hamlet*, Act V. Scene 1.

'Ah, freedom is a noble thing!'

as says the old Scottish poet.† So I will cease my regrets, or lay them by to be taken up and used as arguments of comfort, in case I do not slip my cable after all, which is highly possible. Lockhart and Sophia have taken up their old residence at Chiefswood. They are very fond of the place; and I am glad also my grandchildren will be bred near the heather, for certain qualities which I think are best taught there.

"Let me inquire about all my friends, Mrs. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Edgeworth, the hospitable squire, and plan of education, and all and sundry of the household of Edgeworthstown. I shall long remember our delightful days — especially those under the roof of Protestant Frank.‡

"Have you forsworn merry England, to say nothing of our northern regions? This meditated retreat will make me more certain of being at Abbotsford the whole year; and I am now watching the ripening of those plans which I schemed five years, ten years, twenty years ago. Anne is still the Beatrix you saw her; Walter, now major, predominating with his hussars at Nottingham and Sheffield; but happily there has been no call to try Sir Toby's experiment of drawing three souls out of the body of one weaver. Ireland seems to be thriving. A friend of mine laid out £40,000 or £50,000 on an estate there, for which he gets seven per cent., so you are looking up. Old England is distressed enough; — we are well enough here — but we never feel the storm till it has passed over our neighbours. I ought to get a frank for this, but our Members are all up mending the stops of the great fiddle. The termination of the King's illness is considered as inevitable, and expected with great apprehension and anxiety. Believe me always with the greatest regard, yours,

---

* *Othello*, Act III. Scene 3.

† Barbour's *Bruce*.

‡ I believe the ancestor who built the House at Edgeworthstown was distinguished by this appellation.

"Walter Scott."

On the 26th of June, Sir Walter heard of the death of King George IV. with the regret of a devoted and obliged subject. He had received almost immediately before two marks of his Majesty's kind attention. Understanding that his retirement from the Court of Session was at hand, Sir William Knighton suggested to the King that Sir Walter might henceforth be more frequently in London, and that he might very fitly be placed at the head of a new commission for examining and editing the MSS. collections of the exiled Princes of the House of Stuart, which had come into the King's hands on the death of the Cardinal of York. This Sir Walter gladly accepted, and contemplated with pleasure spending the ensuing winter in London. But another proposition, that of elevating him to the rank of Privy Councillor, was unhesitatingly declined. He felt that any increase of rank under the circumstances of diminished fortune and failing health would be idle and unsuitable, and desired his friend, the Lord Chief-Commissioner, whom the King had desired to ascertain his feelings on the subject, to convey his grateful thanks, with his humble apology.

He heard of the King's death, on what was otherwise a pleasant day. The Diary says —

"*June* 27. Yesterday morning I worked as usual at proofs and copy of my infernal Demonology, a task to which my poverty and not my will consents. About twelve o'clock, I went to the country to take a day's relaxation. We (*i. e.* Mr. Cadell, James Ballantyne, and I) went to Prestonpans, and getting there about one, surveyed the little village, where my aunt and I were lodgers for the sake of sea-bathing, in 1778, I believe. I knew the house of Mr. Warroch, where we lived — a poor cottage, of which the owners and their family are extinct. I recollected my juvenile ideas of dignity attendant on the large gate, a black arch which lets out upon the sea. I saw the church where I yawned under the inflictions of a Dr. M'Cormick, a name in which dulness seems to have been hereditary. I saw the links where I arranged my shells upon the turf, and swam my little skiff in the pools. Many comparisons between the man and the boy — many recollections of my kind aunt — of old George Constable, who, I think, dangled after her — of Dalgetty, a virtuous half-pay lieutenant, who swaggered his solitary walk on the parade, as he called a little open space before the same port. We went to Preston, and took refuge from a thunder-plump in the old tower. I remembered the little garden where I was crammed with gooseberries, and the fear I had of Blind Harry's Spectre of Fawdon showing his headless trunk at one of the windows. I remembered also a very good-natured pretty girl (my Mary Duff), whom I laughed and romped with, and loved as children love. She was a Miss Dalrymple, daughter of Lord Westhall, a Lord of Session; was afterwards married to Anderson of Winterfield, and her daughter is now the spouse of my colleague, Robert Hamilton. So strangely are our cards shuffled. I was a mere child, and could feel none of the passion which Byron alleges; yet the recollection of this good-humoured companion of my childhood is like that of a morning dream, nor should I greatly like to dispel it by seeing the original, who must now be sufficiently time-honoured.

"Well, we walked over the field of battle; saw the Prince's Park, Cope's Road, marked by slaughter in his disastrous retreat, the thorn-tree which marks the centre of the battle and all besides that was to be seen or supposed. We saw twc broadswords, found on the field of battle, one a Highlander's, an Andrew Ferrara, another the Dragoon's sword of that day.* Lastly, we came to Cockenzie, where Mr. Francis Cadell, my publisher's brother, gave us a kind reception. I was especially glad to see the mother of the family, a fine old lady, who was civil to my aunt and me, and, I recollect well, used to have us to tea at Cockenzie. Curious that I should long afterwards have an opportunity to pay back this attention to her son Robert. Once more, what a kind of shuffling of the hand dealt us at our nativity. There was Mrs. F. Cadell, and one or two young ladies, and some fine fat children. I should be 'a Bastard to the Time' did I not tell our fare: we had a tiled whiting, a dish unknown elsewhere, so there is a bone for the gastronomers to pick. Honest John Wood, my old friend, dined with us; I only regret I cannot understand him, as he has a very powerful memory, and much curious information.† The whole day of pleasure was damped by the news of the King's death; it was fully expected, indeed, as the termination of his long illness; but he was very good to me personally, and a kind sovereign. The common people and gentry join in their sorrows. Much is owing to kindly recollections of his visit to this country, which gave all men an interest in him."

When the term ended in July, the affair of Sir Walter's retirement was all but settled; and soon afterwards he was informed that he had ceased to be a Clerk of Session, and should thenceforth have, in lieu of his salary, &c. (£1300) an allowance of £800 per annum.

---

* The Laird of Cockenzie kindly sent these swords next day to the armoury of Abbotsford.

† Mr. Wood published a History of the Parish of Cramond, in 1794 — an enlarged edition of Sir Robert Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, 2 vols. folio, in 1813 — and a Life of the celebrated John Law, of Lauriston, in 1824. In the preface to the Cramond History he describes himself as *scopulis surdior Icari*. [Mr. Wood died 25th October 1838, in his 74th year.]

This was accompanied by an intimation from the Home Secretary, that the Ministers were quite ready to grant him a pension covering the reduction in his income. Considering himself as the bond-slave of his creditors, he made known to them this proposition, and stated that it would be extremely painful to him to accept of it; and with the delicacy and generosity which throughout characterized their conduct towards him, they, without hesitation, entreated him on no account to do injury to his own feelings in such a matter as this. Few things gave him more pleasure than this handsome communication.

Just after he had taken leave of Edinburgh, as he seems to have thought forever, he received a communication of another sort, as inopportune as any that ever reached him. His Diary for the 13th July says briefly —

> "I have a letter from a certain young gentleman, announcing that his sister had so far mistaken the intentions of a lame baronet nigh sixty years old, as to suppose him only prevented by modesty from stating certain wishes and hopes, &c. The party is a woman of rank, so my vanity may be satisfied. But I excused myself, with little picking upon the terms."

During the rest of the summer and autumn his daughter and I were at Chiefswood, and saw him of course daily. Laidlaw, too, had been restored to the cottage at Kaeside; and though Tom Purdie made a dismal blank, old habits went on, and the course of life seemed little altered from what it had used to be. He looked jaded and worn before evening set in, yet very seldom departed from the strict regimen of his doctors, and often brightened up to all his former glee, though passing the bottle, and sipping toast and water. His grandchildren especially saw no change. However languid, his spirits revived at the sight of them, and the greatest pleasure he had was in pacing Douce Davie through the green lanes among his woods, with them clustered about him on ponies and donkeys, while Laidlaw, the ladies, and myself, walked by, and obeyed his directions about pruning and marking trees. After the immediate alarms of the spring, it might have been even agreeable to witness this placid twilight scene, but for our knowledge that nothing could keep him from toiling many hours daily at his desk, and alas! that he was no longer sustained by the daily commendations of his printer. It was obvious, as the season advanced, that the manner in which Ballantyne communicated with him was sinking into his spirits, and Laidlaw foresaw, as well as myself, that some trying crisis of discussion could not be much longer deferred. A nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth was always more or less discernible from the date of the attack in February; but we could easily tell, by the aggravation of that symptom, when he had received a packet from the Canongate. It was distressing indeed to think that he might, one of these days, sustain a second seizure, and be left still more helpless, yet with the same undiminished appetite for literary labour. And then, if he felt his printer's complaints so keenly, what was to be expected in the case of a plain and undeniable manifestation of disappointment on the part of the public, and consequently of the bookseller?

All this was for the inner circle. Country neighbours went and came, without, I believe, observing almost anything of what grieved the family. Nay, this autumn he was far more troubled with the invasions of strangers, than he had ever been since his calamities of 1826. The astonishing success of the new editions was, as usual, doubled or trebled by rumour. The notion that he had already all but cleared off his incumbrances seems to have been widely prevalent, and no doubt his refusal of a pension tended to confirm it. Abbotsford was, for some weeks at least, besieged much as it had used to be in the golden days of 1823 and 1824; and if sometimes his guests brought animation and pleasure with them, even then the result was a legacy of redoubled lassitude. The Diary, among a very few and far-separated entries, has this: —

> " *September* 5. — In spite of Resolution, I have left my Diary for some weeks, I cannot well tell why. We have had abundance of travelling Counts and Countesses, Yankees male and female, and a Yankee-Doodle-*Dandy* into the bargain — a smart young Virginia-man. But we have had friends of our own also—the Miss Ardens, young Mrs. Morritt and Anne Morritt, most agreeable visiters. Cadell came out here yesterday with his horn filled with good news. He calculates that in October the debt will be reduced to the sum of £60,000, half of its original amount. This makes me care less about the terms I retire upon. The efforts by which we have advanced thus far are new in literature, and what is gained is secure."

Mr. Cadell's great hope, when he offered this visit, had been that the good news of the *Magnum* might induce Sir Walter to content himself with working at notes and prefaces for its coming volumes, without straining at more difficult tasks. He found his friend, however, by no means disposed to adopt such views; and suggested very kindly, and ingeniously too, by way of *mezzo-termine*, that before entering upon any new novel, he should draw up a sort of *catalogue raisonnée* of the most curious articles in his library and museum. Sir Walter grasped at this, and began next morning to dictate to Laidlaw what he designed to publish in the usual novel shape, under the title of "Reliquiæ Trottcosienses, or the Gabions of Jonathan Oldbuck." Nothing, as it seemed to all about him, could have suited the time better; but after a few days he said he found this was not sufficient — that he should proceed in it during *horæ subsecivæ*, but must bend himself to the composition of a romance, founded on a story which he had more than once told cursorily already, and for which he had been revolving the various titles of Robert of the Isle — Count Robert de L'Isle — and Count Robert of Paris. There was nothing to be said in reply to the decisive announcement of this purpose. The usual agreements were drawn out; and the Tale was begun.

But before I come to the results of this experiment, I must relieve the reader by Mr. Adolphus's account of some more agreeable things. The death of George IV. occasioned a general election; and the Revolution of France in July, with its rapid imitation in the Netherlands, had been succeeded by such a quickening of hope among the British Liberals, as to render this in general a scene of high excitement and desperate struggling of parties. In Teviotdale, however, all was as yet quiescent. Mr. Adolphus says —

> "One day, during my visit of 1830, I accompanied Sir Walter to Jedburgh, when the eldest son of Mr. Scott of Harden (now Lord Polwarth) was for the third time elected member for Roxburghshire. There was no contest; an opposition had been talked of, but was adjourned to some future day. The meeting in the Court-house, where the election took place, was not a very crowded or stirring scene; but among those present, as electors or spectators, were many

gentlemen of the most ancient and honourable names in Roxburghshire and the adjoining counties. Sir Walter seconded the nomination. It was the first time I had heard him speak in public, and I was a little disappointed. His manner was very quiet and natural, but seemed to me too humble, and wanting in animation. His air was sagacious and reverend; his posture somewhat stooping; he rested, or rather pressed, the palm of one hand on the head of his stick, and used a very little gesticulation with the other. As he went on, his delivery acquired warmth, but it never became glowing. His points, however, were very well chosen, and his speech, perhaps, upon the whole, was such as a sensible country gentleman should have made to an assembly of his neighbours upon a subject on which they were all well agreed. Certainly the feeling of those present in favour of the candidate required no stimulus.

"The new Member was to give a dinner to the electors at three o'clock. In the meantime Sir Walter strolled round the ancient Abbey. It amused me on this and on one or two other occasions, when he was in frequented places, to see the curiosity with which some zealous stranger would hover about his line of walk or ride, to catch a view of him, though a distant one — for it was always done with caution and respect; and he was not disturbed — perhaps not displeased — by it. The dinner party was in number, I suppose, eighty or ninety, and the festival passed off with great spirit. The croupier, Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood, who had nominated the candidate in the morning, proposed, at its proper time, in a few energetic words, the health of Sir Walter Scott. All hearts were 'thirsty for the noble pledge;' the health was caught up with enthusiasm; and any one who looked round must have seen with pleasure that the popularity of Sir Walter Scott — European and more than European as it was — had its most vigorous roots at the threshold of his own home. He made a speech in acknowledgment, and this time I was not disappointed. It was rich in humour and feeling, and graced by that engaging manner of which he had so peculiar a command

One passage I remembered, for its whimsical homeliness, long after the other, and perhaps better, parts of the speech had passed from my recollection. Mr. Baillie had spoken of him as a man preëminent among those who had done honour and service to Scotland. He replied, that in what he had done for Scotland as a writer, he was no more entitled to the merit which had been ascribed to him than the servant who scours the 'brasses' to the credit of having made them; that he perhaps had been a good housemaid to Scotland, and given the country a 'rubbing up;' and in so doing might have deserved some praise for assiduity, and that was all. Afterwards, changing the subject, he spoke very beautifully and warmly of the reëlected candidate, who sat by him; alluded to the hints which had been thrown out in the morning of a future opposition and *Reform*, and ended with some verses (I believe they were Burns's *parcé detorta*), pressing his hand upon the shoulder of Mr. Scott as he uttered the concluding lines,

'But we ha' tried this Border lad,
And we'll try him yet again.'*

"He sat down under a storm of applauses; and there were many present whose applause even he might excusably take some pride in. His eye, as he reposed himself after this little triumph, glowed with a hearty but chastened exultation on the scene before him; and when I met his look, it seemed to say —'I am glad you should see how these things pass among us.'

"His constitution had in the preceding winter suffered one of those attacks which at last prematurely overthrew it. 'Such a shaking hands with death' (I am told he said) 'was formidable;' but there were few vestiges of it which might not be overlooked by those who were anxious not to see them; and he was more cheerful than I had sometimes found him in former years. On one of our carriage excursions, shortly after the Jedburgh dinner, his spirits actually rose to the pitch of singing, an accomplishment I had never before heard him exhibit except in chorus. We had been to Selkirk and Bowhill, and were returning homewards in one of those days so inspiriting in a hill country, when, after heavy rains, the summer bursts forth again in its full splendour. Sir Walter was in his best congenial humour. As we looked up to Carterhaugh, his conversation ran naturally upon Tamlane and Fair Janet, and the ballad recounting their adventures; then it ran upon the *Dii agrestes*, ghosts and wizards, Border anecdotes and history, the Bar, his own adventures as advocate and as sheriff; and then returning to ballads, it fell upon the old ditty of Tom o' the Linn, or Thomas O'Linn, which is popular alike, I believe, in Scotland, and in some parts of England, and of which I as well as he had boyish recollections. As we compared versions he could not forbear, in the gaiety of his heart, giving out two or three of the stanzas in song. I cannot say that I ever heard this famous lyric sung to a very regular melody, but his *set* of it was extraordinary.

---

* See Burns's ballad of *The Five Carlines* —an election squib.

"Another little incident in this morning's drive is worth remembering. We crossed several fords, and after the rain they were wide and deep. A little, long, wise-looking, rough terrier, named Spice, which ran after us, had a cough, and as often as we came to a water, Spice, by the special order of her master, was let into the carriage till we had crossed. His tenderness to his brute dependants was a striking point in the general benignity of his character. He seemed to consult not only their bodily welfare, but their feelings, in the human sense. He was a gentleman even to his dogs. His roughest rebuke to little Spice, when she was inclined to play the wag with a sheep, was, 'Ha! fie! fie!' It must be owned that his 'tail' (as his retinue of dogs was called at Abbotsford), though very docile and unobtrusive animals in the house, were sometimes a little wild in their frolics out of doors. One day when I was walking with Sir Walter and Miss Scott, we passed a cottage, at the door of which sat on one side a child, and on the other a slumbering cat. Nimrod bounded from us in great gaiety, and the unsuspecting cat had scarcely time to squall before she was demolished. The poor child set up a dismal wail. Miss Scott was naturally much distressed, and Sir Wal ter a good deal out of countenance. However, he put an end to the subject by saying, with an assumed stubbornness, 'Well! the cat is worried;'— but his purse was in his hand; Miss Scott was despatched to the house, and I am very sure it was not his fault if the cat had a poor funeral. In the confusion of the moment, I am afraid the culprit went off without even a reprimand.

"Except in this trifling instance (and it could hardly be called an exception), I cannot recollect seeing Sir Walter Scott surprised out of his habitual equanimity. Never, I believe, during the opportunities I had of observing him, did I hear from him an acrimonious tone, or see a shade of ill-humour on his features. In a phlegmatic person this serenity might have been less remarkable, but it was surprising in one whose mind was so susceptible, and whose voice and countenance were so full of expression. It was attributable, I think, to a rare combination of qualities — thoroughly cultivated manners, great kindness of disposition, great patience and self-control, an excellent flow of spirits, and lastly, that steadfastness of nerve, which, even in the inferior animals, often renders the most powerful and resolute creature the most placid and forbearing. Once, when he was exhibiting some weapons, a gentleman, after differing from him as to the comparative merits of two sword-blades, inadvertently flourished one of them almost into Sir Walter's eye.. I looked quickly towards him, but could not see in his face the least sign of shrinking, or the least approach to a frown. No one, however, could for a moment infer from this evenness of manner and temper, that he was a man with whom an intentional liberty could be taken; and I suppose very few persons during his life ever thought of making the experiment. If it happened at any time that some trivial *etourderie* in conversation required at his hand a slight application of the rein, his gentle *explaining* tone was an appeal to good taste which no common wilfulness could have withstood.

"Two or three times at most during my knowledge of him do I recollect hearing him utter a downright oath, and then it was not in passion or upon personal provocation, nor was the anathema levelled at any individual. It was rather a concise expression of sentiment, than a malediction. In one instance it was launched at certain improvers of the town of Edinburgh in another it was bestowed very evenly upon all political parties in France, shortly after the *glorious days* of July 1830."

As one consequence of these "glorious days," the unfortunate Charles X. was invited by the English Government to resume his old quarters at Holyrood; and among many other things that about this time vexed and mortified Scott, none gave him more pain than to hear that the popular feeling in Edinburgh had been so much exacerbated against the fallen monarch (especially by an ungenerous article in the great literary organ of the place), that his reception there was likely to be rough and insulting. Sir Walter thought that on such an occasion his voice might, perhaps, be listened to. He knew his countrymen well in their strength, as well as in their weakness, and put forth this touching appeal to their better feelings, in Ballantyne's newspaper for the 20th of October: —

"We are enabled to announce, from authority, that Charles of Bourbon, the ex-King of France, is about to become once more our fellow-citizen, though probably for only a limited space, and is presently about to repair to Edinburgh, in order again to inhabit the apartments which he long ago occupied in Holyrood House. This temporary arrangement, it is said, has been made in compliance with his own request, with which our benevolent Monarch immediately complied, willing to consult, in every respect possible, the feelings of a Prince under the pressure of misfortunes, which are perhaps the more severe, if incurred through bad advice, error, or rashness. The attendants of the late sovereign will be reduced to the least possible number, and consist chiefly of ladies and children and his style of life will be strictly retired. In these circumstances, it would be unworthy of us as Scotsmen, or as men, if this most unfortunate family should meet a word or look from the meanest individual tending to aggravate feelings which must be at present so acute as to receive injury from insults which in other times could be passed with perfect disregard.

"His late opponents in his kingdom have gained the applause of Europe for the generosity with which they have used their victory, and the respect which they have paid to themselves in moderation toward an enemy. It would be a gross contrast to that part of their conduct which has been most generally applauded, were we, who are strangers to the strife, to affect a deeper resentment than those it concerned closely.

"Those who can recollect the former residence of this unhappy Prince in our northern capital, cannot but remember the unobtrusive and quiet manner in which his little court was then conducted; and now, still further restricted and diminished, he may naturally expect to be received with civility and respect by a nation whose good-will he has done nothing to forfeit. Whatever may have been his errors towards his own subjects, we cannot but remember, in his adversity, that he did not in his prosperity forget that Edinburgh had extended her hospitality towards him, but, at the period when the fires consumed so much of the city, sent a princely benefaction to the sufferers, with a letter which made it more valuable, by stating the feelings towards the city of the then royal donor. We also state, without hazard of contradiction, that his attention to individuals connected with this city was uniformly and handsomely rendered to those entitled to claim them. But he never did or could display a more flattering confidence, than when he shows that the recollections of his former asylum here have inclined him a second time to return to the place where he then found refuge.

"If there can be any who retain angry or invidious recollections of late events in France, they ought to remark that the ex-Monarch has, by his abdication, renounced the conflict into which, perhaps, he was engaged by bad advisers, that he can no longer be the object of resentment to the brave, but remains to all the most striking emblem of the mutability of human affairs which our mutable times have afforded. He may say, with our own deposed Richard —

> 'With mine own tears I washed away my balm,
> With mine own hands I gave away my crown,
> With my own tongue deny mine sacred state.' *

He brings among us his 'grey discrowned head;' and in 'a nation of gentlemen,' as we were emphatically termed by the very highest authority,† it is impossible, I trust, to find a man mean enough to insult the slightest hair of it.

" It is impossible to omit stating, that if angry recollections or keen party feelings should make any person consider the exiled and deposed Monarch as a subject of resentment, no token of such feelings could be exhibited without the greater part of the pain being felt by the helpless females, of whom the Duchess of Angouleme, in particular, has been so long distinguished by her courage and her misfortunes.

" The person who writes these few lines is leaving his native city, never to return as a permanent resident. He has some reason to be proud of distinctions received from his fellow-citizens; and he has not the slightest doubt that the taste and good feeling of those whom he will still term so, will dictate to them the quiet, civil, and respectful tone of feeling, which will do honour both to their heads and their hearts, which have seldom been appealed to in vain.

" The Frenchman Melinet, in mentioning the refuge afforded by Edinburgh to Henry VI. in his distress, records it as the most hospitable town in Europe. It is a testimony to be proud of, and sincerely do I hope there is little danger of forfeiting it upon the present occasion."

---

* *King Richard II.* Act IV. Scene 1.

† This was the expression of King George IV. at the close of the first day he spent in Scotland.

The effect of this manly admonition was even more complete than the writer had anticipated. The royal exiles were received with perfect decorum, which their modest bearing to all classes, and unobtrusive, though magnificent benevolence to the poor, ere long converted into a feeling of deep and affectionate respectfulness. During their stay in Scotland, the King took more than one opportunity of conveying to Sir Walter his gratitude for this salutary interference on his behalf. The ladies of the royal family had a curiosity to see Abbotsford, but being aware of his reduced health and wealth, took care to visit the place when he was known to be from home. Several French noblemen of the train, however, paid him their respects personally. I remember with particular pleasure a couple of days that the Duke of Laval-Montmorency spent with him: he was also much gratified with a visit from Marshal Bourmont, though unfortunately that came after his ailments had much advanced. The Marshal was accompanied by the Baron d'Haussez, one of the Polignac Ministry, whose published account of his residence in this country contains no specimen of vain imbecility more pitiable than the page he gives to Abbotsford. So far from comprehending anything of his host's character or conversation, the Baron had not even eyes to observe that he was in a sorely dilapidated condition of bodily health. The reader will perceive by and by, that he had had another *fit* only a few days before he received these strangers; and that, moreover, he was engaged at the moment in a most painful correspondence with his printer and bookseller.

I conclude this chapter with a letter to Lady Louisa Stuart, who had, it seems, formed some erroneous guesses about the purport of the forth-coming Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft. That volume had been some weeks out of hand — but, for booksellers' reasons, it was not published until Christmas.

"*To the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Stuart.*

"Abbotsford, October 31, 1830.

"My Dear Lady Louisa, — I come before your Ladyship for once in the character of Not Guilty. I am a wronged man, who deny, with Lady Teazle, *the butler and the coach-horse.* Positively, in sending a blow to explode old and wornout follies, I could not think I was aiding and abetting those of this — at least I had no purpose of doing so. Your Ladyship cannot think me such an owl as to pay more respect to animal magnetism, or scullology — I forget its learned name — or any other *ology* of the present day. The sailors have an uncouth proverb that every man must eat a peck of dirt in the course of his life, and thereby reconcile themselves to swallow unpalatable messes. Even so say I: every age must swallow a certain deal of superstitious nonsense; only, observing the variety which nature seems to study through all her works, each generation takes its nonsense, as heralds say, *with a difference.* I was early behind the scenes, having been in childhood patient of no less a man than the celebrated Dr. Graham, the great quack of that olden day. I had — being, as Sir Hugh Evans says, a fine sprag boy — a shrewd idea that his magnetism was all humbug; but Dr. Graham, though he used a different method, was as much admired in his day as any of the French fops. I did once think of turning on the modern mummers, but I did not want to be engaged in so senseless a controversy, which would, nevertheless, have occupied some time and trouble. The inference was pretty plain, that the same reasons which explode the machinery of witches and ghosts proper to our ancestors, must be destructive of the supernatural nonsense of our own days.

"Your acquaintance with Shakspeare is intimate, and you remember why and when it is said —

'He words me, girl, he words me.' *

Our modern men of the day have done this to the country. They have devised a new phraseology to convert good into evil, and evil into good, and the ass's ears of John Bull are gulled with it as if words alone made crime or virtue. Have they a mind to excuse the tyranny of Buonaparte? why, the Lord love you, he only squeezed into his government a grain too much of civilization. The fault of Robespierre was too active liberalism — a noble error. Thus the most blood-thirsty anarchy is glossed over by opening the account under a new name. The varnish might be easily scraped off all this trumpery; and I think my friends *the brave Belges* are like to lead to the conclusion that the old names of murder and fire-raising are still in fashion. But what is worse, the natural connexion between the higher and lower classes is broken. The former reside abroad, and become gradually, but certainly, strangers to their country's laws, habits, and character. The tenant sees nothing of them but the creditor for rent, following on the heels of the creditor for taxes. Our Ministers dissolve the yeomanry, almost the last tie which held the laird and the tenant together. The best and worthiest are squabbling together, like a mutinous crew in a sinking vessel, who make the question, not how they are to get her off the rocks, but by whose fault she came on them. In short — but I will not pursue any further the picture more frightful than any apparition in my Demonology. Would to God I could believe it ideal! I have confidence still in the Duke of Wellington, but even he has sacrificed to the great deity of humbug, — and what shall we say to meaner and more ordinary minds? God avert evil! and, what is next best, in mercy remove those who could only witness without preventing it! Perhaps I am somewhat despondent in all this. But totally retired from the world as I now am, depression is a natural consequence of so calamitous a prospect as politics now present. The only probable course of safety would be a confederacy between the good and the honest; and they are so much divided by petty feuds, that I see little chance of it.

---

* *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V. Scene 2.

"I will send this under Lord Montagu's frank, for it is no matter how long such a roll of lamentation may be in reaching your Ladyship. I do not think it at all likely that I shall be in London next spring, although I suffer Sophia to think so. I remain, in all my bad humour, ever your Ladyship's most obedient and faithful humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Winter at Abbotsford — Parliamentary Reform in agitation — William Laidlaw — John Nicolson — Mrs. Street — Fit of Apoplexy in November — Count Robert of Paris — A Fourth Epistle of Malagrowther written — and suppressed — Unpleasant discussions with Ballantyne and Cadell — Novel resumed — Second Dividend to Creditors, and their gift of the Library, &c. at Abbotsford — Last Will executed in Edinburgh — Fortune's Mechanism — Letter on Politics to the Hon. H. F. Scott — Address for the County of Selkirk written — and rejected by the Freeholders — County Meeting at Jedburgh — Speech on Reform — Scott insulted — Mr. F Grant's Portrait.

OCT. 1830 — APRIL 1831.

The reader has already seen that Sir Walter had many misgivings in contemplating his final retirement from the situation he had occupied for six-and-twenty years in the Court of Session. Such a breach in old habits is always a serious experiment; but in his case it was very particularly so, because it involved his losing, during the winter months, when men most need society, the intercourse of almost all that remained to him of dear familiar friends. He had besides a love for the very stones of Edinburgh, and the thought that he was never again to sleep under a roof of his own in his native city, cost him many a pang. But he never alludes either in his Diary or in his letters (nor do I remember that he ever did so in conversation) to the circumstance which, far more than all besides, occasioned care and regret in the bosom of his family. However he might cling to the notion that his recent ailments sprung merely from a disordered stomach, they had dismissed that dream, and the heaviest of their thoughts was, that he was fixing himself in the country just when his health, perhaps his life, might depend any given hour on the immediate presence of a surgical hand. They reflected that the only medical practitioner resident within three miles of him might, in case of another seizure, come too late, even although the messenger should find him at home; but that his practice extended over a wide range of thinly peopled country, and that at the hour of need he might as probably be half a day's journey off as at Melrose. We would fain have persuaded him that his library, catalogues, and other papers, had fallen into such confusion, that he ought to have some clever young student in the house during the winter to arrange them; and had he taken the suggestion in good part, a medical student would of course have been selected. But, whether or not he suspected our real motive, he would listen to no such plan; and his friendly surgeon (Mr. James Clarkson) then did the best he could for us, by instructing a confidential domestic, privately, in the use of the lancet. This was John Nicolson — a name never to be mentioned by any of Scott's family without respect and gratitude. He had been in the household from his boyhood, and was about this time (poor Dalgleish retiring from weak health) advanced to the chief place in it Early and continued kindness had made a very deep impression on this fine handsome young man's warm heart he possessed intelligence, good sense, and a calm temper and the courage and dexterity which Sir Walter had delighted to see him display in sports and pastimes, proved henceforth of inestimable service to the master whom he regarded, I verily believe, with the love and reverence of a son. Since I have reached the period at which human beings owe so much to ministrations of this class, I may as well name by the side of Nicolson, Miss Scott's maid, Mrs. Celia Street; a young person whose unwearied zeal, coupled with a modest tact that stamped her one of Nature's gentlewomen, contributed hardly less to the comfort of Sir Walter and his children during the brief remainder of his life.*

Affliction, as it happened, lay heavy at this time on the kind house of Huntly Burn also. The eldest Miss Fergusson was on her deathbed; and thus, when my wife and I were obliged to move southwards at the beginning of winter, Sir Walter was left almost entirely dependent on his daughter Anne, William Laidlaw, and the worthy domestics whom I have been naming. Mr. Laidlaw attended him occasionally as amanuensis, when his fingers were chilblained, and often dined as well as breakfasted with him: and Miss Scott well knew that in all circumstances she might lean to Laidlaw with the confidence of a niece or a daughter.

A more difficult and delicate task never devolved upon any man's friend, than he had about this time to encounter. He could not watch Scott from hour to hour — above all, he could not write to his dictation, without gradually, slowly, most reluctantly taking home to his bosom the conviction that the mighty mind, which he had worshipped through more than thirty years of intimacy, had lost something, and was daily losing something more, of its energy. The faculties were there, and each of them was every now and then displaying itself in its full vigour; but the sagacious judgment, the brilliant fancy, the unrivalled memory, were all subject to occasional eclipse —

---

* On Sir Walter's death, Nicolson passed into the service of Mr. Morritt at Rokeby, where he remained some time as butler, and died at Kelso in 1841. Mrs. Street remained in my house till 1836, when she married Mr. Griffiths, a respectable brewer at Walworth.

> " Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
> " And an uncertain warbling made." *

Ever and anon he paused and looked round him, like one half waking from a dream, mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Sampson in the lap of the Philistine, " his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men." Then came the strong effort of aroused will — the cloud dispersed as if before an irresistible current of purer air — all was bright and serene as of old — and then it closed again in yet deeper darkness.

During the early part of this winter the situation of Cadell and Ballantyne was hardly less painful, and still more embarrassing. What doubly and trebly perplexed them was, that while the MS. sent for press seemed worse every budget, Sir Walter's private letters to them, more especially on points of business, continued as clear in thought, and almost so in expression, as formerly — full of the old shrewdness, and firmness, and manly kindness, and even of the old good-humoured pleasantry. About them, except the staggering penmanship, and here and there one word put down obviously for another, there was scarcely anything to indicate decayed vigour. It is not surprising that poor Ballantyne, in particular, should have shrunk from the notion that anything was amiss, —

---

* Introduction to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

except the choice of an unfortunate subject, and the indulgence of more than common carelessness and rapidity in composition. He seems to have done so as he would from some horrid suggestion of the Devil; and accordingly obeyed his natural sense of duty, by informing Sir Walter, in plain terms, that he considered the opening chapters of Count Robert as decidedly inferior to anything that had ever before come from that pen. James appears to have dwelt chiefly on the hopelessness of any Byzantine fable; and he might certainly have appealed to a long train of examples for the fatality which seems to hang over every attempt to awaken anything like a lively interest about the persons and manners of the generation in question; the childish forms and bigotries, the weak pomps and drivelling pretensions, the miserable plots and treacheries, the tame worn-out civilization of those European Chinese. The epoch on which Scott had fixed was, however, one that brought these doomed slaves of vanity and superstition into contact with the vigorous barbarism both of western Christendom and the advancing Ottoman. Sir Walter had, years before, been struck with its capabilities;* and who dares to say that, had he executed the work when he sketched the outline of its plan, he might not have achieved as signal a triumph over all critical prejudices, as he had done when he rescued Scottish romance from the mawkish degradation in which Waverley found it?

In himself and his own affairs there was enough to alarm and perplex him and all who watched him; but the aspect of the political horizon also pressed more heavily upon his spirit than it had ever done before. All the evils which he had apprehended from the rupture among the Tory leaders in the beginning of 1827 were now, in his opinion, about to be consummated. The high Protestant party, blinded by their resentment of the abolition of the Test Act and the Roman Catholic disabilities, seemed willing to run any risk for the purpose of driving the Duke of Wellington from the helm. The general election, occasioned by the demise of the Crown, was held while the successful revolts in France and Belgium were fresh and uppermost in every mind, and furnished the *Liberal* candidates with captivating topics, of which they eagerly availed themselves. The result had considerably strengthened the old opposition in the House of Commons; and a single vote, in which the ultra-Tories joined the Whigs, was considered by the Ministry as so ominous, that they immediately retired from office. The succeeding cabinet of Earl Grey included names identified, in Scott's view, with the wildest rage of innovation. Their first step was to announce a bill of Parliamentary Reform on a large scale, for which it was soon known they had secured the warm personal support of King William IV.; a circumstance the probability of which had, as we have seen, been contemplated by Sir Walter during the last illness of the Duke of York. Great discontent prevailed, meanwhile, throughout the labouring classes of many districts, both commercial and rural. Every newspaper teemed with details of riot and incendiarism; and the selection of such an epoch of impatience and turbulence for a legislative experiment of the extremest difficulty and delicacy — one, in fact, infinitely more important than had ever before been agitated within the forms of the constitution — was perhaps regarded by most grave and retired men with feelings near akin to those of the anxious and melancholy invalid at Abbotsford. To annoy him additionally, he found many eminent persons, who had hitherto avowed politics of his own colour, renouncing all their old tenets, and joining the cry of Reform, which to him sounded Revolution, as keenly as the keenest of those who had been through life considered apostles of Republicanism. And I must also observe, that as, notwithstanding his own steady Toryism, he had never allowed political differences to affect his private feelings towards friends and companions, so it now happened that among the few with whom he had daily intercourse there was hardly one he could look to for sympathy in his present reflections and anticipations. The affectionate Laidlaw had always been a stout Whig; he now hailed the coming changes as the beginning of a political millennium. Ballantyne, influenced probably by his new ghostly counsellors, was by degrees leaning to a similar view of things. Cadell, his bookseller, and now the principal confidant and assistant from week to week in all his plans and speculations, was a cool, inflexible specimen of the national character, and had always, I presume, considered the Tory creed as a piece of weakness — to be pardoned, indeed, in a poet and an antiquary, but at best pitied in men of any other class.

---

* See his Essay on *Romance* for the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Towards the end of November, Sir Walter had another slight touch of apoplexy. He recovered himself without assistance; but again consulted his physicians in Edinburgh, and by their advice adopted a still greater severity of regimen.

The reader will now understand what his frame and condition of health and spirits were, at the time when he received from Ballantyne a decided protest against the novel on which he was struggling to fix the shattered energies of his memory and fancy.

"*To Mr. James Ballantyne, Printer, Edinburgh.*

"Abbotsford, 8th Dec. 1830.

"My Dear James, — If I were like other authors, as I flatter myself I am not, I should 'send you an order on my treasurer for a hundred ducats, wishing you all prosperity and a little more taste;'* but having never supposed that any abilities I ever had were of a perpetual texture, I am glad when friends tell me what I might be long in finding out myself. Mr. Cadell will show you what I have written to him. My present idea is to go abroad for a few months, if I hold together as long. So ended the Fathers of the Novel — Fielding and Smollett — and it would be no unprofessional finish for yours, WALTER SCOTT."

"*To R. Cadell, Esq., Bookseller, Edinburgh.*

"Abbotsford, 8th Dec. 1830.

"My Dear Sir, — Although we are come near to a point to which every man knows he must come, yet I acknowledge I thought I might have put it off for two or three years; for it is hard to lose one's power of working when you have perfect leisure for it. I do not view James Ballantyne's criticism, although his kindness may not make him sensible of it, so much as an objection to the particular topic, which is merely fastidious, as to my having failed to please him, an anxious and favourable judge, and certainly a very good one. It would be losing words to say that the names are really no objection, or that they might be in some degree smoothed off by adopting more modern Grecian. This is odd. I have seen when a play or novel would have been damned by introduction of Macgregors or Macgrouthers, or others, which you used to read as a preface to Farintosh whisky on every spirit shop; — yet these have been wrought into heroes. James is, with many other kindly critics, perhaps in the predicament of an honest drunkard when crop-sick the next morning, who does not ascribe the malady to the wine he has drunk, but to having tasted some particular dish at dinner which disagreed with his stomach. The fact is, I have not only written a great deal, but, as Bobadil teaches his companions to fence, I have taught a hundred gentlemen to write nearly as well, if not altogether so, as myself.

---

* Archbishop of Grenada, in *Gil Blas.*

"Now, such being my belief, I have lost, it is plain, the power of interesting the country, and ought, in justice to all parties, to retire, while I have some credit. But this is an important step, and I will not be obstinate about it, if necessary. I would not act hastily, and still think it right to set up at least half a volume. The subject is essentially an excellent one. If it brings to my friend J. B. certain prejudices not unconnected, perhaps, with his old preceptor, Mr. Whale, we may find ways of obviating this; but frankly, I cannot think of flinging aside the half-finished volume, as if it were a corked bottle of wine. If there is a decisive resolution for laying aside Count Robert (which I almost wish I had named Anna Comnena), I shall not easily prevail on myself to begin another.

"I may perhaps take a trip to the Continent for a year or two, if I find Othello's occupation gone, or rather Othello's *reputation.* James seems to have taken his bed upon it — yet has seen Pharsalia. I hope your cold is getting better. I am tempted to say, as Hotspur says of his father —

'Zounds! how hath he the leisure to be sick?'*

There is a very material consideration how a failure of Count Robert might affect the Magnum, which is a main object. So this is all at present from, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"*To the Same.*

"Abbotsford, 9th Dec. 1830.

"My Dear Cadell, — I send you sheet B of the unlucky Count — it will do little harm to correct it, whether we ultimately use it or no; for the rest we must *do* as we *dow*, as my mother used to say. I could reduce many expenses in a foreign country, especially equipage and living, which in this country I could not do so well. But it is matter of serious consideration, and we have time before us to think. I write to you rather than Ballantyne, because he is not well, and I look on you as hardened against wind and weather, whereas

---

* 1st *King Henry IV.* Act IV. Scene 1.

> 'Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
> And he retires.' *

But we must brave bad weather as well as bear it.

"I send a volume of the interleaved Magnum. I know not whether you will carry on that scheme or not at present. I am yours sincerely, WALTER SCOTT.

"P. S. — I expect Marshal Bourmont and a French Minister, Baron d'Haussez, here to-day, to my no small discomfort, as you may believe; for I would rather be alone."

"*To the Same.*

"Abbotsford, 12th Dec. 1830.

"My Dear Sir, — I am much obliged for your kind letter, and have taken a more full review of the whole affair than I was able to do at first. There were many circumstances in the matter which you and J. B. could not be aware of, and which, if you were aware of, might have influenced your judgment, which had, and yet have, a most powerful effect upon mine. The deaths of both my father and mother have been preceded by a paralytic shock. My father survived it for nearly two years — a melancholy respite, and not to be desired. I was alarmed with Miss Young's morning visit, when, as you know, I lost my speech. The medical people said it was from the stomach, which might be; but while there is a doubt on a point so alarming, you will not wonder that the subject, or, to use Hare's *lingo*, the *shot*, should be a little anxious. I restricted all my creature comforts, which were never excessive, within a single cigar and a small wine-glass of spirits per day. But one night last month, when I had a friend with me, I had a slight vertigo when going to bed, and fell down in my dressing-room, though but for one instant. Upon this I wrote to Dr. Abercrombie, and in consequence of his advice, I have restricted myself yet farther, and have cut off the cigar, and almost half of the mountain-dew. Now, in the midst of all this, I began my work with as much attention as I could; and having taken pains with my story, I find it is not relished, nor indeed tolerated, by those who have no interest in condemning it, but a strong interest in putting even a face upon their consciences. Was not this, in the circumstances, a damper to an invalid, already afraid that the sharp edge might be taken off his intellect, though he was not himself sensible of that? and did it not seem, of course, that nature was rather calling for repose than for further efforts in a very exciting and feverish style of composition? It would have been the height of injustice and cruelty to impute want of friendship or sympathy to J. B.'s discharge of a doubtful, and I am sensible, a perilous task. True,

---

* *Othello*, Act V. Scene 2.

> —— 'The first bringer of unwelcome news
> Hath but a losing office' —*

and it is a failing in the temper of the most equal-minded men, that we find them liable to be less pleased with the tidings that they have fallen short of their aim, than if they had been told they had hit the mark; but I never had the least thought of blaming him, and indeed my confidence in his judgment is the most forcible part of the whole affair. It is the consciousness of his sincerity which makes me doubt whether I can proceed with the County Paris. I am most anxious to do justice to all concerned, and yet, for the soul of me, I cannot see what is likely to turn out for the best. I might attempt the Perilous Castle of Douglas, but I fear the subject is too much used, and that I might again fail in it. Then being idle will never do, for a thousand reasons: All this I am thinking of till I am half sick. I wish James, who gives such stout advice when he thinks we are wrong, would tell us how to put things right. One is tempted to cry, 'Wo worth thee! is there no help in thee?' Perhaps it may be better to take no resolution till we all meet together.

---

* *2d King Henry IV.* Act I. Scene 1.

"I certainly am quite decided to fulfil all my engagements, and, so far as I can, discharge the part of an honest man; and if anything can be done meantime for the Magnum, I shall be glad to do it.

"I trust James and you will get afloat next Saturday. You will think me like Murray in the farce—'I eat well, drink well, and sleep well, but that's all, Tom, that's all.'* We will wear the thing through one way or other if we were once afloat; but you see all this is a scrape. Yours truly,

"W. SCOTT."

This letter, Mr. Cadell says, "struck both James B. and myself with dismay." They resolved to go out to Abbotsford, but not for a few days, because a general meeting of the creditors was at hand, and there was reason to hope that its results would enable them to appear as the bearers of sundry pieces of good news. Meantime, Sir Walter himself rallied considerably, and resolved, by way of testing his powers, while the novel hung suspended, to write a fourth epistle of Malachi Malagrowther on the public affairs of the period. The announcement of a political dissertation, at such a moment of universal excitement, and from a hand already trembling under the misgivings of a fatal malady, might well have filled Cadell and Ballantyne with new "dismay," even had they both been prepared to adopt, in the fullest extent, such views of the dangers of our state, and the remedies for them, as their friend was likely to dwell upon. They agreed that whatever they could safely do to avert this experiment must be done. Indeed they were both equally anxious to find, if it could be found, the means of withdrawing him from all literary labour, save only that of annotating his former novels. But they were not the only persons who had been, and then were, exerting all their art for that same purpose. His kind and skilful physicians, Doctors Abercrombie and Ross of Edinburgh had over and over preached the same doctrine, and assured him, that if he persisted in working his brain, nothing could prevent his malady from recurring, ere long, in redoubled severity. He answered — "As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, *Now don't boil.*" To myself, when I ventured to address him in a similar strain, he replied — "I understand you, and I thank you from my heart, but I must tell you at once how it is with me. I am not sure that I am quite myself in all things; but I am sure that in one point there is no change. I mean, that I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle I should go mad. In comparison to this, death is no risk to shrink from."

---

* Sir Mark Chace, in the farce of *A Rowland for an Oliver*.

The meeting of trustees and creditors took place on the 17th — Mr. George Forbes (brother to the late Sir William) in the chair. There was then announced another dividend on the Ballantyne estate of three shillings in the pound — thus reducing the original amount of the debt to about £54,000. It had been not unnaturally apprehended that the convulsed state of politics might have checked the sale of the *Magnum Opus*; but this does not seem to have been the case to any extent worth notice. The meeting was numerous — and, not contented with a renewed vote of thanks to their debtor, they passed unanimously the following resolution, which was moved by Mr. (now Sir James) Gibson-Craig, and seconded by the late Mr. Thomas Allan — both, by the way, leading Whigs: — "That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linens, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honourable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made, and continues to make, for them."

Sir Walter's letter, in answer to the chairman's communication, was as follows: —

"*To George Forbes, Esq., Edinburgh.*

"Abbotsford, December 18, 1830.

"My Dear Sir, — I was greatly delighted with the contents of your letter, which not only enables me to eat with my own spoons, and study my own books, but gives me the still higher gratification of knowing that my conduct has been approved by those who were concerned.

"The best thanks which I can return is by continuing my earnest and unceasing attention — which, with a moderate degree of the good fortune which has hitherto attended my efforts, may enable me to bring these affairs to a fortunate conclusion. This will be the best way in which I can show my sense of the kind and gentlemanlike manner in which the meeting have acted.

"To yourself, my dear sir, I can only say, that good news become doubly acceptable when transmitted through a friendly channel; and considering my long and intimate acquaintance with your excellent brother and father, as well as yourself and other members of your family, your letter must be valuable in reference to the hand from which it comes, as well as to the information which it contains.

"I am sensible of your uniform kindness, and the present instance of it. Very much, my dear sir, your obliged humble servant, WALTER SCOTT."

On the 18th, Cadell and Ballantyne proceeded to Abbotsford, and found Sir Walter in a placid state — having evidently been much soothed and gratified with the tidings from Edinburgh. His whole appearance was greatly better than they had ventured to anticipate; and deferring literary questions till the morning, he made this gift from his creditors the chief subject of his conversation. He said it had taken a heavy load off his mind: he apprehended that, even if his future works should produce little money, the profits of the *Magnum*, during a limited number of years, with the sum which had been insured on his life, would be sufficient to obliterate the remaining moiety of the Ballantyne debt: he considered the library and museum now conveyed to him as worth at the least £10,000, and this would enable him to make some provision for his younger children. He said that he designed to execute his last will without delay, and detailed to his friends all the particulars which the document ultimately embraced. He mentioned to them that he had recently received, through the Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam, a message from the new King, intimating his Majesty's disposition to keep in mind his late brother's kind intentions with regard to Charles Scott; and altogether his talk, though grave, and on grave topics, was the reverse of melancholy.

Next morning, in Sir Walter's study, Ballantyne read aloud the political essay — which had (after the old fashion) grown to an extent far beyond what the author contemplated when he began his task. To print it in the

Weekly Journal, as originally proposed, would now be hardly compatible with the limits of that paper: Sir Walter had resolved on a separate publication.

I believe no one ever saw this performance but the bookseller, the printer, and William Laidlaw; and I cannot pretend to have gathered any clear notion of its contents, except that the *panacea* was the reimposition of the income tax; and that after much reasoning in support of this measure, Sir Walter attacked the principle of Parliamentary Reform *in toto*. We need hardly suppose that he advanced any objections which would seem new to the students of the debates in both Houses during 1831 and 1832; his logic carried no conviction to the breast of his faithful amanuensis; but Mr. Laidlaw assures me, nevertheless, that in his opinion no composition of Sir Walter's happiest day contained anything more admirable than the bursts of indignant and pathetic eloquence which here and there "set off a halting argument."

The critical arbiters, however, concurred in condemning the production. Cadell spoke out. He assured Sir Walter, that from not being in the habit of reading the newspapers and periodical works of the day, he had fallen behind the common rate of information on questions of practical policy; that the views he was enforcing had been already expounded by many Tories, and triumphantly answered by organs of the Liberal party; but that, be the intrinsic value and merit of these political doctrines what they might, he was quite certain that to put them forth at that season would be a measure of extreme danger for the author's personal interest: that it would throw a cloud over his general popularity, array a hundred active pens against any new work of another class that might soon follow, and perhaps even interrupt the hitherto splendid success of the Collection on which so much depended. On all these points Ballantyne, though with hesitation and diffidence, professed himself to be of Cadell's opinion. There ensued a scene of a very unpleasant sort; but by and by a kind of compromise was agreed to: — the plan of a separate pamphlet, with the well-known *nom de guerre* of Malachi, was dropt; and Ballantyne was to stretch his columns so as to find room for the lucubration, adopting all possible means to mystify the public as to its parentage. This was the understanding when the conference broke up; but the unfortunate manuscript was soon afterwards committed to the flames. James Ballantyne accompanied the proof-sheet with many minute criticisms on the conduct as well as expression of the argument: the author's temper gave way — and the commentary shared the fate of the text.

Mr. Cadell opens a very brief account of this affair with expressing his opinion, that "Sir Walter never recovered it;" and he ends with an altogether needless apology for his own part in it. He did only what was his duty by his venerated friend; and he did it, I doubt not, as kindly in manner as in spirit. Even if the fourth Epistle of Malachi had been more like its precursors than I can well suppose it to have been, nothing could have been more unfortunate for Sir Walter than to come forward at that moment as a prominent antagonist of Reform. Such an appearance might very possibly have had the consequences to which the bookseller pointed in his remonstrance: but at all events it must have involved him in a maze of replies and rejoinders; and I think it too probable that some of the fiery disputants of the periodical press, if not of St. Stephen's Chapel, might have been ingenious enough to connect any real or fancied flaws in his argument with those circumstances in his personal condition which had for some time been darkening his own reflections with dim auguries of the fate of Swift and Marlborough. His reception of Ballantyne's affectionate candour may suggest what the effect of really hostile criticism would have been. The end was, that seeing how much he stood in need of some comfort, the printer and bookseller concurred in urging him not to despair of Count Robert. They assured him that he had attached too much importance to what had formerly been said about the defects of its opening chapters; and he agreed to resume the novel, which neither of them ever expected he would live to finish. "If we did wrong," says Cadell, "we did it for the best: we felt that to have spoken out as fairly on this as we had done on the other subject, would have been to make ourselves the bearers of a death-warrant." I hope there are not many men who would have acted otherwise in their painful situation.

On the 20th, after a long interval, Sir Walter once more took up his Journal: but the entries are few and short: — *e. g.*

"*December* 20, 1830. — Vacation and session are now the same to me. The long remove must then be looked to for the final signal to break up, and that is a serious thought.

"A circumstance of great consequence to my habits and comforts was my being released from the Court of Session. My salary, which was £1300, was reduced to £800. My friends, before leaving office, were desirous to patch up the deficiency with a pension. I did not see well how they could do this without being charged with obloquy, which they shall not be on my account. Besides, though £500 a-year is a round sum, yet I would rather be independent than I would have it.

"I had also a kind communication about interfering to have me named a P. Councillor. But besides that when one is old and poor one should avoid taking rank, I would be much happier if I thought any act of kindness was done to help forward Charles; and having said so much, I made my bow, and declared my purpose of remaining satisfied with my knighthood. All this is rather pleasing. Yet much of it looks like winding up my bottom for the rest of my life. But there is a worse symptom of settling accompts, of which I have felt some signs. Ever since my fall in February, it is very certain that I have seemed to speak with an impediment. To add to this, I have the constant increase of my lameness — the thigh-joint, knee-joint, and ankle-joint. I move with great pain in the whole limb, and am at every minute, during an hour's walk, reminded of my mortality. I should not care for all this, if I were sure of dying handsomely; and Cadell's calculations might be sufficiently firm, though the author of Waverley had pulled on his last nightcap. Nay, they might be even more trust-worthy, if remains and memoirs, and such like, were to give a zest to the posthumous. But the fear is, lest the blow be not sufficient to destroy life, and that I should linger on, 'a driveller and a show.'*

"*December* 24. — This morning died my old acquaintance and good friend, Miss Bell Fergusson, a woman of the most excellent conditions. The last two, or almost three years, were very sickly. A bitter cold day. Anne drove me over to Huntly Burn. I found Colonel Fergusson, and Captain John, R. N., in deep affliction, expecting Sir Adam hourly. I wrote to Walter about the project of my Will.

"*December* 29. — Attended poor Miss Bell Fergusson's funeral. I sat by the Reverend Mr. Thomson. Though ten years younger than him, I found the barrier between him and me much broken down.* The difference of ten years is little after sixty has passed. In a cold day I saw poor Bell laid in her cold bed. Life never parted with a less effort.

---

* Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

"*January* 1, 1831. — I cannot say the world opens pleasantly for me this new year. There are many things for which I have reason to be thankful; especially that Cadell's plans seem to have succeeded — and he augurs that the next two years will well-nigh clear me. But I feel myself decidedly wrecked in point of health, and am now confirmed I have had a paralytic touch. I speak and read with embarrassment, and even my handwriting seems to stammer. This general failure

'With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.' †

I am not solicitous about this; — only if I were worthy I would pray God for a sudden death, and no interregnum between I cease to exercise reason and I cease to exist.

"*January* 5. — Very indifferent, with more awkward feelings than I can well bear up against. My voice sunk and my head strangely confused. When I begin to form my ideas for conversation, expressions fail me; yet in solitude they are sufficiently arranged. I incline to hold that these ugly symptoms are the work of imagination; but, as Dr. Adam Fergusson — a firm man, if ever there was one in the world — said on such an occasion, *what is worse than imagination?* As Anne was vexed and frightened, I allowed her to send for young Clarkson. Of course he could tell but little save what I knew before.

"*January* 7. — A fine frosty day, and my spirits lighter. I have a letter of great comfort from Walter, who, in a manly, handsome, and dutiful manner, expresses his desire to possess the library and moveables of every kind at Abbotsford, with such a valuation laid upon them as I shall choose to impose. This removes the only delay to making my Will.

---

* The Rev. John Thomson of Duddingston, died 28th October 1840

† *Hudibras.*

"*January* 8. — Spent much time in writing instructions for my last will and testament. Have up two boys for shop-lifting — remained at Galashiels till four o'clock, and returned starved. Could work none, and was idle all evening — try to-morrow. — *Jan.* 9. Went over to Galashiels, and was busied the whole time till three o'clock about a petty thieving affair, and had before me a pair of gallows-birds, to whom I could say nothing for total want of proof, except, like the sapient Elbow, 'thou shalt continue there, know thou, thou shalt continue.' A little gallows-brood they were, and their fate will catch it. Sleepy, idle, and exhausted on this. Wrought little or none in the evening. — *Jan.* 10. Wrote a long letter to Henry Scott, who is a fine fellow, and what I call a Heart of Gold. He has sound parts, good sense, and is a true man. O that I could see a strong party banded together for the King and country! — and if I see I can do anything, or have a chance of it, I will not fear for the skin-cutting. It is the selfishness of this generation that drives me mad.

'A hundred pounds?
Ha! thou hast touch'd me nearly.' " *

The letter here alluded to contains some striking sentences: —

"*To Henry Francis Scott, Esq., Younger of Harden, M. P.*

"Abbotsford, 10th January 1831.

"My Dear Henry, ... Unassisted by any intercourse with the existing world, but thinking over the present state of matters with all the attention in my power, I see but one line which can be taken by public men, that is really open, manly, and consistent. In the medical people's phrase, *Principiis obsta :* Oppose anything that can in principle innovate on the Constitution, which has placed Great Britain at the head of the world, and will keep her there, unless she chooses to descend of her own accord from that eminence. There may, for aught I know, be with many people reasons for deranging it; but I take it on the broad basis that nothing will be ultimately gained by any one who is not prepared to go full republican lengths. To place elections on a more popular foot, would produce advantage in no view whatever. Increasing the numbers of the electors would not distinguish them with more judgment for selecting a candidate, nor render them less venal, though it might make their price cheaper. But it would expose them to a worse species of corruption than that of money — the same that has been and is practised more or less in all republics — I mean, that the intellects of the people will be liable to be besotted by oratory *ad captandum*, — more dangerous than the worst intoxicating liquors. As for the chance of a beneficial alteration in the representatives, we need only point to Preston, and other suchlike places, for examples of the sense, modesty, and merit which would be added to our legislation by a democratic extension of the franchise. To answer these doubts, I find one general reply among those not actually calling themselves Whigs — who are now too deeply pledged to acknowledge their own rashness. All others reply by a reference to the *spirit of the people* — intimating a passive, though apparently unwilling resignation to the will of the *multitude.* When you bring them to the point, they grant all the dangers you state, and then comes their melancholy *What can we do?* The fact is, these timid men see they are likely to be called on for a pecuniary sacrifice, in the way of income-tax or otherwise — perhaps for military service in some constitutional fashion — certainly to exert themselves in various ways; and rather than do so, they will let the public take a risk. An able young man, not too much afraid of his own voice, nor over-modest, but who remembers that any one who can speak intelligibly is always taken current at the price at which he estimates himself, might at this crisis do much by tearing off the liniments with which they are daubing the wounds of the country, and crying peace! peace! when we are steering full sail towards civil war.

---

* *The Critic*, Act II. Scene 1.

"I am old enough to remember well a similar crisis. About 1792, when I was entering life, the admiration of the godlike system of the French Revolution was so rife, that only a few old-fashioned Jacobites and the like ventured to hint a preference for the land they lived in; or pretended to doubt that the new principles must be infused into our worn-out constitution. Burke appeared, and all the gibberish about the superior legislation of the French dissolved like an enchanted castle when the destined knight blows his horn before it. The talents — the almost prophetic powers of Burke are not needed on this occasion, for men can *now* argue from the past. We can point to the old British ensign floating from the British citadel; while the tricolor has been to gather up from the mire and blood — the shambles of a thousand defeats — a prosperous standard to rally under. Still, however, this is a moment of dulness and universal apathy, and I fear that, unless an Orlando should blow the horn, it might fail to awaken the sleepers. But though we cannot do all, we should at least do each of us whatever we can.

"I would fain have a society formed for extending mutual understanding. Place yourselves at the head, and call yourselves Sons of St. Andrew — anything or nothing — but let there be a mutual understanding. Unite and combine. You will be surprised to see how soon you will become fashionable. It was by something of this kind that the stand was made in 1791–2; *vis unita fortior.* I earnestly recommend to Charles Baillie, Johnston of Alva, and yourself, to lose no opportunity to gather together the opinions of your friends — especially of your companions; for it is only among the young, I am sorry to say, that energy and real patriotism are now to be found. If it should be thought fit to admit Peers, which will depend on the plans and objects adopted, our Chief ought naturally to be at the head. As for myself, no personal interests shall prevent my doing my best in the cause which I have always conceived to be that of my country. But I suspect there is little of me left to make my services worth the having. Why should not old Scotland have a party among her own children? — Yours very sincerely, my dear Henry,

"WALTER SCOTT."

DIARY — "*January* 11. — Wrote and sent off about three of my own pages in the morning, then walked with Swanston. I tried to write before dinner, but, with drowsiness and pain in my head, made little way. A man carries no scales about him to ascertain his own value. I always remember the prayer of Virgil's sailor in extremity —

> 'Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, nec vincere certo,
> Quanquam O! — Sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti!
> Extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc vincite, cives,
> Et prohibete nefas!' *

We must to our oar; but I think this and another are all that even success would tempt me to write.

"*January* 17. — I had written two hours, when various visiters began to drop in. I was sick of these interruptions, and dismissed Mr. Laidlaw, having no hope of resuming my theme with spirit. God send me more leisure and fewer friends to peck it away by tea-spoonfuls. — Another fool sends to entreat an autograph, which he should be as ashamed in civility to ask, as I am to deny. I got notice of poor Henry Mackenzie's death. He has long maintained a niche in Scottish literature, gayest of the gay, though most sensitive of the sentimental.

"*January* 18. — Dictated to Laidlaw till about one o'clock, during which time it was rainy. Afterwards I walked, sliding about in the mud, and very uncomfortable. In fact, there is no mistaking the three sufficients,* and Fate is now straitening its circumvallations around me.

---

* Æneid. V.

'Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.' †

"*January* 19. — Mr. Laidlaw came down at ten, and we wrote till one. — This is an important help to me, as it saves both my eyesight and nerves, which last are cruelly affected by finding those who look out of the windows grow gradually darker and darker. Rode out, or more properly, was carried out into the woods to see the course of a new road, which may serve to carry off the thinnings of the trees, and for rides. It is very well lined, and will serve both for beauty and convenience. Mr Laidlaw engages to come back to dinner, and finish two or three more pages. Met my agreeable and lady-like neighbour, Mrs. Brewster, on my pony, and I was actually ashamed to be seen by her.

'Sir Dennis Brand! and on so poor a steed!' ‡

"I believe detestable folly of this kind is the very last that leaves us. One would have thought I ought to have little vanity at this time o' day; but it is an abiding appurtenance of the old Adam, and I write for penance what, like a fool, I actually felt. I think the peep, real or imaginary, at the gates of death should have given me firmness not to mind little afflictions."

On the 31st of January, Miss Scott being too unwell for a journey, Sir Walter went alone to Edinburgh for the purpose of executing his last will. He (for the first time in his native town) took up his quarters at a hotel;

---

* Sir W. alludes to Mrs. Piozzi's Tale of *The Three Warnings*.

† *Macbeth*, Act I. Scene 3.

‡ Crabbe's *Borough*, Letter xiii.

but the noise of the street disturbed him during the night (another evidence how much his nervous system had been shattered), and next day he was persuaded to remove to his bookseller's house in Athol Crescent. In the apartment allotted to him there, he found several little pieces of furniture which some kind person had purchased for him at the sale in Castle Street, and which he presented to Mrs. Cadell. "Here," says his letter to Mrs. Lockhart, "I saw various things that belonged to poor No. 39. I had many sad thoughts on seeing and handling them — but they are in kind keeping, and I was glad they had not gone to strangers."

There came on, next day, a storm of such severity that he had to remain under this friendly roof until the 9th of February. His host perceived that he was unfit for any company but the quietest, and had sometimes one old friend, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Clerk, or Mr. Skene, to dinner — but no more. He seemed glad to see them — but they all observed him with pain. He never took the lead in conversation, and often remained altogether silent. In the mornings he wrote usually for several hours at Count Robert; and Mr. Cadell remembers in particular, that on Ballantyne's reminding him that a motto was wanted for one of the chapters already finished, he looked out for a moment at the gloomy weather and penned these lines —

> "The storm increases — 'tis no sunny shower,
> Foster'd in the moist breast of March or April,
> Or such as parched Summer cools his lips with.
> Heaven's windows are flung wide; the inmost deeps
> Call in hoarse greeting one upon another;
> On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
> And where's the dike shall stop it?
>
> "*The Deluge: a Poem.*"

On the 4th February, the will was signed, and attested by Nicolson, to whom Sir Walter explained the nature of the document, adding, "I deposit it for safety in Mr Cadell's hands, and I still hope it may be long before he has occasion to produce it." Poor Nicolson was much agitated, but stammered out a deep *amen.*

Another object of this journey was to consult, on the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, a skilful mechanist, by name *Fortune,* about a contrivance for the support of the lame limb, which had of late given him much pain, as well as inconvenience. Mr. Fortune produced a clever piece of handiwork, and Sir Walter felt at first great relief from the use of it: insomuch that his spirits rose to quite the old pitch, and his letter to me upon the occasion overflows with merry applications of sundry maxims and verses about *Fortune.* "*Fortes Fortuna adjuvat*" — he says — "never more sing I

'Fortune, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will my Fortune never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain?
And wilt thou ne'er return my joys again?' *

"No — let my ditty be henceforth —

'Fortune, my Friend, how well thou favourest me!
A kinder Fortune man did never see!
Thou propp'st my thigh, thou ridd'st my knee of pain,
I'll walk, I'll mount — I'll be a man again.' " —

This expedient was undoubtedly of considerable service; but the use of it was not, after a short interval, so easy as at first: it often needed some little repair, too, and then in its absence he felt himself more helpless than before. Even then, however, the name was sure to tempt some ludicrous twisting of words. A little after this time he dictated a reviewal (never published) of a book called *Robson's British Herald;* and in mentioning it to me, he says — "I have given Laidlaw a long spell to-day at the saltires and fesses. No thanks to me, for my machine is away to be tightened in one bit, and loosened in another. I was telling Willie Laidlaw that I might adopt, with a slight difference, the motto of the noble Tullibardine: — 'Furth Fortune and *file* the Fetters.'"*

---

* I believe this is the only verse of the old song (often alluded to by Shakspeare and his contemporaries) that has as yet been recovered.

Of this excursion to Edinburgh, the Diary says —

"*Abbotsford, February* 9. — The snow became impassable, and in Edinburgh I remained immoveably fixed for ten days, never getting out of doors, save once or twice to dinner, when I went and returned in a sedan-chair. Cadell made a point of my coming to his excellent house, where I had no less excellent an apartment, and the most kind treatment; that is, no making a show of me, for which I was in but bad tune. Abercrombie and Ross had me bled with cupping-glasses, reduced me confoundedly, and restricted me of all creature comforts. But they did me good, as I am sure they sincerely meant to do; I got rid of a giddy feeling, which I had been plagued with, and have certainly returned much better. I did not neglect my testamentary affairs. I executed my last will, leaving Walter burdened with £1000 to Sophia, £2000 to Anne, and the same to Charles. He is to advance them this money if they want it; if not, to pay them interest. All this is his own choice, otherwise I would have sold the books and rattletraps. I have made provisions for clearing my estate by my publications, should it be possible; and should that prove possible, from the time of such clearance being effected, to be a fund available to all my children who shall be alive or leave representatives. My bequests must many of them seem hypothetical.

---

* "*Fill* the fetters," in the original. No bad motto for the Duke of Athole's ancestors — great predatory chiefs of the Highland frontier.

"During this unexpected stay in town I dined with the Lord Chief-Commissioner, with the Skenes twice, with Lord Medwyn, and was as happy as anxiety about my daughter would permit me. The appearance of the streets was most desolate; the hackney-coaches strolling about like ghosts with four horses; the foot passengers few, except the lowest of the people. I wrote a good deal of Count Robert, — yet, I cannot tell why, my pen stammers egregiously, and I write horridly incorrect. I longed to have friend Laidlaw's assistance.

"A heavy and most effective thaw coming on, I got home about five at night, and found the haugh covered with water — dogs, pigs, cows, to say nothing of human beings, all that slept at the offices, in danger of being drowned. They came up to the mansion-house about midnight, with such an infernal clamour, that Anne thought we were attacked by Captain Swing and all the Radicals."

After this the Diary offers but a few unimportant entries during several weeks. He continued working at the Novel, and when discouraged about it, gave a day to his article on Heraldry: but he never omitted to spend many hours, either in writing or in dictating something; and Laidlaw, when he came down a few minutes beyond the appointed time, was sure to be rebuked. At the beginning of March, he was anew roused about political affairs; and bestowed four days on drawing up an address against the Reform Bill, which he designed to be adopted by the Freeholders of the Forest. They, however, preferred a shorter one from the pen of a plain practical country gentleman (the late Mr. Elliot Lockhart of Borthwickbrae), who had often represented them in Parliament: and Sir Walter, it is probable, felt this disappointment more acutely than he has chosen to indicate in his Journal.

"*February* 10. — I set to work with Mr. Laidlaw, and had after that a capital ride. My pony, little used, was somewhat frisky, but I rode on to Huntly Burn. Began my diet on my new regime, and like it well, especially porridge to supper. It is wonderful how old tastes rise. — *Feb.* 23, 24, 25. These three days I can hardly be said to have varied from my ordinary. Rose at seven, dressed before eight — wrote letters, or did any little business till a quarter past nine. Then breakfasted. Mr. Laidlaw comes from ten till one. Then take the pony, and ride — *quantum mutatus* — two or three miles, John Swanston walking by my bridle-rein lest I fall off. Come home about three or four. Then to dinner on a single plain dish and half a tumbler, or, by'r Lady, three fourths of a tumbler of whisky and water. Then sit till six o'clock, when enter Mr. Laidlaw again, who works commonly till eight. After this, work usually alone till half-past ten; sup on porridge and milk, and so to bed. The work is half done. If any one asks what time I take to think on the composition, I might say, in one point of view, it was seldom five minutes out of my head the whole day — in another light, it was never the serious subject of consideration at all, for it never occupied my thoughts for five minutes together, except when I was dictating. — *Feb.* 27. Being Saturday, no Mr. Laidlaw came yesterday evening — nor to-day, being Sunday. — *Feb.* 28. Past ten, and Mr. Laidlaw, the model of clerks in other respects, is not come yet. He has never known the value of time, so is not quite accurate in punctuality; but that, I hope, will come, if I can drill him into it without hurting him. I think I hear him coming. I am like the poor wizard, who is first puzzled how to raise the devil, and then how to employ him. Worked till one, then walked with great difficulty and pain. — *March* 5. I have a letter from our Member, Whytbank, adjuring me to assist the gentlemen of the county with an address against the Reform Bill, which menaces them with being blended with Peebles-shire, and losing, of consequence one-half of their functions. Sandy Pringle conjures me not to be very nice in choosing my epithets. Torwoodlee comes over and speaks to the same purpose, adding, it will be the greatest service I can do the country, &c. This, in a manner, drives me out of a resolution to keep myself clear of politics, and let them 'fight dog, fight bear.' But I am too easy to be persuaded to bear a hand. The young Duke of Buccleuch comes to visit me also; so I promised to shake my duds, and give them a cast of my calling — fall back, fall edge.

"*March* 7, 8, 9, 10. — In these four days I drew up, with much anxiety, an address in reprobation of the Bill, both with respect to Selkirkshire, and in its general purport. Mr. Laidlaw, though he is on t'other side on the subject, thinks it the best thing I ever wrote; and I myself am happy to find that it cannot be said to smell of the apoplexy. But it was too declamatory, too much like a pamphlet, and went far too generally into opposition, to please the county gentlemen, who are timidly inclined to dwell on their own grievances, rather than the public wrongs. Must try to get something for Mr. Laidlaw, for I am afraid I am twaddling. I do not think my head is weakened — yet a strange vacillation makes me suspect. Is it not thus that men begin to fail, — becoming, as it were, infirm of purpose ? —

> —— 'That way madness lies — let me shun that.
> No more of that.' ——

Yet why be a child about it ? What must be, will be.

"*March* 11. — This day we had our meeting at Selkirk. I found Borthwickbrae (late Member) had sent the frame of an address, which was tabled by Mr. Andrew Lang. It was the reverse of mine in every respect. It was short, and to the point. It only contained a remonstrance against the incorporation with Selkirkshire, and left it to be inferred that they opposed the Bill in other respects. As I saw that it met the ideas of the meeting (six in number) better by far than mine, I instantly put that in my pocket. But I endeavoured to add to their complaint of a private wrong, a general clause stating their sense of the hazard of passing at once a bill full of such violent innovations. But though Harden, Alva, and Torwoodlee, voted for this measure, it was refused by the rest of the meeting, to my disappointment. I was a fool to 'stir such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.'[*] If some of the gentlemen of the press, whose livelihood is lying, were to get hold of this story, what would they make of it? It gives me a right to decline future interference, and let the world wag — 'Transeat cum cæteris erroribus.'—I only gave way to one jest. A rat-catcher was desirous to come and complete his labours in my house, and I, who thought he only talked and laughed with the servants, recommended him to go to the head-courts and meetings of freeholders, where he would find rats in plenty.

"I will make my opinion public at every place where I shall be called upon or expected to appear; but I will not thrust myself forward again. May the Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this vow!"

He kept it in all its parts. Though urged to take up his pen against the ministerial Reform Bill, by several persons of high consequence, who, of course, little knew his real condition of health, he resolutely refused to make any such experiment again. But he was equally resolved to be absent from no meeting at which, as Sheriff or Deputy-Lieutenant, he might naturally be expected to appear in his place, and record his aversion to the Bill. The first of these meetings was one of the freeholders of Roxburgh, held at Jedburgh on the 21st of March; and there, to the distress and alarm of his daughter, he insisted on being present, and proposing one of the Tory resolutions, — which he did in a speech of some length, but delivered in a tone so low, and with such hesitation in utterance, that only a few detached passages were intelligible to the bulk of the audience.

---

[*] Hotspur, in *King Henry IV.* Act II. Scene 3

"We are told" (said he) "on high authority, that France is the model for us, — that we and all the other nations ought to put ourselves to school there, — and endeavour to take out our degrees at *the University of Paris.** The French are a very ingenious people; they have often tried to borrow from us, and now we should repay the obligation by borrowing a leaf from them. But I fear there is an incompatibility between the tastes and habits of France and Britain, and that we may succeed as ill in copying them, as they have hitherto done in copying us. We in this district are proud, and with reason, that the first chain-bridge was the work of a Scotchman. It still hangs where he erected it, a pretty long time ago. The French heard of our invention, and determined to introduce it, but with great improvements and embellishments. A friend of my own saw the thing tried. It was on the Seine, at Marly. The French chain-bridge looked lighter and airier than the prototype. Every Englishman present was disposed to confess that we had been beaten at our own trade. But by and by the gates were opened, and the multitude were to pass over. It began to swing rather formidably beneath the pressure of the good company; and by the time the architect, who led the procession in great pomp and glory, reached the middle, the whole gave way, and he — worthy, patriotic artist — was the first that got a ducking. They had forgot the great middle bolt, — or rather, this ingenious person had conceived that to be a clumsy-looking feature, which might safely be dispensed with, while he put some invisible gimcrack of his own to supply its place." —— Here Sir Walter was interrupted by violent hissing and hooting from the populace of the town, who had flocked in and occupied the greater part of the Court-House. He stood calmly till the storm subsided, and resumed; but the friend, whose notes are before me, could not catch what he said, until his voice rose with another illustration of the old style. "My friends," he said, "I am old and failing, and you think me full of very silly prejudices; but I have seen a good deal of public men, and thought a good deal of public affairs in my day, and I can't help suspecting that the manufacturers of this new constitution are like a parcel of schoolboys taking to pieces a watch which used to go tolerably well for all practical purposes, in the conceit that they can put it together again far better than the old watchmaker. I fear they will fail when they come to the reconstruction, and I should not, I confess, be much surprised if it were to turn out that their first step had been to break the main-spring." — Here he was again stopped by a confused Babel of contemptuous sounds, which seemed likely to render further attempts ineffectual. He, abruptly and unheard, proposed his Resolution, and then, turning to the riotous artisans, exclaimed — "I regard your gabble no more than the geese on the green." His countenance glowed with indignation, as he resumed his seat on the bench. But when, a few moments afterwards, the business being over, he rose to withdraw, every trace of passion was gone. He turned round at the door, and bowed to the assembly. Two or three, not more, renewed their hissing; he bowed again, and took leave in the words of the doomed gladiator which I hope none who had joined in these insults understood — "MORITURUS VOS SALUTO."

---

* See *Edinburgh Review* for October 1830, p 23.

Of this meeting there is but a very slight notice in one of the next extracts from his Diary: another of them refers to that remarkable circumstance in English history, the passing of the first Reform Bill in the Commons, on the 22d of March, by a majority of *one ;* and a third to the last really good portrait that was painted of himself. This was the work of Mr. Francis Grant (brother of the Laird of Kilgraston), whose subsequent career has justified the Diarist's prognostications. This excellent picture, in which, from previous familiarity with the subject, he was able to avoid the painful features of recent change, was done for his and Sir Walter's friend, Lady Ruthven.

" *March* 20. — Little of this day, but that it was so uncommonly windy that I was almost blown off my pony, and was glad to grasp the mane to prevent its actually happening. I began the third volume of Count Robert of Paris, which has been on the anvil during all these vexatious circumstances of politics and health. But the blue heaven bends over all. It may be ended in a fortnight, if I keep my scheme. But I *will* take time enough. I thought I was done with politics; but it is easy getting into the mess, but difficult, and sometimes disgraceful, to get out. I have a letter from Sheriff Oliver, desiring me to go to Jedburgh on Monday, and show countenance by adhering to a set of propositions. Though not well drawn, they are uncompromising enough ; so I will not part company.

" *March* 22. — Went yesterday at nine o'clock to the meeting; a great number present, with a mob of Reformers, who showed their sense of propriety by hissing, hooting, and making all sorts of noises. And these unwashed artificers are from henceforth to select our legislators. What can be expected from them except such a thick-headed plebeian as will be 'a hare-brained Hotspur, guided by a whim ?' There was some speaking, but not good. I said something, for I could not sit quiet. I did not get home till past nine, having fasted the whole time.

"*March* 25. — The measure carried by a single vote. In other circumstances one would hope for the interference of the House of Lords; but it is all hab nab at a venture, as Cervantes says. The worst is, that there is a popular party, who want personal power, and are highly unfitted to enjoy it. It has fallen easily, the old constitution; no bullying Mirabeau to assail, no eloquent Maury to defend. It has been thrown away like a child's broken toy. Well — the good sense of the people is much trusted to; we shall see what it will do for us. The curse of Cromwell on those whose conceit brought us to this pass! *Sed transeat.* It is vain to mourn what cannot be mended.

"*March* 26. — Frank Grant and his lady came here.* Frank will, I believe, if he attends to his profession, be one of the celebrated men of the age. He has long been well known to me as the companion of my sons and the partner of my daughters. In youth, that is in extreme youth, he was passionately fond of fox-hunting and other sports, but not of any species of gambling. He had also a strong passion for painting, and made a little collection. As he had sense enough to feel that a younger brother's fortune would not last long under the expenses of a good stud and a rare collection of *chefs d'œuvre*, he used to avow his intention to spend his patrimony, about £10,000, and then again to make his fortune by the law. The first he soon accomplished. But the law is not a profession so easily acquired, nor did Frank's talents lie in that direction. His passion for painting turned out better. Connoisseurs approved of his sketches, both in pencil and oil, but not without the sort of criticisms made on these occasions — that they were admirable for an amateur — but it could not be expected that he should submit to the actual drudgery absolutely necessary for a profession — and all that species of criticism which gives way before natural genius and energy of character. In the meantime Frank saw the necessity of doing something to keep himself independent, having, I think, too much spirit to become a *Jock the Laird's brither*, drinking out the last glass of the bottle, riding the horses which the laird wishes to sell, and drawing sketches to amuse the lady and the children. He was above all this, and honourably resolved to cultivate his taste for painting, and become a professional artist. I am no judge of painting, but I am conscious that Francis Grant possesses, with much cleverness, a sense of beauty derived from the best source, that is, the observation of really good society, while, in many modern artists, the want of that species of feeling is so great as to be revolting. His former acquaintances render his immediate entance into business completely secure, and it will rest with himself to carry on his success. He has, I think, that degree of force of character which will make him keep and enlarge any reputation which he may acquire. He has confidence, too, in his own powers, always requisite for a young gentleman trying things of this sort, whose aristocratic pretensions must be envied. — *March* 29. Frank Grant is still with me, and is well pleased, I think very advisedly so, with a cabinet picture of myself, armour and so forth, together with my two noble stag-hounds. The dogs sat charmingly, but the picture took up some time."

---

* Mr Francis Grant had recently married Miss Norman, a niece of the Duke of Rutland's.

I must insert a couple of letters written about this time. That to the Secretary of the Literary Fund, one of the most useful and best managed charities in London, requires no explanation. The other was addressed to the Rev. Alexander Dyce, on receiving a copy of that gentleman's edition of Greene's Plays, with a handsome dedication. Sir Walter, it appears, designed to make

Peele, Greene, and Webster, the subject of an article in the Quarterly Review. It is proper to observe that he had never met their editor, though two or three letters had formerly passed between them. The little volume which he sent in return to Mr. Dyce, was "the Trial of Duncan Terig and Alexander Macdonald," — one of the Bannatyne Club books.

"*To B. Nichols, Esq., Registrar of the Literary Fund, London.*

"Abbotsford, 29th March, 1831.

"Sir, — I am honoured with your obliging letter of the 25th current, flattering me with the information that you had placed my name on the list of stewards for the Literary Fund, at which I am sorry to say it will not be in my power to attend, as I do not come to London this season. You, sir, and the other gentlemen who are making such efforts in behalf of literature, have a right to know why a person, who has been much favoured by the public, should decline joining an institution whose object it is to relieve those who have been less fortunate than himself, or, in plain words, to contribute to the support of the poor of my own guild. If I could justly accuse myself of this species of selfishness, I should think I did a very wrong thing. But the wants of those whose distresses and merits are known to me, are of such a nature, that what I have the means of sparing for the relief of others, is not nearly equal to what I wish. Anything which I might contribute to your Fund would, of course, go to the relief of other objects, and the encouragement of excellent persons, doubtless, to whom I am a stranger; and from having some acquaintance with the species of distress to be removed, I believe I shall aid our general purpose best, by doing such service as I can to misery which cannot be so likely to attract your eyes.

"I cannot express myself sufficiently upon the proposal which supposes me willing to do good, and holds out an oppor

tunity to that effect. — I am, with great respect to the trustees and other gentlemen of the Fund, sir, your obliged humble servant,
WALTER SCOTT."

"*To the Rev. Alexander Dyce, London.*

"Abbotsford, March 31, 1831.

"Dear Sir, — I had the pleasure of receiving Greene's Plays, with which, as works of great curiosity, I am highly gratified. If the editor of the Quarterly consents, as he probably will, I shall do my endeavour to be useful, though I am not sure when I can get admission. I shall be inclined to include Webster, who, I think, is one of the best of our ancient dramatists; if you will have the kindness to tell the bookseller to send it to Whittaker, under cover to me, care of Mr. Cadell, Edinburgh, it will come safe, and be thankfully received. Marlowe and others I have, — and some acquaintance with the subject, though not much.

"I have not been well — threatened with a determination of blood to the head; but by dint of bleeding and regimen, I have recovered. I have lost, however, like Hamlet, all habit of my exercise, and, once able to walk thirty miles a-day, or ride a hundred, I can hardly walk a mile, or ride a pony four or five.

"I will send you, by Whittaker, a little curious tract of murder, in which a ghost is the principal evidence. The spirit did not carry his point, however; for the apparition, though it should seem the men were guilty, threw so much ridicule on the whole story, that they were acquitted.*

"I wish you had given us more of Greene's prose works. — I am, with regard, dear sir, yours sincerely,

"WALTER SCOTT"

---

* See Scott's *Letters on Demonology*, p. 371.

To resume the Diary —

"*March* 30. Bob Dundas* and his wife (Miss Durham that was) came to spend a day or two. I was heartily glad to see him, being my earliest and best friend's son. John Swinton, too, came on the part of an Anti-Reform meeting in Edinburgh, who exhorted me to take up the pen; but I declined, and pleaded health, which God knows I have a right to urge. I might have urged also the chance of my breaking down, but that would be a cry of *wolf*, which might very well prove real. — *April* 2. Mr. Henry Liddell, eldest son of Lord Ravensworth, arrives here. I like him and his brother Tom very much, although they are what may be called fine men. Henry is accomplished, is an artist and musician, and certainly has a fine taste for poetry, though he may never cultivate it. — *April* 8. This day I took leave of poor Major John Scott,† who, being afflicted with a distressing asthma, has resolved upon selling his house of Ravenswood, which he had dressed up with much neatness, and going abroad. Without having been intimate friends, we were always affectionate relations, and now we part probably never to meet in this world. He has a good deal of the character said to belong to the family. Our parting with mutual feeling may be easily supposed."

The next entry relates to the last public appearance that the writer ever made, under circumstances at all pleasant, in his native country. He had taken great interest about a new line of mail-road between Selkirk and Edinburgh, which runs in view of Abbotsford across the Tweed; but he never saw it completed.

"*April* 11. — This day I went with Anne, and Miss Jane

---

* Mr. Dundas of Arniston.

† This gentleman, a brother to the Laird of Raeburn, had made some fortune in the East Indies, and bestowed the name of *Ravenswood* on a villa which he built near Melrose. He died in 1831.

Erskine,[*] to see the laying of the stones of foundation for two bridges in my neighbourhood over Tweed and the Ettrick. There were a great many people assembled. The day was beautiful, the scene was romantic, and the people in good spirits and good-humour. Mr. Paterson of Galashiels[†] made a most excellent prayer: Mr. Smith[‡] gave a proper repast to the workmen, and we subscribed sovereigns a-piece to provide for any casualty. I laid the foundation-stone of the bridge over Tweed, and Mr. C. B. Scott of Woll[§] the foundation-stone of that of Ettrick. The general spirit of good-humour made the scene, though without parade, extremely interesting.

"*April* 12. — We breakfasted with the Fergussons; after which Anne and Miss Erskine walked up the Rhymer's Glen. I could as easily have made a pilgrimage to Rome with peas in my shoes unboiled. I drove home, and began to work about ten o'clock. At one o'clock I rode, and sent off what I had finished. Mr. Laidlaw dined with me. In the afternoon we wrote five or six pages more. I am, I fear, sinking a little from having too much space to fill, and a want of the usual inspiration — which makes me, like the chariot-wheels of Pharaoh in the sands of the Red Sea, drive heavily. It is the less matter if this prove, as I suspect, the last of this fruitful family. — *April* 13. Corrected proofs in the morning. At ten o'clock began where I had left off at my romance. Laidlaw begins to smite the rock for not giving forth the water in quantity sufficient. I have against me the disadvantage of being called the Just, and every one of course is willing to worry me. But they have been long at it, and even those works which have been worst received at their first appearance, now keep their ground fairly enough. So we'll try our old luck another voyage. — It is a close thick rain, and I cannot ride, and I am too dead lame to walk in the house. So feeling really exhausted, I will try to sleep a little. — My nap was a very short one, and was agreeably replaced by Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages. Everything about the inside of a vessel is interesting, and my friend B. H. has the good sense to know this is the case. I remember, when my eldest brother took the humour of going to sea, James Watson used to be invited to George's Square to tell him such tales of hardships as might disgust him with the service. Such were my poor mother's instructions. But Captain Watson* could not by all this render a sea life disgusting to the young midshipman, or to his brother, who looked on and listened. Hall's accounts of the assistance given to the Spaniards at Cape Finisterre, and the absurd behaviour of the Junta, are highly interesting. A more inefficient, yet a more resolved class of men than the Spaniards, were never conceived. — *April* 16. Lord Meadowbank and his son. Skene walks with me. Weather enchanting. About one hundred leaves will now complete Robert of Paris. Query, If the last? Answer — Not knowing, can't say. I think it will."

---

[*] A daughter of Lord Kinnedder's. — She died in 1838.

[†] The Rev. Dr. N. Paterson, now one of the Ministers of Glasgow.

[‡] Mr. John Smith of Darnick, the builder of Abbotsford, and architect of these bridges.

[§] This gentleman died in Edinburgh on 4th February 1838.

---

* The late Captain James Watson, R. N., was distantly related to Sir Walter's mother. His son, Mr. John Watson Gordon, has risen to great eminence as a painter; and his portraits of Scott and Hogg rank among his best pieces. That of the Ettrick Shepherd is indeed perfect; and Sir Walter's has only the disadvantage of having been done a little too late. These masterly pictures are both in Mr. Cadell's possession.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Apoplectic Paralysis — Miss Ferrier — Dr. M'Intosh Mackay — Scenes at Jedburgh and Selkirk — Castle Dangerous — Excursion to Douglasdale — Church of St. Bride's, &c. — Turner's Designs for the Poetry — Last Visits to Smailholm, Bemerside, Ettrick, &c. — Visit of Captain Burns — Mr. Adolphus — and Mr. Wordsworth — "Yarrow Revisited," and Sonnet on the Eildons.

APRIL — OCT. 1831.

THE next entry in the Diary is as follows: —

"From Saturday 16th April, to Sunday 24th of the same month, unpleasantly occupied by ill health and its consequences. A distinct stroke of paralysis affecting both my nerves and speech, though beginning only on Monday with a very bad cold. Doctor Abercrombie was brought out by the friendly care of Cadell, but young Clarkson had already done the needful, that is, had bled and blistered, and placed me on a very reduced diet. Whether precautions have been taken in time, I cannot tell. I think they have, though severe in themselves, beat the disease; but I am alike prepared."

The preceding paragraph has been deciphered with difficulty. The blow which it records was greatly more severe than any that had gone before it. Sir Walter's friend Lord Meadowbank had come to Abbotsford, as usual when on the Jedburgh circuit; and he would make an effort to receive the Judge in something of the old style of the place; he collected several of the neighbouring gentry to dinner, and tried to bear his wonted part in the conversation. Feeling his strength and spirits flagging, he was tempted to violate his physician's directions, and took two or three glasses of champaign, not having tasted wine for several months before. On retiring to his dressing-room he had this severe shock of apoplectic paralysis, and kept his bed under the surgeon's hands for several days.

Shortly afterwards, his eldest son and his daughter Sophia arrived at Abbotsford. It may be supposed that they both would have been near him instantly, had that been possible; but, not to mention the dread of seeming to be alarmed about him, Major Scott's regiment was stationed in a very disturbed district, and his sister was still in a disabled state from the relics of a rheumatic fever. I followed her a week later, when we established ourselves at Chiefswood for the rest of the season. Charles Scott had some months before this time gone to Naples, as an attaché to the British Embassy there. During the next six months the Major was at Abbotsford every now and then — as often as circumstances could permit him to be absent from his Hussars.

Diary — "*April* 27, 1831. — They have cut me off from animal food and fermented liquors of every kind; and, thank God, I can fast with any one. I walked out and found the day delightful; the woods too looking charming, just bursting forth to the tune of the birds. I have been whistling on my wits like so many chickens, and cannot miss any of them. I feel on the whole better than I have yet done. I believe I have fined and recovered, and so may be thankful. — *April* 28, 29. Walter made his appearance here, well and stout, and completely recovered from his stomach complaints by abstinence. He has youth on his side; and I in age must submit to be a Lazarus. The medical men persist in recommending a seton. I am no friend to these remedies, and will be sure of the necessity before I yield consent. The dying like an Indian under tortures is no joke; and as Commodore Trunnion says, I feel heart-whole as a biscuit. — *April* 30, *May* 1. Go on with Count Robert half a dozen leaves per day. I am not much behind with my hand-work. The task of pumping my brains becomes inevitably harder when

'Both chain pumps are choked below;' *

and though this may not be the case literally, yet the apprehension is well-nigh as bad. — *May* 3. Sophia arrives — with all the children looking well and beautiful, except poor Johnnie, who looks pale. But it is no wonder, poor thing! — *May* 4. I have a letter from Lockhart, promising to be down by next Wednesday. I shall be glad to see and consult with Lockhart. My pronunciation is a good deal improved. My time glides away ill employed, but I am afraid of the palsy. I should not like to be pinned to my chair. I believe even that kind of life is more endurable than we could suppose — yet the idea is terrible to a man who has been active. Your wishes are limited to your little circle. My own circle in bodily matters is narrowing daily; not so in intellectual matters — but of that I am perhaps a worse judge. The plough is nearing the end of the furrow.

" *May* 5. — A fleece of letters, which must be answered, I suppose, — all from persons my zealous admirers of course, and expecting a degree of generosity, which will put to rights all their maladies, physical and mental, and that I can make up whatever losses have been their lot, raise them to a desirable rank, and will stand their protector and patron. I must, they take it for granted, be astonished at having an address from a stranger; on the contrary, I would be astonished if any of these extravagant epistles came from any one who had the least title to enter into correspondence. — My son Walter takes leave of me to-day, to return to Sheffield. At his entreaty I have agreed to put in a seton, which they seem all to recommend. My own opinion is, this addition to my tortures will do me no good — but I cannot hold out against my son.

---

* Song, *Cease, rude Boreas*, &c.

"*May* 6, 7, 8. — Here is a precious job. I have a formal remonstrance from these critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of Count Robert, which is within a sheet of being finished. I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public; at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready; yet, God knows, I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I cannot conceive that I should have tied a knot with my tongue which my teeth cannot untie. We shall see. — I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can. It would argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labours to sink under critical clamour. Did I know how to begin, I would begin again this very day, although I knew I should sink at the end. After all, this is but fear and faintness of heart, though of another kind from that which trembleth at a loaded pistol. My bodily strength is terribly gone, perhaps my mental too."

On my arrival (May 10th), I found Sir Walter to have rallied considerably; yet his appearance, as I first saw him, was the most painful sight I had ever then seen. Knowing at what time I might be expected, he had been lifted on his pony, and advanced about half a mile on the Selkirk road to meet me. He moved at a foot-pace, with Laidlaw at one stirrup, and his forester Swanston (a fine fellow, who did all he could to replace Tom Purdie) at the other. Abreast was old Peter

Mathieson on horseback, with one of my children astride before him on a pillion. Sir Walter had had his head shaved, and wore a black silk night-cap under his blue bonnet. All his garments hung loose about him; his countenance was thin and haggard, and there was an obvious distortion in the muscles of one cheek. His look, however, was placid — his eye as bright as ever — perhaps brighter than it ever was in health; he smiled with the same affectionate gentleness, and though at first it was not easy to understand everything he said, he spoke cheerfully and manfully.

He had resumed, and was trying to recast, his novel. All the medical men had urged him, by every argument, to abstain from any such attempts; but he smiled on them in silence, or answered with some jocular rhyme. One note has this postscript — a parody on a sweet lyric of Burns's —

"Dour, dour, and eident was he,
Dour and eident but-and-ben —
Dour against their barley-water,
And eident on the Bramah pen."

He told me, that in the winter he had more than once tried writing with his own hand, because he had no longer the same "pith and birr" that formerly rendered dictation easy to him; but that the experiment failed. He was now sensible he could do nothing without Laidlaw to hold "the Bramah pen;" adding, "Willie is a kind clerk — I see by his looks when I am pleasing him, and that pleases me." And however the cool critic may now estimate *Count Robert*, no one who then saw the author could wonder that Laidlaw's prevalent feeling in writing those pages should have been admiration. Under the full consciousness that he had sustained three or four strokes of apoplexy or palsy, or both combined, and tortured by various attendant ailments, — cramp, rheumatism in half his joints, daily increasing lameness, and now of late gravel (which was, though last, not least) — he retained all the energy of his will, struggled manfully against this sea of troubles, and might well have said seriously, as he more than once both said and wrote playfully,

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it." *

To assist them in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might be tempted to make those hours more frequent, his daughters had invited his friend the authoress of *Marriage* to come out to Abbotsford; and her coming was serviceable. For she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his, to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gaily as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation in his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect; — but before he reached the point, it would seem as if some internal spring had given way — he paused, and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes pained him sadly by giving him the catchword abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking; and she affected to be also troubled with deafness, and would say — "Well, I am getting as dull as a post; I have not heard a word since you said so and so" — being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy — as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity.

---

* Addison's *Cato*.

He had also a visit from the learned and pious Dr. M. Mackay, then minister of Laggan, but now of Dunoon — the chief author of the Gaelic Dictionary, then recently published under the auspices of the Highland Society; and this gentleman also accommodated himself, with the tact of genuine kindness, to the circumstances of the time.

In the family circle Sir Walter seldom spoke of his illness at all, and when he did, it was always in the hopeful strain. In private to Laidlaw and myself, his language corresponded exactly with the tone of the Diary — he expressed his belief that the chances of recovery were few — very few — but always added, that he considered it his duty to exert what faculties remained to him, for the sake of his creditors, to the very last. "I am very anxious," he repeatedly said to me, "to be done, one way or other, with this Count Robert, and a little story about the Castle Dangerous, which also I had long had in my head — but after that I will attempt nothing more — at least not until I have finished all the notes for the Novels, &c.; for, in case of my going off at the next slap, you would naturally have to take up that job, — and where could you get at all my old wives' stories?"

I felt the sincerest pity for Cadell and Ballantyne at his time; and advised him to lay Count Robert aside for a few weeks at all events, until the general election now going on should be over. He consented — but immediately began another series of Tales on French History — which he never completed. The Diary says: —

"*May* 12. — Resolved to lay by Robert of Paris, and take it up when I can work. Thinking on it really makes my head swim, and that is not safe. — Miss Ferrier comes out to us. This gifted personage, besides having great talents, has conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom I have ever seen among the long list I have encountered with: simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue stocking.

"*May* 13. — Mr., or more properly Dr., M'Intosh Mackay comes out to see me — a simple learned man, and a Highlander who weighs his own nation justly — a modest and estimable person. Reports of mobs at all the elections, which I fear will prove true. They have much to answer for, who, in gaiety of heart, have brought a peaceful and virtuous population to such a pass.

"*May* 14. — Rode with Lockhart and Mr. Mackay through the plantations, and spent a pleasanter day than of late months. Story of a haunted glen in Laggan: — A chieftain's daughter or cousin loved a man of low degree. Her kindred discovered the intrigue, and punished the lover's presumption by binding the unhappy man, and laying him naked in one of the large ants' nests common in a Highland forest. He expired in agony of course, and his mistress became distracted, roamed wildly in the glen till she died, and her phantom, finding no repose, haunted it after her death to such a degree, that the people shunned the road by day as well as night. Mrs. Grant tells the story with the addition, that her husband, then minister of Laggan, formed a religious meeting in the place, and by the exercise of public worship there, overcame the popular terror of the Red Woman. Dr. Mackay seems to think that she was rather banished by a branch of the

Parliamentary road running up the glen, than by the prayers of his predecessor. Dr. Mackay, it being Sunday, favoured us with an excellent discourse on the Socinian controversy, which I wish my friend Mr. * * * * had heard. — *May* 15. Dr. M. left us early this morning; and I rode and studied as usual, working at the Tales of my Grandfather. Our good and learned Doctor wishes to go down the Tweed to Berwick. It is a laudable curiosity, and I hope will be agreeably satisfied."

On the 18th, I witnessed a scene which must dwell painfully upon many memories besides mine. The rumours of brick-bat and bludgeon work at the hustings of this month were so prevalent, that Sir Walter's family, and not less zealously the Tory candidate for Roxburghshire himself, tried every means to dissuade him from attending the election for that county. We thought overnight that we had succeeded, and indeed, as the result of the vote was not at all doubtful, there was not the shadow of a reason for his appearing on this occasion. About seven in the morning, however, when I came down stairs intending to ride over to Jedburgh, I found he had countermanded my horse, ordered the carriage to the door, and was already impatient to be off for the scene of action. We found the town in a most tempestuous state: in fact, it was almost wholly in the hands of a disciplined rabble, chiefly weavers from Hawick, who marched up and down with drums and banners, and then, after filling the Court-hall, lined the streets, grossly insulting every one who did not wear the reforming colours. Sir Walter's carriage, as it advanced towards the house of the Shortreed family, was pelted with stones; one or two fell into it, but none touched him. He breakfasted with the widow and children of his old friend, and then walked to the Hall between me and one of the young Shortreed's. He was saluted with groans and blasphemies all the way — and I blush to add that a woman spat upon him from a window; but this last contumely I think he did not observe. The scene within was much what has been described under the date of March 21st, except that though he attempted to speak from the Bench, not a word was audible, such was the frenzy. Young Harden was returned by a great majority, 40 to 19, and we then with difficulty gained the inn where the carriage had been put up. But the aspect of the street was by that time such, that several of the gentlemen on the Whig side came and entreated us not to attempt starting from the front of our inn. One of them, Captain Russell Eliott of the Royal Navy, lived in the town, or rather in a villa adjoining it, to the rear of the Spread Eagle. Sir Walter was at last persuaded to accept this courteous adversary's invitation, and accompanied him through some winding lanes to his residence. Peter Mathieson by and by brought the carriage thither, in the same clandestine method, and we escaped from Jedburgh — with one shower more of stones at the Bridge. I believe there would have been a determined onset at that spot, but for the zeal of three or four sturdy Darnickers (Joseph Shillinglaw, carpenter, being their Coryphæus), who had, unobserved by us, clustered themselves beside the footman in the rumble.

The Diary contains this brief notice: —

"*May* 18. Went to Jedburgh greatly against the wishes of my daughters. The mob were exceedingly vociferous and brutal, as they usually are nowadays. The population gathered in formidable numbers — a thousand from Hawick also — sad blackguards. The day passed with much clamour an no mischief. Henry Scott was reëlected — for the last time, I suppose. *Troja fuit.* I left the borough in the midst of abuse, and the gentle hint of *Burk Sir Walter.* Much obliged to the brave lads of Jeddart."

Sir Walter fully anticipated a scene of similar violence at the Selkirk election, which occurred a few days afterwards; but though here also, by help of weavers from a distance, there was a sufficiently formidable display of radical power, there occurred hardly anything of what had been apprehended. Here the Sheriff was at home — known intimately to everybody, himself probably knowing almost all of man's estate by head mark, and, in spite of political fanaticism, all but universally beloved as well as feared. The only person who ventured actually to hustle a Tory elector on his way to the poll attracted Scott's observation at the moment when he was getting out of his carriage; he instantly seized the delinquent with his own hand — the man's spirit quailed, and no one coming to the rescue, he was safely committed to prison until the business of the day was over. Sir Walter had *ex officio* to preside at this election, and therefore his family would probably have made no attempt to dissuade him from attending it, even had he staid away from Jedburgh. Among the exaggerated rumours of the time, was one that Lord William Graham, the Tory candidate for Dumbartonshire, had been actually massacred by the rabble of his county town. He had been grievously maltreated, but escaped murder, though, I believe, narrowly. But I can never forget the high glow which suffused Sir Walter's countenance when he heard the overburdened story, and said calmly, in rather a clear voice, the trace of his calamitous affliction almost disappearing for the moment, — "Well, Lord William died at his post —

'Non aliter cineres mando jacere meos.' " *

I am well pleased that the ancient capital of *the Forest* did not stain its fair name upon this miserable occasion; and I am sorry for Jedburgh and Hawick. This last town stands almost within sight of Branksome Hall, overhanging also *sweet Teviot's silver tide.* The civilized American or Australian will curse these places, of which he would never have heard but for Scott, as he passes through them in some distant century, when perhaps all that remains of our national glories may be the high literature adopted and extended in new lands planted from our blood.

No doubt these disturbances of the general election had an unfavourable influence on the invalid. When they were over, he grew calmer and more collected; the surgical experiment appeared to be beneficial; his speech became, after a little time, much clearer, and such were the symptoms of energy still about him, that I began to think a restoration not hopeless. Some business called me to London about the middle of June, and when I returned at the end of three weeks, I had the satisfaction to find that he had been gradually amending.

But, alas! the first use he made of this partial renovation, had been to expose his brain once more to an imaginative task. He began his Castle Dangerous — the groundwork being again an old story which he had told in print, many years before, in a rapid manner.† And now, for the first time, he left Ballantyne out of his secret. He thus writes to Cadell on the 3d of July: — "I intend to tell this little matter to nobody but Lockhart. Perhaps not even to him; certainly not to J. B., who having turned his back on his old political friends, will no longer have a claim to be a secretary in such matters, though I shall always be glad to befriend him."

---

* Martial, i. 89.

† See *Essay on Chivalry — Miscellaneous Prose Works,* (Edin. Ed. vol. vi. p. 36.

James's criticisms on Count Robert had wounded him — the Diary, already quoted, shows how severely. The last visit this old ally ever paid at Abbotsford, occurred a week or two after. His newspaper had by this time espoused openly the cause of the Reform Bill — and some unpleasant conversation took place on that subject, which might well be a sore one for both parties, and not least, considering the whole of his personal history, for Mr. Ballantyne. Next morning, being Sunday, he disappeared abruptly, without saying farewell; and when Scott understood that he had signified an opinion that the reading of the Church service, with a sermon from South or Barrow, would be a poor substitute for the mystical eloquence of some new idol down the vale, he expressed considerable disgust. They never met again in this world. In truth, Ballantyne's health also was already much broken; and if Scott had been entirely himself, he would not have failed to connect that circumstance in a charitable way with this never strong-minded man's recent abandonment of his own old *terra firma*, both religious and political. But this is a subject on which we have no title to dwell. Sir Walter's misgivings about himself, if I read him aright, now rendered him desirous of external support: but this novel inclination his spirit would fain suppress and disguise even from itself.

When I again saw him on the 13th of this month, he showed me several sheets of the new romance, and told me how he had designed at first to have it printed by somebody else than Ballantyne, but that, on reflection, he had shrunk from hurting his feelings on so tender a point. I found, however, that he had neither invited nor received any opinion from James as to what he had written, but that he had taken an alarm lest he should fall into some blunder about the scenery fixed on (which he had never seen but once when a schoolboy), and had kept the sheets in proof until I should come back and accompany him in a short excursion to Lanarkshire. He was anxious in particular to see the tombs in the Church of St. Bride, adjoining the site of his "Castle Dangerous," of which Mr. Blore had shown him drawings; and he hoped to pick up some of the minute traditions, in which he had always delighted, among the inhabitants of Douglasdale.

We set out early on the 18th, and ascended the Tweed, passing in succession Yair, Ashestiel, Innerleithen, Traquair, and many more scenes dear to his early life, and celebrated in his writings. The morning was still, but gloomy, and at length we had some thunder. It seemed to excite him vividly, and on coming soon afterwards within view of that remarkable edifice (Drochel Castle) on the moorland ridge between Tweed and Clyde, which was begun, but never finished, by the Regent Morton — a gigantic ruin typical of his ambition — Sir Walter could hardly be restrained from making some effort to reach it. Morton, too, was a Douglas, and that name was at present his charm of charms. We pushed on to Biggar, however, and reaching it towards sunset, were detained there for some time by want of post-horses. It was soon discovered who he was; the population of the little town turned out; and he was evidently gratified with their respectful curiosity. It was the first time I observed him otherwise than annoyed upon such an occasion. Jedburgh, no doubt, hung on his mind, and he might be pleased to find that political differences did not interfere everywhere with his reception among his countrymen. But I fancy the cause lay deeper.

Another symptom that distressed me during this journey was, that he seemed constantly to be setting tasks to his memory. It was not as of old, when, if any one quoted a verse, he, from the fulness of his heart, could not help repeating the context. He was obviously in fear that this prodigious engine had lost, or was losing its tenacity, and taking every occasion to rub and stretch it. He sometimes failed, and gave it up with *miseria cogitandi* in his eye. At other times he succeeded to admiration, and smiled as he closed his recital. About a mile beyond Biggar, we overtook a parcel of carters, one of whom was maltreating his horse, and Sir Walter called to him from the carriage-window in great indignation. The man looked and spoke insolently; and as we drove on, he used some strong expressions about what he would have done had this happened within the bounds of his sheriffship. As he continued moved in an uncommon degree, I said, jokingly, that I wondered his porridge diet had left his blood so warm, and quoted Prior's

"Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon a mess of water-gruel?"

He smiled graciously, and extemporised this variation of the next couplet —

"Yet who shall stand the Sheriff's force,
If *Selkirk* carter beats his horse?" *

---

* "But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse?" — *Alma.*

This seemed to put him into the train of Prior, and he repeated several striking passages both of the Alma and the Solomon. He was still at this when we reached a longish hill, and he got out to walk a little. As we climbed the ascent, he leaning heavily on my shoulder, we were met by a couple of beggars, who were, or professed to be, old soldiers both of Egypt and the Peninsula. One of them wanted a leg, which circumstance alone would have opened Scott's purse-strings, though for *ex facie* a sad old blackguard; but the fellow had recognised his person, as it happened, and in asking an alms bade God bless him fervently by his name. The mendicants went on their way, and we stood breathing on the knoll. Sir Walter followed them with his eye, and planting his stick firmly on the sod, repeated without break or hesitation Prior's verses to the historian Mezeray. That he applied them to himself was touchingly obvious, and therefore I must copy them.

"Whate'er thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited;
And all the living world that view
Thy works, give thee the praises due—
At once instructed and delighted.

"Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray—
Or any monarch he has written?

"'Tis strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down from Pharamond to Louis
All covet life, yet call it pain,
And feel the ill, yet shun the cure.
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

"The man in graver tragic known,
Though his best part long since was done,
  Still on the stage desires to tarry;
And he who play'd the harlequin,
After the jest, still loads the scene,
  Unwilling to retire, though weary."

We spent the night at the Inn of Douglas Mill, and at an early hour next morning proceeded to inspect, under the care of one of Lord Douglas's tenants, Mr. Haddow, the Castle, the strange old *bourg*, the Church, long since deserted as a place of worship, and the very extraordinary monuments of the most heroic and powerful family in the annals of Scotland. That works of sculpture equal to any of the fourteenth century in Westminster Abbey (for such they certainly were, though much mutilated by Cromwell's soldiery) should be found in so remote an inland place, attests strikingly the boundless resources of those haughty lords, "whose coronet," as Scott says, "so often counterpoised the crown." The effigy of the best friend of Bruce is among the number, and represents him cross-legged, as having fallen in battle with the Saracen, when on his way to Jerusalem with the heart of his king. — The whole people of the barony gathered round the doors, and two persons of extreme old age, one so old that he well remembered *Duke Willie* — that is to say, the Conqueror of Culloden — were introduced to tell all their local legends, while Sir Walter examined by torchlight these silent witnesses of past greatness. It was a strange and melancholy scene, and its recollection prompted some passages in Castle Dangerous, which might almost have been written at the same time with Lammermoor. The appearance of the village, too, is most truly transferred to the novel; and I may say the same of the surrounding landscape. We descended into a sort of crypt in which the Douglasses were buried until about a century ago, when there was room for no more: the leaden coffins around the wall being piled on each other, until the lower ones had been pressed flat as sheets of pasteboard, while the floor itself was entirely paved with others of comparatively modern date, on which coronets and inscriptions might still be traced. Here the silver case that once held the noble heart of the Good Lord James himself, is still pointed out. It is in the form of a heart, which, in memory of his glorious mission and fate, occupies ever since the chief place in the blazon of his posterity: —

> " The bloody heart blazed in the van,
> Announcing Douglas' dreaded name."

This charnel-house, too, will be recognised easily. Of the redoubted Castle itself, there remains but a small detached fragment, covered with ivy, close to the present mansion; but he hung over it long, or rather sat beside it, drawing outlines on the turf, and arranging in his fancy the sweep of the old precincts. Before the subjacent and surrounding lake and morass were drained, the position must indeed have been the perfect model of solitary strength. — The crowd had followed us, and were lingering about to see him once more as he got into his carriage. They attended him to the spot where it was waiting, in perfect silence. It was not like a mob, but a procession. He was again obviously gratified, and saluted them with an earnest yet placid air, as he took his leave. He expresses in his Introduction much thankfulness for the attention of Mr. Haddow, and also of Lord Douglas's chamberlain, Mr. Finlay, who had joined us at the Castle.

It was again a darkish cloudy day, with some occasional mutterings of distant thunder, and perhaps the state of the atmosphere told upon Sir Walter's nerves; but I had never before seen him so sensitive as he was all the morning after this inspection of Douglas. As we drove over the high table-land of Lesmahago, he repeated I know not how many verses from Winton, Barbour, and Blind Harry, with, I believe, almost every stanza of Dunbar's elegy on the deaths of the Makers (poets.) It was now that I saw him, such as he paints himself in one or two passages of his Diary, but such as his companions in the meridian vigour of his life never saw him — "the rushing of a brook, or the sighing of the summer breeze, bringing the tears into his eyes not unpleasantly." Bodily weakness laid the delicacy of the organization bare, over which he had prided himself in wearing a sort of half-stoical mask. High and exalted feelings, indeed, he had never been able to keep concealed, but he had shrunk from exhibiting to human eye the softer and gentler emotions which now trembled to the surface. He strove against it even now, and presently came back from the Lament of the Makers to his Douglasses, and chanted, rather than repeated, in a sort of deep and glowing, though not distinct recitative, his first favourite among all the ballads, —

"It was about the Lammas tide,
  When husbandmen do win their hay,
That the Doughty Douglas bownde him to ride
  To England to drive a prey," —

— down to the closing stanzas, which again left him in tears, —

"My wound is deep — I fain would sleep —
  Take thou the vanguard of the three,

> And hide me beneath the bracken-bush,
> That grows on yonder lily lee. . . .
> This deed was done at the Otterburne,
> About the dawning of the day.
> Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken-bush,
> And the Percy led captive away."

We reached Milton-Lockhart some time before the dinner-hour, and Sir Walter appeared among the friends who received him there with much of his old graceful composure of courtesy. He walked about a little — was pleased with the progress made in the new house, and especially commended my brother for having given his bridge "ribs like Bothwell." Greenshields was at hand, and he talked to him cheerfully, while the sculptor devoured his features, as under a solemn sense that they were before his eyes for the last time. My brother had taken care to have no company at dinner except two or three near neighbours with whom Sir Walter had been familiar through life, and whose entreaties it had been impossible to resist. One of these was the late Mr. Elliott Lockhart of Cleghorn and Borthwickbrae — long Member of Parliament for Selkirkshire — the same whose anti-reform address had been preferred to the Sheriff's by the freeholders of that county in the preceding March. But, alas! very soon after that address was accepted, Borthwickbrae (so Scott always called him, from his estate in the Forest) had a shock of paralysis as severe as any his old friend had as yet sustained. He, too, had rallied beyond expectation, and his family were more hopeful, perhaps, than the other's dared to be. Sir Walter and he had not met for a few years — not since they rode side by side, as I well remember, on a merry day's sport at Bowhill; and I need not tell any one who knew Borthwickbrae, that a finer or more gallant specimen of the Border gentleman than he was in his prime, never cheered a hunting-field. When they now met (*heu quantum mutati!*) each saw his own case glassed in the other, and neither of their manly hearts could well contain itself as they embraced. Each exerted himself to the utmost — indeed far too much, and they were both tempted to transgress the laws of their physicians.

At night Scott promised to visit Cleghorn on his way home, but next morning, at breakfast, came a messenger to inform us that Borthwickbrae, on returning to his own house, fell down in another fit, and was now despaired of. Immediately, although he had intended to remain two days, Sir Walter drew my brother aside, and besought him to lend him horses as far as Lanark, for that he must set off with the least possible delay. He would listen to no persuasions. — "No, William," he said, "this is a sad warning. I must home to work while it is called day; for the night cometh when no man can work. I put that text, many a year ago, on my dial-stone; but it often preached in vain." *

We started accordingly, and making rather a forced march, reached Abbotsford the same night. During the journey he was more silent than I ever before found him; — he seemed to be wrapped in thought, and was but seldom roused to take notice of any object we passed. The little he said was mostly about Castle Dangerous, which he now seemed to feel sure he could finish in a fortnight, though his observation of the locality must needs cost the re-writing of several passages in the chapters already put into type.

---

* This dial-stone, which used to stand in front of the old cottage, and is now in the centre of the garden, is inscribed, ΝΥΞ ΓΑΡ ΕΡΧΕΤΑΙ

For two or three weeks he bent himself sedulously to his task — and concluded Castle Dangerous, and the long-suspended Count Robert. By this time he had submitted to the recommendation of all his medical friends, and agreed to spend the coming winter away from Abbotsford, among new scenes, in a more genial climate, and above all (so he promised), in complete abstinence from all literary labour. When Captain Basil Hall understood that he had resolved on wintering at Naples (where, as has been mentioned, his son Charles was attached to the British Legation), it occurred to the zealous sailor that on such an occasion as this all thoughts of political difference ought to be dismissed, — and he, unknown to Scott, addressed a letter to Sir James Graham, then First Lord of the Admiralty, stating the condition of his friend's health, and his proposed plan, and suggesting that it would be a fit and graceful thing for the King's Government to place a frigate at his disposal for his voyage to the Mediterranean. Sir James replied, honourably for all concerned, that it afforded himself, and his Royal Master, the sincerest satisfaction to comply with this hint; and that whenever Sir Walter found it convenient to come southwards, a vessel should be prepared for his reception. Nothing could be handsomer than the way in which all this matter was arranged, and Scott, deeply gratified, exclaimed that things were yet in the hands of gentlemen; but that he feared they had been undermining the state of society which required such persons as themselves to be at the head.

He had no wish, however, to leave Abbotsford until the approach of winter; and having dismissed his Tales, seemed to say to himself that he would enjoy his dear valley for the intervening weeks, draw friends about him revisit all the familiar scenes in his neighbourhood once more; and if he were never to come back, store himself with the most agreeable recollections in his power, and so conduct himself as to bequeath to us who surrounded him a last stock of gentle impressions. He continued to work a little at his notes and prefaces, the *Reliquiæ* of Oldbuck, and the *Sylva Abbotsfordiensis;* but did not fatigue himself; and when once all plans were settled, and all cares in so far as possible set aside, his health and spirits certainly rallied most wonderfully. He had settled that my wife and I should dine at Abbotsford, and he and Anne at Chiefswood, day about; and this rule was seldom departed from. Both at home and in the cottage he was willing to have a few guests, so they were not strangers. Mr. James (the author of Richelieu) and his lady, who this season lived at Maxpoffle, and Mr. Archdeacon Williams, who was spending his vacation at Melrose, were welcome additions — and frequently so — to his accustomed circle of the Scotts of Harden, the Pringles of Whytbank and Clifton, the Russells of Ashestiel, the Brewsters, and the Fergussons. Sir Walter observed the prescribed diet, on the whole, pretty accurately; and seemed, when in the midst of his family and friends, always tranquil, sometimes cheerful. On one or two occasions he was even gay: particularly, I think, when the weather was so fine as to tempt us to dine in the marble-hall at Abbotsford, or at an early hour under the trees at Chiefswood, in the old fashion of Rose's *Fête de Village.* I rather think Mr. Adolphus was present at one of these (for the time) mirthful doings; but if so, he has not recorded it in his elegant paper of reminiscences — from which I now take my last extract: —

"In the autumn of 1831" (says Mr. Adolphus) "the new shock which had fallen upon Sir Walter's constitution had left traces, not indeed very conspicuous, but painfully observable; and he was subject to a constant, though apparently not a very severe regimen, as an invalid. At table, if many persons were present, he spoke but little, I believe from a difficulty in making himself heard — not so much because his articulation was slightly impaired, as that his voice was weakened. After dinner, though he still sat with his guests, he forebore drinking, in compliance with the discipline prescribed to him, though he might be seen, once or twice in the course of a sitting, to steal a glass, as if inadvertently. I could not perceive that his faculties of mind were in any respect obscured, except that occasionally (but not very often) he was at a loss for some obvious word. This failure of recollection had begun, I think, the year before. The remains of his old cheerfulness were still living within him, but they required opportunity and the presence of few persons to disclose themselves. He spoke of his approaching voyage with resignation more than with hope, and I could not find that he looked forward with much interest or curiosity to the new scenes in which he was about to travel.

" The menacing state of affairs in the country he was leaving oppressed him with melancholy anticipations. In the little conversation we had formerly had on subjects of this kind, I had never found him a querulous politician; he could look manfully and philosophically at those changes in the aspect of society which time, and the progress, well or ill directed, of the human mind, were uncontrollably working out, though the innovations might not in some of their results accord with his own tastes and opinions. But the revolutions now beginning, and the violence of word and deed with which they were urged on, bore heavily upon his thoughts, and gave them, when turned in this direction, a gloomy and ominous cast. When I left him to go to London, he gave me, as a kind of parting token, a stick, or rather club, of formidable size and figure, and, as he put it into my hand, he could not help saying, between joke and earnest, that it might prove useful if I were called out to assist the police in a riot. But his prevailing humour, even at this period, was kindly, genial, and pleasurable.

"On the last day which I had the happiness to pass with him among his own hills and streams, he appointed an excursion to *Oakwood** and the Linns of Ettrick. Miss Scott, and two other ladies, one of whom had not been in Scotland before, were of the party. He did the honours of the country with as much zeal and gallantry, in spirit at least, as he could have shown twenty years earlier. I recollect, that, in setting out, he attempted to plead his hardy habits as an old mail-coach traveller for keeping the least convenient place in the carriage. When we came to the Linns, we walked some way up the stream, and viewed the bold and romantic little torrent from the top of the high bank. He stood contemplating it in an attitude of rest; the day was past when a minute's active exertion would have carried him to the water's brink. Perhaps he was now for the last time literally fulfilling the wish of his own Minstrel, that in the decay of life he might

'Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break.'

So much was his great strength reduced, that, as he gazed upon the water, one of his stag-hounds leaping forward to caress him had almost thrown him down; but for such accidents as this he cared very little. We travelled merrily homeward. As we went up some hill, a couple of children hung on the back of the carriage. He suspended his cudgel over them with a grotesque face of awfulness. The brats understood the countenance, and only clung the faster. 'They do not much mind the Sheriff,' said he to us, with a serio-comic smile, and affecting to speak low. We came home late, and an order was issued that no one should dress. Though I believe he himself caused the edict to be made, he transgressed it more than any of the party."

---

* Oakwood is a ruined tower on the Harden estate in the vale of Ettrick.

I am not sure whether the Royal Academician, Turner, was at Abbotsford at the time of Mr. Adolphus's last visit; but several little excursions, such as the one here described, were made in the company of this great artist, who had come to Scotland for the purpose of making drawings to illustrate the scenery of Sir Walter's poems. On several such occasions I was of the party — and one day deserves to be specially remembered. Sir Walter took Mr. Turner that morning, with his friend Skene and myself, to Smailholm Crags; and it was while lounging about them, while the painter did his sketch, that he told Mr. Skene how the habit of lying on the turf there among the sheep and lambs, when a lame infant, had given his mind a peculiar tenderness for those animals which it had ever since retained.* He seemed to enjoy the scene of his childhood — yet there was many a touch of sadness both in his eye and his voice. He then carried us to Dryburgh, but excused himself from attending Mr. Turner into the inclosure. Mr. Skene and I perceived that it would be better for us to leave him alone, and we both accompanied Turner. Lastly, we must not omit to call at Bemerside — for of that ancient residence of the most ancient family now subsisting on Tweedside, he was resolved there must be a fit memorial by this graceful hand. The good laird and lady were of course flattered with this fondness of respect, and after walking about a little while among the huge old trees that surround the tower, we ascended to, I think, the third tier of its vaulted apartments, and had luncheon in a stately hall, arched also in stone, but with well-sized windows (as being out of harm's way) duly blazoned with shields and crests, and the time-honoured motto, BETIDE, BE-

---

* See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 109.

TIDE — being the first words of a prophetic couplet ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer: —

" Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
There shall be Haigs in Bemerside."

Mr. Turner's sketch of this picturesque Peel, and its "brotherhood of venerable trees," is probably familiar to most of my readers.*

Mr. Cadell brought the artist to Abbotsford, and was also I think of this Bemerside party. I must not omit to record how gratefully all Sir Walter's family felt at the time, and still remember, the delicate and watchful tenderness of Mr. Cadell's conduct on this occasion. He so managed that the Novels just finished should remain in types, but not thrown off until the author should have departed; so as to give opportunity for revising and abridging them. He might well be the bearer of cheering news as to their greater concerns, for the sale of the *Magnum* had, in spite of political turbulences and distractions, gone on successfully. But he probably strained a point to make things appear still better than they really were. He certainly spoke so as to satisfy his friend that he need give himself no sort of uneasiness about the pecuniary results of idleness and travel. It was about this time that we observed Sir Walter beginning to entertain the notion that his debts were paid off. By degrees, dwelling on this fancy, he believed in it fully and implicitly. It was a gross delusion — but neither Cadell nor any one else had the heart to disturb it by any formal statement of figures. It contributed greatly more than any circumstance besides to soothe Sir Walter's feelings, when it became at last necessary that he should tear himself from his land and his house, and the trees which he had nursed. And with all that was done and forborne, the hour when it came was a most heavy one.

---

* See Scott's *Poetical Works*, edition 1833, vol. v.

Very near the end there came some unexpected things to cast a sunset brilliancy over Abbotsford. His son, the Major, arrived with tidings that he had obtained leave of absence from his regiment, and should be in readiness to sail with his father. This was a mighty relief to us all, on Miss Scott's account as well as his, for my occupations did not permit me to think of going with him, and there was no other near connexion at hand. But Sir Walter was delighted — indeed, dearly as he loved all his children, he had a pride in the Major that stood quite by itself, and the hearty approbation which looked through his eyes whenever turned on him, sparkled brighter than ever as his own physical strength decayed. Young Walter had on this occasion sent down a horse or two to winter at Abbotsford. One was a remarkably tall and handsome animal, jet black all over, and when the Major appeared on it one morning, equipped for a little sport with the greyhounds, Sir Walter insisted on being put upon Douce Davie, and conducted as far as the Cauldshields Loch to see the day's work begun. He halted on the high bank to the north of the lake, and I remained to hold his bridle, in case of any frisk on the part of the Covenanter at the "tumult great of dogs and men." We witnessed a very pretty chase or two on the opposite side of the water — but his eye followed always the tall black steed and his rider. The father might well assure Lady Davy, that "a handsomer fellow never put foot into stirrup." But when he took a very high wall of loose stones, at which everybody else *craned*, as easily and elegantly as if it had been a puddle in his stride, the old man's rapture was extreme. "Look at him!" said he—"only look at him! Now, isn't he a fine fellow?"—This was the last time, I believe, that Sir Walter mounted on horseback.

He does not seem to have written many farewell letters; but here is one to a very old friend, Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe. He had, apparently, subscribed for Lodge's splendid book of British Portraits, and then, receiving a copy *ex dono auctoris*,* sent his own numbers, as they arrived, to this gentleman—a payment in kind for many courteous gifts and communications of antiquarian and genealogical interest.

"*To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., Prince's Street, Edinburgh.*

"Abbotsford, September, 1831.

"My Dear Charles,—I pray you to honour me with your acceptance of the last number of Mr. Lodge's Illustrious Persons. My best thanks to you for the genealogy, which completes a curious subject. I am just setting off for the Mediterranean—a singular instance of a change of luck, for I have no sooner put my damaged fortune into as good a condition as I could desire, than my health, which till now has been excellent, has failed so utterly in point of strength, that while it will not allow me to amuse myself by travelling, neither will it permit me to stay at home.

"I should like to have shaken hands with you, as there are few I regret so much to part with. But it may not be. I will keep my eyes dry if possible, and therefore content myself with bidding you a long (perhaps an eternal) farewell. But I may find my way home again, improved as a Dutch skipper from a whale fishing. I am very happy that I am like to see Malta. Always yours, well or ill —

---

* Sir Walter's letter to Mr. Lodge's publisher is now prefixed to that magnificent book; the circulation of which has been, to the honour of the public, so great, that I need not introduce the beautiful eulogium here.

"WALTER SCOTT."

The same deceptive notion of his pecuniary affairs comes out in another little note, the last I ever received from him at Chiefswood. I had meant to make a run into Lanarkshire for a day or two to see my own relations, and spoken of carrying my second boy, his namesake, then between five and six years of age, with me in the stage-coach. When I mentioned this over-night at Abbotsford, he said nothing — indeed he was at the moment a little cross with me for having spoken against some slip he had made on the score of his regimen. Shortly after I got home, came this billet: —

"*To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Chiefswood.*

"Dear Don or Doctor Giovanni, — Can you really be thinking of taking Wa-Wa by the coach — and I think you said outside? Think of Johnny, and be careful of this little man. Are you *par hazard* something in the state of the poor Capitaine des Dragons that comes in singing —

'Comment? Parbleu! Qu'en pensez vous?
Bon gentilhomme, et pas un sous.'

"If so, remember 'Richard's himself again,' and make free use of the enclosed cheque on Cadell for £50. He will give you the ready as you pass through, and you can pay when I ask. Put horses to your carriage, and go hidalgo fashion. We shall all have good days yet.

'And those sad days you deign to spend
With me, I shall requite them all;
Sir Eustace for his friends shall send,
And thank their love in Grayling hall.' *

"W. S."

---

* See Crabbe's *Sir Eustace Grey.*

On the 17th of September the old splendour of Abbotsford was, after a long interval, and for the last time, revived. Captain James Glencairn Burns, son of the poet, had come home on furlough from India, and Sir Walter invited him (with his wife, and their cicerones Mr. and Mrs. M'Diarmid of Dumfries) to spend a day under his roof. The neighbouring gentry were assembled, and having his son to help him, Sir Walter did most gracefully the honours of the table. As, according to him, "a medal struck at the time, however poor, is in one respect better than any done afterwards," I insert some verses with which he was pleased, and which, I believe, express the sincere feelings with which every guest witnessed this his parting feast: —

LINES WRITTEN ON TWEEDSIDE,

September the 18*th*, 1831.

A day I've seen whose brightness pierced the cloud
  Of pain and sorrow, both for great and small —
A night of flowing cups, and pibrochs loud,
  Once more within the Minstrel's blazon'd hall.

"Upon this frozen hearth pile crackling trees;
  Let every silent clarshach find its strings;
Unfurl once more the banner to the breeze;
  No warmer welcome for the blood of kings!"

From ear to ear, from eye to glistening eye,
  Leap the glad tidings, and the glance of glee;
Perish the hopeless breast that beats not high
  At thought beneath His roof that guest to see!

What princely stranger comes? — what exiled lord
  From the far East to Scotia's strand returns —
To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford,
  And "wake the Minstrel's soul?" — The boy of Burns

O, Sacred Genius! blessing on the chains,
  Wherein thy sympathy can minds entwine!
Beyond the conscious glow of kindred veins,
  A power, a spirit, and a charm are thine.

Thine offspring share them. Thou hast trod the land —
  It breathes of thee — and men, through rising tears,
Behold the image of thy manhood stand,
  More noble than a galaxy of Peers.

And He —— his father's bones had quaked, I ween,
  But that with holier pride his heart-strings bound,
Than if his host had King or Kaiser been,
  And star and cross on every bosom round.

High strains were pour'd of many a Border spear,
  While gentle fingers swept a throbbing shell;
A manly voice, in manly notes and clear,
  Of lowly love's deep bliss responded well.

The children sang the ballads of their sires: —
  Serene among them sat the hoary Knight;
And, if dead Bards have ears for earthly lyres,
  The Peasant's shade was near, and drank delight.

As through the woods we took our homeward way,
  Fair shone the moon last night on Eildon Hill;
Soft rippled Tweed's broad wave beneath her ray,
  And in sweet murmurs gush'd the Huntly rill.

Heaven send the guardian genius of the vale
  Health yet, and strength, and length of honoured days,
To cheer the world with many a gallant tale,
  And hear his children's children chant his lays.

Through seas unruffled may the vessel glide,
  That bears her Poet far from Melrose' glen!
And may his pulse be steadfast as our pride,
  When happy breezes waft him back again!

On the 20th Mrs. Lockhart set out for London to prepare for her father's reception there, and for the outfit of his voyage; and on the following day Mr. Wordsworth and his daughter arrived from Westmoreland to take farewell of him. This was a very fortunate circumstance — nothing could have gratified Sir Walter more, or sustained him better, if he needed any support from without. On the 22d — all his arrangements being completed, and Laidlaw having received a paper of instructions, the last article of which repeats the caution to be "very careful of the dogs" — these two great poets, who had through life loved each other well, and, in spite of very different theories as to art, appreciated each other's genius more justly than inferior spirits ever did either of them, spent the morning together in a visit to Newark. Hence the last of the three poems by which Wordsworth has connected his name to all time with the most romantic of Scottish streams. But I need not transcribe a piece so well known as the "Yarrow Revisited."

Sitting that evening in the library, Sir Walter said a good deal about the singularity that Fielding and Smollett had both been driven abroad by declining health, and never returned — which circumstance, though his language was rather cheerful at this time, he had often before alluded to in a darker fashion; and Mr. Wordsworth expressed his regret that neither of those great masters of romance appeared to have been surrounded with any due marks of respect in the close of life. I happened to observe that Cervantes, on his last journey to Madrid, met with an incident which seemed to have given him no common satisfaction. Sir Walter did not remember the passage, and desired me to find it out in the life by Pellicer which was at hand, and translate it. I did so, and he listened with lively though pensive interest. Our friend Allan, the historical painter, had also come out that day from Edinburgh, and he lately told me that he remembers nothing he ever saw with so much sad pleasure as the attitudes and aspect of Scott and Wordsworth as the story went on. Mr. Wordsworth was at that time, I should notice — though indeed his noble stanzas tell it — in but a feeble state of general health. He was, moreover, suffering so much from some malady in his eyes that he wore a deep green shade over them. Thus he sat between Sir Walter and his daughter: *absit omen* — but it was no wonder that Allan thought as much of Milton as of Cervantes. The anecdote of the young student's raptures on discovering that he had been riding all day with the author of Don Quixote, is introduced in the preface for Count Robert, and Castle Dangerous, which — (for I may not return to the subject) — came out at the close of November in four volumes, as the Fourth Series of Tales of My Landlord.

The following Sonnet was, no doubt, composed by Mr Wordsworth that same evening of the 22d September:—

"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of power assembled there complain
For kindred power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred King or laurelled Conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Rokeby — London — Epitaph on Helen Walker — Portsmouth — Voyage in the Barham — Graham's Island — Letter to Mr. Skene — Malta — Notes by Mrs. John Davy.

SEPT. — DEC. 1831.

EARLY on the 23d of September, Sir Walter left Abbotsford, attended by his daughter Anne, and myself, and we reached London by easy stages on the 28th, having spent one day at Rokeby. I have nothing to mention of this journey except that, notwithstanding all his infirmities, he would not pass any object to which he had ever attached special interest, without getting out of the carriage to revisit it. His anxiety (for example) about the gigantic British or Danish effigy in the churchyard at Penrith, which we had all seen dozens of times before, seemed as great as if not a year had fled since 1797. It may be supposed that his parting with Mr. Morritt was a grave one. Finding that he had left the ring he then usually wore behind him at one of the inns on the road, he wrote to his friend to make inquiries after it, as it had been dug out of the ruins of Hermitage Castle, and probably belonged of yore to one of the "Dark Knights of Liddesdale;" and if recovered, to keep it until he should come back to reclaim it, but, in the meantime, to wear it for his sake. The ring, which is a broad belt of silver, with an angel holding the Heart of Douglas, was found, and is now worn by Mr. Morritt.

Sir Walter arrived in London in the midst of the Lords' debates on the second Reform bill, and the ferocious demonstrations of the populace on its rejection were in part witnessed by him. He saw the houses of several of the chief Tories, and above all, that of the Duke of Wellington, shattered and almost sacked. He heard of violence offered to the persons of some of his own noble friends; and having been invited to attend the christening of the infant heir of Buccleuch, whose godfather the King had proposed to be, on a day appointed by his Majesty, he had the pain to understand that the ceremony must be adjourned, because it was not considered safe for his Majesty to visit, for such a purpose, the palace of one of his most amiable as well as illustrious peers.

The following is part of a letter which I lately received from Sir Walter's dear friend and kinsman, Mr. Scott of Gala: —

"The last time I saw Sir W. Scott was in Sussex Place, the day after he arrived from Scotland, on his way to Italy. I was prepared for a change in his appearance, but was not struck with so great a one as I had expected. He evidently had lost strength since I saw him at Abbotsford the previous autumn, but his eye was good. In his articulation, however, there was too manifest an imperfection. We conversed shortly, as may be supposed, on his health. 'Weakness,' he observed, 'was his principal complaint.' I said that I supposed he had been rather too fatigued with his journey to leave the house since his arrival. 'Oh no,' he replied, 'I felt quite able for a drive to-day, and have just come from the city. I paid a visit to my friend Whittaker to ask him for some book of travels likely to be of use to me on my expedition to the Mediterranean. Here's old Brydone accordingly, still as good a companion as any he could recommend.' 'A very agreeable one certainly,' I replied. — 'Brydone' (said he) 'was sadly failed during his latter years. Did you ever hear of his remark on his own works?' — 'Never.' — 'Why, his family usually read a little for his amusement of an evening, and on one occasion he was asked if he would like to hear some of his travels to Sicily. He assented, and seemed to listen with much pleasure for some time, but he was too far gone to continue his attention long, and starting up from a doze exclaimed, "That's really a very amusing book, and contains many curious anecdotes — I wonder if they are all true."' — Sir Walter then spoke of as strange a tale as any traveller could imagine — a new volcanic island, viz. which had appeared very lately — and seemed anxious to see it, 'if it would *wait* for him,' he said. The offer of a King's ship had gratified him, and he ascribed this very much to the exertions of Basil Hall: 'That curious fellow,' said he, 'who takes charge of every one's business without neglecting his own, has done a great deal for me in this matter.' — I observed that Malta would interest him much. The history of the knights, their library, &c., he immediately entered on keenly. — 'I fear I shall not be able to appreciate Italy as it deserves,' continued he, 'as I understand little of painting, and nothing of music.' —'But there are many other subjects of interest,' I replied, 'and to you particularly — Naples, St. Elmo, Pæstum, La Montagna, Pompeii — in fact, I am only afraid you may have *too* much excitement, the bad effects of which I, as an invalid, am too well aware of.' — I had before this, from my own experience, ventured several hints on the necessity of caution with regard to over-exertion, but to these he always lent an unwilling ear.

"Sir Walter often digressed during our conversation, to the state of the country, about which he seemed to have much anxiety. I said we had no Napoleon to frighten us into good fellowship, and from want of something to do, began fighting with each other — ' Aye,' said he, ' after conquering that Jupiter Scapin, and being at the height of glory, one would think the people might be content to sit down and eat the pudding; but no such thing.' — ' When we've paid more of the cash it has cost, they will be more content.' — ' I doubt it: they are so flattered and courted by Government, that their appetite for power (pampered as it is) won't be easily satisfied now.' — When talking of Italy, by the way, I mentioned that at Naples he would probably find a sister of Mat. Lewis's, Lady Lushington, wife of the English consul, a pleasant family to whom Lewis introduced me when there in 1817 *very kindly;* — ' Ah, poor Mat.!' said he; ' he never wrote anything so good as the Monk — he had certainly talents, but they would not stand much *creaming.*'

" The Forest and our *new road* (which had cost both so much consultation) were of course touched on. The foundation of one of the new bridges had been laid by him — and *this* should be *commemorated* by an inscription on it. — ' Well,' said he, ' how I should like to have a ride with you along our new road, just opposite Abbotsford — I will hope to be able for it some day.' Most heartily did I join in the wish, and could not help flattering myself it might *yet* be possible. When we parted, he shook hands with me for some time. He did so once more — but added firmly — ' Well, we'll have a ride yet, some day.' I pleased myself with the hope that he augured rightly. But on leaving him, many misgivings presented themselves; and the accounts from the continent served but too surely to confirm these apprehensions — never more did I meet with my illustrious friend. There is reason I believe to be thankful that it was so — nothing could have been more painful than to witness the wreck of a *mind* like his." *

During his stay, which was till the 23d of October, Sir Walter called on many of his old friends; but he accepted of no hospitalities except breakfasting once with Sir Robert Inglis, on Clapham Common, and once or twice with Lady Gifford at Roehampton. Usually he worked a little in the morning at notes for the *Magnum.*

---

* Mr. Scott of Gala died at Edinburgh 9th August 1840.

Dr. Robert Fergusson, one of the family with which Sir Walter had lived all his days in such brother-like affection, saw him constantly while he remained in the Regent's Park; and though neither the invalid nor his children could fancy any other medical advice necessary, it was only due to Fergusson that some of his seniors should be called in occasionally with him. Sir Henry Halford (whom Scott reverenced as the friend of Baillie) and Dr. Holland (an esteemed friend of his own) came accordingly; and all the three concurred in recognizing certain evidence that there was incipient disease in the brain. There were still, however, such symptoms of remaining vigour, that they flattered themselves, if their patient would submit to a total intermission of all literary labour during some considerable space of time, the malady might yet be arrested. When they left him after the first inspection, they withdrew into an adjoining room, and on soon rejoining him found, that in the interim he had wheeled his chair into a dark corner, so that he might see their faces without their being able to read his. When he was informed of the comparatively favourable views they entertained, he expressed great thankfulness; promised to obey all their directions as to diet and repose most scrupulously; and he did not conceal from them, that "he had feared insanity and feared *them.*"

The following are extracts from his Diary: —

"*London, October* 2, 1831. — I have been very ill, and if not quite unable to write, I have been unfit to do it. I have wrought, however, at two Waverley things, but not well. A total prostration of bodily strength is my chief complaint. I cannot walk half a mile. There is, besides, some mental confusion, with the extent of which I am not, perhaps, fully acquainted. I am perhaps setting. I am myself inclined to think so, and like a day that has been admired as a fine one, the light of it sets down amid mists and storms. I neither regret nor fear the approach of death, if it is coming. I would compound for a little pain instead of this heartless muddiness of mind. The expense of this journey, &c., will be considerable; yet these heavy burdens could be easily borne if I were to be the Walter Scott I once was — but the change is great. And the ruin which I fear involves that of my country. Well says Colin Mackenzie —

'Shall this Desolation strike thy towers alone?
No, fair Ellandonan! such ruin 'twill bring,
That the whirl shall have power to unsettle the throne,
And thy fate shall be link'd with the fate of thy king.' *

We arrived in London after a long journey — the weakness of my limbs palpably increasing, and the medicine prescribed making me weaker every day. Lockhart, poor fellow, is as attentive as possible, and I have, thank God, no pain whatever; could the decay but be so easy at last, it would be too happy. But I fancy the instances of Euthanasia are not in very serious cases very common. Instances there certainly are among the learned and the unlearned — Dr. Black, Tom Purdie. I should like, if it pleased God, to slip off in such a quiet way; but we must take what fate sends. I have not warm hopes of being myself again.

"*October* 12. — Lord Mahon, a very amiable as well as clever young man, comes to dinner with Mr. Croker. Lady

---

* See Ballad of Ellandonan Castle in the Minstrelsy. — *Poetical Works*, vol. iv. p. 361.

Louisa Stuart, and Sir John Malcolm. Sir John told us a story about Garrick and his wife. The lady admired her husband greatly, but blamed him for a taste for low life, and insisted that he loved better to play Scrub to a low-lifed audience than one of his superior characters before an audience of taste. On one particular occasion she was at her box in the theatre. Richard III. was the performance, and Garrick's acting, particularly in the night-scene, drew down universal applause. After the play was over, Mrs. G. proposed going home, which Garrick declined, alleging he had some business in the green-room which must detain him. In short, the lady was obliged to acquiesce, and wait the beginning of a new entertainment, in which was introduced a farmer giving his neighbours an account of the wonders seen in a visit to London. This character was received with such peals of applause that Mrs. Garrick began to think it exceeded those which had been so lately lavished on Richard the Third. At last she observed her little spaniel dog was making efforts to get towards the balcony which separated him from the facetious farmer — and then she became aware of the truth. 'How strange,' he said, 'that a dog should know his master, and a woman, in the same circumstances, should not recognise her husband!'

"*October* 16. — A pleasant breakfast at Roehampton, where I met my good friend Lord Sidmouth. On my way back, I called to see the repairs at Lambeth, which are proceeding under the able direction of Blore, who met me there. They are in the best Gothic taste, and executed at the expense of a large sum, to be secured by way of mortgage payable in fifty years, each incumbent within the time paying a proportion of about £4000 a-year. I was pleased to see this splendour of church architecture returning again.

"*October* 18. — Sophia had a small but lively party last night, as indeed she has had every night since we were here — Lady Stafford, Lady Louisa Stuart, Lady Montagu, Miss Montagu, Lady Davy, Mrs. M'Leod, and her girls — Lord Montagu, Macleod, Lord Dudley, Rogers, Mackintosh. A good deal of singing."

Sir Walter seemed to enjoy having one or two friends to meet him at dinner — and a few more in the evenings. Those named in the last entries came all of them frequently — and so did Lord Melville, the Bishop of Exeter, Lord Ashley, Sir David Wilkie, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. Milman, and Mr. Washington Irving. At this time the Reform Bill for Scotland was in discussion in the House of Commons. Mr. Croker made a very brilliant speech in opposition to it, and was not sorry to have it said, that he had owed his inspiration, in no small degree, to having risen from the table at which Scott sat by his side. But the most regular of the evening visiters was, I think, Sir James Mackintosh. He was himself in very feeble health; and whatever might have been the auguries of others, it struck me that there was uppermost with him at every parting the anticipation that they might never meet again. Sir James's kind assiduity was the more welcome, that his appearance banished the politics of the hour, on which his old friend's thoughts were too apt to brood. Their conversation, wherever it might begin, was sure to fasten ere long on Lochaber.

When last in Edinburgh, Scott had given his friend William Burn, architect, directions to prepare at his expense a modest monument, for the grave of Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, in the church-yard of Irongrey. Mr. Burn now informed him that the little pillar was in readiness, and on the 18th October Sir Walter sent him this beautiful inscription for it: —

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED
BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY
TO THE MEMORY
OF
HELEN WALKER,
WHO DIED IN THE YEAR OF GOD 1791.
THIS HUMBLE INDIVIDUAL
PRACTISED IN REAL LIFE
THE VIRTUES
WITH WHICH FICTION HAS INVESTED
THE IMAGINARY CHARACTER OF
JEANIE DEANS;
REFUSING THE SLIGHTEST DEPARTURE
FROM VERACITY,
EVEN TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A SISTER,
SHE NEVERTHELESS SHOWED HER
KINDNESS AND FORTITUDE,
IN RESCUING HER FROM THE SEVERITY OF THE LAW,
AT THE EXPENSE OF PERSONAL EXERTIONS
WHICH THE TIME RENDERED AS DIFFICULT
AS THE MOTIVE WAS LAUDABLE.
RESPECT THE GRAVE OF POVERTY
WHEN COMBINED WITH LOVE OF TRUTH
AND DEAR AFFECTION.

It was on this day also that he completed the preface for his forthcoming Tales; and the conclusion is so remarkable that I must copy it: —

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the Author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its Royal Master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of

Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have ensured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that —

> "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." *

Next morning, the Honourable Captain Henry Duncan, R. N., who was at this time store-keeper of the Ordnance, and who had taken a great deal of trouble in arranging matters for the voyage, called on Sir Walter to introduce to him Captain, now Sir Hugh Pigot, the commanding officer of the Barham. The Diary says —

"*October* 19. Captain H. Duncan called with Captain Pigot, a smart-looking gentlemanlike man, who announces his purpose of sailing on Monday. I have made my preparations for being on board on Sunday, which is the day appointed.

"Captain Duncan told me jocularly never to take a naval

---

* Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes.* See *ante*, Vol. III. pp. 115 116.

Captain's word on shore, and quoted Sir William Scott, who used to say waggishly, that there was nothing so accommodating on shore, but when on board, he became a peremptory lion. Henry Duncan has behaved very kindly, and says he only discharges the wishes of his service in making me as easy as possible, which is very handsome — too high a compliment for me.* No danger of feud, except about politics, which would be impolitic on my part, and though it bars out one great subject of discussion, it leaves enough besides. Walter arrives, ready to sail. So what little remains must be done without loss of time.

"I leave this country uncertain if it has got a total pardon or only a reprieve. I won't think of it, as I can do no good. It seems to be in one of those crises by which Providence reduces nations to their original elements. If I had my health I should take no worldly fee, not to be in the bustle; but I am as weak as water, and I shall be glad when I have put the Mediterranean between the island and me.

"*October* 23. — Misty morning — looks like a yellow fog, which is the curse of London. I would hardly take my share of it for a share of its wealth and its curiosity — a vile double-distilled fog, of the most intolerable kind. Children scarce stirring yet, but Baby and Macao beginning their Macao notes — "

Dr. Fergusson found Sir Walter with this page of his Diary before him, when he called to pay his farewell visit.

"As he was still working at his MSS.," says the Doctor, "I offered to retire, but was not permitted. On my saying I had come to take leave of him before he quitted England, he exclaimed, with much excitement — 'England is no longer a place for an honest man. I shall not live to find it so; you may.' He then broke out into the details of a very favourite superstition of his, that the middle of every century had always been marked by some great convulsion or calamity in this island. Already the state of politics preyed much on his mind — and indeed that continued to form a part of the delirious dreams of his last illness. On the whole, the alterations which had taken place in his mind and person since I had seen him, three years before, were very apparent. The expression of the countenance and the play of features were changed by slight palsy of one cheek. His utterance was so thick and indistinct as to make it very difficult for any but those accustomed to hear it, to gather his meaning. His gait was less firm and assured than ever; but his power of self-command, his social tact, and his benevolent courtesy, the habits of a life, remained untouched by a malady which had obscured the higher powers of his intellect."

---

* The Hon. Captain Duncan, youngest son of Lord Duncan, received the honour of Knighthood in 1834, and died in November 1835, aged 49.

After breakfast, Sir Walter, accompanied by his son and both his daughters, set off for Portsmouth; and Captain Basil Hall had the kindness to precede them by an early coach, and prepare everything for their reception at the hotel. They expected that the embarkation would take place next day and the Captain had considered that his professional tact and experience might be serviceable, which they were eminently. In changing horses at Guilford, Sir Walter got out of his carriage, and very narrowly escaped being run over by a stage-coach. Of all "the habits of a life," none clung longer to him than his extreme repugnance to being helped in anything. It was late before he came to lean, as a matter of course, when walking, upon any one but Tom Purdie; and the reader will see, in the sequel, that this proud feeling coupled with increasing tendency to abstraction of mind often exposed him to imminent hazard.

The Barham could not sail for a week. During this interval, Sir Walter scarcely stirred from his hotel, being unwilling to display his infirmities to the crowd of gazers who besieged him whenever he appeared. He received, however, deputations of the literary and scientific societies of the town, and all other visiters, with his usual ease and courtesy: and he might well be gratified with the extraordinary marks of deference paid him by the official persons who could in any way contribute to his ease and comfort. The first Lord of the Admiralty, Sir James Graham, and the Secretary, Sir John Barrow, both appeared in person, to ascertain that nothing had been neglected for his accommodation on board the frigate. The Admiral, Sir Thomas Foley, placed his barge at his disposal; the Governor, Sir Colin Campbell, and all the chief officers, naval and military, seemed to strive with each other in attention to him and his companions. In Captain Hall's Third Series of Fragments of Voyages and Travels (vol. iii. p. 280), some interesting details have long since been made public. But it may be sufficient to say here, that had Captain Pigot and his gallant shipmates been appointed to convey a Prince of the Blood and his suite, more generous, anxious, and delicate exertions could not have been made, either in altering the interior of the vessel, so as to meet the wants of the passengers, or afterwards, throughout the voyage, in rendering it easy, comfortable, and as far as might be, interesting and amusing.

I subjoin an extract or two from the Diary at Portsmouth, which show how justly Dr. Fergusson has been describing Sir Walter as in complete possession of all the qualities that endeared him to society: —

"*October* 24. — The girls break loose — mad with the craze of seeing sights — and run the risk of deranging the naval officers, who offer their services with their natural gallantry. I wish they would be moderate in their demands on people's complaisance. They little know how inconvenient are such seizures. A sailor in particular is a bad refuser, and before he can turn three times round, he is bound by a triple knot to all sorts of nonsense.

" *October* 27. — The girls, I regret to see, have got a senseless custom of talking politics in all weathers, and in all sorts of company. This can do no good, and may give much offence. Silence can offend no one, and there are pleasanter or less irritating subjects to talk of. I gave them both a hint of this, and bid them remember they were among ordinary strangers. How little young people reflect what they may win or lose by a smart reflection imprudently fired off at a venture!"

On the morning of the 29th, the wind at last changed, and the Barham got under weigh.

After a few days, when they had passed the Bay of Biscay, Sir Walter ceased to be annoyed with sea-sickness, and sat most of his time on deck, enjoying apparently the air, the scenery, and above all the ship itself, the beautiful discipline practised in all things, and the martial exercises of the men. In Captain Pigot, Lieutenant Walker, the physician Dr. Liddell, and I believe in many others of the officers, he had highly intelligent, as well as polished companions. The course was often altered, for the express purpose of giving him a glimpse of some famous place; and it was only the temptation of a singularly propitious breeze that prevented a halt at Algiers.

On the 20th November they came upon that remarkable phenomenon, the sudden creation of a submarine volcano, which bore, during its very brief date, the name of Graham's Island. Four months had elapsed since it "arose from out the azure main" — and in a few days more it disappeared. "Already," as Dr. Davy says, "its crumbling masses were falling to pieces from the pressure of the hand or foot." * Yet nothing could prevent Sir Walter from landing on it — and in a letter of the following week he thus describes his adventure; — the Barham had reached Malta on the 22d.

"*To James Skene, Esq. of Rubislaw, Edinburgh.*

"Malta, Nov. 25, 1831.

"My Dear Skene, — Our habits of non-correspondence are so firmly established, that it must be a matter of some importance that sets either of us a writing to the other. As it has been my lot to see the new volcano, called Graham's Island, either employed in establishing itself, or more likely in decomposing itself — and as it must be an object of much curiosity to many of our brethren of the Royal Society, I have taken it into my head that even the very imperfect account which I can give of a matter of this extraordinary kind may be in some degree valued. Not being able to borrow your fingers, those of the Captain's clerk have been put in requisition for the inclosed sketch, and the notes adjoined are as accurate as can be expected from a hurried visit. You have a view of the island, very much as it shows at present; but nothing is more certain than that it is on the eve of a very important change, though in what respect is doubtful. I saw a portion of about five or six feet in height give way under the feet of one of our companions on the very ridge of the southern corner, and become completely annihilated, giving us some anxiety for the fate of our friend, till the dust and confusion of the dispersed pinnacle had subsided. You know my old talents for horsemanship. Finding the earth, or what seemed a substitute for it, sink at every step up to the knee, so as to make walking for an infirm and heavy man nearly impossible, I mounted the shoulders of an able and willing seaman, and by dint of his exertions rode nearly to the top of the island. I would have given a great deal for you, my friend, the frequent and willing supplier of my defects; but on this journey, though undertaken late in life, I have found, from the benevolence of my companions, that when one man's strength was insufficient to supply my deficiencies, I had the willing aid of twenty if it could be useful. I have sent you one of the largest blocks of lava which I could find on the islet, though small pieces are innumerable. We found two dolphins, killed apparently by the hot temperature, and the body of a robin redbreast which seemingly had come off from the nearest land, and starved to death on the islet, where it had neither found food nor water. Such had been the fate of the first attempt to stock the island with fish and fowl. On the south side, the volcanic principle was still apparently active. The perpetual bubbling up from the bottom produces a quantity of steam, which rises all around the base of the island, and surrounds it as with a cloak when seen from a distance. Most of these appearances struck the other gentlemen, I believe, as well as myself; but a gentleman who has visited the rock repeatedly, is of opinion that it is certainly increasing in magnitude. Its decrease in height may be consistent with the increase of its more level parts, and even its general appearance above water; for the ruins which crumble down from the top, are like to remain at the bottom of the ridge of the rock, add to the general size of the islet, and tend to give the ground firmness.

---

* *Philosophical Transactions*, May 1834, p. 552.

"The gales of this new-born island are anything but odoriferous. Brimstone, and such like, are the prevailing savours, to a degree almost suffocating. Every hole dug in the sand is filled with boiling water, or what was nearly such. I cannot help thinking that the great ebullition in the bay is the remains of the original crater, now almost filled up, yet still showing that some extraordinary operations are going on in the subterranean regions.

"If you think, my dear Skene, that any of these trifling particulars concerning this islet can interest our friends, you are free to communicate them either to the Society or to the Club, as you judge most proper. — I have just seen James * in full health; but he vanished like a guilty thing, when, forgetting that I was a contraband commodity, I went to shake him by the hand, which would have cost him ten days' imprisonment, I being at present in quarantine.

"We saw an instance of the strictness with which this law is observed: In entering the harbour, a seaman was pushed from our yard-arm. He swam strongly, notwithstanding the fall, but the Maltese boats, of whom there were several, tacked from him, to avoid picking him up, and an English boat, which did take the poor man in, was condemned to ten days' imprisonment, to reward the benevolence of the action. It is in the capacity of quarantine prisoners that we now inhabit the decayed chambers of a magnificent old Spanish palace, which resembles the pantaloons of the Don in his youth, a world too wide for his shrunk shanks. But you know Malta, where there is more magnificence than comfort, though we have met already many friends, and much kindness.

"My best compliments to Mrs. Skene, to whom I am bringing a fairy cup made out of a Nautilus shell — the only one which I found entire on Graham's Island; the original owner had suffered shipwreck. — I beg to be respectfully remembered to all friends of the Club. — Yours ever, with love to your fireside, WALTER SCOTT."

At Malta Sir Walter found several friends of former days, besides young Skene. The Right Honourable John Hookham Frere had been resident there for several years, as he still continues, the captive of the enchanting climate and the romantic monuments of the old chivalry.† Sir John Stoddart, the Chief Judge of the island,

---

* James Henry Skene, Esq., a son of Sir W.'s correspondent, was then a young officer on duty at Malta.

† See the charming "Epistle in Rhyme, from William Stewart Rose

had known the Poet ever since the early days of Lasswade and Glenfinlas; and the Lieutenant-Governor Colonel Seymour Bathurst, had often met him under the roof of his father, the late Earl Bathurst. Mrs. Bathurst's distinguished uncle, Sir William Alexander, some time Lord Chief-Baron of England, happened also to be then visiting her. Captain Dawson, husband to Lord Kinnedder's eldest daughter, was of the garrison, and Sir Walter felt as if he were about to meet a daughter of his own in the Euphemia Erskine who had so often sat upon his knee. She immediately joined him, and insisted on being allowed to partake his quarantine. Lastly, Dr. John Davy, the brother of his illustrious friend, was at the head of the medical staff; and this gentleman's presence was welcome indeed to the Major and Miss Scott, as well as to their father, for he had already begun to be more negligent as to his diet, and they dreaded his removal from the skilful watch of Dr. Liddell. Various letters, and Sir Walter's Diary (though hardly legible), show that he inspected with curiosity the knightly antiquities of La Valetta, the church and monuments of St. John, the deserted palaces and libraries of the heroic brotherhood; and the reader will find that, when he imprudently resumed the pen of romance, the subject he selected was from their annals. He enjoyed also the society of the accomplished persons I have been naming, and the marks of honour lavished on him by the inhabitants, both native and English.

Here he saw much of a Scotch lady, with many of whose friends and connexions he had been intimate — Mrs. John Davy, the daughter of a brother advocate, the

at Brighton, to John Hookham Frere at Malta," published with some other pieces in 1835.

late Mr. Archibald Fletcher, whose residence in Edinburgh used to be in North Castle Street, within a few doors of "poor 39." This lady has been so good as to intrust me with a few pages of her "Family Journal;" and I am sure the reader will value a copy of them more than anything else I could produce with respect to Sir Walter's brief residence at Malta: —

"Before the end of November," says Mrs. Davy, "a great sensation was produced in Malta, as well it might, by the arrival of Sir Walter Scott. He came here in the Barham, a frigate considered the very beauty of the fleet — 'a perfect ship,' as Sir Pulteney Malcolm used to say, and in the highest discipline. In her annals it may now be told that she carried the most gifted, certainly the most popular author of Europe, into the Mediterranean; but it was amusing to see that the officers of the ship thought the great minstrel and romancer must gain more addition to his fame from having been a passenger on board the Barham, than they or *she* could possibly receive even from having taken on board such a guest. Our Governor, Sir F. Ponsonby, had not returned from a visit to England when this arrival took place, but orders had been received that all manner of attention should be paid; that a house, carriage, horses, &c., should be placed at Sir Walter's disposal; and all who thought they had the smallest right to come forward on the occasion, or even a decent pretence for doing so, were eager to do him honour according to their notions and means.

"On account of cholera then prevailing in England, a quarantine was at this time enforced here on all who came from thence; but instead of driving Sir Walter to the ordinary lazaretto, some good apartments were prepared at Fort Manuel for him and his family to occupy for the appointed time, I believe nine days. He there held a daily levee to receive the numerous visiters who waited on him; and I well remember, on accompanying Colonel and Mrs. Bathurst and Sir

William Alexander to pay their first visit, how the sombre landing-place of the Marsa Muscet (the quarantine harbour), under the heavy bastion that shelters it on the Valetta side, gave even then tokens of an illustrious arrival, in the unusual number of boats and bustle of parties setting forth to, or returning from Fort Manuel, on the great business of the day. But even in the case of one whom all 'delighted to honour,' a quarantine visit is a notably uncomfortable thing; and when our little procession had marched up several broad flights of steps, and we found ourselves on a landing-place having a wide door-way opposite to us, in which sat Sir Walter — his daughter, Major Scott, and Mrs. Dawson, standing behind — and a stout bar placed across some feet in front of them, to keep us at the legal distance — I could not but repent having gone to take part in a ceremony so formal and wearisome to all concerned. Sir Walter rose, but seemed to do it with difficulty, and the paralytic fixed look of his face was most distressing. We all walked up to the bar, but there stood very like culprits, and no one seemed to know who was to speak first. Sir W. Alexander, however, accustomed of old to discourse from the bar, or charge from the bench, was beyond question the proper person — so, after a very little hesitation, he began and made a neat speech, expressing our hopes that Sir Walter would sojourn at Malta as long as possible. Sir Walter replied very simply and courteously in his natural manner, but his articulation was manifestly affected, though not I think quite so much so as his expression of face. He wore trousers of the Lowland small-checked plaid, and sitting with his hands crossed over the top of a shepherd's-looking staff, he was very like the picture painted by Leslie, and engraved for one of the Annuals, — but when he spoke, the varied expression, that used quite to redeem all heaviness of features, was no longer to be seen. Our visit was short, and we left Mr. Frere with him at the bar on our departure. He came daily to see his friend, and passed more of his quarantine-time with him than any one else. We were told, that between Mr. Frere's habitual absence of mind, and Sir Walter's natural Scotch desire to shake hands with him at every meeting, it required all the vigilance of the attendant genii of the place, to prevent Mr. F. from being put into quarantine along with him.

"Sir Walter did not accept the house provided for him by the Governor's order, nor any of the various private houses which, to Miss Scott's great amusement, were urgently proffered for his use by their owners — but established himself, during his stay, at Beverley's Hotel, in Strada Ponente. Our house was immediately opposite to this one, divided by a very narrow street; and I well remember, when watching his arrival on the day he took Pratique, hearing the sound of his voice as he chatted sociably to Mr. Greig (the inspector of quarantine), on whose arm he leaned while walking from the carriage to the door of his hotel — it seemed to me that I had hardly heard so home-like a sound in this strange land, or one that so took me back to Edinburgh and our own North Castle Street, where, in passing him as he walked up or down with a friend, I had heard it before so often. Nobody was at hand at the moment for me to show him to but an English maid, who, not having my Scotch interest in the matter, only said, when I tried to enlighten her as to the event of his arrival — 'Poor old gentleman, how ill he looks.' It showed how sadly a little while must have changed him; for when I had seen him last in Edinburgh, perhaps five or six years before, no one would have thought of calling him 'an old gentleman.' At one or two dinner-parties, at which we saw him within the week of his arrival, he did not seem at all animated in conversation, and retired soon; for he seemed resolutely prudent as to keeping early hours; though he was unfortunately careless as to what he ate or drank, especially the latter — and, I fear, obstinate when his daughter attempted to regulate his diet.

"A few days after his arrival in Malta, he accepted an invitation from the garrison to a *ball* — an odd kind of honour to bestow on a man of letters suffering from paralytic illness, but extremely characteristic of the taste of this place. It was, I believe, well got up, under the direction of the usual master of Malta ceremonies, Mr. Walker, an officer of artillery; and everything was done that the said officer and his colleagues could do to give it a sentimental, if not a literary cast. The decorations were laboriously appropriate. Sir Walter entered (having been received at the door by a deputation of the dignitaries of the island) to the sound of Scotch music, and as it was held in the great room of the Auberge de Provence, formerly one of the festal halls of the Knights of Malta, it was not a bad scene — if such a gaiety was to be inflicted at all.

" A day or two afterwards, we gladly accepted an invitation brought to us by Miss Scott, to dine quietly with him and two or three officers of the Barham at his hotel; and I thought the day of this dining so *white* a one as to mark it especially in a little note-book the same evening. I see it stands dated December the 4th, and the little book says — 'Dined and spent the evening of this day with Sir Walter Scott.' We had only met him before at large dinner-parties. At home, he was very much more happy, and more inclined to talk. Even now, his conversation has many characteristics of his writings. There is the same rich felicitous quotation from favourite writers, — the same happy introduction of old traditionary stories — Scotch ones especially — in a manner as easy, and evidently quite unprepared. The coming in of a young midshipman, a cousin of his (Scott by name), to join the party, gave occasion to his telling the story of 'Muckle-Mouthed Meg,'* and to his describing the tragi-comical picture drawn from that story by Mr. C. K. Sharpe, which I remembered to have seen at Abbotsford. At dinner, he spoke a good deal of Tom Sheridan, after telling a *bon mot* of his in illustration of something that was said; and seemed amused at a saying of Mr. Smyth (of Cambridge), respecting that witty and volatile pupil of his, — 'that it was impossible to put knowledge into him, try it as you might.' — 'Just,' said Sir Walter, 'like a trunk that you are trying to over-pack, but it won't do — the things start out in your face.' On joining us in the drawing-room after dinner, Sir Walter was very animated, spoke much of Mr. Frere, and of his remarkable success, when quite a boy, in the translation of a Saxon ballad.* This led him to ballads in general, and he greatly lamented his friend Mr. Frere's heresy in not esteeming highly enough that of 'Hardyknute.' He admitted that it was not a veritable old ballad, but 'just old enough, and a noble imitation of the best style. In speaking of Mr. Frere's translations, he repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the Romances of the Cid (published in the Appendix to Southey's quarto), and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described, as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to 'suit the action to the word.' Miss Scott says she has not seen him so animated, so like himself, since he came to Malta, as on this evening.

---

* See *ante*, Vol. II. p. 72.

"*Sunday Morning, December* 5 — (as my said little note-book proceeds to record) — Sir Walter spent chiefly in St. John's Church, the beautiful temple and burying-place of the knights, and there he was much pleased and interested. On Monday the 6th, he dined at the Chief-Justice, Sir John Stoddart's, when I believe he partook too freely of porter and champaign for one in his invalid state. On Tuesday morning (the 7th) on looking from one of our windows across the street, I observed him sitting in an easy-chair in the parlour of his hotel, a book in his hand, and apparently reading attentively: — his window was wide open, and I remember wishing much for the power of making a picture of him just as he sat. But about eleven o'clock Miss Scott came over to me, looking much frightened, and saying that she feared he was about to have another paralytic attack. He had, she said, been rather confused in mind the day before, and the dinner-party had been too much for him. She had observed that on trying to answer a note from the Admiral that morning, he had not been able to form a letter on the paper, and she thought he was now sitting in a sort of stupor. She begged that Dr

---

* See *ante*, Vol. II. p. 160.

Davy would visit him as soon as possible, and that I would accompany him, so that he might not suppose it a *medical* visit, for to all such he had an utter objection. I sent for Dr. D. instantly, and the moment he returned we went together to the hotel. We found Sir Walter sitting near a fire, dressed, as I had seen him just before, in a large silk dressing-gown, his face a good deal flushed, and his eyes heavy. He rose, however, as I went up to him, and, addressing me by my mother's name, 'Mrs. Fletcher,' asked kindly whether I was quite recovered from a little illness I had complained of the day before, and then walked to a table on the other side of the room, to look at some views of the new Volcano in the Mediterranean, which, by way of apology for our early visit, we had carried with us. With these he seemed pleased; but there was great indistinctness in his manner of speaking. He soon after sat down, and began, of his own accord, to converse with Dr. Davy on the work he was then engaged in — the Life of Sir Humphry — saying that he was truly glad he was thus engaged, as he did not think justice had been done to the character of his friend by Dr. Paris. In speaking of the scientific distinction attained by Sir Humphry, he said — 'I hope, Dr. Davy, your mother lived to see it — there must have been such great pleasure in that to her.' We both remember with much interest this kindly little observation; and it was but one of many that dropt from him as naturally at the different times we met, showing that, 'fallen' as 'the mighty' was, and 'his weapons of war perished,' the springs of fancy dried up, and memory on most subjects much impaired, his sense of the value of home-bred worth and affection was in full force. His way of mentioning 'my son Charles, poor fellow,' whom he was longing to meet at Naples — or 'my own Tweedside,' which in truth he seemed to lament ever having quitted — was often really affecting. Our visit together on this morning was of course short, but Dr. Davy saw him repeatedly in the course of the same day. Leeches were applied to his head, and though they did not give immediate relief to his uncomfortable sensations, he was evidently much better next morning, and disposed to try a drive into the country. Some lameness having befallen one of the horses provided for his use, I, at his request, ordered a little open carriage of ours to the door about twelve o'clock, and prepared to accompany him to St. Antonio, a garden residence of the Governor's, about two miles from Valetta, then occupied by Mr. Frere, whose own house at the Pietà was under repair. It was not without fear and trembling I undertook this little drive — not on account of the greatness of my companion, for assuredly he was the most humane of lions, but I feared he might have some new seizure of illness, and that I should be very helpless to him in such a case. I proposed that Dr. D. should go instead; but, like most men when they are ill or unhappy, he preferred having *womankind* about him, — said he would 'like *Mrs.* Davy better;' so I went. The notices of his 'carriage talk' I give exactly as I find them noted down the day after — omitting only the story of Sir H. Davy and the Tyrolese rifle, which I put on record separately for my husband, for insertion in his book.*

"My little note-book of December 9 says — The day was very beautiful — (like a good English day about the end of May) — and the whole way in going to St. Antonio he was cheerful, and inclined to talk on any matter that was suggested. He admired the streets of Valetta much as we passed through them, noticing particularly the rich effect of the carved stone balconies, and the images of saints at every corner, saying several times, 'This town is really quite like a dream.' Something (suggested, I believe, by the appearances of Romish superstition on all sides of us) brought him to speak of the Irish — of whose native character he expressed a high opinion; and spoke most feelingly of the evil fate that seemed constantly to attend them. Some link from this subject — (I do not exactly know what, for the rattling progress of our little vehicle over ill-paved ways, and his imperfect utterance together, made it difficult to catch all his words) —

---

* See Dr. Davy's Memoirs of his brother, vol. i. p. 506, — for the account of Speckbacker's rifle, now in the Armoury at Abbotsford.

brought to his recollection a few fine lines from 'O'Connor's Child,' in the passage —

> 'And ranged, as to the judgment seat,
> My guilty, trembling brothers round,' —

which he repeated with his accustomed energy, and then went on to speak of Campbell, whom, as a poet, he honours. On my saying something of Campbell's youth at the publication of his first poem, he said — 'Ay, he was very young — but he came out at once, ye may say, like the Irish rebels, a hundred thousand strong.'

"There was no possibility of admiring the face of the country as we drove along after getting clear of the city gates; but I was pleased to see how refreshing the air seemed to Sir Walter — and perhaps this made him go back, as he did, to his days of long walks, over moss and moor, which he told me he had often traversed at the rate of five-and-twenty miles a-day, with a gun on his shoulder. He snuffed with great delight the perfume of the new oranges, which hung thickly on each side as we drove up the long avenue to the court-yard, or stable-yard rather, of St. Antonio — and was amused at the Maltese untidiness of two or three pigs running at large among the trees. 'That's just like my friend Frere,' he said — 'quite content to let pigs run about in his orange-groves.' We did not find Mr. Frere at home, and therefore drove back without waiting. Among some other talk, in returning, he spoke with praise of Miss Ferrier as a novelist, and then with still higher praise of Miss Austen. Of the latter he said — 'I find myself every now and then with one of her books in my hand. There's a finishing-off in some of her scenes that is really quite above everybody else. And there's that Irish lady, too — but I forget everybody's name now' —— 'Miss Edgeworth,' I said — 'Ay, Miss Edgeworth — she's *very* clever and best in the little touches too. I'm sure, in that children's story' — (he meant 'Simple Susan') — 'where the little girl parts with her lamb, and the little boy brings it back to her again, there's nothing for it but just to put down the book and cry.' — A little afterwards he said — 'Do you know Moore? — he's a charming fellow — a perfect gentleman in society; — to use a sporting phrase, there's no kick in his gallop.'

"As we drew near home, I thought him somewhat fatigued — he was more confused than at first in his recollection of names — and we drove on without saying anything. But I shall not forget the kindly good-humour with which he said, in getting out at his hotel door — 'Thank ye for your kindness — your charity, I may say — to an old lame man — farewell!' He did not seem the worse of this little exertion this day; but, thenceforward, was prudent in refusing all dinner invitations.

"On Friday (December 10th), he went, in company with Mr. Frere, to see Citta Vecchia. I drove over with a lady friend to meet them at the church there. Sir Walter seemed pleased with what was shown him, but was not animated. — On Saturday the 11th, he drove out twice to see various things in Valetta. — On Monday morning the 13th, I saw him for the last time, when I called to take leave of Miss Scott. Dr. Davy accompanied him, in the course of the following morning, to see Strada Stretta — the part of the city in which he had been told the young Knights of Malta used to fight their duels, when such affairs occurred. In quitting the street, Sir Walter looked round him earnestly, and said — 'It will be hard if I cannot make something of this.' On that day, Tuesday morning, December 14th, he and his party went again on board the Barham, and sailed for Naples."

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Residence at Naples — Excursions to Pæstum, Pompeii, &c. — Last Attempts in Romance — Sir William Gell's Memoranda.

DEC. 1831 — APRIL 1832.

On the 17th of December, the Barham reached Naples, and Sir Walter found his son Charles ready to receive him. The quarantine was cut short by the courtesy of the King of Naples, and the travellers established themselves in an apartment of the Palazzo Caramanico.

Here again the British Minister, Mr. Hill (now Lord Berwick), and the English nobility and gentry then residing in Naples, did whatever kindness and respect could suggest for Sir Walter; nor were the natives, and their visitants from foreign countries, less attentive. The Marquis of Hertford, the Hon. Keppel Craven, the Hon. William Ashley and his Lady, Sir George Talbot, the venerable Matthias (author of "The Pursuits of Literature"), Mr. Auldjo (celebrated for his ascent of Mount Blanc), and Dr. Hogg, a medical gentleman, who has since published an account of his travels in the East — appear to have, in their various ways, contributed whatever they could to his comfort and amusement. But the person of whom he saw most was the late Sir William Gell, who had long been condemned to live in Italy by ailments and infirmities not dissimilar to his own.*

---

* Sir William Gell died at Naples in February 1836, aged 59.

Sir William, shortly after Sir Walter's death, drew up a memoir of their intercourse, which will, I believe, be considered as sufficient for this period.

Before I introduce it, however, I may notice that Sir Walter, whenever he appeared at the Neapolitan Court, which he did several times, wore the uniform of a brigadier-general in the ancient Body-Guard of Scotland — a dress of light green, with gold embroidery, assigned to those *Archers* by George IV. at the termination of his northern progress in 1822. I have observed this circumstance alluded to with a sort of sneer. The truth is, Sir Walter had ordered the dress for the christening of the young Buccleuch; but at any rate, the machinery now attached to his lame limb, would have made it impossible for him to appear in breeches and stockings, as was then imperative on civilians.

Further, it was on the 16th of January that Sir Walter received the intelligence of his grandson's death. His Diary of that date has simply these words: — "Poor Johnny Lockhart! This boy is gone, whom we have made so much of. I could not have borne it better than I now do, and I might have borne it much worse. — I went to the Opera in the evening to see this amusement in its birth-place, which is now so widely received over Europe."

At first Sir Walter busied himself chiefly about forming a collection of Neapolitan and Sicilian ballads and broadsides; and Mr. Matthias seems to have been at much pains in helping this. But alas! ere he had been long in Naples, he began, in spite of all remonstrances, to give several hours every morning to the composition of a new novel, "The Siege of Malta;" and during his stay he nearly finished both this and a shorter tale, entitled "Bizarro." He also relaxed more and more in his obedience to the regimen of his physicians, and thus applied a twofold stimulus to his malady.

Neither of these novels will ever, I hope, see the light; but I venture to give the foundation of the shorter one, as nearly as I can decipher it from the author's Diary of which it occupies some of the last pages.

"DEATH OF IL BIZARRO.

"This man was called, from his wily but inexorable temper, Il Bizarro. He was captain of a gang of banditti, whom he governed by his own authority, till he increased them to 1000 men, both on foot and horseback, whom he maintained in the mountains of Calabria, between the French and Neapolitans, both of which he defied, and pillaged the country. High rewards were set upon his head,—to very little purpose, as he took care to guard himself against being betrayed by his own gang, — the common fate of those banditti who become great in their vocation. At length a French colonel, whose name I have forgot, occupied the country of Bizarro, with such success, that he formed a cordon around him and his party, and included him between the folds of a military column. Well-nigh driven to submit himself, the robber with his wife, a very handsome woman, and a child of a few months old, took post one day beneath an old bridge, and by an escape almost miraculous, were not perceived by a strong party whom the French maintained on the top of the arch. Night at length came without a discovery, which every moment might have made. When it became quite dark, the brigand, enjoining the strictest silence on the female and child, resolved to start from his place of shelter, and as he issued forth, kept his hand on the child's throat. But as, when they began to move, the child naturally cried, its father in a rage tightened his gripe so relentlessly that the poor infant never offended more in the same manner

"His wife had never been very fond of him, although he trusted her more than any who approached him. She had been originally the wife of another man, murdered by her second husband, — which second marriage she was compelled to undergo, and to affect at least the conduct of an affectionate wife. In their wanderings, she alone knew where he slept. He left his men in a body upon the top of a hill, round which they set watches. He then went apart into the woods with his wife, and having chosen a lair in an obscure and deep thicket, there took up his residence for the night. A large Calabrian dog, his constant attendant, was then tied to a tree at some distance to secure his slumbers, and having placed his carabine within reach of his arm, he consigned himself to such sleep as belongs to his calling. By such precautions he had secured his rest for many years.

" But after the death of the child, the measure of his offence towards the unhappy mother was full to the brim, and her thoughts became determined on revenge. One evening he took up his quarters with the usual precautions, but without the usual success. He had laid his carabine near him, and betaken himself to rest, when his partner arose from his side, and ere he became sensible that she had done so, she seized his carabine, and discharging it in his bosom, ended at once his life and his crimes. She finished her work by cutting off the brigand's head, and carrying it to the principal town of the province, where she delivered it to the police, and claimed the reward attached to his head, which was paid accordingly This female still lives, a stately, dangerous looking woman, yet scarce ill thought of, considering the provocation.

" The dog struggled extremely to get loose on hearing the shot. Some say the female shot it; others that, in its rage, it very nearly gnawed through the stout young tree to which it was tied. He was worthy of a better master.

" The distant encampment of the band was disturbed by the firing of the Bizarro's carabine at midnight. They ran through the woods to seek the captain, but finding him lifeless and headless, they became so much surprised, that many of them surrendered to the government, and relinquished their trade. Thus the band of the Bizarro, as it lived by his spirit, was broken up by his death.

"Among other stories respecting the cruelty of this bandit, I heard this. A French officer, who had been active in the pursuit of him, fell into his hands, and was made to die the death of Saint Polycarp — that is, the period being the middle of summer, he was flayed alive, and, being smeared with honey, was exposed to all the intolerable insects of a southern sky. The corps were also informed where they might find their officer if they thought proper to send for him. As more than two days elapsed before the wretched man was found, nothing save miserable relics were discovered. I do not warrant these stories, but such are told currently."

Here is another — taken, I believe, from one of the rude pamphlets in his collection: —

"There was a farmer of an easy fortune, and who might be supposed to leave to his daughter, a very pretty girl, and an only child, a fortune thought in the village to be very considerable. She was, under the hope of sharing such a prize, made up to by a young man in the neighbourhood, handsome, active, and of good character. He was of that sort of persons who are generally successful among women, and this girl was supposed to have encouraged his addresses; but her father, on being applied to, gave him a direct and positive refusal. The gallant resolved to continue his addresses in hopes of overcoming the obstacle by his perseverance, but the father's opposition seemed only to increase by the lover's pertinacity. At length, as the farmer walked one evening, smoking his pipe, upon the terrace before his door, the lover unhappily passed by, and, struck with the instant thought that the obstacle to the happiness of his life was now entirely in his own power, he rushed upon the father, pierced him with three mortal stabs of his knife, and made his escape to the mountains.

"What was most remarkable was, that he was protected against the police, who went, as was their duty, in quest of him, by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who afforded him both shelter and such food as he required, looking on him less as a wilful criminal than an unfortunate man, who had been surprised by a strong and almost irresistible temptation; so congenial at this moment is the love of vengeance to an Italian bosom — and, though chastised in general by severe punishment, so much are criminals sympathized with by the community."

I now insert the Neapolitan part of Sir William Gell's Memoranda.

"Every record of the latter days of those who, by their actions or their talents, have excited the admiration and occupied the attention of their contemporaries, has been thought worthy of preservation; and I feel, on that account, a melancholy pleasure in complying with the request that I would furnish such anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott as my short intimacy with that illustrious personage may have afforded. The reason assigned in the letter which I received from one of the family on the subject, was, that I was his 'latest friend;' and this appeared to me as strong a motive as if I could have been called his earliest acquaintance.

"I had met Sir Walter at Stanmore Priory many years ago, when on a visit to the late Marquis of Abercorn, where he read one of the earliest of his poetical productions; but I had no farther personal communication with him till his arrival at Naples. I was induced to call on him at the Palazzo Caramanico, at the desire of a mutual friend, on the 5th of January 1832; and it is probable that our mutual infirmities, which made us suitable companions in excursions, contributed in a great degree to the intimacy which immediately took place between us. On the following evening I presented to him Mr. Keppel Craven, whose Tour in the South of Italy he had just read with pleasure. From this time I was constantly in the habit of receiving, or calling for Sir Walter in the morning, and usually accompanied him to see any of the remarkable objects in the neighbourhood of Naples. The Lago d'Agnano was among the first places visited, and he was evidently quite delighted with the tranquil beauty of the spot, and struck particularly by the sight of the leaves yet lingering on the trees at so advanced a period of the winter, and the appearance of summer yet maintained by the meadows and copses surrounding the lake. It quickly recalled to his mind a lake in Scotland, which he immediately began to describe. I afterwards found that his only pleasure in seeing new places arose from the poetical ideas they inspired, as applicable to other scenes with which his mind was more familiar.

" Mr. Craven accompanied us on horseback in this excursion ; — and Sir Walter learning that he was writing a second volume, giving an account of a journey in the Abbruzzi, kindly observed, that he thought he could be of use to him in the publication of it, adding — ' I think I may, perhaps, be able to give his pancake a toss.'

" On the 10th of January, I accompanied him to Pozzuoli, and the late Mr. Laing Meason was of the party. Here we succeeded in getting Sir Walter placed upon a heap of ruins, whence he might see the remains of the Thermæ, commonly called the Temple of Serapis. His observation was, that we might tell him anything, and he would believe it all, for many of his friends, and particularly Mr. Morritt, had frequently tried to drive classical antiquities, as they were called, into his head, but they had always found his ' skull too thick.'

" It was with great risk that he could be brought to any point of difficult access ; for though he was so lame, and saw how easily I arrived by submitting to be assisted or carried, it was generally impossible to persuade him to commit himself to the care of the attendants.

" When Sir Walter was presented at Court, the King received him with marked attention, and insisted on his being seated, on account of his infirmity. They both spoke, and the by-standers observed, that His Majesty mentioned the pleasure he had received from reading the works of his visiter. Sir Walter answered in French, but not in a clear tone of voice; and he afterwards observed, that he and the King parted mutually pleased with the interview, considering that neither had heard one word of what was uttered by the other.

"On the 17th of January I took Sir Walter to dine with the venerable Archbishop of Tarentum, a prelate in his ninetieth year, but yet retaining his faculties unimpaired, and the warmer feelings of youth, with well-known hospitality. The two elders seemed mutually pleased with the interview, but the difficulties of language were opposed to any very agreeable conversation.

"On the 26th of January I attended Sir Walter in a boat, with several friends, to the ruins of a Roman villa, supposed by Mr. Hamilton and others to have been that of Pollio, and situated upon a rock in the sea at the extremity of the promontory of Posilipo. It was by no means the recollection of Pollio that induced Sir Walter to make this excursion. A story existed, that out of an opening in the floor of one of the rooms in this villa, a spectre robed in white occasionally appeared, — whence the place had acquired the name of La Casa degli Spiriti, and none had presumed to inhabit it. The fact was, that a third story had been built upon the Roman ruins, and this being only inhabited by paupers, had fallen into decay, so as to endanger one angle of the fabric — and the police, for fear of accident, had ordered that it should remain untenanted. The house is situated upon a rock projecting into the sea, but attached on one side to the mainland. An entrance for a boat has been left in the basement story, and it is probable that a sort of open court, into which the sea enters at the back of the house, and in which is the staircase, was constructed for the purpose of cooling the apartments in the heat of summer, by means of the perpetual heaving and sinking of the ocean which takes place even in the calmest weather. The staircase was too much ruined for Sir Walter to ascend with safety; but he appeared satisfied with what he saw, and took some interest in the proofs which the appear ance of the opus reticulatum, high up in the external walls afforded of the antiquity of the place.*

" On the 9th of February, Sir Walter went to Pompeii where, with several ladies and gentlemen at that time resident in Naples, I accompanied him. I did not go in the same carriage, but arriving at the street of the Tombs, found him already almost tired before he had advanced a hundred yards. With great difficulty I forced him to accept the chair in which I was carried, supplying its place with another for myself, tied together with cords and handkerchiefs. He thus was enabled to pass through the city without more fatigue, and I was sometimes enabled to call his attention to such objects as were the most worthy of remark. To these observations, however, he seemed generally nearly insensible, viewing the whole and not the parts, with the eye, not of an antiquary, but a poet, and exclaiming frequently — ' The City of the Dead,' without any other remark. An excavation had been ordered for him, but it produced nothing more than a few bells, hinges, and other objects of brass, which are found every day. Sir Walter seemed to view, however, the splendid mosaic, representing a combat of the Greeks and Persians, with more interest, and, seated upon a table whence he could look down upon it, he remained some time to examine it. We dined at a large table spread in the Forum, and Sir Walter was cheerful and pleased. In the evening he was a little tired, but felt no bad effects from the excursion to the City of the Dead.

" In our morning drives, Sir Walter always noticed a favourite dog of mine, which was usually in the carriage, and generally patted the animal's head for some time, saying — poor boy — poor boy.' ' I have got at home,' said he, ' two very fine favourite dogs, so large that I am almost afraid they ook too handsome and too feudal for my diminished income. I am very fond of them, but they are so large it was impossible to take them with me.' My dog was in the habit of howling when loud music was performing, and Sir Walter laughed till his eyes were full of tears, at the idea of the dog singing 'My Mother bids me bind my hair,' by the tune of which the animal seemed most excited, and which the kind-hearted baronet sometimes asked to have repeated.

---

* There is an interesting Essay on this Roman Villa, by Mr. Hamilton, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature for 1837

"I do not remember on what day, during his residence at Naples, he came one morning rather early to my house, to tell me he was sure I should be pleased at some good luck which had befallen him, and of which he had just received notice. This was, as he said, an account from his friends in England, that his last works, Robert of Paris and Castle Dangerous, had gone on to a second edition. He told me in the carriage that he felt quite relieved by his letters; 'for,' said he, 'I could have never slept straight in my coffin till I had satisfied every claim against me.' 'And now,' added he to the dog, 'my poor boy, I shall have my house, and my estate round it, free, and I may keep my dogs as big and as many as I choose, without fear of reproach.'

"I do not recollect the date of a certain morning's drive, on which he first communicated to me that he had already written, or at least advanced far in a romance, on the subject of Malta, a part of which, he said, laughingly, he had put into the fire by mistake for other papers, but which he thought he had re-written better than before. He asked me about the island of Rhodes, and told me, that, being relieved from debt, and no longer forced to write for money, he longed to turn to poetry again, and to see whether in his old age he was not capable of equalling the rhymes of his youthful days. I encouraged him in this project, and asked him why he had ever relinquished poetry. 'Because Byron *bet* me,' said he, pronouncing the word, *beat*, short.* I rejoined, that I thought I could remember by heart about as many passages of his poetry as of Lord Byron's; and to this he replied — 'That may be, but he *bet* me out of the field in the description of the strong passions, and in deep-seated knowledge of the human heart; so I gave up poetry for the time. He became from that moment extremely curious about Rhodes, and having chosen for his poetical subject the chivalrous story of the slaying of the dragon by De Gozon, and the stratagems and valour with which he conceived and executed his purpose, he was quite delighted to hear that I had seen the skeleton of this real or reported dragon, which yet remains secured by large iron staples to the vaulted roof of one of the gates of the city.

---

* The common Scotch pronunciation is not unlike what Sir W. G gives.

"Rhodes became at this time an object of great importance and curiosity to him; and as he had indulged in the idea of visiting it, he was somewhat displeased to learn how very far distant it lay from Corfu, where he had proposed to pass some time with Sir Frederick Adam, then Lord High Commissioner in the Ionian Islands.

"I must not omit stating, that at an early period of his visit to Naples, an old English manuscript of the Romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton, existing in the Royal library, had attracted his attention, and he had resolved on procuring a copy of it — not, I think, for himself, but for a friend in Scotland, who was already possessed of another edition. When Sir Walter visited the library at the Museum, the literati of Naples crowded round him to catch a sight of so celebrated a person, and they showed him every mark of attention in their power, by creating him Honorary Member of their learned societies. Complimentary speeches were addressed to him in Latin, of which, unfortunately, he did not comprehend one word, on account of the difference of pronunciation, but from the confession of which he was saved by the intervention of Mr. Keppel Craven, who attended him. The King of Naples, learning his wish to copy the book, ordered it to be sent to his house, and he employed a person of the name of Sticchini, who, without understanding a word of English, copied the whole in a character as nearly as possible the fac-simile of the original. Sticchini was surprised and charmed with Sir Walter's kindness and urbanity, for he generally called him to breakfast, and sometimes to dinner, and treated him on all occasions in the most condescending manner. The Secretary was not less surprised than alarmed on seeing his patron not unfrequently trip his foot against a chair and fall down upon the floor, for he was extremely incautious as to where or how he walked. On these occasions, while the frightened Sticchini ran to assist him, Sir Walter laughed very good-humouredly, refused all help, and only expressed his anxiety lest his spectacles should have been broken by the accident.* Sir Walter wished, during his stay at Naples, to procure several Italian books in his particular department of study. Among other curiosities, he thought he had traced Mother Goose, if not to her origin at Naples, at least to a remote period of antiquity in Italy. He succeeded in purchasing a considerable number of books in addition to his library, and took the fancy to have them all bound in vellum.

"Sir Walter had heard too much of Pæstum to quit Naples without seeing it, and we accordingly formed a party in two carriages to go there, intending to sleep at La Cava, at the villa of my much respected friend, Miss Whyte; — a lady not less esteemed for every good quality, than celebrated for her extraordinary exertions of benevolence on the occasion of the murder of the Hunt family at Pæstum. Hearing of this fatal affair, and being nearer than any other of her compatriots to the scene, this lady immediately endeavoured to engage a surgeon at La Cava to accompany her to the spot. No one, however, could be found to venture into the den of the murderers, so that she resolved to go alone, well provided with lint, medicines, and all that could be useful to the wounded persons. She arrived, however, too late to be of use; but Sir Walter expressed the greatest desire to make the acquaintance of so admirable a person, and it was settled that her hospitable villa should receive and lodge us on our way to Pæstum. La Cava is 25 miles from Naples, and as it was necessary to feed the horses, I was in hopes of showing Sir Walter the amphitheatre of Pompeii while they ate their corn. The day, however, being rainy, we gave up the amphitheatre, and halted at the little tavern immediately below Pompeii. Here being obliged to remain, it was thought advisable to eat, and I had an opportunity of witnessing the hospitality which I had always heard distinguished Sir Walter, for, after we had finished, not only the servants were fed with the provisions he had brought, but the whole remainder was distributed to the poor people who had been driven into the tavern by the rain. This liberality unfortunately occasioned a deficit on the following day, when the party started without provision for the solitudes of Pæstum.

---

* The spectacles were valued as the gift of a friend and brother poet. See *ante*, Vol. VIII. p. 295.

"Near Nocera I pointed out a tower situated upon a high mountain, and guarding a pass by which a very steep and zig-zag road leads toward Amalfi. I observed, that it was possible that if the Saracens were ever really seated at Nocera dei Pagani, this tower might have been at the confines of the Amalfitan Republic, and have been their frontier against the Mahometans. It was surprising how quickly he caught at any romantic circumstance; and I found, in a very short time, he had converted the Torre di Ciunse, or Chiunse, into a feudal residence, and already peopled it with a Christian host. He called it the Knight's Castle, as long as it remained in sight, and soon after transferred its interest to the curious little towers, used for pigeon-shooting, which abound in the neighbourhood, though they were on the other side of the road.

"From La Cava, the party proceeded the next day to Pæstum, setting out early in the morning; but I did not accompany Sir Walter on that journey, and consequently only know that, by good luck, he found eggs and other rustic fare near the Temples, and returned, after a drive of fifty-four miles, very much fatigued, to a late dinner. He was, however, completely restored by the night's rest, and we visited on the following day the splendid Benedictine Monastery of La Trinità della Cava, situated about three miles from the great road, and approached through a beautiful forest of chestnuts, spreading over most picturesque mountains. The day was fine, and Sir Walter really enjoyed the drive; and the scenery recalled to his mind something of the kind which he had seen in Scotland, on which he repeated the whole of the ballad of *Jock of*

Hazledean with great emphasis, and in a clear voice. At the Convent we had taken care to request, that what is termed a Pontifical Mass should be sung in his presence; after which he was taken with much difficulty, and twice falling, through the long and slippery labyrinths of that vast edifice, and up several very tedious staircases, to the apartments containing the archives. Here the curious MSS. of the Convent were placed before him, and he seemed delighted with an ancient document in which the names of Saracens as well as Christians appear either as witnesses or principals; but he was chiefly struck with a book containing pictures of the Lombard Kings, of which, through the kindness of Dr. Hogg, he afterwards possessed copies by a young Neapolitan painter who had chanced to be on the spot. On the whole, Sir Walter was more pleased with the Monastery of La Cava than with any place to which I had the honoûr to accompany him in Italy: the site, the woods, the organ, the size of the Convent, and, above all, the Lombard Kings, produced a poetical feeling; and the fine weather so raised his spirits, that in the forest he again recited *Jock of Hazledean* by my desire, after a long repetition from his favourite poem of *Hardyknute*.

"On the following day we returned to Naples, but Sir Walter went in his own carriage, and complained to me afterwards that he had never been able to discover the 'Knight's Tower,' it being, in fact, only visible by turning back to a person travelling in that direction. He expressed himself at all times much delighted with our amiable hostess, Miss Whyte; remarking very justly that she had nothing cold about her but her house, which being in the mountains, is, in fact, by no means eligible at that season of the year.

"In one of our drives, the subject of Sir Walter's perhaps most popular romance, in which Lady Margaret Bellenden defends the Castle of Tillietudlem, was mentioned as having been translated into Italian under the title of 'The Scottish Puritans,' of which he highly approved. I told him how strange the names of the places and the personages appeared in their Italian garb, and remarked that the Castle was so well described, and seemed so true a picture, that I had always imagined he must have had some real fortress in view. He said it was very true; for the Castle he had visited, and had fallen so much in love with it, that he wanted to live there. He added a joke with regard to his having taken his hat off when he visited this favourite spot, remarking, that as the Castle had been uncovered for many centuries, he himself might be uncovered for an hour. 'It had,' said Sir Walter, 'no roof, no windows, and not much wall. I should have had to make three miles of road, so before the affair was settled I got wiser.'*

"On the 3d of April, I accompanied Sir Walter to Pozzuoli and to Cumae. We had a party of nine or ten ladies and gentlemen, and agreed to dine at the inn at Pozzuoli, on our way back. I explained to Sir Walter the common history of all the objects which occurred on the road; and the account of Monte Nuovo, which rose in one night to its present elevation, destroying the village of Tre Pergole, and part of the Lucrine Lake, seemed particularly to strike his poetical imagination. There is a point in going toward the Arco Felice, whence, at a turn of the road, a very extensive and comprehensive view is obtained of the Lake of Avernus. The Temple of Apollo, the Lucrine Lake, the Monte Nuovo, Baiæ, Misenum, and the sea, are all seen at once; and here I considered it my duty, in quality of cicerone, to enforce the knowledge of the localities. He attended to the names I repeated; and when I asked whether he thought himself sure of remembering the spot, he replied that he had it perfectly in his mind. I found, however, that something in the place had inspired him with other recollections of his own beloved country, and the Stuarts, — for on proceeding, he immediately repeated, in a grave tone and with great emphasis —

Up the craggy mountain, and down the mossy glen,
We canna gang a milking, for Charlie and his men.'

---

* See the account of Scott's early visit to Craignethan Castle, *ante* Vol. II. p. 29.

"I could not help smiling at this strange commentary on my dissertation upon the Lake of Avernus."

While at Naples, Sir Walter wrote frequently to his daughter Sophia, Mr. Cadell, Mr. Laidlaw, and myself. Some of these letters were of a very melancholy cast; for the dream about his debts being all settled was occasionally broken; and probably it was when that left him that he worked hardest at his Novels — though the habit of working had become so fixed that I may be wrong in this conjecture. In general, however, these last letters tell the same story of delusive hopes both as to health and wealth, of satisfaction in the resumption of his pen, of eagerness to be once more at Abbotsford, and of affectionate anxiety about the friends he was there to rejoin. Every one of those to Laidlaw has something about the poor people and the dogs. One to myself conveyed his desire that he might be set down for "something as handsome as I liked" in a subscription then thought of for the Ettrick Shepherd; who that spring visited London, and was in no respect improved by his visit. Another to my wife bade her purchase a grand pianoforte. which he wished to present to Miss Cadell, his bookseller's daughter. The same generous spirit was shown in many other communications.

I must transcribe one of Sir Walter's letters from Naples. It was addressed to Mrs. Scott of Harden, on the marriage of her daughter Anne to Charles Baillie, Esq., a son of her neighbour in the country, Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode.

"*To Mrs. Scott of Harden.*

"Naples, Palazzo Caramanico, 6th March **1832**.

"My Dearest Mrs. Scott, — Your kind letter of 8th October, addressed to Malta, reached me only yesterday with a number of others which had been tarrying at Jericho till their beards grew. This was in one respect inconvenient, as I did not gain the benefit of your advice with regard to my travels, which would have had a great influence with me. Moreover, I did not learn the happy event in your own family till a newspaper told it me by accident long ago. But as my good wishes are most sincere, it is of less consequence when they reach the parties concerned, and I flatter myself I possess so much interest with my young friends as to give me credit for most warmly wishing them all the happiness which this auspicious event promises. The connexion must be in every respect agreeable to the feelings of both families, and not less so to those of a former generation, provided they are permitted, as I flatter myself, to take interest in the affairs of this life.

"I envied your management of the pencil when at Malta, as frequently elsewhere; it is quite a place made to be illustrated; by the way, I have got an esquisse of Old Smailholm Tower from the pencil of Mr. Turner. Besides the other advantages of Malta, it possesses John Hookham Frere, who is one of the most entertaining men I know, and with whom I spent much of my time.

"Although I rather prefer Malta, I have no reason to complain of Naples. The society is very numerous and gay, and somewhat too frivolous for my time of life and infirmities: however, there are exceptions; especially poor Sir William Gell, a very accomplished scholar, who is lamer than I am, and never out of humour, though worried perpetually by the gout, which he bears with the greatest complaisance. He is engaged in vindicating, from the remains of the various public works in Italy, the truth, which Bryant and others have disputed, concerning the Roman History, as given by Livy and other authors, whom it has been of late fashionable to discredit. The Dilettante Society have, greatly to their credit, resolved to bring out this interesting book.

"It has been Carnival time, and the balls are without number, besides being pelted to death with sugar-plums, which is quite the rage. But now Lent is approaching to sober us after all our gaiety, and every one seems ashamed of being happy, and preparing to look grave with all his might.

"I should have said something of my health, but have nothing to say, except that I am pretty well, and take exercise regularly, though as Parson Adams says, it must be of the vehicular kind. I think I shall never ride or walk again. But I must not complain, for my plan of paying my debts, which you know gave me so much trouble some years since, has been, thank God, completely successful; and, what I think worth telling, I have paid very near £120,000, without owing any one a halfpenny — at least I am sure this will be the case by midsummer. I know the laird will give me much joy on this occasion, which, considering the scale upon which I have accomplished it, is a great feat. I wish I were better worthy the kindness of the public; but I am at least entitled to say

> ''Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.'

Also some industry and some steadiness were necessary. I believe, indeed, I made too great an exertion; but if I get better, as seems likely, it is little enough for so happy a result. The young people have been very happy — which makes me think that about next spring I will give your young couple a neighbourly dance. It will be about this time that I take the management of my affairs again. You must patronise me.

"My love to Henry, as well as to the young couple. He should go and do likewise. — Your somewhat ancient, but very sincere friend, WALTER SCOTT."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

Death of Goethe — Rome — Memoranda by Sir W. Gell and Mr. Edward Cheney — Journey to Frankfort — The Rhine Steam-boat — Fatal seizure at Nimeguen — Arrival in London — Jermyn Street — Edinburgh — Abbotsford — Death and Burial.

APRIL — SEPT. 1832.

His friend Sir Frederick Adam had urgently invited Sir Walter to visit the Ionian Islands, and he had consented to do so. But Sir Frederick was suddenly recalled from that government, and appointed to one in India, and the Greek scheme dropt. From that time his companions ceased to contend against his wishes for returning home. Since he would again work, what good end could it serve to keep him from working at his own desk? And as their entreaties, and the warnings of foreign doctors, proved alike unavailing as to the regulation of his diet, what remaining chance could there be on that score, unless from replacing him under the eye of the friendly physicians whose authority had formerly seemed to have due influence on his mind? He had wished to return by the route of the Tyrol and Germany, partly for the sake of the remarkable chapel and monuments of the old Austrian princes at Inspruck, and the feudal ruins upon the Rhine, but chiefly that he might have an interview with Goethe at Weimar. That poe died on the 22d of March, and the news seemed to act upon Scott exactly as the illness of Borthwickbrae had done in the August before. His impatience redoubled: all his fine dreams of recovery seemed to vanish at once — "Alas for Goethe!" he exclaimed: "but he at least died at home — Let us to Abbotsford." And he quotes more than once in his letters the first hemistick of the line from Politian with which he had closed his early memoir of Leyden — "*Grata quies Patriæ.*"

When the season was sufficiently advanced, then, the party set out, Mr. Charles Scott having obtained leave to accompany his father; which was quite necessary, as his elder brother had already been obliged to rejoin his regiment. They quitted Naples on the 16th of April, in an open barouche, which could at pleasure be converted into a bed.

It will be seen from notes about to be quoted, that Sir Walter was somewhat interested by a few of the objects presented to him in the earlier stages of his route. The certainty that he was on his way home, for a time soothed and composed him; and amidst the agreeable society which again surrounded him on his arrival in Rome, he seemed perhaps as much of himself as he had ever been in Malta or in Naples. For a moment even his literary hope and ardour appear to have revived. But still his daughter entertained no doubt, that his consenting to pause for even a few days in Rome, was dictated mainly by consideration of her natural curiosity. Sir William Gell went to Rome about the same time; and Sir Walter was introduced there to another accomplished countryman, who exerted himself no less than did Sir William, to render his stay agreeable to him. This was Mr. Edward Cheney — whose family had long been on terms of very strict intimacy with the Maclean Clephanes of Torloisk, so that Sir Walter was ready to regard him at first sight as a friend. I proceed to give some extracts from these gentlemen's *memoranda.*

"At Rome" (says Gell) "Sir Walter found an apartment provided for him in the Casa Bernini. On his arrival, he seemed to have suffered but little from the journey; though I believe the length of time he was obliged to sit in a carriage had been occasionally the cause of troublesome symptoms. I found him, however, in very good spirits, and as he was always eager to see any spot remarkable as the scene of particular events recorded in history, so he was keenly bent on visiting the house where Benvenuto Cellini writes that he slew the Constable of Bourbon with a bullet fired from the Castle of St. Angelo. The Chevalier Luigi Chiaveri took him to the place, of which, though he quickly forgot the position, he yet retained the history firmly fixed in his mind, and to which he very frequently recurred.

"The introduction of Mr. Cheney was productive of great pleasure to Sir Walter, as he possessed at that moment the Villa Muti, at Frescati, which had been for many years the favourite residence of the Cardinal of York, who was Bishop of Tusculum.

"Soon after his arrival I took Sir Walter to St. Peter's, which he had resolved to visit, that he might see the tomb of the last of the Stuarts. I took him to one of the side doors, in order to shorten the walk, and by great good fortune met with Colonel Blair* and Mr. Phillips, under whose protection he accomplished his purpose. We contrived to tie a glove round the point of his stick, to prevent his slipping in some degree; but to conduct him was really a service of danger and alarm, owing to his infirmity and total want of caution. He has been censured for not having frequently visited the treasures of the Vatican — but by those only who were unacquainted with the difficulty with which he moved. Days and weeks must have been passed in this immense museum, in order to have given him any idea of its value, nor do I know that it would have been possible for him to have ascended the rugged stairs, or to have traced its corridors and interminable galleries, in the state of reduced strength and dislike to being assisted under which he then laboured.

---

* See *ante*, p. 26.

"On the 8th of May we all dined at the Palace of the Duchess Torlonia with a very large company. The dinner was very late and very splendid, and from the known hospitality of the family it was probable that Sir Walter, in the heat of conversation, and with servants on all sides pressing him to eat and drink, as is their custom at Rome, might be induced to eat more than was safe for his malady. Colonel Blair, who sat next him, was requested to take care that this should not happen. Whenever I observed him, however, Sir Walter appeared always to be eating; while the Duchess, who had discovered the nature of the office imposed on the Colonel, was by no means satisfied, and after dinner observed that it was an odd sort of friendship which consisted in starving one's neighbour to death — when he had a good appetite, and there was dinner enough.

"It was at this entertainment that Sir Walter met with the Duke and Duchess of Corchiano, who were both well read in his works, and delighted to have been in company with him. This acquaintance might have led to some agreeable consequences had Sir Walter's life been spared, for the Duke told him he was possessed of a vast collection of papers, giving true accounts of all the murders, poisonings, intrigues, and curious adventures of all the great Roman families during many centuries, all which were at his service to copy and publish in his own way as historical romances, only disguising the names, so as not to compromise the credit of the existing descendants of the families in question. Sir Walter listened to the Duke for the remainder of the evening, and was so captivated with all he heard from that amiable and accomplished personage, that at one moment he thought of remaining for a time at Rome, and at another he vowed he would return there in the ensuing winter. Whoever has read any of these memoirs of Italian families, of which many are published, and very many exist in manuscript, will acknowledge how they abound in strange events and romantic stories, and may form some idea of the delight with which Sir Walter imagined himself on the point of pouncing upon a treasure after his own heart.

"The eldest son of the Torlonia family is the possessor of the castle of Bracciano, of which he is duke. Sir Walter was anxious to see it, and cited some story, I think of the Orsini, who once were lords of the place. We had permission to visit the castle, and the steward had orders to furnish us with whatever was requisite. We set off on the 9th of May, Sir Walter as usual coming with me, and two ladies and two gentlemen occupying his carriage. One of these last was the son of the Duke of Sermoneta, Don Michelangelo Gaetani, a person of the most amiable disposition, gentlemanly manners, and most remarkable talents. Sir Walter, to whom he had paid every attention during his stay at Rome, had conceived a high opinion of him, and, added to his agreeable qualities, he had a wonderful and accurate knowledge of the history of his own country during the darker ages. The Gaetani figured also among the most ancient and most turbulent of the Roman families during the middle ages; and these historical qualities, added to the amenity of his manners, rendered him naturally a favourite with Sir Walter.

"We arrived at Bracciano, twenty-five miles from Rome, rather fatigued with the roughness of an old Roman road, the pavement of which had generally been half destroyed, and the stones left in disorder on the spot. He was pleased with the general appearance of that stately pile, which is finely seated upon a rock, commanding on one side the view of the beautiful lake with its wooded shores, and on the other overlooking the town of Bracciano. A carriage could not easily ascend to the court, so that Sir Walter fatigued himself still more, as he was not content to be assisted, by walking up the steep and somewhat long ascent to the gateway. He was struck with the sombre appearance of the Gothic towers, built with the black lava which had once formed the pavement of the Roman road, and which adds much to its frowning magnificence. In the interior he could not but be pleased with the grand suite of state apartments, all yet habitable, and even retaining in some rooms the old furniture and the rich silk hangings of the Orsini and Odescalchi. These chambers overlook the lake, and Sir Walter sat in a window for a long time, during a delightful evening, to enjoy the prospect. A very large dog, of the breed called Danish, coming to fawn upon him, he told it he was glad to see it, for it was a proper accompaniment to such a castle, but that he had a larger dog at home, though may be not so good-natured to strangers. This notice of the dog seemed to gain the heart of the steward, and he accompanied Sir Walter in a second tour through the grand suite of rooms — each, as Sir Walter observed, highly pleased with the other's conversation, though as one spoke French and the other Italian, little of it could be understood. Toward the town, a range of smaller apartments are more convenient, except during the heats of summer, than the great rooms for a small party, and in these we dined and found chambers for sleeping. At night we had tea and a large fire, and Sir Walter conversed cheerfully. Some of the party went out to walk round the battlements of the castle by moonlight, and a ghost was talked of among the usual accompaniments of such situations. He told me that the best way of making a ghost was to paint it with white on tin, for that in the dusk, after it had been seen, it could be instantly made to vanish, by turning the edge almost without thickness towards the spectator.

"On coming down next morning I found that Sir Walter, who rose early, had already made another tour over part of the Castle with the steward and the dog. After breakfast we set out on our return to Rome; and all the way his conversation was more delightful, and more replete with anecdotes than

I had ever known it. He talked a great deal to young Gaetani who sat on the box, and he invited him to Scotland. He asked me when I thought of revisiting England, and I replied, that if my health permitted at a moment when I could afford it, I might perhaps be tempted in the course of the following summer. 'If the money be the difficulty,' said the kind-hearted baronet, 'don't let that hinder you; I've £300 at your service, and I have a perfect right to give it you, and nobody can complain of me, for I made it myself.'

"He continued to press my acceptance of this sum, till I requested him to drop the subject, thanking him most gratefully for his goodness, and much flattered by so convincing a proof of his desire to see me at Abbotsford.

"I remember particularly a remark, which proved the kindness of his heart. A lady requested him to do something which was very disagreeable to him. He was asked whether he had consented. He replied, 'Yes.' He was then questioned why he had agreed to do what was so inconvenient to him; — 'Why,' said he, 'as I am now good for nothing else, I think it as well to be good-natured.'

"I took my leave of my respected friend on the 10th May 1832. I knew this great genius and estimable man but for a short period; but it was at an interesting moment, — and being both invalids, and impressed equally with the same conviction that we had no time to lose, we seemed to become intimate without passing through the usual gradations of friendship. I remembered just enough of Scottish topography and northern antiquities in general to be able to ask questions on subjects on which his knowledge was supereminent, and to be delighted and edified by his inexhaustible stock of anecdotes, and his curious and recondite erudition; and this was perhaps a reason for the preference he seemed to give me in his morning drives, during which I saw most of him alone. It is a great satisfaction to have been intimate with so celebrated and so benevolent a personage; and I hope, that these recollections of his latter days may not be without their value, in enabling those who were acquainted with Sir Walter in his most brilliant period, to compare it with his declining moments during his residence in Italy."

Though some of the same things recur in the notes with which I am favoured by Mr. Cheney, yet the reader will pardon this — and even be glad to compare the impressions of two such observers. Mr. Cheney says: —

"Delighted as I was to see Sir Walter Scott, I remarked with pain the ravages disease had made upon him. He was often abstracted; and it was only when warmed with his subject that the light-blue eye shot, from under the penthouse brow, with the fire and spirit that recalled the Author of Waverley.

"The 1st of May was appointed for a visit to Frescati; and it gave me great pleasure to have an opportunity of showing attention to Sir Walter without the appearance of obtrusiveness.

"The Villa Muti, which belonged to the late Cardinal of York, has, since his death, fallen into the hands of several proprietors; it yet retains, however, some relics of its former owner. There is a portrait of Charles I., a bust of the Cardinal, and another of the Chevalier de St. George. But, above all, a picture of the *fête* given on the promotion of the Cardinal in the Piazza de S. S. Apostoli (where the palace in which the Stuarts resided still bears the name of the Palazzo del Pretendente) occupied Sir Walter's attention. In this picture he discovered, or fancied he did so, the portraits of several of the distinguished followers of the exiled family. One he pointed out as resembling a picture he had seen of Cameron of Lochiel, whom he described as a dark, hard-featured man. He spoke with admiration of his devoted loyalty to the Stuarts. I also showed him an ivory head of Charles I., which had served as the top of Cardinal York's walking stick. He did not fail to look at it with a lively interest.

" He admired the house, the position of which is of surpassing beauty, commanding an extensive view over the Campagna of Rome; but he deplored the fate of his favourite princes, observing that this was a poor substitute for all the splendid palaces to which they were heirs in England and Scotland. The place where we were suggested the topic of conversation. He was walking, he told me, over the field of Preston, and musing on the unlooked-for event of that day, when he was suddenly startled by the sound of the minute-guns proclaiming the death of George IV.* Lost in the thoughts of ephemeral glory suggested by the scene, he had forgotten, in the momentary success of his favourite hero, his subsequent misfortunes and defeat. The solemn sound, he added, admonished him of the futility of all earthly triumphs; and reminded him that the whole race of the Stuarts had passed away, and was now followed to the grave by the first of the royal house of Brunswick who had reigned in the line of legitimate succession.

" During this visit Sir Walter was in excellent spirits; at dinner he talked and laughed, and Miss Scott assured me she had not seen him so gay since he left England. He put salt into his soup before tasting it, smiling as he did so. One of the company said, that a friend of his used to declare that he should eat salt with a limb of Lot's wife. Sir Walter laughed, observing that he was of Mrs. Siddons's mind, who, when dining with the Provost of Edinburgh, and being asked by her host if the beef were too salt, replied, in her emphatic tones of deep tragedy, which Sir Walter mimicked very comically,

'Beef cannot be too salt for me, my Lord.'

" Sir Walter, though he spoke no foreign language with facility, read Spanish as well as Italian. He expressed the most unbounded admiration for Cervantes, and said that the 'novelas' of that author had first inspired him with the ambition of excelling in fiction, and that, until disabled by illness, he had been a constant reader of them. He added, that he had formerly made it a practice to read through the 'Orlando' of Boiardo and the 'Orlando' of Ariosto, once every year.

---

* See *ante*, p. 60.

"Of Dante he knew little, confessing he found him too obscure and difficult. I was sitting next him at dinner, at Lady Coventry's, when this conversation took place. He added, with a smile, — 'It is mortifying that Dante seemed to think nobody worth being sent to hell but his own Italians, whereas other people had every bit as great rogues in their families, whose misdeeds were suffered to pass with impunity.' I said that *he*, of all men, had least right to make this complaint, as his own ancestor, Michael Scott, was consigned to a very tremendous punishment in the twentieth canto of the Inferno. His attention was roused, and I quoted the passage —

'Quell' altro, che nei fianchi è cosi poco,
Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco.'

He seemed pleased, and alluded to the subject more than once in the course of the evening.

"One evening when I was with him, a person called to petition him in favour of the sufferers from the recent earthquake at Foligno. He instantly gave his name to the list with a very handsome subscription. This was by no means the only occasion on which I observed him eager and ready to answer the calls of charity.

"I accompanied Sir Walter and Miss Scott one morning to the Protestant burial-ground. The road to this spot runs by the side of the Tiber, at the foot of Mount Aventine, and in our drive we passed several of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome. The house of the Tribune Rienzi, and the temple of Vesta, arrested his attention. This little circular temple, he said, struck him more than many of the finer ruins. Infirmity had checked his curiosity. 'I walk with pain,' he said, 'and what we see whilst suffering, makes little impression on us; it is for this reason that much of what I saw at Naples, and which I should have enjoyed ten years ago, I have already forgotten.' The Protestant burying-ground lies near the Porta S. Paolo, at the foot of the noble pyramid of Caius Cestius. Miss Scott was anxious to see the grave of her friend, Lady Charlotte Stopford. Sir Walter was unable to walk, and while my brother attended Miss Scott to the spot, I remained in the carriage with him. 'I regret,' he said, 'that I cannot go. It would have been a satisfaction to me to have seen the place where they have laid her. She is the child of a Buccleuch; he, you know, is my chief, and all that comes from that house is dear to me.' He looked on the ground and sighed, and for a moment there was a silence between us.

"We spoke of politics, and of the reform in Parliament, which at that time was pending. I asked his opinion of it; he said he was no enemy to reform — 'If the machine does not work well, it must be mended — but it should be by the best workmen ye have.'

"He regretted not having been at Holland-House as he passed through London. 'Lord Holland,' he said, 'is the most agreeable man I ever knew. In criticism, in poetry, he beats those whose whole study they have been. No man in England has a more thorough knowledge of English authors, and he expresses himself so well, that his language illustrates and adorns his thoughts, as light streaming through coloured glass heightens the brilliancy of the objects it falls upon.'

"On the 4th of May he accepted a dinner at our house, and it gave my brother and myself unfeigned satisfaction to have again the pleasure of entertaining him. We collected a party to meet him; and amongst others I invited Don Luigi Santa Croce, one of his most ardent admirers, who had long desired an introduction. He is a man of much ability, and has played his part in the political changes of his country. When I presented him to Sir Walter, he bade me tell him (for he speaks no English) how long and how earnestly he had desired to see him, though he had hardly dared to hope it. 'Tell him,' he added, with warmth, 'that in disappointment, in sorrow, and in sickness, his works have been my chief comfort; and while living amongst his imaginary personages, I have succeeded for a moment in forgetting the vexations of blighted hopes, and have found relief in public and private distress.' The Marchesa Loughi, the beautiful sister of Don Michele Gaetani, whom I also presented to him this evening, begged me to thank him, in her name, for some of the most agreeable moments of her life. 'She had had,' she said, 'though young, her share of sorrows, and in his works she had found not only amusement, but lessons of patience and resignation, which she hoped had not been lost upon her.' To all these flattering compliments, as well as to the thousand others that were daily showered upon him, Sir Walter replied with unfeigned humility, expressing himself pleased and obliged by the good opinion entertained of him, and delighting his admirers with the good-humour and urbanity with which he received them. Don Luigi talked of the plots of some of the novels, and earnestly remonstrated against the fate of Clara Mowbray, in St. Ronan's Well. 'I am much obliged to the gentleman for the interest he takes in her,' said Sir Walter, 'but I could not save her, poor thing — it is against the rules — she had the bee in her bonnet.' Don Luigi still insisted. Sir Walter replied — 'No; but of all the murders that I have committed in that way, and few men have been guilty of more, there is none that went so much to my heart as the poor Bride of Lammermoor; but it could not be helped — it is all true.'

"Sir Walter always showed much curiosity about the Constable Bourbon. I said that a suit of armour belonging to him was preserved in the Vatican. He eagerly asked after the form and construction, and inquired if he wore it on the day of the capture of Rome. That event had greatly struck his imagination. He told me he had always had an idea of weaving it into the story of a romance, and of introducing the traitor Constable as an actor. Cæsar Borgia was also a character whose vices and whole career appeared to him singularly romantic. Having heard him say this, I begged Don Michele Gaetani, whose ancestors had been dispossessed of their rich fiefs by that ambitious upstart, to show Sir Walter a sword, now in the possession of his family, which had once belonged to Borgia. The blade, which is very long and broad, is richly ornamented, and the arms of the Borgias are inlaid upon it, bearing the favourite motto of that tremendous personage — 'Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.' Sir Walter examined it with attention, commenting on the character of Borgia, and congratulating Don Michele on the possession of a relic doubly interesting in his hands.

" I continued a constant visiter at his house whilst he remained in Rome, and I also occasionally dined in his company, and took every opportunity of conversing with him. I observed with extreme pleasure, that he accepted willingly from me those trifling attentions which his infirmities required, and which all would have been delighted to offer. I found him always willing to converse on any topic. He spoke of his own works and of himself without reserve; never, however, introducing the subject nor dwelling upon it. His conversation had neither affectation nor restraint, and he was totally free from the morbid egotism of some men of genius. What surprised me most, and in one too who had so long been the object of universal admiration, was the unaffected humility with which he spoke of his own merits, and the sort of surprise with which he surveyed his own success. That this was a real feeling, none could doubt: the natural simplicity of his manner must have convinced the most incredulous. He was courteous and obliging to all, and towards women there was a dignified simplicity in his manner that was singularly pleasing He would not allow even his infirmities to exempt him from the little courtesies of society. He always endeavoured to rise to address those who approached him, and once when my brother and myself accompanied him in his drive, it was not without difficulty that we could prevail on him not to sea himself with his back to the horses.

" I asked him if he meant to be presented at the Vatican as I knew that his arrival had been spoken of, and that the Pope had expressed an interest about him. He said he respected the Pope as the most ancient sovereign of Europe, and should have great pleasure in paying his respects to him, did his state of health permit it. We talked of the ceremonies of the Church. He had been much struck with the benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's. I advised him to wait to see the procession of the Corpus Domini, and to hear the Pope

> 'Saying the high, high mass,
> All on St. Peter's day.'

He smiled, and said those things were more poetical in description than in reality, and that it was all the better for him not to have seen it before he wrote about it — that any attempt to make such scenes more exact, injured the effect without conveying a clearer image to the mind of the reader, — as the Utopian scenes and manners of Mrs. Radcliffe's Novels captivated the imagination more than the most laboured descriptions, or the greatest historical accuracy.

"The morning after our arrival at Bracciano, when I left my room, I found Sir Walter already dressed, and seated in the deep recess of a window which commands an extensive view over the lake and surrounding country. He speculated on the lives of the turbulent lords of this ancient fortress, and listened with interest to such details as I could give him of their history. He drew a striking picture of the contrast between the calm and placid scene before us, and the hurry, din, and tumult of other days.

"Insensibly we strayed into more modern times. I never saw him more animated and agreeable. He was exactly what I could imagine him to have been in his best moments. Indeed I have several times heard him complain that his disease sometimes confused and bewildered his senses, while at others he was left with little remains of illness, except a consciousness of his state of infirmity. He talked of his Northern journey — of Manzoni, for whom he expressed a great admiration — of Lord Byron — and lastly, of himself. Of Lord Byron he spoke with admiration and regard, calling him always 'poor Byron.' He considered him, he said, the only poet we have had, since Dryden, of transcendent talents, and possessing more amiable qualities than the world in general gave him credit for.

"In reply to my question if he had never seriously thought of complying with the advice so often given him to write a tragedy, he answered — 'Often, but the difficulty deterred me — my turn was not dramatic.' Some of the mottoes, I urged, prefixed to the chapters of his novels, and subscribed 'old play,' were eminently in the taste of the old dramatists, and seemed to ensure success. — 'Nothing so easy,' he replied, 'when you are full of an author, as to write a few lines in his taste and style; the difficulty is to keep it up — besides,' he added, 'the greatest success would be but a spiritless imitation, or, at best, what the Italians call a *centone* from Shakspeare. No author has ever had so much cause to be grateful to the public as I have. All I have written has been received with indulgence.'

"He said he was the more grateful for the flattering reception he had met with in Italy, as he had not always treated the Catholic religion with respect. I observed, that though he had exposed the hypocrites of all sects, no religion had any cause to complain of him, as he had rendered them all interesting by turns: Jews, Catholics, and Puritans, had all their saints and martyrs in his works. He was much pleased with this.

"He spoke of Goethe with regret; he had been in correspondence with him before his death, and had purposed visiting him at Weimar in returning to England. I told him I had been to see Goethe the year before, and that I had found him well, and though very old, in the perfect possession of all his faculties. — 'Of all his faculties!' he replied; 'it is much better to die than to survive them, and better still to die than live in the apprehension of it; but the worst of all,' he added thoughtfully, 'would have been to have survived their partia loss, and yet to be conscious of his state.' — He did not seem to be, however, a great admirer of some of Goethe's works. Much of his popularity, he observed, was owing to pieces which, in his latter moments, he might have wished recalled. He spoke with much feeling. I answered, that *he* must derive great consolation in the reflection that his own popularity was owing to no such cause. He remained silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground; when he raised them, as he shook me by the hand, I perceived the light-blue eye sparkled with unusual moisture. He added — 'I am drawing near to the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it *is* a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted.' I made no reply; and while we were yet silent, Don Michele Gaetani joined us, and we walked through the vast hall into the court of the castle, where our friends were expecting us.

" After breakfast, Sir Walter returned to Rome. The following day he purposed setting out on his northern journey. It was Friday. I was anxious that he should prolong his stay in Rome; and reminding him of his superstition, I told him he ought not to set out on the unlucky day. He answered, laughing — 'Superstition is very picturesque, and I make it at times stand me in great stead; but I never allow it to interfere with interest or convenience.'

" As I helped him down the steep court to his carriage, he said, as he stepped with pain and difficulty — 'This is a sore change with me. Time was when I would hunt and shoot with the best of them, and thought it but a poor day's sport when I was not on foot from ten to twelve hours; but we must be patient.'

" I handed him into his carriage; and in taking leave of me, he pressed me, with eager hospitality, to visit him at Abbotsford. The door closed upon him. and I stood for some moments watching the carriage till it was out of sight, as it wound through the portal of the Castle of Bracciano.

"Next day, Friday, May 11, Sir Walter left Rome.

"During his stay there he had received every mark of attention and respect from the Italians, who, in not crowding to visit him, were deterred only by their delicacy and their dread of intruding on an invalid. The use of villas, libraries, and museums, was pressed upon him. This enthusiasm was by no means confined to the higher orders. His fame, and even his works, are familiar to all classes — the stalls are filled with translations of his novels, in the cheapest forms; and some of the most popular plays and operas have been founded upor them. Some time after he left Italy, when I was travelling ir the mountains of Tuscany, it has more than once occurred t me to be stopped in little villages, hardly accessible to carriages, by an eager admirer of Sir Walter, to inquire after th health of my illustrious countryman."

The last jotting of Sir Walter's Diary — perhaps the last specimen of his handwriting* — records his starting from Naples on the 16th of April. After the 11th of May the story can hardly be told too briefly.

The irritation of impatience, which had for a moment been suspended by the aspect and society of Rome, returned the moment he found himself on the road, and seemed to increase hourly. His companions could with difficulty prevail on him to see even the falls of Terni, or the church of Santa Croce at Florence. On the 17th, a cold and dreary day, they passed the Apennines, and dined on the top of the mountains. The snow and the pines recalled Scotland, and he expressed pleasure at the sight of them. That night they reached Bologna, but he would see none of the interesting objects there; — and next day, hurrying in like manner through Ferrara, he proceeded as far as Monselice. On the 19th he arrived at Venice; and he remained there till the 23d; but showed no curiosity about anything except the Bridge of Sighs and the adjoining dungeons — down into which he would scramble, though the exertion was exceedingly painful to him. On the other historical features of that place — one so sure in other days to have inexhaustible attractions for him — he would not even look; and it was the same with all that he came within reach of — even with the fondly anticipated chapel at Inspruck — as they proceeded through the Tyrol, and so onwards, by Munich, Ulm, and Heidelberg, to Frankfort. Here (June 5) he entered a bookseller's shop; and the people seeing an English party, brought out among the first things a lithographed print of Abbotsford. He said — "I know that already, sir," and hastened back to the inn without being recognised. Though in some parts of the journey they had very severe weather, he repeatedly wished to travel all the night as well as all the day; and the symptoms of an approaching fit were so obvious, that he was more than once bled, ere they reached Mayence, by the hand of his affectionate domestic.

---

* A gentleman who lately travelled from Rome to the Tyrol, informs me, that in the *Book* of *Guests*, kept at one of the Inns on the road, Sir Walter's autograph remains as follows: — "*Sir Walter Scott -- for Scotland.*" [1839.]

At this town they embarked, on the 8th June, in the Rhine steam-boat; and while they descended the famous river through its most picturesque region, he seemed to enjoy, though he said nothing, the perhaps unrivalled scenery it presented to him. His eye was fixed on the successive crags and castles, and ruined monasteries, each of which had been celebrated in some German ballad familiar to his ear, and all of them blended in the im mortal panorama of Childe Harold. But so soon as they had passed Cologne, and nothing but flat shores, and here and there a grove of poplars and a village spire were offered to the vision, the weight of misery sunk down again upon him. It was near Nimeguen, on the evening of the 9th, that he sustained another serious attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis. Nicolson's lancet restored, after the lapse of some minutes, the signs of animation; but this was the crowning blow. Next day he insisted on resuming his journey, and on the 11th was lifted into an English steam-boat at Rotterdam.

He reached London about six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday the 13th of June. Owing to the unexpected rapidity of the journey, his eldest daughter had had no notice when to expect him; and fearful of finding her either out of town, or unprepared to receive him and his attendants under her roof, Charles Scott drove to the St. James's hotel in Jermyn Street, and established his quarters there before he set out in quest of his sister and myself. When we reached the hotel, he recognised us with many marks of tenderness, but signified that he was totally exhausted; so no attempt was made to remove him further, and he was put to bed immediately. Dr. Fergusson saw him the same night, and next day Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Holland saw him also; and during the next three weeks the two latter visited him daily, while Fergusson was scarcely absent from his pillow. The Major was soon on the spot. To his children, all assembled once more about him, he repeatedly gave his blessing in a very solemn manner, as if expecting immediate death; but he was never in a condition for conversation, and sunk either into sleep or delirious stupor upon the slightest effort.

Mrs. Thomas Scott came to town as soon as she heard of his arrival, and remained to help us. She was more than once recognised and thanked. Mr. Cadell, too, arrived from Edinburgh, to render any assistance in his power. I think Sir Walter saw no other of his friends except Mr. John Richardson, and him only once. As usual, he woke up at the sound of a familiar voice, and made an attempt to put forth his hand, but it dropped powerless, and he said, with a smile — "Excuse my hand." Richardson made a struggle to suppress his emotion, and, after a moment, got out something about Abbotsford and the woods, which he had happened to see shortly before. The eye brightened, and he said — "How does Kirklands get on?" Mr. Richardson had lately purchased the estate so called on the Teviot, and Sir Walter had left him busied with plans of building. His friend told him that his new house was begun, and that the Marquis of Lothian had very kindly lent him one of his own, meantime, in its vicinity. "Ay, Lord Lothian is a good man," said Sir Walter; "he is a man from whom one may receive a favour, and that's saying a good deal for any man in these days." The stupor then sank back upon him, and Richardson never heard his voice again. This state of things continued till the beginning of July.

During these melancholy weeks, great interest and sympathy were manifested. Allan Cunningham mentions that, walking home late one night, he found several working-men standing together at the corner of Jermyn Street, and one of them asked him, as if there was but one deathbed in London — "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" The inquiries both at the hotel and at my house were incessant; and I think there was hardly a member of the royal family who did not send every day. The newspapers teemed with paragraphs about Sir Walter; and one of these, it appears, threw out a suggestion that his travels had exhausted his pecuniary resources, and that if he were capable of reflection at all, cares of that sort might probably harass his pillow. This paragraph came from a very ill-informed, but, I dare say, a well-meaning quarter. It caught the attention of some members of the Government; and, in consequence, I received a private communication, to the effect that, if the case were as stated, Sir Walter's family had only to say what sum would relieve him from embarrassment, and it would be immediately advanced by the Treasury. The then Paymaster of the Forces, Lord John Russell, had the delicacy to convey this message through a lady with whose friendship he knew us to be honoured.* We expressed our grateful sense of his politeness, and of the liberality of the Government, and I now beg leave to do so once more; but his Lordship was of course informed that Sir Walter Scott was not situated as the journalist had represented.

Dr. Fergusson's memorandum on Jermyn Street will be acceptable to the reader. He says: —

"When I saw Sir Walter, he was lying in the second floor back-room of the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn Street, in a state of stupor, from which, however, he could be roused for a moment by being addressed, and then he recognised those about him, but immediately relapsed. I think I never saw anything more magnificent than the symmetry of his colossal bust, as he lay on the pillow with his chest and neck exposed. During the time he was in Jermyn Street he was calm but never collected, and in general either in absolute stupor or in a waking dream. He never seemed to know where he was, but imagined himself to be still in the steam-boat. The rattling of carriages, and the noises of the street, sometimes disturbed this illusion, and then he fancied himself at the polling booth of Jedburgh, where he had been insulted and stoned.

---

* The Honourable Catherine Arden — daughter of Sir Walter's ol friend Lady Alvanley.

"During the whole of this period of apparent helplessness, the great features of his character could not be mistaken. He always exhibited great self-possession, and acted his part with wonderful power whenever visited, though he relapsed the next moment into the stupor from which strange voices had roused him. A gentleman stumbled over a chair in his dark room; — he immediately started up, and though unconscious that it was a friend, expressed as much concern and feeling as if he had never been labouring under the irritability of disease. It was impossible even for those who most constantly saw and waited on him in his then deplorable condition, to relax from the habitual deference which he had always inspired. He expressed his will as determinedly as ever, and enforced it with the same apt and good-natured irony as he was wont to use.

"At length his constant yearning to return to Abbotsford induced his physicians to consent to his removal; and the moment this was notified to him, it seemed to infuse new vigour into his frame. It was on a calm, clear afternoon of the 7th July, that every preparation was made for his embarkation on board the steam-boat. He was placed on a chair by his faithful servant Nicolson, half-dressed, and loosely wrapt in a quilted dressing-gown. He requested Lockhart and myself to wheel him towards the light of the open window, and we both remarked the vigorous lustre of his eye. He sat there silently gazing on space for more than half an hour, apparently wholly occupied with his own thoughts, and having no distinct perception of where he was, or how he came there. He suffered himself to be lifted into his carriage, which was surrounded by a crowd, among whom were many gentlemen on horseback, who had loitered about to gaze on the scene

"His children were deeply affected, and Mrs. Lockhart trembled from head to foot, and wept bitterly. Thus surrounded by those nearest to him, he alone was unconscious of the cause or the depth of their grief, and while yet alive seemed to be carried to his grave."

On this his last journey Sir Walter was attended by his two daughters, Mr. Cadell, and myself — and also by Dr. Thomas Watson, who (it being impossible for Dr. Fergusson to leave town at that moment) kindly undertook to see him safe at Abbotsford. We embarked in the James Watt steam-boat, the master of which (Captain John Jamieson), as well as the agent of the proprietors, made every arrangement in their power for the convenience of the invalid. The Captain gave up for Sir Walter's use his own private cabin, which was a separate erection — a sort of cottage — on the deck; and he seemed unconscious, after laid in bed there, that any new removal had occurred. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, we found careful preparations made for his landing by the manager of the Shipping Company (Mr. Hamilton); and Sir Walter, prostrate in his carriage, was slung on shore, and conveyed from thence to Douglas's hotel, in St. Andrew's Square, in the same complete apparent unconsciousness. Mrs. Douglas had in former days been the Duke of Buccleuch's housekeeper at Bowhill, and she and her husband had also made the most suitable provision. At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two — "Gala Water, surely — Buckholm — Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said — "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair — they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

Dr. Watson having consulted on all things with Mr. Clarkson and his father, resigned the patient to them, and returned to London. None of them could have any hope, but that of soothing irritation. Recovery was no longer to be thought of: but there might be *Euthanasia.*

And yet something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath chair from Huntly Burn, and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose-beds then in full bloom. The grandchildren admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them and the dogs their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By and by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us — said he was happy to be at home — that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors after all.

He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library: "I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house — give me one turn more!" He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again, the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day.

Next morning he was still better. After again enjoying the Bath chair for perhaps a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library, and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said — "Need you ask? There is but one." I chose the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done — "Well, this is a great comfort — I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

On the third day Mr. Laidlaw and I again wheeled him about the small piece of lawn and shubbery in front of the house for some time; and the weather being delightful, and all the richness of summer around him, he seemed to taste fully the balmy influences of nature. The sun getting very strong, we halted the chair in a shady corner, just within the verge of his verdant arcade around the court-wall; and breathing the coolness of the spot, he said, "Read me some amusing thing — read me a bit of Crabbe." I brought out the first volume of his old favourite that I could lay hand on, and turned to what I remembered as one of his most favourite passages in it — the description of the arrival of the Players in the Borough. He listened with great interest, and also, as I soon perceived, with great curiosity. Every now and then he exclaimed, "Capital — excellent — very good — Crabbe has lost nothing" — and we were too well satisfied that he considered himself as hearing a new production, when, chuckling over one couplet, he said — "Better and better — but how will poor Terry endure these cuts?" I went on with the poet's terrible sarcasms upon the theatrical life, and he listened eagerly, muttering, "Honest Dan!" — "Dan won't like this." At length I reached those lines —

"Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest:
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warned by misery, nor enriched by gain."

"Shut the book," said Sir Walter — "I can't stand more of this — it will touch Terry to the very quick."

On the morning of Sunday the 15th, he was again taken out into the little *pleasaunce*, and got as far as his favourite terrace-walk between the garden and the river, from which he seemed to survey the valley and the hills with much satisfaction. On reëntering the house, he desired me to read to him from the New Testament, and after that he again called for a little of Crabbe; but whatever I selected from that poet seemed to be listened to as if it made part of some new volume published while he was in Italy. He attended with this sense of novelty even to the tale of Phœbe Dawson, which not many months before he could have repeated every line of, and which I chose for one of these readings, because, as is known to every one, it had formed the last solace of Mr. Fox's deathbed. On the contrary, his recollection of whatever I read from the Bible appeared to be lively; and in the afternoon, when we made his grandson, a child of six years, repeat some of Dr. Watts' hymns by his chair, he seemed also to remember them perfectly. That evening he heard the Church service, and when I was about to close the book, said — "Why do you omit the visitation for the sick?" — which I added accordingly.

On Monday he remained in bed, and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said — "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said — "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office — it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropt into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me — "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he — "no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself — get me to bed — that's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after another week he was unable even for this. During a few days he was in a state of painful irritation — and I saw realized all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Croftangry and his paralytic friend. Dr. Ross came out from Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, one of the dearest *nieces* of the Clerks' table. Sir Walter with some difficulty recognised the Doctor — but, on hearing Mrs. Ross's voice, exclaimed at once — "Isn't that Kate Hume?" These kind friends remained for two or three days with us. Clarkson's lancet was pronounced necessary, and the relief it afforded was, I am happy to say, very effectual.

After this he declined daily but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh — and *Burk Sir Walter* escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job) — or some petition in the litany — or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version) — or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connexion with the Church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ;* and I think the very last *stanza* that we could make out, was the first of a still greater favourite: —

"Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

All this time he continued to recognise his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him — and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

After two or three weeks had passed in this way, I was obliged to leave Sir Walter for a single day, and go into Edinburgh to transact business, on his account, with Mr. Henry Cockburn (now Lord Cockburn), then Solicitor-General for Scotland. The Scotch Reform Bill threw a great burden of new duties and responsibilities upon the Sheriffs; and Scott's Sheriff-substitute, the Laird of Raeburn, not having been regularly educated for the law, found himself incompetent to encounter these novelties, especially as regarded the registration of voters, and other details connected with the recent enlargement of the electoral franchise. Under such circumstances, as no one but the Sheriff could appoint another Substitute, it became necessary for Sir Walter's family to communicate the state he was in in a formal manner to the Law Officers of the Crown; and the Lord Advocate (Mr. Jeffrey), in consequence, introduced and carried through Parliament a short bill (2 and 3 William IV. cap. 101), authorizing the Government to appoint a new Sheriff of Selkirkshire, "during the incapacity or non-resignation of Sir Walter Scott." It was on this bill that the Solicitor-General had expressed a wish to converse with me: but there was little to be said, as the temporary nature of the new appointment gave no occasion for any pecuniary question; and, if that had been otherwise, the circumstances of the case would have rendered Sir Walter's family entirely indifferent upon such a subject. There can be no doubt, that if he had recovered in so far as to be capable of executing a resignation, the Government would have considered it just to reward thirty-two years' faithful services by a retired allowance equivalent to his salary — and as little, that the Government would have had sincere satisfaction in settling that matter in the shape most acceptable to himself. And perhaps (though I feel that it is scarcely worth while) I may as well here express my regret that a statement highly unjust and injurious should have found its way into the pages of some of Sir Walter's preceding biographers. These writers have thought fit to insinuate that there was a want of courtesy and respect on the part of the Lord Advocate, and the other official persons connected with this arrangement. On the contrary, nothing could be more handsome and delicate than the whole of their conduct in it; Mr. Cockburn could not have entered into the case with greater feeling and tenderness, had it concerned a brother of his own; and when Mr. Jeffrey introduced his bill in the House of Commons, he used language so graceful and touching, that both Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Croker went across the House to thank him cordially for it.

Perceiving, towards the close of August, that the end was near, and thinking it very likely that Abbotsford might soon undergo many changes, and myself, at all events, never see it again, I felt a desire to have some image preserved of the interior apartments as occupied by their founder, and invited from Edinburgh for that purpose Sir Walter's dear friend, William Allan — whose presence, I well knew, would even under the circumstances of that time be nowise troublesome to any of the family, but the contrary in all respects. Mr. Allan willingly complied, and executed a series of beautiful drawings. He also shared our watchings, and witnessed all but the last moments. Sir Walter's cousins, the ladies of Ashestiel, came down frequently, for a day or two at a time; and did whatever sisterly affections could prompt both for the sufferer and his daughters. Miss Mary Scott (daughter of his uncle Thomas), and Mrs Scott of Harden, did the like.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm — every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." — He paused, and I said — "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" — "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night — God bless you all." — With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. — They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P.M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day — so warm, that every window was wide open — and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose: —

Κεῖτο μέγας μεγαλωστὶ, λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων

Almost every newspaper that announced this event in Scotland, and many in England, had the signs of mourn ing usual on the demise of a king. With hardly an exception, the voice was that of universal, unmixed grief and veneration.

It was considered due to Sir Walter's physicians, and to the public, that the nature of his malady should be distinctly ascertained. The result was, that there appeared the traces of a very slight mollification in one part of the substance of the brain.*

His funeral was conducted in an unostentatious manner, but the attendance was very great. Few of his old friends then in Scotland were absent, — and many, both friends and strangers, came from a great distance. His old domestics and foresters made it their petition that no hireling hand might assist in carrying his remains. They themselves bore the coffin to the hearse, and from the hearse to the grave. The pall-bearers were his sons, his son-in-law, and his little grandson; his cousins, Charles Scott of Nesbitt, James Scott of Jedburgh (sons to his uncle Thomas), William Scott of Raeburn, Robert Rutherford, Clerk to the Signet, Colonel (now Sir James) Russell of Ashestiel, William Keith (brother to Sir

---

* "*Abbotsford, Sept.* 23, 1832. — This forenoon, in presence of Dr. Adolphus Ross, from Edinburgh, and my father, I proceeded to examine the head of Sir Walter Scott.

"On removing the upper part of the cranium, the vessels on the surface of the brain appeared slightly turgid, and on cutting into the brain the cineritious substance was found of a darker hue than natural and a greater than usual quantity of serum in the ventricles. Excepting these appearances, the right hemisphere seemed in a healthy state; but in the left, in the choroid plexus, three distinct though small hydatids were found; and on reaching the corpus striatum it was discovered diseased — a considerable portion of it being in a state of ramolissement. The blood-vessels were in a healthy state. The brain was not large — and the cranium thinner than it is usually found to be. J. B. CLARKSON."

Alexander Keith of Ravelstone), and the chief of his family, Hugh Scott of Harden, now Lord Polwarth.

When the company were assembled, according to the usual Scotch fashion, prayers were offered up by the Very Reverend Dr. Baird,* Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and by the Reverend Dr. David Dickson, Minister of St. Cuthbert's, who both expatiated in a very striking manner on the virtuous example of the deceased.

The court-yard and all the precincts of Abbotsford were crowded with uncovered spectators as the procession was arranged; and as it advanced through Darnick and Melrose, and the adjacent villages, the whole population appeared at their doors in like manner — almost all in black. The train of carriages extended, I understand, over more than a mile; the Yeomanry followed in great numbers on horseback; and it was late in the day ere we reached Dryburgh. Some accident, it was observed, had caused the hearse to halt for several minutes on the summit of the hill at Bemerside — exactly where a prospect of remarkable richness opens, and where Sir Walter had always been accustomed to rein up his horse. The day was dark and lowering, and the wind high.

The wide enclosure at the Abbey of Dryburgh was thronged with old and young; and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and again laid on the shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand lips. Mr. Archdeacon Williams read the Burial Service of the Church of England; and thus, about half-past five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday the 26th September 1832, the remains of SIR WALTER SCOTT were laid by the side of his wife in the sepulchre of his ancestors — "*in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body that it may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.*"

---

* Principal Baird died at Linlithgow 14th Janurry 1840, in his 79th year.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

We read in Solomon — "The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy;" — and a wise poet of our own time thus beautifully expands the saying:

> "Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
> Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
> Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
> Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?" *

Such considerations have always induced me to regard with small respect, any attempt to delineate fully and exactly any human being's character. I distrust, even in very humble cases, our capacity for judging our neighbour fairly; and I cannot but pity the presumption that must swell in the heart and brain of any ordinary brother of the race, when he dares to pronounce *ex cathedrâ*, on the whole structure and complexion of a great mind, from the comparatively narrow and scanty materials which can by possibility have been placed before him. Nor is the difficulty to my view lessened, — perhaps it is rather increased, when the great man is a great artist. It is true, that many of the feelings common to our nature can only be expressed adequately, and that some of the finest of them can only be expressed at all, in the language of art; and more especially in the language of poetry. But it is equally true, that high and sane art never attempts to express that for which the artist does not claim and expect general sympathy; and however much of what we had thought to be our own secrets he ventures to give shape to, it becomes, I can never help believing, modest understandings to rest convinced that there remained a world of deeper mysteries to which the dignity of genius would refuse any utterance.

---

* See Keble's *Christian Year*, p. 261.

I have therefore endeavoured to lay before the reader those parts of Sir Walter's character to which we have access, as they were indicated in his sayings and doings through the long series of his years — making use, whenever it was possible, of his own letters and diaries rather than of any other materials; — but refrained from obtruding almost anything of comment. It was my wish to let the character develope itself: and conscious that I have wilfully withheld nothing that might assist the mature reader to arrive at just conclusions, I am by no means desirous of drawing out a detailed statement of my own. I am not going to "peep and botanize" upon his grave. But a few general observations will be forgiven — perhaps expected.

I believe that if the history of any one family in upper or middle life could be faithfully written, it might be as generally interesting, and as permanently useful, as that of any nation, however great and renowned. But literature has never produced any worthy book of this class, and probably it never will. The only lineages in which we can pretend to read personal character far back, with any distinctness, are those of kings and princes, and a few noble houses of the first eminence; and it hardly needed Swift's biting satire to satisfy the student of the past, that the very highest pedigrees are as uncertain as the very lowest. We flatter the reigning monarch, or his haughtier satellite, by tracing in their lineaments the mighty conqueror or profound legislator of a former century. But call up the dead, according to the Dean's incantation, and we might have the real ancestor in some chamberlain, confessor, or musician.

Scott himself delighted, perhaps above all other books, in such as approximate to the character of good family histories, — as for example, Godscroft's House of Douglas and Angus, and the Memorie of the Somervilles, — which last is, as far as I know, the best of its class in any language; and his reprint of the trivial "Memorials" of the Haliburtons, to whose dust he is now gathered, was but one of a thousand indications of his anxiety to realize his own ancestry to his imagination. No testamentary deed, instrument of contract, or entry in a parish register, seemed valueless to him, if it bore in any manner, however obscure or distant, on the personal history of any of his ascertainable predecessors. The chronicles of the race furnished the fire-side talk to which he listened in infancy at Smailholm, and his first rhymes were those of Satchels. His physical infirmity was reconciled to him, even dignified perhaps, by tracing it back to forefathers who acquired famousness in their own way, in spite of such disadvantages. These studies led by easy and inevitable links to those of the history of his province generally, and then of his native kingdom. The lamp of his zeal burnt on brighter and brighter amidst the dust of parchments; his love and pride vivified whatever he hung over in these dim records, and patient antiquarianism, long brooding and meditating, became gloriously transmuted into the winged spirit of national poetry.

Whatever he had in himself, he would fain have made out a hereditary claim for. He often spoke both seriously and sportively on the subject. He had assembled about him in his "own great parlour," as he called it — the room in which he died — all the pictures of his ancestors that he could come by; and in his most genial evening mood he seemed never to weary of perusing them. The Cavalier of Killiecrankie — brave, faithful, learned, and romantic old "Beardie," a determined but melancholy countenance — was never surveyed without a repetition of the solitary Latin rhyme of his Vow. He had, of course, no portraits of the elder heroes of Harden to lecture upon; but a skilful hand had supplied the same wall with a fanciful delineation of the rough wooing of "Meikle-mouthed Meg;" and the only historical picture, properly so called, that he ever bespoke, was to be taken (for it was never executed) from the Raid o' the Redswire, when

—— "The Laird's Wat, that worthy man,
Brought in that surname weel beseen;"

"The Rutherfords with great renown,
Convoyed the town o' Jedbrugh out."

The ardent but sagacious "goodman of Sandyknowe" hangs by the side of his father, "Bearded Wat;" and often, when moralizing in his latter day over the doubtful condition of his ultimate fortunes, Sir Walter would point to "Honest Robin," and say, "Blood will out: — my building and planting was but his buying the hunter before he stocked his sheep-walk over again." "And yet," I once heard him say, glancing to the likeness of his own staid calculating father, "it was a wonder, too — for I have a thread of the attorney in me." And so, no doubt, he had; for the "elements" were mingled in him curiously, as well as "gently."

An imagination such as his, concentrating its day-dreams on things of this order, soon shaped out a world of its own — to which it would fain accommodate the real one. The love of his country became indeed a passion; no knight ever tilted for his mistress, more willingly than he would have bled and died, to preserve even the airiest surviving nothing of her antique pretensions for Scotland. But the Scotland of his affections had the clan Scott for her kernel. Next and almost equal to the throne was Buccleuch. Fancy rebuilt and most prodigally embellished the whole system of the social existence of the middle ages, in which the clansman (wherever there were clans) acknowledged practically no sovereign but his chief. The author of "the Lay" would rather have seen his heir carry the Banner of Bellenden gallantly at a foot-ball match on Carterhaugh, than he would have heard that the boy had attained the highest honours of the first university in Europe. His original pride was to be an acknowledged member of one of the "honourable families" whose progenitors had been celebrated by Satchels for following this banner in blind obedience to the patriarchal leader; his first and last worldly ambition was to be himself the founder of a distinct branch; he desired to plant a lasting root, and dreamt not of personal fame, but of long distant generations rejoicing in the name of "Scott of Abbotsford." By this idea all his reveries — all his aspirations — all his plans and efforts, were overshadowed and controlled. The great object and end only rose into clearer day-light, and swelled into more substantial dimensions, as public applause strengthened his confidence in his own powers and faculties; and when he had reached the summit of universal and unrivalled honour, he clung to his first love with the faith of a Paladin. It is easy enough to smile at all this; many will not understand it, and some who do may pity it. But it was at least a different thing from the modern vulgar ambition of amassing a fortune and investing it in land. The lordliest vision of acres would have had little charm for him, unless they were situated on Ettrick or Yarrow, or in

—— "Pleasant Tiviedale,
Fast by the river Tweed" ——

— somewhere within the primeval territory of "the Rough Clan."

His worldly ambition was thus grafted on that ardent feeling for blood and kindred which was the great redeeming element in the social life of what we call the middle ages; and — though no man estimated the solid advantages of modern existence more justly than he did when, restraining his fancy, he exercised his graver faculties on the comparison — it was the natural effect of the studies he devoted himself to and rose by, to indispose him for dwelling on the sober results of judgment and reason in all such matters. What a striking passage that is in one of his letters now printed, where he declines to write a biography of Queen Mary, "because his opinion was contrary to his feeling!" But he confesses the same of his Jacobitism; and yet how eagerly does he seem to have grasped at the shadow, however false and futile, under which he chose to see the means of reconciling his Jacobitism with loyalty to the reigning monarch who befriended him? We find him, over and over again alluding to George IV. as acquiring a title, *de jure*, on the death of the poor Cardinal of York! Yet who could have known better, that whatever rights the exiled males of the Stuart line ever possessed, must have remained entire with their female descendants?

The same resolution to give imagination her scope, and always in favour of antiquity, is the ruling principle and charm of all his best writings; and he indulged and embodied it so largely in his buildings at Abbotsford, that to have curtailed the exposition of his fond untiring enthusiasm on that score, would have been like omitting the Prince in a cast of Hamlet. So also with all the details of his hospitable existence, when he had fairly completed his "romance in stone and lime;" — every outline copied from some old baronial edifice in Scotland — every roof and window blazoned with clan bearings, or the lion rampant gules, or the heads of the ancient Stuart kings. He wished to revive the interior life of the castles he had emulated — their wide open joyous reception of all comers, but especially of kinsmen, allies, and neighbours — ballads and pibrochs to enliven flowing bowls and *quaighs* — jolly hunting fields in which yeoman and gentleman might ride side by side — and mirthful dances, where no Sir Piercy Shafton need blush to lead out the miller's daughter. In the brightest meridian of his genius and fame, this was his *beau ideal.* All the rest, however agreeable and flattering, was but "leather and prunella" to this. There was much kindness surely in such ambition: — in spite of the apparent contradiction in terms, was there not really much humility about it?

To this ambition we owe the gigantic monuments of Scott's genius; and to the kindly feelings out of which his ambition grew, grew also his fatal connexion with merchandise. The Ballantynes were his old schoolfellows; — and the reader has had means to judge whether when once embarked in their concerns, he ever could have got out of them again, until rude calamity, at one blow, broke the meshes of his entanglement. I need not recur to that sad and complicated chapter. Nor, perhaps, need I offer any more speculations, by way of explaining, and reconciling to his previous and subsequent history and demeanour, either the mystery in which he had chosen to wrap his commercial connexions from his most intimate friends, or the portentous carelessness with which he abandoned these matters to the direction of negligent and inefficient colleagues. And yet I ought, I rather think, to have suggested to certain classes of my readers, at a much earlier stage, that no man could in former times be called either to the English or the Scottish Bar, who was known to have any direct interest in any commercial undertaking of any sort; and that the body of feelings or prejudices in which this regulation originated — (for though there might be sound reason for it besides, such undoubtedly was the main source) — prevailed in Scotland in Sir Walter's youth, to an extent of which the present generation may not easily form an adequate notion. In the minds of the "northern *noblesse de la robe*," as they are styled in Redgauntlet, such feelings had wide and potent authority; insomuch that I can understand perfectly how Scott, even after he ceased to practise at the Bar, being still a Sheriff, and a member of the Faculty of Advocates, should have shrunk very sensitively from the idea of having his alliance with a trading firm revealed among his comrades of the gown. And, moreover, the practice of mystery is, perhaps, of all practices, the one most likely to grow into a habit; secret breeds secret; and I ascribe, after all, the long silence about Waverley to the matured influence of this habit, at least as much as to any of the motives which the author has thought fit to assign in his late confessions.

But was there not, in fact, something that lay far deeper than a mere professional prejudice?

Among many things in Scott's Diaries, which cast strong light upon the previous part of his history, the reluctance which he confesses himself to have always felt towards the resumption of the proper appointed task, however willing, nay eager, to labour sedulously on something else, can hardly have escaped the reader's notice. We know how gallantly he combated it in the general — but these precious Diaries themselves are not the least pregnant proofs of the extent to which it very often prevailed — for an hour or two at least, if not for the day.

I think this, if we were to go no farther, might help us somewhat in understanding the neglect about superintending the Messrs. Ballantynes' ledgers and bill books; and, consequently, the rashness about buying land, building, and the like.

But to what are we to ascribe the origin of this reluctance towards accurate and minute investigation and transaction of business of various sorts, so important to himself, in a man possessing such extraordinary sagacity, and exercising it every day with such admirable regularity and precision, in the various capacities of the head of a family — the friend — the magistrate — the most distinguished citizen of Edinburgh — beyond all comparison the most distinguished member of society that figured in his time in his native kingdom?

The whole system of conceptions and aspirations, of which his early active life was the exponent, resolves itself into a romantic idealization of Scottish aristocracy. He desired to secure for his descendants (for himself he had very soon acquired something infinitely more flattering to self-love and vanity) a decent and honourable middle station — in a scheme of life so constituted originally, and which his fancy pictured as capable of being so revived, as to admit of the kindliest personal contact between (almost) the peasant at the plough, and the magnate with revenues rivalling the monarch's. It was the patriarchal — the clan system, that he thought of; one that never prevailed even in Scotland, within the historical period that is to say, except in the Highlands, and in his own dear Border-land. This system knew nothing of commerce — as little certainly of literature beyond the raid-ballad of the wandering harper, —

> "High placed in hall — a welcome guest."

His filial reverence of imagination shrunk from marring the antique, if barbarous, simplicity. I suspect that at the highest elevation of his literary renown — when princes bowed to his name, and nations thrilled at it — he would have considered losing all that at a change of the wind, as nothing, compared to parting with his place as the Cadet of Harden and Clansman of Buccleuch, who had, no matter by what means, reached such a position, that when a notion arose of embodying "a Buccleuch legion," not a Scott in the Forest would have thought it otherwise than natural for *Abbotsford* to be one of the field-officers. I can, therefore, understand that he may have, from the very first, exerted the dispensing power of imagination very liberally, in virtually absolving himself from dwelling on the wood of which his ladder was to be constructed. Enough was said in a preceding chapter of the obvious fact, that the author of such a series of romances as his, must have, to all intents and purposes, lived more than half his life in worlds purely fantastic. In one of the last obscure and faltering pages of his Diary he says, that if any one asked him how much of his thought was occupied by the novel then in hand, the answer would have been, that in one sense it never occupied him except when the amanuensis sat before him, but that in another it was never five minutes out of his head. Such, I have no doubt, the case had always been. But I must be excused from doubting whether, when the substantive fiction actually in process of manufacture was absent from his mind, the space was often or voluntarily occupied (no positive external duty interposing) upon the real practical worldly position and business of the Clerk of Session — of the Sheriff, — least of all of the printer or the bookseller.

The sum is, if I read him aright, that he was always willing, in his ruminative moods, to veil, if possible, from his own optics the kind of machinery by which alone he had found the means of attaining his darling objects. Having acquired a perhaps unparalleled power over the direction of scarcely paralleled faculties, he chose to exert his power in this manner. On no other supposition can I find his history intelligible; — I mean, of course, the great obvious and marking facts of his history; for I hope I have sufficiently disclaimed all pretension to a thorough-going analysis. He appears to have studiously escaped from whatever could have interfered with his own enjoyment — to have revelled in the fair results, and waved the wand of obliterating magic over all besides; and persisted so long, that (like the sorcerer he celebrates) he became the dupe of his own delusions.

It is thus that (not forgetting the subsidiary influence of professional Edinburgh prejudices) I am inclined, on the whole, to account for his initiation in the practice of mystery — a thing, at first sight, so alien from the frank, open, generous nature of a man, than whom none ever had or deserved to have more real friends.

The indulgence cost him very dear. It ruined his fortunes — but I can have no doubt that it did worse than that. I cannot suppose that a nature like his was fettered and shut up in this way without suffering very severely from the "cold obstruction." There must have been a continual "insurrection" in his "state of man;" and, above all, I doubt not that what gave him the bitterest pain in the hour of his calamities, was the feeling of compunction with which he then found himself obliged to stand before those with whom he had, through life, cultivated brotherly friendship, convicted of having kept his heart closed to them on what they could not but suppose to have been the chief subjects of his thought and anxiety, in times when they withheld nothing from him. These, perhaps, were the "written troubles" that had been cut deepest into his brain. I think they were, and believe it the more, because it was never acknowledged.

If he had erred in the primary indulgence out of which this sprang, he at least made noble atonement.

During the most energetic years of manhood he laboured with one prize in view; and he had just grasped it, as he fancied, securely, when all at once the vision was dissipated: he found himself naked and desolate as Job. How he nerved himself against the storm — how he felt and how he resisted it — how soberly, steadily, and re solvedly he contemplated the possibility of yet, by redoubled exertions, in so far retrieving his fortunes, as that no man should lose by having trusted those for whom he had been pledged — how well he kept his vow, and what price it cost him to do so, — all this the reader, I doubt not, appreciates fully. It seems to me that strength of character was never put to a severer test than when, for labours of love, such as his had hitherto almost always been — the pleasant exertion of genius for the attainment of ends that owed all their dignity and beauty to a poetical fancy — there came to be substituted the iron pertinacity of daily and nightly toil, in the discharge of a duty which there was nothing but the sense of chivalrous honour to make stringent.

It is the fond indulgence of gay fancy in all the previous story that gives its true value and dignity to the voluntary agony of the sequel, when, indeed, he appears

> —— " Sapiens, sibique imperiosus;
> Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;
> Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
> Fortis; et in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus,
> Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
> In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna."

The attentive reader will not deny that every syllable of this proud *ideal* has been justified to the letter. But though he boasted of stoicism, his heroism was something far better than the stoic's; for it was not founded on a haughty trampling down of all delicate and tender thoughts and feelings. He lays his heart bare in his Diary; and we there read, in characters that will never die, how the sternest resolution of a philosopher may be at once quickened and adorned by the gentlest impulses of that spirit of love, which alone makes poetry the angel of life This is the moment in which posterity will desire to fix his portraiture. It is then, truly, that

"He sits, 'mongst men, like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off
More than a mortal seeming."

But the noble exhibition was not a fleeting one; it was not that a robust mind elevated itself by a fierce effort for the crisis of an hour. The martyrdom lasted with his days; and if it shortened them, let us remember his own immortal words, —

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim —
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

For the rest, I presume, it will be allowed that no human character, which we have the opportunity of studying with equal minuteness, had fewer faults mixed up in its texture. The grand virtue of fortitude, the basis of all others, was never displayed in higher perfection than in him; and it was, as perhaps true courage always is, combined with an equally admirable spirit of kindness and humanity. His pride, if we must call it so, undebased by the least tincture of mere vanity, was intertwined with a most exquisite charity, and was not inconsistent with true humility. If ever the principle of kindliness was incarnated in a mere man, it was in him; and real kindliness can never be but modest. In the social relations of life, where men are most effectually tried, no spot can be detected in him. He was a patient, dutiful, reverent son; a generous, compassionate, tender husband; an honest, careful, and most affectionate father Never was a more virtuous or a happier fireside than his. The influence of his mighty genius shadowed imperceptibly ; his calm good sense, and his angelic sweetness of heart and temper, regulated and softened a strict but paternal discipline. His children, as they grew up, understood by degrees the high privilege of their birth; but the profoundest sense of his greatness never disturbed their confidence in his goodness. The buoyant play of his spirits made him sit young among the young; parent and son seemed to live in brotherhood together; and the chivalry of his imagination threw a certain air of courteous gallantry into his relations with his daughters, which gave a very peculiar grace to the fondness of their intercourse. Though there could not be a gentler mother than Lady Scott, — on those delicate occasions most interesting to young ladies, they always made their father the first confidant.

To the depth of his fraternal affection I ascribe, mainly, the only example of departure from the decorum of polished manners which a keen observer of him through life ever witnessed in him, or my own experience and information afford any trace of. Injuries done to himself no man forgave more easily — more willingly repaid by benefits. But it was not so when he first and unexpectedly saw before him the noble person who, as he considered things at the time, had availed himself of his parliamentary privilege to cast a shade of insult upon the character of his next and best-beloved brother.

But perhaps the most touching evidence of the lasting tenderness of his early domestic feelings was exhibited to his executors, when they opened his repositories in search of his testament, the evening after his burial. On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room — the silver taper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee — a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her — his father's snuff-box and etui-case — and more things of the like sort, recalling

"The old familiar faces."

The same feeling was apparent in all the arrangement of his private apartment. Pictures of his father and mother were the only ones in his dressing-room. The clumsy antique cabinets that stood there, things of a very different class from the beautiful and costly productions in the public rooms below, had all belonged to the furniture of George's Square. Even his father's rickety washing-stand, with all its cramped appurtenances, though exceedingly unlike what a man of his very scrupulous habits would have selected in these days, kept its ground. The whole place seemed fitted up like a little chapel of the lares.

Such a son and parent could hardly fail in any of the other social relations. No man was a firmer or more indefatigable friend. I know not that he ever lost one; and a few, with whom, during the energetic middle stage of life, from political differences or other accidental circumstances, he lived less familiarly, had all gathered round him, and renewed the full warmth of early affection in his later days. There was enough to dignify the connexion in their eyes; but nothing to chill it on either side. The imagination that so completely mastered him when he chose to give her the rein, was kept under most determined control when any of the positive obligations of active life came into question. A high and pure sense of duty presided over whatever he had to do as a citizen and a magistrate; and as a landlord, he considered his estate as an extension of his hearth.

Of his political creed, the many who hold a different one will of course say that it was the natural fruit of his poetical devotion to the mere prejudice of antiquity; and I am quite willing to allow that this must have had a great share in the matter — and that he himself would have been as little ashamed of the word *prejudice* as of the word *antiquity*. Whenever Scotland could be considered as standing separate on any question from the rest of the empire, he was not only apt, but eager to embrace the opportunity of again rehoisting, as it were, the old signal of national independence; and I sincerely believe that no circumstance in his literary career gave him so much personal satisfaction as the success of Malachi Malagrowther's Epistles. He confesses, however, in his Diary, that he was aware how much it became him to summon calm reason to battle imaginative prepossessions on this score; and I am not aware that they ever led him into any serious practical error. He delighted in letting his fancy run wild about ghosts and witches and horoscopes — but I venture to say, had he sat on the judicial bench a hundred years before he was born, no man would have been more certain to give juries sound direction in estimating the pretended evidence of supernatural occurrences of any sort; and I believe, in like manner, that had any Anti-English faction, civil or religious, sprung up in his own time in Scotland, he would have done more than any other living man could have hoped to do, for putting it down. He was on all practical points a steady, conscientious Tory of the school of William Pitt; who, though an anti-revolutionist, was certainly anything but an anti-reformer. He rejected the innovations, in the midst of which he died, as a revival, under alarmingly authoritative auspices, of the doctrines which had endangered Britain in his youth, and desolated Europe throughout his prime of manhood. May the gloomy anticipations which hung over his closing years be unfulfilled! But should they be so, let posterity remember that the warnings, and the resistance of his and other powerful intellects, were probably in that event the appointed means for averting a catastrophe in which, had England fallen, the whole civilized world must have been involved.

Sir Walter received a strictly religious education under the eye of parents, whose virtuous conduct was in unison with the principles they desired to instil into their children. From the great doctrines thus recommended he appears never to have swerved; but he must be numbered among the many who have incurred considerable risk of doing so, in consequence of the rigidity with which Presbyterian heads of families, in Scotland, were used to enforce compliance with various relics of the puritanical observance. He took up, early in life, a repugnance to the mode in which public worship is conducted in the Scottish Establishment; and adhered to the sister Church, whose system of government and discipline he believed to be the fairest copy of the primitive polity, and whose litanies and collects he reverenced as having been transmitted to us from the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles. The few passages in his

Diaries, in which he alludes to his own religious feelings and practices, show clearly the sober, serene, and elevated frame of mind in which he habitually contemplated man's relations with his Maker; the modesty with which he shrunk from indulging either the presumption of reason, or the extravagance of imagination, in the province of Faith; his humble reliance on the wisdom and mercy of God; and his firm belief that we are placed in this state of existence, not to speculate about another, but to prepare ourselves for it by actual exertion of our intellectual faculties, and the constant cultivation of kindness and benevolence towards our fellow-men.

But his moral, political, and religious character has sufficiently impressed itself upon the great body of his writings. He is indeed one of the few great authors of modern Europe who stand acquitted of having written a line that ought to have embittered the bed of death. His works teach the practical lessons of morality and Christianity in the most captivating form — unobtrusively and unaffectedly. And I think it is not refining too far to say, that in these works, as well as his whole demeanour as a man of letters, we may trace the happy effects — (enough has already been said as to some less fortunate and agreeable ones) — of his having written throughout with a view to something beyond the acquisition of personal fame. Perhaps no great poet ever made his literature so completely ancillary to the objects and purposes of practical life. However his imagination might expatiate, it was sure to rest over his home. The sanctities of domestic love and social duty were never forgotten; and the same circumstance that most ennobles all his triumphs, affords also the best apology for his errors.

I have interwoven in these pages some record of whatever struck myself as preëminently acute in the critical essays bestowed on Scott's works by his contemporaries; but I have little doubt that the best of these essays will in due time be collected together, and accompany, *in extenso*, a general edition of his writings. From the first, his possession of a strong and brilliant genius was acknowledged; and the extent of it seems to have been guessed by others, before he was able to persuade himself that he had claim to a place among the masters of literature. The ease with which he did everything, deceived him; and he probably would never have done himself any measure of justice, even as compared with those of his own time, but for the fact, which no modesty could long veil, that whatever he did became immediately "*the fashion*," — the object of all but universal imitation. Even as to this, he was often ready to surmise that the priority of his own movement might have been matter of accident; and certainly nothing can mark the humility of his mind more strikingly than the style in which he discusses, in his Diary, the pretensions of the pigmies that swarmed and fretted in the deep wake of his mighty vessel. To the really original writers among his contemporaries he did full justice; no differences of theory or taste had the least power to disturb his candour. In some cases he rejoiced in feeling and expressing a cordial admiration, where he was met by, at best, a cold and grudging reciprocity: and in others, his generosity was proof against not only the private belief, but the public exposure of envious malignity. Lord Byron might well say that Scott could be jealous of no one; but the immeasurable distance did not prevent many from being jealous of him.

His propensity to think too well of other men's works sprung, of course, mainly, from his modesty and good-nature but the brilliancy of his imagination greatly sustained the delusion. It unconsciously gave precision to the trembling outline, and life and warmth to the vapid colours before him. This was especially the case as to romances and novels; the scenes and characters in them were invested with so much of the "light within," that he would close with regret volumes which, perhaps, no other person, except the diseased glutton of the circulating library, ever could get half through. Where colder critics saw only a schoolboy's hollowed turnip with its inch of tallow, he looked through the dazzling spray of his own fancy, and sometimes the clumsy toy seems to have swelled almost into "the majesty of buried Denmark."

These servile imitators are already forgotten, or will soon be so; but it is to be hoped that the spirit which breathes through his works may continue to act on our literature, and consequently on the character and manners of men. The race that grew up under the influence of that intellect can hardly be expected to appreciate fully their own obligations to it: and yet if we consider what were the tendencies of the minds and works that, but for his, must have been unrivalled in the power and opportunity to mould young ideas, we may picture to ourselves in some measure the magnitude of the debt we owe to a perpetual succession, through thirty years, of publications unapproached in charm, and all instilling a high and healthy code; a bracing, invigorating spirit; a contempt of mean passions, whether vindictive or voluptuous; humane charity, as distinct from moral laxity, as from unsympathizing austerity; sagacity too deep fo cynicism, and tenderness never degenerating into sentimentality: animated throughout in thought, opinion, feeling, and style, by one and the same pure energetic principle — a pith and savour of manhood; appealing to whatever is good and loyal in our natures, and rebuking whatever is low and selfish.

Had Sir Walter never taken a direct part in politics as a writer, the visible bias of his mind on such subjects must have had a great influence; nay, the mere fact that such a man belonged to a particular side would have been a very important weight in the balance. His services, direct and indirect, towards repressing the revolutionary propensities of his age, were vast — far beyond the comprehension of vulgar politicians.

On the whole, I have no doubt that, the more the details of his personal history are revealed and studied, the more powerfully will that be found to inculcate the same great lessons with his works. Where else shall we be taught better how prosperity may be extended by beneficence, and adversity confronted by exertion? Where can we see the "follies of the wise" more strikingly rebuked, and a character more beautifully purified and exalted in the passage through affliction to death? I have lingered so long over the details, that I have, perhaps, become, even from that circumstance alone, less qualified than more rapid surveyors may be to seize the effect in the mass. But who does not feel that there is something very invigorating as well as elevating in the contemplation? His character seems to belong to some elder and stronger period than ours; and, indeed, I cannot help likening it to the architectural fabrics of other ages, which he most delighted in, where there is such a congregation of imagery and tracery, such endless indulgence of whim and fancy, the sublime blending here with the beautiful, and there contrasted with the grotesque — half, perhaps, seen in the clear daylight, and half by rays tinged with the blazoned forms of the past — that one may be apt to get bewildered among the variety of particular impressions, and not feel either the unity of the grand design, or the height and solidness of the structure, until the door has been closed upon the labyrinth of aisles and shrines, and you survey it from a distance, but still within its shadow.

And yet as, with whatever admiration his friends could not but regard him constantly when among them, the prevailing feeling was still love and affection, so is it now, and so must ever it be, as to his memory. It is not the privilege of every reader to have partaken in the friendship of A GREAT AND GOOD MAN; but those who have not may be assured, that the sentiment, which the near homely contemplation of such a being inspires, is a thing entirely by itself: —

—— "Not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

And now to conclude. — In the year 1832, France and Germany, as well as Britain, had to mourn over their brightest intellects. Goethe shortly preceded Scott, and Cuvier followed him: and with these mighty lights were extinguished many others of no common order — among the rest, Crabbe and Mackintosh.

Of the persons closely connected with Sir Walter Scott, and often named accordingly in these pages, few remain. James Ballantyne was on his deathbed when he heard of his great friend and patron's death. The Ettrick Shepherd died in 1835; George Thomson, the happy

"Dominie Thompson," of the happy days of Abbotsford, in 1838; William Laidlaw, after 1832, had the care first of the Seaforth, and then of the Balnagowan estates, in Ross-shire, as factor: but being struck with paralysis in August 1844, retired to the farm-house of his excellent brother James at Contin, and died there in May 1845. Mr. Morritt, to whom the larger Memoirs of his friend were inscribed, died at Rokeby on the 12th of July 1843: loved, venerated, never to be forgotten. William Clerk of Eldin, admired through life for talents and learning, of which he has left no monument, died at Edinburgh in January 1847.

But why extend this catalogue? Sixteen years have passed — the generation to which Scott belonged have been gathered to their fathers. Of his own children none now survive. Miss Anne Scott received at Christmas 1832 a grant of £200 per annum from the privy purse of King William IV. But her name did not long burden the pension list. Her constitution had been miserably shattered in the course of her long and painful attendance, first on her mother's illness, and then on her father's; and perhaps reverse of fortune, and disappointments of various sorts connected with that, had also heavy effect. From the day of Sir Walter's death, the strong stimulus of duty being lost, she too often looked and spoke like one

> "Taking the measure of an unmade grave."

After a brief interval of disordered health, she contracted a brain fever, which carried her off abruptly. She died in my house in the Regent's Park on the 25th June 1833 and her remains are placed in the New Cemetery in the Harrow Road.

The adjoining grave holds those of her nephew John Hugh Lockhart, who died 15th Dec. 1831; and also those of my wife Sophia, who expired after a long illness, which she bore with all possible meekness and fortitude, on the 17th of May 1837. Of all the race she most resembled her father in countenance, in temper, and in manners. The clergyman who read the funeral service over her was her father's friend, and hers, and mine, the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, one of the Prebendaries of Westminster; and a little incident which he happened to observe during the prayers suggested to him some verses, which he transmitted to me the morning after, and which the reader will not, I believe, consider altogether misplaced in the last pages of these memoirs of her father.

"STANZAS—MAY 22, 1837.

" Over that solemn pageant mute and dark,
  Where in the grave we laid to rest
  Heaven's latest, not least welcome guest,
What didst thou on the wing, thou jocund lark!
  Hovering in unrebuked glee,
And carolling above that mournful company?

" O thou light-loving and melodious bird
  At every sad and solemn fall
  Of mine own voice, each interval
In the soul-elevating prayer, I heard
  Thy quivering descant full and clear —
Discord not inharmonious to the ear!

" We laid her there, the Minstrel's darling child.
  Seem'd it then meet that, borne away
  From the close city's dubious day,
Her dirge should be thy native woodnote wild;
  Nurs'd upon nature's lap, her sleep
Should be where birds may sing, and dewy flowerets creep?

"Ascendedst thou, air-wandering messenger!
Above us slowly lingering yet,
To bear our deep, our mute regret;
To waft upon thy faithful wing to her
The husband's fondest last farewell.
Love's final parting pang, the unspoke, the unspeakable?

"Or didst thou rather chide with thy blithe voice
Our selfish grief that would delay
Her passage to a brighter day;
Bidding us mourn no longer, but rejoice
That it hath heavenward flown like thee,
That spirit from this cold world of sin and sorrow free?

"I watched thee, lessening, lessening to the sight,
Still faint and fainter winnowing
The sunshine with thy dwindling wing,
A speck, a movement in the ruffled light,
Till thou wert melted in the sky,
An undistinguished part of the bright infinity.

"Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!
That still, wherever it might come,
Shed sunshine o'er that happy home,
Her task of kindliness and gladness now
Absolved with the element above
Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy, pure love."

Charles Scott, whose spotless worth had tenderly endeared him to the few who knew him intimately, and whose industry and accuracy were warmly acknowledged by his professional superiors, on Lord Berwick's recall from the Neapolitan Embassy resumed his duties as a clerk in the Foreign Office, and continued in that situation until the summer of 1841. Sir John M'Neill, G.C.B., being then entrusted with a special mission to the Court of Persia, carried Charles with him as attaché and private secretary; but the journey on horseback through Asia Minor was trying for his never robust frame; and he contracted an inflammatory disorder which cut him off at Teheran, almost immediately on his arrival there — October 28, 1841. He had reached his 36th year. His last hours had every help that kindness and skill could yield: for the Ambassador had for him the affection of an elder brother, and the physician, Dr. George Joseph Bell (now also gone), had been his schoolfellow, and through life his friend. His funeral in that remote place was so attended as to mark the world-wide reputation of his father. By Sir John M'Neill's care, a small monument with a suitable inscription was erected over his untimely grave.

Walter, who succeeded to the baronetcy, proceeded to Madras in 1839, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 15th Hussars; and subsequently commanded that regiment. He was beloved and esteemed in it by officers and men as much, I believe, as any gentleman ever was in any corps of the British army; and there was no officer of his rank who stood higher in the opinion of the heads of his profession. He had begun life with many advantages — a very handsome person, and great muscular strength — a sweet and even temper, and talents which in the son of any father but his would have been considered brilliant. His answers, when examined as a witness before a celebrated Court-Martial in Ireland in 1834, were indeed universally admired: — whoever had known his father, recognized the head and the heart: and in his letters from India, especially his descriptions of scenery and sport, there occur many passages which, for picturesque effect and easy playful humour, would have done no discredit even to his father's pen. Though neglectful of extra-professional studies in his earlier days, he had in after-life read extensively, and made himself, in every sense of the term, an accomplished man. The library for the soldiers of his corps was founded by him: the care of it was a principal occupation of his later years. His only legacy out of his family was one of £100 to this library; and his widow, well understanding what he felt towards it, directed that a similar sum should be added in her own name. Sir Walter having unwisely exposed himself in a tiger-hunt in August 1846, was on his return to his quarters at Bangalore, smitten with fever, which ended in liver disease. He was ordered to proceed to England, and died near the Cape of Good Hope, on board the ship Wellesley, February the 8th, 1847. Lady Scott conveyed his remains to this country, and they were interred in the paternal aisle at Dryburgh on the 4th of May following, in the presence of the few survivors of his father's friends and many of his own. Three officers who had served under him, and were accidentally in Britain, arrived from great distances to pay him the last homage of their respect. He had never had any child; and with him the baronetcy expired.

The children of illustrious men begin the world with great advantages, if they know how to use them: but this is hard and rare. There is risk that in the flush of youth, favourable to all illusions, the filial pride may be twisted to personal vanity. When experience checks this misgrowth, it is apt to do so with a severity that shall reach the best sources of moral and intellectual development. The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle. It was fortunate for the sons of Scott that his day darkened in the morning of theirs. The sudden calamity anticipated the natural effect of observation and the collisions of society and business. All weak unmanly folly was nipt in the bud, and soon withered to the root. They were both remarkably modest men, but in neither had the better stimulus of the blood been arrested In aspect and manners they were unlike each other: tne elder tall and athletic, the model of a cavalier, with a generous frankness: the other slender and delicate of frame, in bearing, of a womanly gentleness and reserve; but in heart and mind none more akin. The affection of all the family, but especially perhaps of the brothers, for each other, kept to the end all the warmth of undivided childhood. When Charles died, and Walter knew that he was left alone of all his father's house, he evidently began to droop in spirit. It appeared to me from his letters that he thenceforth dreaded rather than desired a return to Scotland and Abbotsford. His only anxiety was that his regiment might be marched towards the Punjaub.

The only descendants of the Poet now alive are my son Walter Scott Lockhart, (a lieutenant in the army,) who, as his uncle's heir of entail, has lately received permission to assume the additional surname of Scott;— and his sister, Charlotte Harriet Jane, married in August 1847 to James Robert Hope, Barrister, second son of the late General the Honourable Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B.*

In the winter succeeding the Poet s death, his sons and myself, as his executors, endeavoured to make such arrangements as were within our power for completing the great object of his own wishes and fatal exertions. We found the remaining principal sum of commercial debt to be nearly £54,000. £22,000 had been insured upon his life; there were some monies in the hands of the Trustees, and Mr. Cadell very handsomely offered to advance to us the balance, about £30,000, that we might without further delay settle with the body of creditors. This was effected accordingly on the 2d of February 1833; Mr. Cadell accepting as his only security, the right to the profits accruing from Sir Walter's copyright property and literary remains, until such time as this new and consolidated obligation should be discharged. Besides his commercial debt, Sir Walter left also one of £10,000, contracted by himself as an individual, when struggling to support Constable in December 1825, and secured by mortgage on the lands of Abbotsford. And, lastly, the library and museum, presented to him in free gift by his creditors in December 1830, were bequeathed to his eldest son with a burden to the extent of £5000, which sum he designed to be divided between his younger children, as already explained in an extract from his Diary. His will provided that the produce of his literary property, in case of its proving sufficient to wipe out the remaining debt of the firm, should then be applied to the extinction of these mortgages; and thereafter, should this also be accomplished, divided equally among his surviving family.

---

* The death of both these children of Mr. Lockhart has occurred since this paragraph was written.

Various meetings were held soon after his death with a view to the erection of Monuments to his memory and the records of these meetings, and their results, are adorned by many of the noblest and most distinguished names both of England and of Scotland. In London the Lord Bishop of Exeter, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir

John Malcolm, took a prominent part as speakers: and the result was a subscription amounting to about £10,000; but a part of this was embezzled by a young person rashly appointed to the post of secretary, who carried it with him to America, where he soon afterwards died. The noblemen and gentlemen who subscribed to this fund adopted a suggestion — (which originated, I believe, with Lord Francis Egerton, now Earl of Ellesmere, and the Honourable John Stuart Wortley, now Lord Wharncliffe) — that, in place of erecting a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey, or a statue or pillar elsewhere, the most suitable and respectful tribute that could be paid to Sir Walter's memory would be to discharge all the encumbrances upon Abbotsford, and entail the House, with its library and other articles of curiosity collected by him, together with the lands which he had planted and embellished, upon the heirs of his name forever. The sum produced by the subscription, however, proved inadequate to the realization of such a scheme; and after much consultation, it was at length settled that the money in the hands of the committee (between £7000 and £8000) should be employed to liquidate the debt upon the library and museum, and whatever might be over, towards the mortgage on the lands. This arrangement enabled the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Walter Scott to secure, in the shape originally desired, the permanent preservation at least of the house and its immediate appurtenances, as a memorial of the tastes and habits of the founder.

Such was the state of matters when the Lieutenant-Colonel embarked for India: and in his absence no further steps could well be taken. Upon his death, it was found that, notwithstanding the very extensive demand for his father's writings, there still remained a considerable debt to Mr. Cadell, and also the greater part of the old debt secured on the lands. Mr. Cadell then offered to relieve the guardians of the young inheritor of that great name from much anxiety and embarrassment by accepting, in full payment of the sum due to himself, and also in recompense for his taking on himself the final obliteration of the heritable bond, a transference to him of the remaining claims of the family over Sir Walter's writings, together with the result of some literary exertions of the only surviving executor. This arrangement was completed in May 1847; and the estate, as well as the house and its appendages, became at last unfettered. The rental is small: but I hope and trust that as long as any of the blood remains, reverent care will attend over the guardianship of a possession associated with so many high and noble recollections. On that subject the gallant Soldier who executed the entail, expressed also in his testament feelings of the devoutest anxiety: and it was, I am well assured, in order that no extraneous obstacle might thwart the fulfilment of his pious wishes, that Mr. Cadell crowned a long series of kind services to the cause and the memory of Sir Walter Scott, by the very handsome proposition of 1847.

Abbotsford, after his own immortal works, is the best monument of its founder. But at Edinburgh also, soon after his death, a meeting was held with a view to the erection of some visible memorial in his native city; the prominent speakers were the late Marquess of Lothian, the late Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Jeffrey, and Professor Wilson: and the subscription then begun realized a sum of £8000, which by subsequent exertions reached no less than £15,000. The result may now be seen in a truly magnificent monument, conspicu ous to every visitor of Scott's "own romantic town" — a lofty Gothic cross, enclosing and surmounting a marble statue of the Poet, which, as well as many happy relievos on the exterior, does great honour to the chisel of Mr. Steele.

In Glasgow, also, there was a meeting in 1832: the subscriptions there reached £1200: and in the chief square of that city, already graced with statues of two illustrious natives, James Watt and Sir John Moore, there is now a lofty pillar surmounted with a statue of Sir Walter Scott.

Finally, in the market-place of Selkirk there has been set up, at the cost of local friends and neighbours, a statue in freestone, by Mr. Alexander Ritchie of Musselburgh, with this inscription: —

"ERECTED IN AUGUST 1839,
IN PROUD AND AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.
SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY
FROM 1800 TO 1832.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek."

In what manner to cover the grave itself at Dryburgh required some consideration, in consequence of the state of the surrounding and overhanging ruins. Sir F. Chantrey recommended a block of Aberdeen granite, so solid as to resist even the fall of the ivied roof of the aisle, and kindly sketched the shape; in which he followed the stone coffin of the monastic ages — especially the "marble stone" on which Deloraine awaits the opening of the wizard's vault in the Lay. This drawing had just been given to Allan Cunningham, when our great sculptor was smitten with a fatal apoplexy. As soon as pressing business allowed, "honest Allan" took up the instructions of his dying friend; the model was executed under his eye: and the letter in which he reported its completion was, I am informed, the very last that he penned. He also had within a few hours a paralytic seizure, from which he never rose. The inscriptions on this simple but graceful tomb are merely of name and date.

The most successful portraitures of Sir Walter Scott have been mentioned incidentally in the course of these Memoirs. It has been suggested that a complete list of the authentic likenesses ought to have been given; but the Editor regrets to say, that this is not in his power. He has reason to believe that several exist which he has never seen. The following catalogue, however, includes some not previously spoken of.

I. A very good miniature of Sir Walter, done at Bath, when he was in the fifth or sixth year of his age, was given by him to his daughter Sophia, and is now in my possession — the artist's name unknown. The child appears with long flowing hair, the colour a light chestnut — a deep open collar, and scarlet dress. It is nearly a profile; the outline wonderfully like what it was to the last; the expression of the eyes and mouth very striking — grave and pensive.*

II. The miniature sent by Scott to Miss Carpenter shortly before their marriage in 1797 — at Abbotsford. It is not a good work of art, and I know not who executed it. The hair is slightly powdered.

---

* Engraved for the first volume of this edition. — [1839.]

III. The first oil painting, done for Lady Scott in 1805, by Saxon, was, in consequence of repeated applications for the purpose of being engraved, transferred by her to Messrs. Longman & Co., and is now in their house in Paternoster Row. This is a very fine picture, representing, I have no doubt, most faithfully, the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Length, three quarters — dress, black — hair, nut-brown — the favourite bull-terrier Camp leaning his head on the knee of his master. The companion portrait of Lady Scott is at Abbotsford.

IV. The first picture by Raeburn was done in 1808 for Constable, and passed, at the sale of his effects, into the hands of the Duke of Buccleuch. Scott is represented at full length, sitting by a ruined wall, with Camp at his feet — Hermitage Castle and the mountains of Liddesdale in the background. This noble portrait has been repeatedly engraved. Dress black — Hessian boots.

V. The second full-length by Raeburn (done a year later) is nearly a repetition of the former; but the painter had some new sittings for it. Two greyhounds (Douglas and Percy) appear in addition to Camp, and the background gives the valley of the Yarrow, marking the period of Ashestiel and Marmion. This piece is at Abbotsford.

VI. A head in oils by Thomas Phillips, R.A., done in 1818 for Mr. Murray, and now in Albemarle Street. The costume was, I think, unfortunately selected — a tartan plaid and open collar. This gives a theatrical air to what would otherwise have been a very graceful representation of Scott in the 47th year of his age. Mr. Phillips (for whom Scott had a warm regard, and who often visited him at Abbotsford) has caught a true expression not hit upon by any of his brethren — a smile of gentle enthusiasm. The head has a vivid resemblance to Sir Walter's eldest daughter, and also to his grandson John Hugh Lockhart. A copy of this picture was added by the late Earl Whitworth to the collection at Knowle.

VII. A head sketched in oil by Geddes — being one of his studies for a picture of the finding of the Scottish Regalia in 1818 — is in the possession of Sir James Stewart of Allanbank, Baronet. It is nearly a profile — boldly drawn.

VIII. The unrivalled portrait (three quarters) by Sir Thomas Lawrence, painted for King George IV. in 1820, and now in the Corridor at Windsor Castle. See Vol. VI. p. 10. The engraving, by Robinson, is masterly.

IX. A head by Sir Henry Raeburn — the last work of his hand — was done in 1822 for Lord Montagu, and is at Ditton Park: a massive strong likeness, heavy at first sight, but which grows into favour upon better acquaintance — the eyes very deep and fine. This picture has been well engraved in mezzotinto.

X. A small three-quarters, in oil, done at Chiefswood, in August 1824, by the late Gilbert Stewart Newton, R. A., and presented by him to Mrs. Lockhart. This pleasing picture gives Sir Walter in his usual country dress — a green jacket and black neckcloth, with a leathern belt for carrying the forester's axe round the shoulders. It is the best domestic portrait ever done. A duplicate, in Mr. Murray's possession, was engraved for Finden's ' Illustrations of Byron."

XI. A half-length, painted by C. R. Leslie, R. A., in 1824, for Mr. Ticknor of Boston, New England, is now in that gentleman's possession. I never saw this picture in its finished state, but the beginning promised well, and I am assured it is worthy of the artist's high reputation. It has not been engraved — in this country I mean — but a reduced copy of it furnished an indifferent print for one of the Annuals.

XII. A small head was painted in 1826 by Mr. Knight, a young artist, patronised by Terry. See Vol. VII. p. 287. This juvenile production, ill-drawn and feeble in expression, was engraved for Mr. Lodge's great work!

XIII. A half-length by Mr. Colvin Smith of Edinburgh, done in January 1828, for the artist's uncle, Lord Gillies. I never admired this picture; but it pleased many, perhaps better judges. Mr. Smith executed no less than fifteen copies for friends of Sir Walter; among others, the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, the Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam, and John Hope, Esq., Dean of the Faculty of Advocates.

XIV. A half-length done by Mr. John Graham in 1829, for the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in whose chambers it now is: Not destitute of merit; but much inferior to that of Miss Anne Scott, by the same hand, in the drawing-room at Abbotsford.

XV. An excellent half-length portrait, by John Watson Gordon of Edinburgh, done in March 1830, for Mr. Cadell. See this volume. p. 118. Scott is represented sitting, with both hands resting on his staff — the stag-hound Bran on his left.

XVI. The cabinet picture, with armour and stag-hounds, done by Francis Grant for Lady Ruthven, in

1831. See this volume, p. 111. This interesting piece has never been engraved.

XVII. I am sorry to say that I cannot express much approbation of the representation of Sir Walter, introduced by Sir David Wilkie in his picture of "The Abbotsford Family;" nor indeed are any of the likenesses in that beautiful piece (1817) at all satisfactory to me, except only that of Sir Adam Fergusson, which is perfect. This is at Huntly Burn.

XVIII. XIX. XX. Nor can I speak more favourably either of the head of Scott in Wilkie's "Arrival of George IV. at Holyrood" (1822), or of that in William Allan's picture of "The Ettrick Shepherd's Househeating" (1819.) Allan has succeeded better in his figure of "The Author of Waverley in his Study;" this was done shortly before Sir Walter's death.

XXI. Mr. Edwin Landseer, R. A., has recently painted a full-length portrait, with the scenery of the Rhymer's Glen; and his familiarity with Scott renders this almost as valuable as if he had sat for it. This beautiful picture is in the gallery of Mr. Wells.

Two or three drawings were done at Naples; but the friends who requested Sir Walter to sit, when labouring under paralysis, were surely forgetful of what was due to him and to themselves; and, judging by the lithographed prints, the results were in every point of view utterly worthless.

I have already (Vol. II. p. 318) given better evidence than my own as to the inimitable Bust done by Sir Francis Chantrey in 1820, and now in the library at Abbotsford. Previous to Sir Walter's death, the niche which this now occupies held a cast of the monumental effigy of Shakspeare, presented to him by George Bullock, with an elegant stand, having the letters W. S. in large relievo on its front. Anxiety to place the precious marble in the safest station induced the poet's son to make the existing arrangement the day after his father's funeral. The propriety of the position is obvious; but in case of misrepresentation hereafter, it is proper to mention that it was not chosen by Sir Walter for an image of himself.

Sir Francis Chantrey sculptured, in 1828, a bust possessing the character of a second original. This is now, I am rejoiced to say, in the gallery of Sir Robert Peel at Drayton; and the following letter supplies the most authentic history of its execution:

" *To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., Whitehall.*

" Belgrave Place, 26th January 1838.

" Dear Sir Robert, — I have much pleasure in complying with your request to note down such facts as remain on my memory concerning the Bust of Sir Walter Scott which you have done me the honour to place in your collection at Drayton Manor.

" My admiration of Scott, as a poet and a man, induced me, in the year 1820, to ask him to sit to me for his bust — the only time I ever recollect having asked a similar favour from any one. He agreed; and I stipulated that he should breakfast with me always before his sittings — and never come alone, nor bring more than three friends at once, and that they should all be good talkers. That he fulfilled the latter condition you may guess, when I tell you that on one occasion he came with Mr. Croker, Mr. Heber, and the late Lord Lyttleton. The marble bust produced from these sittings was moulded; and about forty-five casts were disposed of among the poet's most ardent admirers. This was all I had to do with plaster casts. The bust was pirated by Italians; and England and Scotland, and even the Colonies, were supplied with unpermitted and bad casts to the extent of thousands — in spite of the terror of an act of Parliament.

"I made a copy in marble from this bust for the Duke of Wellington; it was sent to Apsley House in 1827, and it is the only duplicate of my Bust of Sir Walter that I ever executed in marble.

"I now come to your Bust of Scott. In the year 1828 I proposed to the poet to present the original marble as an Heir-Loom to Abbotsford, on condition that he would allow me sittings sufficient to finish another marble from the life for my own studio. To this proposal he acceded; and the bust was sent to Abbotsford accordingly, with the following words inscribed on the back: — 'This Bust of Sir Walter Scott was made in 1820 by Francis Chantrey, and presented by the sculptor to the poet, as a token of esteem, in 1828.'

"In the months of May and June in the same year, 1828, Sir Walter fulfilled his promise; and I finished, from his face, the marble bust now at Drayton Manor — a better sanctuary than my studio — else I had not parted with it. The expression is more serious than in the two former busts, and the marks of age *more* than eight years deeper.

"I have now, I think, stated all that is worthy of remembering about the Bust, except that there need be no fear of piracy, for it has never been moulded. — I have the honour to be, Dear Sir, your very sincere and faithful servant,

"F. Chantrey."

Sir Walter's good nature induced him to sit, at various periods of his life, to other sculptors of inferior standing and reputation. I am not aware, however, that any of their performances but two ever reached the dignity of marble. The one of these, a very tolerable work, was done by Mr. Joseph about 1822, and is in the gallery of Mr. Burn Callander, at Prestonhall, near Edinburgh. The other was modelled by Mr. Lawrence Macdonald, in the unhappy winter of 1830. The period of the artist's observation would alone have been sufficient to render his efforts fruitless. His Bust may be, in point of execution, good ; but he does not seem to me to have produced what any friend of Sir Walter's will recognise as a likeness.

The only Statue executed during Sir Walter's lifetime, is that by John Greenshields in freestone. This, considering all the circumstances (see this volume, p. 15), is certainly a most meritorious work ; and I am well pleased to find that it has its station in Mr. Cadell's premises in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, under the same roof with the greater part of the original MSS. of Sir Walter's Poems and Romances. The proprietor has adopted the inscription for Bacon's effigy at St. Alban's, and carved on the pedestal "SIC SEDEBAT."

APPENDIX.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST
OF THE
PUBLICATIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*** *For Miscellaneous References to these Works in the preceding Volumes, see the accompanying Index. This List is by no means presented as a complete one.*

1796 — (ÆTAT. 25.)

Translations from the German of Bürger — William and Helen, and The Wild Huntsman, &c.,	Vol. I. pp. 269, 280, 286–291

1799 — (28.)

Goetz Von Berlichingen, a Tragedy from the German of Goethe, 8vo,	Vol. II. 16–20
The House of Aspen, a Tragedy,	II. 20, 21, 248; VIII. 269
Ballad of Glenfinlas,	II. 25, 74
——— Eve of St. John,	*ib*
——— The Grey Brothers,	26
——— The Fire King, from the German,	27

1802 — (31.)

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, Vols. i. & ii.	II. 65
Ballad of Cadyow Castle,	64, 6[illegible]

1803 — (ÆTAT. 32.)

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, Vol. iii.	Vol. II	101
Review of Southey's Amadis of Gaul,		106
——— Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry,		*ib.*
——— Godwin's Life of Chaucer,		*ib.*
——— Ellis's Ancient English Poetry,		*ib.*
——— Life and Works of Chatterton,		107

1804 — (33.)

SIR TRISTREM, the Metrical Romance of, by Thomas the Rhymer,	I.	137

1805 — (34.)

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, 4to,	I	161
Review of Todd's Edition of Spenser,		191
——— Godwin's Fleetwood,		*ib.*
——— Report concerning Ossian,		*ib.*
——— Johnes' Translation of Froissart,		*ib.*
——— Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour,		*ib.*
——— Works on Cookery,		*ib.*
Song, The Bard's Incantation,		210

1806 — (35.)

Review of Herbert's Poems and Translations,	I	247
——— Selections of Metrical Romances,		*ib.*
——— The Miseries of Human Life,		*ib.*
BALLADS AND LYRICAL PIECES, 8vo,		*ib.*
Sir Henry Slingsby's and Captain Hodgson's Memoirs, with Notes, 8vo,		248

1808 — (37.)

MARMION, 4to,	II.	273
LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN, with Notes, 18 vols. 8vo,		295
Strutt's Queenhoo Hall, a Romance, 4 vols. 12mo,		306
Captain George Carleton's Memoirs, 8vo,		*ib.*
Sir Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth's, Memoirs, 8vo,		307

1809 — (Ætat. 38.)

Somers' Collection of Tracts, 13 vols. 4to, (completed in 1812),	Vol. II. 305, 306; III. 66
Review of Cromek's Reliques of Burns,	III. 56
——— Southey's Chronicle of the Cid,	*ib*
————— Curse of Kehama,	110
——— Sir John Carr's Tour in Scotland,	56
Sir Ralph Sadler's Life, Letters, and State-Papers, 3 vols. 4to,	65

1810 — (39.)

English Minstrelsy, 2 vols. 12mo,	III. 95
The Lady of the Lake, 4to,	98
Miss Seward's Life and Poetical Works, 3 vols. post 8vo,	135
Essay on Scottish Judicature,	140

1811 — (40.)

Vision of Don Roderick, 4to,	III. 149
Imitations — *The Inferno of Altesidora — The Poachers — The Resolve, &c.*	158, 159
Secret History of the Court of King James I., 2 vols. 8vo,	160

1812 — (41.)

Rokeby, 4to,	III. 243

1813 — (42.)

The Bridal of Triermain, 12mo,	III. 252

1814 — (43.)

Account of the Eyrbiggia Saga,	IV. 14
Life and Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., 19 vols. 8vo,	20
Waverley, 3 vols. 12mo,	23
Essay on Chivalry,	25
——— The Drama,	*ib*
Memorie of the Sommervilles, 2 vols. 8vo,	194

Rowland's "The letting off the humours of the blood in the head vein," small 4to, ... Vol. IV. 194

1815 — (Ætat. 44.)

The Lord of the Isles, 4to, ... IV. 195
Guy Mannering, 3 vols. 12mo, ... 199
The Field of Waterloo, 8vo, . . 263
Song, "On lifting up the Banner," &c. 274

1816 — (45.)

Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, 8vo, . IV. 281
The Antiquary, 3 vols. 12mo, ... 285
Edinburgh Annual Register for 1814, Historical department, ... 306
Tales of my Landlord, First Series, 4 vols. 12mo, — The Black Dwarf and Old Mortality, . 310

1817 — (46.)

Harold the Dauntless, 12mo, . . . V. 9
The Sultan of Serendib, ... 10
Kemble's Farewell Address, ... 28
Edinburgh Annual Register 1815, Historical department, ... 46
Introduction to "The Border Antiquities," 2 vols. 4to, *ib.*
Song, "The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill," . . 49
Rob Roy, 3 vols. 12mo, ... 72

1818 — (47.)

Account of the Scottish Regalia, ... V. 81
Review of Kirkton's Church History, ... 86
——— Shelley's Frankenstein, ... *ib.*
Ballad, "The Battle of Sempach," . . . . *ib.*
Review of Douglas on Military Bridges, . . 100
Tales of my Landlord, Second Series, 4 vols 12mo, — The Heart of Mid-Lothian, . . . 140
Review of Gourgaud's Narrative, ... 173
——— Maturin's "Women, or Pour et Contre," . *ib.*

Review of Childe Harold, Canto IV	Vol. V. 173
Article for Jamieson's Edition of Captain Burt's Letters,	182
Provincial Antiquities of Scotland, 4to,	183

1819 — (Ætat. 48.)

Ballad of "The Noble Moringer,"	V. 219
Sketch of the Character of Charles Duke of Buccleuch,	229
Tales of my Landlord, Third Series, 4 vols. 12mo, — The Bride of Lammermoor, and Legend of Montrose,	230
Memorials of the Haliburtons, 4to,	255
Patrick Carey's Trivial Poems and Triolets, 4to,	256
Ivanhoe, 3 vols. post 8vo,	289

1820 — (49.)

The Visionary, 3 Nos. 12mo,	V. 298
The Monastery, 3 vols. 12mo,	312
The Abbot, 3 vols. 12mo,	VI. 51
Lives of the Novelists,	163–165

1821 — (50.)

Kenilworth, 3 vols. post 8vo,	VI. 80
Account of the Coronation of King George IV.	116
Franck's Northern Memoirs — The Contemplative Angler,	163
Chronological Notes on Scottish Affairs, 1680–1701, from the Diary of Lord Fountainhall, 4to,	*ib.*
The Pirate, 3 vols. post 8vo,	179

1822 — (51.)

Gwynne's Memoirs of the Civil Wars 1653–4,	VI. 98
Halidon Hill,	202
Macduff's Cross,	309
The Fortunes of Nigel, 3 vols. post 8vo,	197
Poetry contained in the Waverley Novels,	20

1823 — (Ætat. 52.)

Peveril of the Peak, 4 vols. post 8vo, . Vol. VI. 270
Quentin Durward, 3 vols. post 8vo, . . . 302
Essay on Romance, ... 307
St. Ronan's Well, 3 vols. post 8vo, ... 335

1824 — (53.)

Redgauntlet, 3 vols. post 8vo, ... VII. 9
Tribute to the Memory of Lord Byron, . . . 11

1825 — (54.)

Tales of the Crusaders, 4 vols. post 8vo, — The Bethrothed; The Talisman, . . . VII. 131
Song of "Bonnie Dundee," 272
Introduction and Notes to Memoirs of Madame Larochejaquelin, ... 281
Review of Pepys' Diary, ... 281, 314

1826 — (55.)

Letters of Malachi Malagrowther, . . VIII. 25, *passim*, 31
Woodstock, 3 vols. post 8vo, ... 85
Review of the Life of Kemble, and Kelly's Reminiscences, ... 70
——— Galt's Omen, ... 99

1827 — (56.)

Review of Mackenzie's Life and Works of John Home, ... VIII. 192
——— Hoffman's Novels, ... 173
Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, 9 vols. post 8vo, 204
Chronicles of the Canongate, First Series, 2 vols. post 8vo, — The Two Drovers, the Highland Widow, and the Surgeon's Daughter, ... 243
Miscellaneous Prose Works, first collected, 6 vols. 8vo, 209
Essay on the Planting of Waste Lands, ... 210
Reply to General Gourgaud, ... 225

Essay on Ornamental Gardening, . Vol. VIII. 250
Memoir of George Bannatyne, ... ib.
TALES OF A GRANDFATHER, FIRST SERIES, 3 vols. 18mo, ... 253

1828 — (ÆTAT. 57.)

Essay on Moliere, ... VIII. 259
Two Religious Discourses, ... 267
CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE, SECOND SERIES, 3 vols. post 8vo, — The Fair Maid of Perth, . . 279
TALES OF A GRANDFATHER, SECOND SERIES, 3 vols. 18mo, ... 304
Review of Hajji Baba in England, ... ib.
—— Sir Humphry Davy's Salmonia, ... ib.

1829 — (58.)

Review of Ritson's Caledonian Annals, . . IX. 34, 35
ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN, 3 vols. post 8vo, . . . 38
HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, vol. i. 12mo, . . . ib.
TALES OF A GRANDFATHER, THIRD SERIES, 3 vols. 41
WAVERLEY NOVELS, with the New Introductions and Notes, vols. i. to viii. (continued monthly), . 42

1830 — (59.)

Review of Pitcairn's Ancient Criminal Trials, . IX. 49
THE DOOM OF DEVERGOIL, AND AUCHINDRANE, . ib.
ESSAYS ON BALLAD POETRY, ... 50
LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT, 18mo, 74
TALES OF A GRANDFATHER, FOURTH SERIES — History of France, 3 vols. 18mo, ... 51
HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, vol. ii. 12mo, . . . 52
Review of Southey's Life of John Bunyan, . . . ib.

1831 — (60.)

TALES OF MY LANDLORD, FOURTH SERIES, 4 vols. post 8vo, — Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous, ... IX. 159

INDEX.

◆

The Roman Letters refer to the Volume; the Arabic Figures to the Page.

A

ABBEVILLE, viii. 137.

"ABBOT, THE," 3 vols., publication of, vi. 51. Origin of its composition, 53, 55, 58.

—— iv. 253 *n*. 254 *n*.; vi. 60.

Abbot, Mr., Comedian, iv. 309.

ABBOTSFORD, iii. 161; localities of, 163. Contemplated purchase of, 161–163. Description of, and purchase, 165, 168, 185. Scott's removal from Ashestiel to, 211–214. Progress of building, &c., 215 *passim*. "*Dominie Thamson*," 217, 218. Accession of land, 270; iv. 265. 266, 295; v. 48; vi. 25. Visit of Washington Irving, v. 53; of Lady Byron and Sir David Wilkie, 62. Nocturnal disturbance at, 102, 106. Visit of Lord Melville, Capt. Fergusson, Mr. Lockhart, and Professor Wilson, 148 *passim* 167. American tourists at, 163. "*Heating*" of — dinner of Yeomanry Cavalry, 168. "Hogmanay," or the "*daft days*" at, 1818, 180, 181. Visit of Prince Leopold, 259, 262. A Sunday at, in Feb. 1820, 302. Visited by Prince Gustavus of Sweden, vi. 23. Autumn at, 1820, 32. Visit of Davy, Mackenzie, Wollaston, and Rose, 38. New buildings at, 151. Mechanical devices, 289. "Century of inventions," 291. Visit of Miss Edgeworth, 315; and of Mr. Adolphus, 316. State of the house, library, and museum, in 1824, vii. 11–18. Christmas at, in 1824 — Extracts from Captain Hall's Journal, 61. Story of the flag at, 90. Marriage-settlement of, 102. Description of, in 1825, 137–147. Visit of Thomas Moore, 196; and of Mrs. Coutts, 202, 243. Christmas of 1825, 274. In solitude, viii. 57. Christmas of 1826, 165. Second visit of Mr. Adolphus, 215. The library, 218. Fancied apparition of Lord Byron, 220. Servants at, under reverse of fortune, 241, 242. Visit of Mr. Hallam, ix. 45. Death of Tom Purdie, 47. Autumn of 1830, 62. Notes by Mr. Adolphus, 65. Visited by the exiled French noblesse, 73. Winter of 1830, 77. Gift of the library, &c. by creditors, 90. Visit of Mr. Turner, 144; of Captain Burns, 149. Departure of Scott, November 1831, 153. Arrival, and last days at, 221. Settlement of, 262.

ABBOTSFORD, i. 88, 209, 230; iii. 245, 257, 261, 271, 301; iv. 70, 190, 237 *n*., 265, 279, 308; v. 11, 44, 50, 66, 71, 87, 88, 90, 94, 101, 104–106, 150, 180, 182, 183, 207, 214, 247, 260; vi. 16, 110, 195, 199, 208, 217, 256, 258–261, 263, 299–301, 333; vii. 27–29, 32, 37, 84, 240; viii. 19, 20, 139; ix. 61, 195, 219, 228, 255, 263.

—— English subscription fund for its entail, ix. 263. Family, Wilkie's picture of the, ix. 270.

—— Club, vi. 285.

—— Hunt, v. 276; vi. 46, 67, 175; vii 55, 228.

Abbotstown, v. 88, 152, 300.

Abercorn, Marquis of, ii. 253, 257, 289; iii. 276. Dinner at Longtown, 277.

—— Marchioness of, ii. 253; iii. 74.

Abercromby, George, now Lord, i. 76, 81, 177, 181, 184 *n*., 220. Sketch of, vii. 246; viii. 104.

Abercrombie, Dr., viii. 55; ix. 87, 89 104, 119.

Aberdeen, iv. 37.

—— Advocates, viii. 41.

—— Earl of, iii. 306; iv. 245

Abernethy, tower of, vi. 65.
"Absalom and Achitophel," by Dryden, iii. 217; viii. 142.
Abud and Son, bill-brokers, London, viii. 123, 244–246, 247.
Academical studies of Scott, i. 158.
Accidents of terror, firmness of character in, vi. 213; vii. 34–36
Accommodation-bills, vii. 224.
Acland, Sir Thomas, viii. 285.
Adam, Dr. Alexander, Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, sketch of, i. 58–61, 119. 138; his "Roman Antiquities," 119. Deathbed Anecdote of, i. 61.
—— Right Hon. William, Lord Chief-Commissioner, his invitation of Scott to Carlton House, iv. 218, 221; his formation of the Blair-Adam Club, vi. 54; and account of its first meeting, 55. Sketch of, vii. 294, 295; his death, iv. 218 *n*. See also ii. 114 *n*.; iv. 221 *n*.; v. 85, 175, 211, 231; vi. 53, 59, 215; vii. 149, 294; viii. 31, 99, 114; ix. 59, 91.
—— Admiral, Sir Charles, vi. 54; viii. 115.
—— Major-General, Sir Frederick, iv 231; viii. 114; views of Lord Byron and the Greek war, viii. 116.
—— —— viii. 260; ix. 190, 198.
—— Lady, viii. 114.
—— John, Esq., vii. 294 *n*.
Addington, Dr., viii. 293.
—— Mr. [*See Lord Sidmouth.*]
Administration, Coalition, viii. 215, 253.
Admiralty, Lords of, vii. 90.
Adolphus, John, Esq., viii. 288.
—— J. L., Esq., his remarks on "The Abbot," vi. 52. "Letters to Heber on the Authorship of Waverley," 129–150, 284. Scott's remarks on, 149, 150. Visits Abbotsford, 316. Extracts from his memoranda, 316–325. Revisit, and extracts, in 1827, viii. 215–222; and in 1830, ix. 65–70; in 1831, 141.
Advancement, gradual, vi. 262.
—— of science, moral dangers attending, ix. 22, 23.
Adversity, subservient to Scott's fame, vii. 227, 228.
Advocates, Faculty of, Scott's speech at a meeting, ii. 246; viii. 18.
Age, old, not desirable, v. 71, 103.
Age and youth, viii. 164, 165, 168, 170, 171.
Aggression, political, viii. 252.
Agriculture of Orkney, iv. 95.
—— of Shetland, iv. 41–43, 49–51.
Aiken, Dr. Arthur, ii. 268 *n*.
Ainslie, Mr. Robert, i. 204.
Ainsworth, W. H., his "Chiverton," viii. 128 *n*.
Air-bells at Abbotsford, vi. 289.
"*Alan Fairford*," i. 192, 216.
"Albania, a Poem," quotation from, iii. 172 *n*.
"Albums," vii. 231.
Albyn Club, viii. 24.
Ale-houses, v. 51.
Alexander II. of Scotland, iv. 145.
—— III., iv. 155.
—— Emperor of Russia, iv. 19; introduction of Scott to, 245.
—— Sir William, Lord Chief-Baron, iii. 309; viii. 287; ix. 170, 172.
—— Mrs., of Ballochmyle, viii. 289.
Allan, Thomas, Esq., ix. 90.
—— William, Esq., R. A., v. 123; his picture of the Circassians, 205; of the murder of Sharpe, 206; vi. 191; of Cornet Scott, vi. 191; vii. 146. Visit to Abbotsford, ix. 151, 228; drawings of Abbotsford, 228; his portraits of Scott, 270.
—— v. 205, 206; vi. 38, 193; vii. 261; viii. 16.
Allanton, excursions to, vi. 325, 330; ix. 16.
Allerley, the seat of Sir David Brewster, ix. 23.
Allied armies of 1813, iii. 304, 306.
"Almacks," a novel, viii. 169.
Alnwick Castle, visit to, viii. 239.
Alvanley, Lord, viii. 288.
—— Lady, iii. 212; character of, *ib.*, iv. 249. Funeral, viii 77.
Amelia, Princess, iii. 129.
America and Americans, v. 199, 200; vii. 21; viii. 134.
Americans, their character, vii. 30.
"American Dame," of *Charlie's Hope*, vii. 19, 20.
—— privateers, iv. 154.
—— scenery, v. 59.
—— tourists, v. 163.
—— MS. tragedy, v. 159.
—— war, iv. 198.
Amiens, town of, viii. 150.
Anatomical lectures, v. 257.
Ancestry, vii. 21.
Anchovies, vi. 266.
"Ancient Armour, Meyrick's Account of," vi. 334.
—— purchase of, for Abbotsford, iii 271, 301; v. 87, 215; vii. 142.
Anderson, Mr., of Rispan, iv. 97, 105.
—— Mrs., of Winterfield, ix. 60.
Angelo, Michael, viii. 15.
Anglesea, Marquis of, vi. 120; viii. 192
Angouleme, Duchess of, ix. 72.
Animalaccio, vii. 240.
Annandale case, an English blunder in viii. 31.

Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, i. 33; ii. 163.

"ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN," 3 vols., progress of, viii. 304, 307, 312; ix. 10, 29, 30, 35. Publication of, in May 1829, 38. Remarks on, 38–40.

Annual festivals in advanced life, remarks on, viii. 166.

"Annual Review, The," ii. 268 *n.*

Anonymous offer of £30,000, vii. 316.

Anstruther, Philip, Esq., viii. 210.

—— Sir Robert, viii. 210.

Anti-Catholic administration, viii. 195.

"ANTIQUARY, THE," 3 vols., in progress, iv. 264, 279, 280. Publication of, in May 1816, 285, 290. Success of, and remarks upon, 290–294. Peculiar characteristics of, 292.

—— i. 180, 206; iv. 315; vi. 57, 136, 148, 266; viii. 307.

Antiquarian relics at Abbotsford, vii. 143.

Antiquaries, Scottish Society of, i. 181 *n.*

Antiquity, interest conferred by, on works of art, iii. 239–241.

Antwerp, iv. 234; anecdote of a Highlander at, *ib.*

Apennines, The, ix. 214.

"Apology for Tales of Terror," the first specimen of the Ballantyne press, ii. 39, 66.

Apoplexy, Scott's first symptom of, in 1823, vi. 262. [*See Illness.*]

Apprentices', Edinburgh, New-Year's Day riots, 1812, iii. 196.

Apreece, Mrs. [*See Lady Davy.*]

Apsley House, bust of Scott at, ix. 272.

Arbroath, visit of Scott to, iv. 36.

Arbuthnot, Sir William, Bart., ix. 30.

Archibald (son of an innkeeper), College anecdote of, i. 68.

Arden, Hon. Catherine, ix. 218 *n.*

—— Misses, viii. 288.

Ardtornish Castle, iv. 137.

Argyle, Duke of, iv. 139.

—— in 1745, iv. 143.

Ariosto, i. 68, 72, 150; ix. 207.

Arkwright, Mrs., viii. 239; her musical compositions, 288.

Armadale, Lord, iv. 87, 88, 95.

Armagh, Archbishop of, (Hon. Dr. Stuart), his death, vi. 213.

Army officers, improvement among, ix. 31.

Arniston House, vi. 65; viii. 272, 273.

Arran, Isle of, iv. 154.

Arros Castle, iv. 137.

Arthur's Seat, ii. 62.

Artists, aspirants in painting, precarious chances of their success, vii. 14, 15.

—— temperament of, vii. 121.

Ashestiel, Scott's removal to, ii. 140. Description of, 146. Storm at, 199. Mr. Skene's reminiscences of, 200. Visit of Southey, 211; of Mr. John Murray, iii. 15. Removal from, to Abbotsford, iii. 211–214. Mrs. Scott's charities at, 211. Feelings on quitting, 170, 211. Revisited, in 1826, viii. 61.

Ashestiel, ii. 157, 198; iii. 170.

Ashley, Hon. William, ix. 180.

Assint, "Stour of," iv. 107.

"As You Like It," the first theatrical representation witnessed by Scott, i. 50, 111.

Athol, Duke of, iii. 88; ix. 104 *n.*

Atkinson, Mr., architect, v. 44, 45 *n.* 67, 101, 214; vi. 151, 196 *passim* 300.

"AUCHINDRANE, OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY," publication of, ix. 50.

Auchinleck, Lord, character of, iii. 124. Anecdotes of, with Johnson and Boswell, 125, 126.

Audience of the London theatres, v. 201; vi. 69.

Auldjo, Mr., ix. 180.

"Auld Robin Gray," ballad of, vii 81–83. History of its composition, 81, 82 *n.*

"Auld Maitland," ballad of, recovered, ii. 79, 87.

Austen, Miss, vi. 187. Reviewal of her novels, 187 *n.* 188 *n.* Remarks on them, viii. 42, 58; ix. 178.

Authors and booksellers, ii. 261, 262, 267; iii. 236; v. 42, 43; vii. 74, 277.

"Author" and "Genius," dialogue of, ix. 33, 34.

Avernus, Lake of, ix. 184.

B

BACKGAMMON, vii. 25.

Baikie, Mr., of Tankerness, iv. 79, 81.

Baillie, Joanna, Scott's introduction to, ii. 236. Her impression of Scott at first interview, *ib.* Visits him in Edinburgh, 314. Her "Family Legend," first representation of, in Edinburgh, iii. 76, 97. Scenery of, iv. 138. Performed in London, 217. Her "Poetical Miscellanies," vi. 309, 310.

—— "Plays of the Passions," ii. 60; iii. 130, 172. "Orra," iii. 173. Similarity of lines in and Rokeby, 174.

Baillie, Joanna, letters from, iii. 170, 172.

—— Letters to, ii. 310, 327; iii. 77. 78, 84, 118, 128, 168, 173, 194, 197, 245, 257, 298, 305; iv. 241, 265; v. 63, 178

180; vi. 107, 186, 311, 331; vii. 22, 25, 188.
Baillie, Joanna, ii. 310, 314; iii. 115, 214, 217; iv. 211, 213; v. 188; vi. 185, 299; viii. 279, 285.
—— Dr. M., ii. 237; iii. 129, 308; v. 180; illness, vi. 314; death, 331.
—— Mrs. Dr., vi. 332, 333.
—— Mrs. Agnes, *ib.*
—— Mr., of Jerviswood, ix. 66.
—— Charles, Esq., ix. 195.
Bainbridge, George, Esq. of Liverpool, vii. 39.
Baird, the Very Rev. Principal, ix. 231.
—— Sir David, vi. 81, 97.
"*Balaam*," viii. 70 *n.*
Balcaskie, viii. 210.
Balchristy Club, viii. 315.
"BALLADS AND LYRICAL PIECES," publication of, ii. 247.
Ballantyne, Mr. Alexander, v. 65 *n.*; viii. 73.
Ballantyne, James, first acquaintance with Scott at Kelso, i. 144; at Edinburgh, 186. Establishment of the *Kelso Mail* newspaper, 284. His meeting with Holcroft and Godwin, 284-6. Interview with Scott—prints "Apology for Tales of Terror"—suggestion of his removal to Edinburgh, ii. 38, 39. Letter from Scott to, 43. Removal of to Edinburgh, 96. Patronized and assisted with money by Scott, *ib.* Characteristics of, 156. Partnership with Scott, 177. Sketch of, iii. 11. Negotiations with Murray to supersede Constable, 14. Theatrical affairs, 76, 81. Sobriquet of "*Aldiborontiphoscophornio*," 11, 83 *n.* Letter to Scott on a portion of the Waverley MS., 136. His habits, 268; v. 133, 137; vii. 217. Scott's wish to withdraw from the printing concern, iii. 280. Mismanagement of affairs, iv. 295. Letters in affair of "The Black Dwarf," 300-303. His domestic establishment, v. 129. Dinners in St. John Street, on the appearance of a new novel, 130. Interview with the Earl of Buchan, 236. Enormous employment of his press in 1822, vi. 201. Sobriquets of *Fatsman* and *Basketfill*, vii. 59 *n.* Pledge of security for Terry, 119, 124. Opinion of "Tales of the Crusaders," 131. Affairs of "The Edinburgh Weekly Journal," 213. Retrospective sketch of his professional career, 216 *passim.* Remarks by Scott regarding their connexion, 268, 292; viii. 89. Deference of Scott to his literary criticism, and "skirmishes" with, iv. 258-262; vii. 272, 289, 301, 305 viii. 23, 35, 103, 116, 270-272, 276, 279, 312; ix. 29, 84, 85. Catastrophe of affairs, vii. 292, 313-315; viii. 255. Continued patronage of by Scott, viii. 269. Death of his wife, ix. 24, 25, 36. Unpleasant discussions with Scott, 80, 84-88, 91-94, 122, 125, 131. His last meeting with Scott, 131. Death, 255.
Ballantyne, James, letters to, ii. 43, 94, 184, 255; iii. 158, 163, 264, 268, 272, 280; iv. 302; v. 34, 72, 147, 217; vi. 18; viii. 90, 270-272; ix. 84.
—— Letters from, ii. 71; iii. 136; iv. 302; vi. 102.
—— ii. 81, 156, 232; iii. 27, 36, 107, 246, 268; iv. 207, 230, 251, 252, 258, 298; v. 136; vi. 178, 337; vii. 11 *n.*, 126, 212, 216; ix. 60, 83.
—— Extracts from his Memoranda of Scott at Kelso, i. 145; at Edinburgh, 186. Journey from Kelso, 285. "Lady of the Lake," iii. 113. On Burns, Joanna Baillie, and Campbell, 115. On the affairs of John Ballantyne & Co., 263. Success of Waverley, iv. 174; of the Lord of the Isles, 205. On Lord Byron, 207; on Scott's interview with the Prince Regent, 223; on his return from France, 1815, 252. On the composition of "The Bride of Lammermoor," v. 233. Commercial catastrophe of 1826, vii. 280, 313.
Ballantyne, John, first acquaintance with Scott, i. 144. Account of his early life, iii. 8. Person and character, 9. Becomes partner with Scott in the firm of John Ballantyne & Co. in 1808, 35, 53. Alliance with John Murray, 53; broken off, 57. Sobriquet of "*Rigdumfunnidos*," 11, 83 *n.*; of "*Leein' Johnnie*," v. 100. Publishes "The Lady of the Lake," iii. 98. Embarrassment of affairs in 1813, 262, 294; in 1815, iv. 199; 1816, 295-297, 306. Causes of, iii. 263, 265, 269 *n.*, 270 *n*; iv. 295; vii. 219 *passim.* Negotiations with Constable for relief; iii. 263, 265, 294; iv. 294; v. 34-36, 76. A "*Picaroon*," iii. 271; iv. 32. Expresses to Scott for money, iii. 272, 273, 275, 276, 278. Intimation to of Scott's desire to withdraw, 279. Relief from Longman's, iv. 202; from Murray and Blackwood, 299. Professional ambition, 296. Practice of deception, 296; vi. 107 *n.* Publishes "The Sale-Room," v. 11. Anecdotes of him, 35; vi. 104. His "*bonus*" from the Waverley Novels

v. 34-36, 36; vi. 61. Negotiation with Constable for the Second "Tales of my Landlord," v. 74-76. Methods of conducting business, iii. 57, 140; 267, 272, 273, 274, 276, 282; iv. 200, 296; vi. 106 *n*. Expensive tastes, v. 132-134, 138. Dinners at "Harmony-Hall," 132. Anecdote of, at Paris, 138. A Sunday at Abbotsford, 302. His illness, vi. 61, 102. Walton Hall, 61. His "Novelists' Library," 62. His death, 103; funeral, 104. Extract from his pocket-book memoranda, 105, 106. His last will, 107. Retrospective sketch of, vii. 219 *passim*.

Ballantyne, John, letters to, iii. 262, 266, 267, 272, 273, 275, 276, 278, 279, 282, 294; iv. 32, 174, 200, 201, 298, 299; v. 33, 34, 48 *n*., 145, 244, 245.

—— Letters from, iv. 229; v. 34.

—— iii. 47, 164, 217, 276 *n*.; iv. 24, 174, 258, 293, 306; v. 136, 166, 197, 215 *passim*; vi. 164, 177, 197; vii. 216.

—— Mrs. John, vi. 164.

"BALLANTYNE'S NOVELISTS' LIBRARY." Scott's contributions to, vi. 63. Publication of, 164, 165.

—— vi. 103.

Bankes, William John, Esq., vii. 239.

Bank-note, lines on a, iii. 259.

Bank of England, vii. 278, 279, 323.

—— of Scotland, vii. 293; viii. 20.

Banking system of Scotland and England, vii. 323 *passim*.

"BANNATYNE, GEORGE, LIFE OF," viii. 250.

—— Club; Scott its founder and president, vi. 281, 283, 285, 287; viii. 175; ix. 56.

Bannockburn, Field of, i. 77; tradition of, iv. 94.

Barbauld, Mrs., i. 269.

Barbour's "Life of Bruce," ii. 187, 189.

Bard, "modest request of one," iii. 304.

"Bard's Incantation;" Song of the, ii. 210.

Barham Frigate, ix. 162; Scott's voyage in, 166, 171, 179.

Barnard, Rev. Mr., his "Courser's Manual," viii. 313. Letter to, *ib.*

Barnard, Lady Anne, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray," vii. 81. Letter to Scott on its composition, 81, 82 *n*.

—— Castle, iii. 187 *passim* 193 Case of murder near, 246.

Baron of Plenton, story of the, v. 22-24.

Barrington, the Right Rev. Shute, Bishop of Durham, iii. 224.

—— Mrs., viii. 239.

Barrister, profession of a, vi. 188

Barrow, Sir John, ix. 165.

Bath, Scott's reminiscences of, in infancy, i. 50, 51.

Bathurst, Colonel Seymour, Malta, ix. 170, 171.

—— Earl, v. 302; viii. 226, 228.

Battle of Bannockburn, tradition of, iv. 94.

—— of Bloody Bay, iv. 135.

—— of the Boyne, vii. 159.

—— of Busaco, iii. 131.

—— of Glenlivat, iv. 37.

—— of Jena, viii. 120.

—— of Largs, iv. 105, 155.

—— of Melrose, iii. 162; vii. 315.

—— of Navarino, viii. 252.

—— of Otterburne, Lines from ballad on, ix. 137.

—— of Philiphaugh, v. 221.

—— of Prestonpans, viii. 12; ix. 60

—— of Sempach, ballad of, v. 86.

—— of Toulouse, iv. 17.

—— of Waterloo, anecdote, ix. 26. [*See Waterloo*].

Bayle, character of, viii. 11 *n*.

Bayley, Isaac, Esq., vii. 109, 117.

Beacon Newspaper, vi. 181. Letter to Mr. Croker on, 184.

"*Bear of Bradwardine*," i. 250.

Beattie of Meikledale, anecdote of, i. 64.

Beauclerk, Lady Charlotte, vii. 243, 244

Beaufront House, Northumberland, i. 222.

Beaulieu Abbey, vi. 294.

Beaumont, in France, viii. 139.

—— Sir George, anecdote of, viii. 167.

—— death and character, viii. 186; iv. 216.

—— and Fletcher's Plays, extract from, iii. 62; The Lover's Progress, vii. 262.

—— Weber's edition of, iii. 138; viii. 38.

Beauty (female), a young and a fading, viii. 271, 272.

Beauvais, viii. 138.

Beaver, the, iv. 279.

Beef and mustard, v. 187.

Begbie, William, murder of, iii. 260.

Behn's (Mrs.) Novels, vi. 165.

Belfast steamer, voyage in, vii. 151.

Belfast, town of, vii. 156.

Belhelvie, bay of, iv. 37. [259

Bell, George Joseph, Esq., iv. 225; ix.

—— Sir Charles, letter from Brussels, July 1815, iv. 225.

—— John, Esq., surgeon, i 270.

Bellenden windows, Abbotsford, vi 292-294.

Bell-Rock Light-house, description of iv. 35. Lines on, 36 *n*.

Belvoir, vale of, iii. 235.
Bemerside, Scott's last visit to, ix. 144.
"*Bend-leather*," iii. 169.
Bentinck, Lady Frederick, vii. 188.
Beregenium, the ancient capital of Scotland, iv. 140.
Beresford, Admiral Sir John, viii. 234 *n.*
Berguer, Mr. Lionel, vii. 57.
Berkeley, Bishop, his theories, viii. 274.
Bernadotte, Marshal, iii. 301; viii. 193.
Berners, Dame Juliana, ii. 58, 63; viii. 314.
Berri, Duke de, assassination of, iv. 310.
—— Duchess of, viii. 147.
"Bertram," Maturin's tragedy of, iv. 190, 191; v. 96.
Berwick, Rev. Mr., iv. 20 *n.*
—— Lord, at Naples, ix. 180.
Berwick and Kelso railroad, vii. 78, 113, 122.
Bessie Millie, the Orkney Pythoness, iv. 94.
"BETROTHED, THE," [*See* "TALES OF THE CRUSADERS."]
Betty, Master, "The Young Roscius," ii. 261, 263.
Bewly Forest, fire in, vi. 215.
Bible, bequest of to Scott, by his mother, v. 292.
"Bibles and bottles of ale," story of seven, v. 223.
"Bickers," school-boy, i. 126.
Biggar, town of, ix. 132.
Billiard-table, v. 257.
Bills of accommodation, vii. 224.
Bindley, James, Esq., ii. 228 *n.*
"Bingfield's (Wm.) Travels," iv. 192.
Biographical composition, remarks on, ii. 98.
Biographical Sketch of John Gibson Lockhart, i. 7.
Bishops of the Isles, iv. 138.
"Bizarro, death of," ix. 182.
Black, Dr., professor of chemistry, i. 267; ix. 158.
"Black Art" story of the, ii. 321.
Black cocks, v. 64.
"BLACK DWARF, THE," suggested alteration of, iv. 302, 303 *n.* Remarks on the tale, 314, 315.
—— i. 301; iv. 312–314. [*See* "TALES OF MY LANDLORD," *First Series.*]
"Black Hussars of Literature," iv. 302.
Blackburn, John, Esq., ii. 143, 214, 216; iii. 64.
Blackhouse tower, ii. 207.
Blacklock, Rev. Dr., i. 63, 169; ii. 193.
Blackwood, William, publishes First Series of "Tales of my Landlord," iv. 297. His professional character 300, 301 Affair of "The Black Dwarf," 302, 303 *n.*, 314. Commencement of his Magazine, v. 31. "Ebony," 149. Publishes the "Letters of Malachi Malagrowther," vii. 323; viii. 34.
Blackwood, William, v. 31, 75, 91–93, 100; viii. 99, 135 *n.*
Blackwood's Magazine, v. 31, 75, 36, 91–93, 100, 149, 173; viii. 135 *n.*
Blair-Adam. [*See Adam.*]
Blair-Adam Club. [*See Adam.*]
Blair-Drummond, i. 245.
Blair, Rev. Dr. Hugh, i. 57 *n.*
—— Lord President, death and character of, iii. 149, 150.
—— Colonel and Mrs., ix. 26, 200, 201.
Blake, Right Hon. Anthony, vii. 159, 179.
Blakeney, Mr., tutor to the Duke of Buccleuch, vi. 296; vii. 37.
Blood-letting, mental, viii. 251.
Bloody-bay, iv. 135.
Blore, Mr., architect, iv. 308; v. 66; ix. 159.
Blount, Sir Walter, iii. 131; v. 177.
Blucher, Field Marshal, iv. 247, 248.
"*Bluegown*," anecdote of a, i. 205.
"Blue-stocking," viii. 110.
Blytheswood, visit to, viii. 231.
Boarding-schools for females in Edinburgh, viii. 84.
Body and mind, connexion of, viii. 41
Boerhaave, Dr., i. 39; head of, ix. 33.
Boiardo, i. 73, 150; ix. 207.
"Boke of St. Albans," ii. 58 *n.*, 63.
Boldside, festival at, vi. 44.
Boltfoot, William, of Harden, i. 91.
Bolton, Mr., of Birmingham, anecdote of, vi. 125.
—— John, Esq. of Liverpool, visited at Storrs by Scott, Canning, Wordsworth, &c., vii. 185.
"*Bonnie Dundee*," song of, vi. 319; vii. 272–274, 317.
"Bonny Heck," elegy on, viii. 314.
Bonnymuir, skirmish at, vi. 30.
Booksellers and authors, ii. 261, 262, 267; iii. 236; v. 42, 43; vii. 74, 277.
"BORDER ANTIQUITIES OF SCOTLAND," published in 1817, v. 46.
Border war-horn, i. 230.
Bores, v. 169; vi. 34; vii. 112, 240.
Borgia, Cæsar, ix. 209, 210.
Borowlaski, the Polish Count, iv. 30 *n*
Borthwick Water otter-hunt, ii. 207.
—— Castle, viii. 272.
Boswell, Sir Alexander, v. 123; death of, vi. 183, 207 *n.*; vii. 270.
—— James, Esq., iv. 310; vi. 207 *n.*
"*Boswellizers*," v. 114.
Bothwell, Earl of, iv. 59.

Bothwell Castle, ii. 27. Ballad of, a fragment, 28.
Boufflers, Mad. de, viii. 150.
Bourbon, the Constable of, ix. 200, 209.
Bourmont, Marshal, ix. 73, 86.
Bowden Moor, vii. 36.
Bower, John, Melrose, v. 55.
Bowhill, ii. 47, 163. Dinner at, iv. 274, 275. Cattle Show, v. 65. Portrait of Scott, 196, 205, 207, 226; vi. 193.
Bowles, Mr. Slains Castle, iv. 38.
Boyd, Mr. (of Boyd, Bonfield & Co.), noble conduct of, viii. 287, 288.
—— John, Esq. of Breadmeadows, viii. 111.
Boyle, Right Hon. David, Lord Justice-Clerk, i. 81, 184 *n.*; vii. 237; at the Coronation of George IV., vi. 121.
Bracciano, Castle of, visited, ix. 202, 203, 211.
Bradford, General Sir Thomas, v. 279.
Braham, Mr. (the Singer), v. 86.
"Brambletye House," novel of, viii. 128, 130.
Brave coward, a, viii. 279, 280.
Braxfield, Lord Justice-Clerk, i. 217 and *n.*, 218; vi. 11.
Braybroke, Lord, viii. 284 *n.*
Brechin, vi. 65.
Bressay, Isle of, iv. 48. Sound of, 58.
Brevoort, Mr., v. 53.
Brewster, Sir David, and Lady, visit to Abbotsford, viii. 111; ix. 23 *n.*, 101.
"BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN," progress of its composition, iii. 218, 220, 226, 252, 253. Remarks on, 255, 256, 259, 260.
—— iv. 14, 26; vi. 147. [*See Erskine and Gillies.*]
"BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, THE," progress of its composition, v. 106, 147, 183, 216–233. Publication of, June 1819, 230, 232.
—— v. 223; vi. 80, 148; ix. 209.
Bridges, Mr. David, v. 136, 205 *n.*
Brisbane, Sir Thomas, v. 269, 277.
"British Novelists," projected edition of, ii. 308. [*See* "*Ballantyne's Novelists' Library.*"]
"British Poets," a new edition of, projected, ii. 185, 189, 190.
Brockedon, William, Esq., ii. 56; Letter to, *ib. n.*
Brodick Castle, Arran, iv. 155.
Brougham, Henry, Lord, an original contributor to the Edinburgh Review, ii. 292, 293. Adviser of Queen Caroline, v. 311; vi. 22.
Broughton, Northamptonshire, v. 229.
"Broughton's Saucer," anecdote of, i. 209.
Brown, Dr. Thomas, vi. 21.
Brown's (Mrs.) lodgings, Scott's removal to, viii. 72, 100. Lines on his departure from, 104. Extract from Captain Hall's Journal on, 89–94.
Bruce, King Robert, his encounter with the Lord of Lorn, iv. 142. Effigy of, ix. 135.
—— John, Professor of Ethics, i. 69.
—— John [*See* "*John of Skye.*"]
—— Michael, vii. 256.
Bruhl, Count, i. 268, 282.
Brunton, Rev. Dr., iii. 232, 233; iv. 130.
Brussels, letter of Sir Charles Bell from, after the battle of Waterloo, iv. 225. Visited by Scott, 234, 235, 239.
Brutus, Marcus, viii. 48, 51.
Bryant, Jacob, i. 163.
Bryden, Walter, ii. 142 *n.*
Brydges, Sir Egerton, vii. 322 *n.*
Brydone, Patrick, Esq., anecdote of, ix. 155.
—— Mrs. Patrick, vii. 272.
"*Bubbly Jock,*" iv. 193.
Buccaneers, iii. 108.
Buccleuch, Henry, third Duke of, his influence towards Scott's appointment as Sheriff of Selkirk, ii. 39; as Clerk of Session, 221, 224, 227. His death, iii. 194. Character and funeral, 197.
—— iii. 197; v. 229 *n.*
—— Charles, fourth Duke of, loan of £4000 to Scott, iii. 282–284; Scott's letter to, in verse, from Lerwick, iv. 159. Correspondence with Scott on the death of the Duchess, 163–169. Presents James Hogg with the life-rent of a farm, 173; v. 42. Lifting of the banner of, on Carterhaugh, iv. 268, 272, 276. The bond of Scott discharged, v. 76, 186. Declining health of, 170. Departure for Lisbon, 181. Vast employment of labourers, *ib.* Death of, 227; and character, 229.
—— Letters to, iii. 283; iv. 159, 163, 168, 235, 276; v. 16, 18, 47, 65, 76, 78, 172, 203.
—— Letters from, iii. 284; iv. 166; last letter from, v. 196.
—— iii. 235, 275, 299; v. 15, 43, 64, 85, 178, 202, 252, 310; vii. 206.
—— Harriet, Duchess of, iii. 299. Her death and character, iv. 149, 158, 163, 166, 169.
—— iii. 299; v. 230 *n.*
—— Walter, fifth Duke of, heir-service of, vi. 74, 78. Scott's advice regarding his studies, 100, and anticipation of good in his manhood, 194; vii. 37;

viii. 112, 113. Tutorship of, vi. 296; vii. 37, 39, 40.

Buccleuch, Walter, v. 228, 275, 310; vi. 192, 193, 209, 296; viii. 34; ix. 107, 154.

—— Lands of, i. 102.

—— "Lifting of the banner of," iv. 272. Songs on, 274.

Buchan, David, Earl of, i. 181 *n.*, 201. Absurd conduct of, during Scott's illness, v. 235. Anecdote of, with the Duchess of Gordon, 236. His death and character, ix. 36; and funeral, 37.

—— Dr. James, i. 56, 119 *n.*

Buchanan, H. Macdonald, of Drummakiln, ii. 240; iii. 60; v. 38 *n.*, 46, 101. Secret liberality of, viii. 248.

—— Miss Macdonald, v. 123; vii. 233.

—— Mr., of Cambusmore, i. 245.

Buchanan's "History of Scotland," vi. 298.

Buller of Buchan, iv. 38.

Bullock, Mr. George, employed at Abbotsford, iv. 308, 309; v. 67, *passim* 101; ix. 270. Sudden death of, v. 103, 104. Character, *ib.*

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," i. 54.

Buonaparte, Napoleon, iii. 18, 37, 47, 69. Russian Campaign, 244. "A desperate gambler," 306. Scott's letters on the abdication of, iv. 15. Position of, at Waterloo, 238. Flight of, 239. His death, viii. 30.

—— iv. 256; viii. 39, 194; ix. 75.

"BUONAPARTE, LIFE OF," 9 Vols., projection of, vii. 130, 135. Progress of its composition, 135, 148, *passim* 271, 289; viii. 39, 66, 96, 117, 121, 123. Scott's journey to London and Paris for materials of, viii. 125–161. Progress of, continued, 168, *passim* 204. Letter of an amanuensis on its composition, 202. Publication of, in June 1827. Goethe's remarks on, 204. Remarks on its style, &c., 205. Its pecuniary results, 207. Affair of General Gourgaud in, 222, 230. Early reprint of, 269, 270.

—— iv. 224; viii. 149, 215, 269.

Buonaparte, Lucien, his poem of "*Charlemagne*" translated, iii. 157, 158.

Burdett, Sir Francis, iii. 70 and *n.*

Burger's "*Lenore*," translation of by Taylor, i. 269, 274; and by Scott, 269. Publication of, and of "The Wild Huntsman," 280, 286–91, *passim*. Letters on, 287–91; ii. 24. Reprinted in "Apology for Tales of Terror," ii. 39.

Burgh Reform, viii 46.

Burke, Right Hon. Edmund, viii. 294 Anecdote of his son, *ib.*; ix. 99.

Burke and Hare, the West-Port murderers, ix. 18, 23, 29.

Burleigh House, viii. 127.

Burn, William, Esq., architect, vii. 50 viii. 273; ix. 160.

—— The Minstrel, lines of, v. 225.

Burney, Dr. viii. 157.

"*Burning the water*," ii. 203; vi. 45 46. Anecdote of Scott at, ii. 20

Burns, Robert, i. 73. Scott's early reminiscences of, 166. His "Tam o' Shanter," ii. 75. His Jacobitism viii. 305. Lines by, 306. His idea of becoming a beggar, *ib.*

—— i. 287; iii. 115, 303; v. 110; vi 71; vii. 84, 236, 311.

—— Captain James Glencairn, visit to Abbotsford, ix. 149.

Burrell, M., teacher of drawing, i. 155.

Bursaries of Colleges, in Scotland, viii 121.

"Burt's Letters," new edition, v. 182

Bury, Lady Charlotte, ii. 14, 62, 64, 94

Business, regularity and despatch in, recommended, v. 214.

—— commercial, vii. 120. Necessity of capital, 121. Talent and capital, 122. Bills and ruinous discounts 123. Regularity of despatch, 125 Economy, *ib.*

Bute, Marquis of, vi. 73.

Butler, Lady Eleanor, Llangollen, vii 182–185.

—— Mr. and Mrs., ix. 58.

—— Mrs., ix. 19.

Byron, Lord, his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," iii. 60, 202, 205 Scott's first meeting with the satire and remarks on, 60, 62. "Hours of Idleness," 61. "Childe Harold," cantos I. & II., iii. 199, 202, 203, 205, 213, 252. Introduction to the Prince Regent, 202, 205. Opinion of the "Lay," "Marmion," and "Lady," 205. "The Giaour," 303 iv. 206, 209. His and Scott's poetry contrasted, iv. 207, 208 *n.*; ix. 183 His first meeting with Scott, iv. 213 Characteristics of, 214. Exchange of presents, 215, 217. His last meeting with Scott, September 1815, 214, 249, 308. Separation from Lady Byron, 289. His "Fare thee well," &c. *ib.* Quality of his genius, 315. His "Beppo," v. 100. His "Cain" dedicated to Scott, vi. 180. His death, vii. 11. Scott's tribute to his memory, *ib.* Characteristics of, 88. His Ravenna diary, 214, 236. Anecdotes of, 238, 239. His personal features, v. 110. Greek war, viii

113. Fancied apparition of, at Abbotsford, 220.
Byron, Lord, letters from, iii. 205.
—— to, 202, 206, 302; iv. 209, 217.
—— iii. 213, 242, 251 *n*; iv. 169 *n.*; 205, 266, 268, 311, 312; v. 10, 64, 127; vi. 160, 310; vii. 66, 181, 200, 236, 237, 311; viii. 40, 136; ix. 60, 212.
—— Lady, visits Abbotsford, v. 62.

C

“*Caberfae*,” iv. 197. [*See Lord Seaforth.*]
“Cabinet des Fées,” i. 220.
Cadell, Robert, partner of Constable & Company, iii. 99, 165. Recollections of the success of the Lady of the Lake, 99. Scott's estimate of him, vii. 269; viii. 88. Becomes publisher of Scott's Works in 1826, viii. 88; and partner with Scott in the re-purchase of the Waverley copyrights, 254. Letter of Scott to, on receipt of a time-piece, 306. Visit to Prestonpans with Scott, ix. 60. Visit to Abbotsford in autumn 1830, 64. Unpleasant discussions with Scott, 80, 84, 88, 91, 94, 122, 125. His politics, 83. Scott's residence with, in Athol Crescent, 102, 104. Visit to Abbotsford in 1831, 145. Arrival in London on Scott's last illness, 217. Advance of money in payment of Scott's debts, 262.
—— Letters to, vi. 174; viii. 270, 306; ix. 84, 85, 86.
—— Letter from, vii. 243.
—— v. 147; vi. 60, 76; vii. 296, 299, 313; viii. 17, 222; ix. 28, 30, 95, 96, 118 *n.*
—— Extracts from his Memoranda, on affairs of John Ballantyne & Co., iii. 264, 266 *n.* Scott's habits of industry, v. 148. Suppressed letter of Malachi, ix. 93.
—— Mrs. Robert, ix. 102.
—— Miss Athol Crescent, ix. 195.
—— Hew, Francis, Cockenzie, visit of Scott to, in 1830, ix. 61.
—— Mrs., Senior, ix. 61.
—— Mrs. H. F., Cockenzie, ix. 61.
Cadell and Davies, London, ii. 65, 67, 185.
“Cadyow Castle,” ballad of, ii. 64, 65. [*See Campbell, Thomas.*]
Cæsar, Julius, iv. 194.
Calais, viii. 136, 151; Dessein's hotel, 137, 151 *n.*
Caledonian Canal, iv. 138.
Callander, W. Burn, Esq., ix. 272.
Calomel, efficacy of, v. 240, 244 *passim*; vii. 281.
Cambridge University, vii. 38-40.
Cambridge, “a certain professor at,” viii. 301.
Cambusmore, seat of Mr. Buchanan, i 245; iii. 60.
Cameron of Lochiel (1745), ix. 205.
Campbell, Thomas, his “Pleasures of Hope,” ii. 64. Admiration of “Cadyow Castle,” *ib.*, 65. His “Specimens of English Poetry,” 185. Lectures, iii. 201. Poetical timidity, v. 59, 189; vii. 26; viii. 101. Anecdote of, and Leyden, *ib.*; ix. 178.
—— Alexander, Musical preceptor to Scott, i. 79 *n.* 143; iv. 282 and *n.*, 283; v. 136.
—— Archibald, Esq., of Blythswood, visit to, viii. 231 *n.*
—— Sir Archibald, of Succoth, i. 149
—— Captain, iv. 232.
—— Sir Colin, iv. 142; ix. 165.
—— Sir Dugald, iv. 142.
—— Walter, Esq., of Shawfield, iv. 145
—— Lady Charlotte, ii. 14, 62, 64. [*See Bury.*]
—— Sir Islay, ii. 263.
Campbell's “Lives of the Admirals,” vi. 111.
Canadian Geese, vii. 114.
Canning, Right Hon. George, letter from Lord Castlereagh to, iii. 67; duel, 67, 68, 73. Political qualities, vi. 79. Dinner to, at Liverpool, 242. Meets Scott, Wordsworth, &c., at Storrs, vii. 185. Overtasks himself, 187. His position in May 1827, viii. 195–197, 200. Formation of his cabinet, 200. His illness, 213; and death, *ib.* Sketch of his character, 215. His conversion from popular opinions, 284.
Canning, Right Hon. George, Letters from, ii. 245; iii. 72, 112, 153; vii. 169.
—— ii. 54, 234; iii. 18, 19, 25, 26, 39, 47, 59; iv. 223; v. 177 *n.*; vi. 240; vii. 46; viii. 28, 159, 192.
Cantyre, Mull of, iv. 153.
Cape Wrath, iv. 105, 106.
Capel Carig, vii. 183.
Capital punishments, viii. 276.
Capitalists, meeting of, vii. 264.
“Carey's (Patrick) Trivial Poems and Triolets,” Scott's publication of, iii. 238; v. 256. Extract from the preface to, iii. 239.
Caribs, feasts of the, viii. 166.
“Carleton's (Captain George) Memoirs,” Scott's edition of, published in 1808, ii. 306. Defoe the supposed author of the Memoirs, 307 *n*

Carlisle revisited, in 1828, viii. 302. "Fergus M'Ivor's dungeon," anecdote, *ib.*
Carlyle, Rev. Dr., of Inveresk, v. 109.
Caroline, Princess of Wales, ii. 235. Remarks on the case of, *ib.* Anecdote of, 236. Sends the author of "Marmion" a silver vase, 253.
—— ii. 266; iii. 257; v. 174. [*See Queen Caroline.*]
—— Queen, her position on the accession of King George IV., v. 311. Conduct of, vi. 30. Acquittal, 72. Riots on, 73; vii. 91. *Intriganti*, vi. 79. "Queen fever," 88. Her appearance at the coronation of George IV., 116, 123.
—— Queen, vi. 218; viii. 133.
Carpenter, Miss, Scott introduced to, at Gilsland, i. 302 *passim.* Account of, by Scott in a letter to his mother, 304; and to his aunt, 307. Her letters to Scott, 306, 312, 317; and marriage with, 318. [*See Lady Scott.*]
Carter, anecdote of a, iii. 229.
Carterhaugh, foot-ball match on, iv. 268, 271; ix. 277.
Cartwright, Dr., i. 169.
Carey's "Dante," ii. 257.
"CAREY'S (SIR ROBt.) MEMOIRS, Scott's edition of, published 1808, ii. 307.
'Casket, The," a proposal for, viii. 290.
Cassandra, vi. 184; viii. 52.
Castle Blarney, vii. 181.
Castle-building, vii. 282; ix. 33.
"CASTLE DANGEROUS;" proposal of writing the tale of, ix. 125. Its commencement and progress, 130, 132, 135, 139, 140. Publication of, November 1831, 152.
Castlereagh, Lord, iii. 67. Letter to Mr. Canning, *ib.*; and duel with, *ib.* Appearance at the coronation of George IV., vi. 119, 120. His death, 240. Ghost story of, 241. Sketch of, viii. 143.
—— iv. 245, 248.
—— Lady, iv. 248.
'CASTLE STREET, No. 39," removal of Scott to, ii. 8; iii. 154; iv. 27. His "*den*" in, described, v. 111; vii. 135. Sunday dinners at, v. 122. Visit of Prince Gustavus, 278. 308; of Mr. Crabbe, vi. 222. "Poor No. 39." ix. 102. Sale of, viii. 18, 29, 91, 102. Landscape paintings in, 29. Final departure of Scott from, 42, 53, 102.
Cathcart, Lord, iii. 306; iv. 245, 246.
—— Robert, Esq. of Drum, iii. 165.
Catholic (Roman) Emancipation, Scott's views hostile to, ii. 279; vi. 86. In favour of, vii. 117, 172, 178 191; viii. 195, 312; ix. 26, 28, 30, 35 Bill for, passed, ix. 36, 82.
Catholic Anti-, Administration. viii 195.
—— Church hymns, iii. 233; ix. 226.
Catholicism, (Roman) views of, and remarks on, iv. 214; vii. 177, 190, 260; ix. 212; "a mean and depraving superstition," ix. 28.
Catrail, The, ii. 57, 146; iii. 166; vii. 228.
Cauldshiels Loch, iii. 270; v. 49.
Cave of Down Kerry, iv. 151.
Caves of Egg Island, iv. 124, 125.
Cave of Friskin, iv. 104.
—— of Macallister, in Skye, iv. 102; description of, 121, 132.
—— of Port Coon, iv. 151.
—— of Staffa, iii. 120, 126. 133; iv. 131; description of, 132, 133.
—— of Uam Smowe, description of, iv. 98–104, 132.
Cay, John, Esq., vii. 250.
—— Robert Hodgson, Esq., i. 271.
Cellini, Benvenuto, ix. 200.
Celtic Society, vi. 78, 80, 98, 220, 239. Present of a broad-sword, vii. 302 Dinner, ix. 32.
"Century of inventions" at Abbotsford, vi. 291.
Cervantes, v. 10; ix. 151, 206.
Chain-bridge, Scotch and French, ix. 109.
Chairmen at dinners, rules for, viii. 177, 178.
"Chaldee Manuscript," v. 92 *n.*, 149.
Chalmers, George, Esq. (the celebrated antiquary, &c.) i. 52 *n.*, 288; ii. 69.
Chambers, Mr. Robert, ix. 27; his "Traditions of Edinburgh," i. 104–5 and "Picture of Scotland," ix. 27.
Champaign, exchange of, for Scott's works, vi. 280.
Changes, human, vi. 161, 162.
Chantrey, Sir Francis, his busts of Scott, vi. 12 *passim*, 17, 125, 128; viii. 292 *n.*; ix. 271. Letter to Sir Robert Peel regarding, ix. 271. Bust of James Watt, vi. 68; and of Wordsworth, 72.
—— i. 132; ii. 318; viii. 296.
Character, judged of in epistolary correspondence, ii. 276.
—— human, remarks on the delineation of, ix. 233–235.
"*Charge Law*," iii. 163.
Chariecote-Hall, visit to, viii. 283.
Charles I. King of England, i. 231; viii. 137; hair-ring of, iii. 308.
—— II., viii. 137. Court of, v. 171 Civil wars of, vii. 46.
—— X. of France, viii. 147. His re

turn to Holyrood Palace, ix. 70. Scott's appeal to the citizens of Edinburgh in favour of, 70–72.
Charles X., iv. 25 *n.*; vii. 46.
—— XII. of Sweden, portrait of, v. 278, 308.
—— Edward, Prince, (1745.) [*See Stuart.*]
Charlotte, Queen, illness of, v. 146. Death of, 174. Remarks on her court, *ib.*
Charpentier, J. C., and Madame, of Lyons, parents of Lady Scott, i. 302, 308, 313.
—— Charles, brother of Lady Scott, i. 302, 308, 312. Death of, v. 175; and bequest, 176.
—— Letters to, ii. 102; iii. 167.
Chatham, Lord, viii. 293. Letters of, 294.
Checkmate, iv. 220.
Cheney, Edward, Esq., ix. 199, 200, 205. His Memoranda of Scott at Rome, 205–214.
"*Cherokee Lovers*," American MS. tragedy of the, v. 159.
Chess, game of, i. 157.
Chess-playing, anecdote of, iv. 220.
Chiaveri, the Chevalier Luigi, ix. 200.
Chiefswood Cottage, vi. 26; the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, 110, 152; ix. 58, 62, 120, 141. Visits of Scott to, vi. 152; vii. 56, 213, 285, 315; viii. 215; ix. 62, 141.
Child, an only, vii. 25.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. reviewed, v. 173.
Chimney-sweeps, vii. 24.
—— sweeping, vii. 25.
Chisholm, Roman Catholic bishop, Lismore, iv. 139.
—— Mr., v. 227, 228.
Chiswick, visit to, viii. 292.
"Chiverton, Sir John," a novel, viii 128.
Choice of a profession, advice on, vi. 27
Christmas and New-Year's parties, reflections on, vii. 67, 68.
"CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE, 1st SERIES," 2 Vols., commencement of, viii. 80, 88. Progress, 98, 99. Publication of, in November 1827, 243.
—— v. 101; viii. 128.
"CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE, 2d SERIES," 3 Vols; commencement of, and tales rejected from, viii. 250, 255. [*See* "FAIR MAID OF PERTH."]
Church, Presbyterian, ix. 250. Episcopal, *ib.*
Churnside's (Mrs.) school anecdote of Scott, i. 130.
Cicero, "*de Oratore*," passage in, applied to Scott, viii. 73.
Cigars, use of, vii. 238, 291; viii 34, ix. 33, 53, 87.
"*City of Edinburgh*" steam-vessel, vi. 114.
Clapperton and Denham's journey in Africa, viii. 62.
Clarence, Duke of, afterwards King William IV., viii. 183.
Clarendon's History, character of, vi. 175, 296; vii. 162.
Clarke, Rev. Dr. J. S., iii. 210. Letters from, 285; iv. 218. Letter to, iii. 289.
Clarkson, Ebenezer, Esq., Selkirk, v. 311; viii. 249; ix. 103, 221, 225.
—— James, Esq., Melrose, vii. 280; ix. 78, 119, 221, 225, 230 *n.*
Classical languages, study of, recommended, vi. 66, 75; but not too exclusively, 100.
Claverhouse [*See Viscount Dundee.*]
Cleeve, Rev. Mr., one of Scott's early teachers, i. 50.
Clephane, Mrs. M'Lean, iii. 126. Visit to, at Torloisk, iv. 133.
—— v. 122, 258; viii. 230.
—— Letters to, v. 26, 240.
—— Miss M. Maclean, of Torloisk, letter from, on "Waverley," iv. 178. Her marriage, 225. [*See Marchioness of Northampton.*]
Clergyman's daughter, account of one, v. 61.
Clerk, William, Esq., i. 76, 81. Scott's early estimate of, 83, 85. Admitted, with Scott, a member of the Faculty of Advocates, 85. Companionship with Scott, 177 *passim*, 184 *n.*, 188. "*Darsie Latimer*," 192. Visit to Craighall with Scott, 245. Conversation, iii. 169. Sketch of, vii. 232. Dinner parties, viii. 174. Letter to, on the affair of General Gourgaud, 223. His death, ix. 256.
—— Letters from Scott to, i. 188, Rosebank, 197; Kippilaw, 200; on Flodden-field, 212; from Rosebank, 219, 222.
—— i. 156, 220, 231, 233; v. 187, 231 296; vi. 54; viii. 224.
—— Sir John, of Pennycuick, i. 76. Antiquarian anecdote of, 180; iv. 291.
—— John, Esq. of Eldin, author of the Naval Tactics, i. 180.
—— John, Lord Eldin, anecdote of, i. 180. Solicitor-General, ii. 241.
—— James, the brother of William Clerk, Esq., i. 179, 201, 224.
Clerk, Sir George, his election dinner viii. 197.
—— Miss Elizabeth, vii. 292.
"Clerk Colville," ballad of. iv. 85.

Clestrom, Orkney, iv. 88, 89

Clovenford inn, ii. 51, 125.

Clyde, firth of, iv. 155; vii. 153.

Coalition administration, viii. 215, 253.

"Cobbler of Kelso," v. 35, 36.

Cochrane, Sir Alexander, i. 179

"Cock-a-pistol," vii. 315.

Cockburn, Mrs., her lines on Sir Walter Scott's father, i. 39. Authoress of the "Flowers of the Forest," i. 113. Her account of Scott in his 7th year, 113. Lines to, in his 14th year, 152.

—— Henry, Lord, his estimate of Scott's conversation, v. 119.

—— viii. 174; ix. 227, 228.

—— Sir George, viii. 132.

Cockenzie, visit to, ix. 61.

Cogswell, Mr., v. 200.

Cohen, Mr., now Sir Francis Palgrave, vi. 269.

Colburn, Mr. Henry, viii. 259, 268.

Coleridge, S. T., his "Christabel," ii. 162; vii. 66. Anecdotes of him, iii. 55; viii. 286. Vindicates Scott from a charge of plagiarism, iii. 132. His letter to David Hinves, iv. 177 *n.* His "Biographia Literaria," v. 96–98. Attack of Maturin's "Bertram," 96. Estimate of his genius, 156, 157.

—— ii. 73, 93, 328; iii. 45, 47.

Colquhoun, John Campbell, Esq. of Killermont (Lord Advocate), i. 280; iii. 16, 19.

"*Colonel Grogg*," a sobriquet of Scott, i. 184, 188 *passim.*

Colonsay, Isle of, iv. 146.

Combinations among operatives, vii. 241–243.

Commercial affairs in 1825, vii. 209, 213–229.

Commission regarding Colleges in Scotland, viii. 118, 121.

Companions, Scott's early, i. 72, 81, 177.

Company, good and bad, vi. 94, 95.

"Complaynt of Scotland," the, ii. 60.

Compton, Lord and Lady, visit of, v. 168.

Concealed thoughts, viii. 154.

Congenial pursuits and habits, local separation of, ii. 100.

Coningsburgh Castle, iii. 188, 193.

"Conquest of Granada," MS. poem on, i. 65.

Constable, Archibald, ii. 46, 185. Publishes "Sir Tristrem," 137; "Lay of the Last Minstrel," 175; and "Slingsby's Memoirs," 248. Purchase of "Marmion" before its completion, for £1,050, 249. Engagement with Scott for an edition of Swift's Life and Works, 3[illegible]6 Sketch of his person and professional character, iii. 11. Temporary alienation of Scott from, 8, 27, 29–36, 43, 45, 65. Bequest to, of Miss Seward's MS. Correspondence, 83, 85, 135. Gradual reconciliation with Scott 99, 263; iv. 20. Change in the firm of Constable & Co., and Scott's opinion of it, iii. 164. Negotiations with, for relief of John Ballantyne & Co., 263, 265, 294; iv. 294; v. 34–36, 76. Scott's negotiation with, for land-purchase, iii. 270. Offer for the copyright of "Waverley," iv. 24. Purchase of "The Lord of the Isles," 173. His position with Scott in 1816, 294–297. Suggests the title of "Rob Roy," v. 34. Negotiations for the 2d "Tales of my Landlord," 74, 76. Sobriquet of "*the Crafty*," 92 *n.* 135. His social intercourse with the Ballantynes, 135–137. Anecdotes and nicknames, 135, 136. Description of, in his residence at Polton, 137. Purchase of Scott's copyrights in 1818, for £12,000, 184. A Sunday at Abbotsford, 303. Characteristic anecdotes of, vi. 60. Extravagant literary projects, 164, 196, 200–202. Second purchase of Scott's copyright, £5,520, 177. Contracts with Scott for four unnamed works of fiction, 179, 263. Introduction of "Nigel," 197. Estate of Balniel, 202. Presented with the Waverley MSS., 286. Third purchase of copyrights, £5,500, 302. Gift of the Variorum Classics, vii. 18. Visit to Abbotsford, and projection of his "MISCELLANY," 126–132. Collections for the Life of Buonaparte, 135. Personal character, and retrospective sketch of his commercial connexion with Scott and the Ballantynes, 220, 286, 291, 292. Rumours of the instability of his firm, 210 *passim*, 292. Dedication of his Miscellany to the King, 254, 270. Scheme of republishing "The Waverley Novels," 274. His interviews with Mr. Lockhart in London 276–279. Catastrophe of his affairs, 292, 296, 302, 315, 321; viii. 59, 254. Illness, viii. 68. Change of Scott's views regarding him, 89. His death 211. Sketch of his character, 212 311.

—— Letters to, iii. 32, 99, 270, 294. v. 216; vi. 279, 280, 286; vii. 18 33.

—— Letters from, iii. 32; vi. 198.

—— ii. 266, 267, 310, 318; iii. 27 *passim*; iv. 20, 23, 200–202; v. 9

123. 173. 207; vi. 18, 60, 260, 263, 337; vii. 251–269, 299; viii. 36.
"Constable's Miscellany," projection of, vii. 126–132, 136, 278. Dedication of, to the King, 254, 270. Scott's "Larochejaquelin" for, 275, 281; viii. 311.
Constable, Mr. David, vi. 279 *n.*
—— George Prestonpans, the prototype of Jonathan Oldbuck, i. 52, 53 *n.*, 116, 180, 282; iv. 291; vi. 266; ix. 60.
—— Lady Winifred, viii. 305.
Conversation, viii. 136, 154, 156, 285.
—— anecdote, iii. 169.
—— English, Scotch, and Irish, viii. 115.
Convivial habits of Edinburgh, i. 178.
Cooke, George Frederick, his Sir Giles Overreach superior to Kemble's, iii. 258.
Cooper, Mr. (the American novelist), his "Pilot," vii. 31. Meets Scott in Paris, viii. 147, 149, 150.
Copyrights, sale of, in 1818, for £12,000, v. 184; in 1821, for £5,500, vi. 177; in 1823, for £5,500, 302.
—— Waverley, &c., arbitration on, and re-purchase of, viii. 254–256.
Corby Castle, iv. 257.
Corchiano, Duke and Duchess of, ix. 201; their MS. Memoirs of Italian families, *ib.*
Corehouse, vi. 161; visit to, viii. 232.
—— Lord. [*See George Cranstoun.*]
Coriolanus, Mr. J. P. Kemble in, v. 28.
Cork, city of, visited, vii. 181.
Cormorants, iv. 104.
Coronation of George IV., vi. 21, 112. Scott's account of, 116.
Corra Linn, fall of, viii. 231.
Correspondence, sentimental, iii. 85.
Correspondents, lazy, vii. 42.
Corri, Nattali, anecdote of, viii. 303.
Corrievreckan, gulf of, iv. 146.
Costar, Jean, impositions of, on the field of Waterloo, iv. 232, 238.
Coulter, William, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, anecdotes of, iii. 77, and *n.*
"COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS," origin of the tale, viii. 23. Commencement, ix. 65. Progress, and unpleasant discussions regarding it, ix. 81, 84, 88, 94, 105, 111, 118, 121, 122, 125, 140. Motto for, 102. Publication of, Nov. 1831, 152.
Country exercises, comparative influence of, on the national character of Scots and English, vi. 109.
—— and town contrasted, viii. 276, 277, 307.
Courage, ix. 246.
Courage and cowardice, viii. 279, 280
Coursing match on Newark Hill, vi 38.
Court influence on morals, v. 174, 175.
Court of Session. [*See Session.*]
Courtown, Earl of, vi. 216 *n.*
Cousins, Mr. of Newmarket, v. 242, 250.
Coutts, Mrs. visits Abbotsford, vii. 202–205. Overtures to, from the Duke of St. Albans, 244. Her character, *ib.*
—— viii. 132.
Covenanters, the, ii. 270, 271; iii. 46, 176; iv. 307, 313, 316; v. 13, 100 *n*
Cowan, Mr. Alexander, viii. 36.
Cowardly brave, viii. 279, 280.
Cowgate Port, manning of the, i. 126.
Cowley, i. 124.
"*Crab*," a sobriquet, i. 267.
Crabbe, Rev. George, imitation of his poetry, iii. 158. His "Tales in Verse," 230, 234. Estimate of his poetry, 235, 236. Scott's guest during the King's visit to Edinburgh, vi. 222, 245; vii. 24. Extract from his Journal, vi. 227, 246. Anecdote of, viii. 167. His poetry read to Scott in last illness, ix. 223. Letters from, iii. 231, 232, 234. Letters to, 232, 234.
Cradle of Noss, visit to the, iv. 47.
Craig, Sir James Gibson, iii. 91; ix. 90.
—— Mr. George, Galashiels, vi. 67.
Craighall, seat of the Rattrays, i. 245.
Craigleith quarry, vii. 77.
Craignethan castle, the original of "Tillietudlem," ii. 29; ix. 194.
Cramps in the stomach, v. 71, 73, 195.
Crampton, Sir Philip, Bart., vii. 164, 179.
"Cranbourne Chace," Anecdotes of, by Chafin, vi. 214 *n.*, 215.
Cranstoun, George, Lord Corehouse, i. 177; ii. 88; vi. 161; viii. 156 *n.* Visit of Scott to, viii. 231.
—— Miss, i. 269, 270. Letter from, 274; ii. 8. Marriage of, *ib.* [*See Countess of Purgstall.*]
—— Henry, Esq., vi. 159.
Craven, Hon. Keppel, ix. 180, 185, 186, 190.
Creehope Linn, vi. 126.
Crisis, a political, ix. 163.
Critic, "*how to make a*," vii. 283.
Criticism, literary, state of, in 1808 iii. 26, 27
Croce, Don Luigi Santa, ix. 208.
Croker, Right Honorable John Wilson. iii 56. Notes to his edition of Boswell, 123. Reply to "Malachi

Malagrowther," vii. 323; viii. 45. His "Stories on the History of England," viii. 199 *n*. Speech on the Reform Bill, ix. 160.
Croker, letters from, vi. 245; viii. 47.
— Letters to, v. 81; vi. 184, 244; viii. 49, 199 *n*.
—— iii. 291, 292; iv. 219; vii. 90; viii. 132, 156, 192, 194; ix. 228.
—— Crofton, Esq., viii. 132.
Cromwell, Oliver, iii. 125, 190; vii. 156; viii. 137.
Cross, the, of Edinburgh, v. 68, 309; vii. 145.
Crowe, Mr. Professor of Poetry at Oxford, ii. 215.
Cudgel-play, viii. 51.
"*Cui bono* men," vi. 117.
Culross, excursion to, ix. 55.
Cumberland, William, Duke of, Scott's infant hatred of, i. 47.
Cumberland, Prince George of, viii. 293.
—— Richard, Esq., v. 243. Points of character, vii. 289.
Cumbray Islands, prayer for, viii. 231.
Cumming, Lady, i. 79.
"Cumnor Hall." [*See Meikle.*]
Cunningham, Allan, Esq., vi. 12. His reminiscences of Scott in London, 1820, 12–16; in 1821, 125. His drama of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," 68, 71, 89. "Songs of Scotland," 71, 127. Literary genius, viii. 155. Patronage of his two sons through Scott's influence, 295, 296.
—— Letters to, vi. 68, 71, 89.
—— viii. 269; ix. 217.
Cupping, ix. 44, 104.
Curle, Mr. at Yetbyre, i. 47.
—— Mrs. aunt of Sir Walter, death of, vii. 288 and *n*.
Curtis, Sir William, "in a kilt," vi. 231.
Cuthullin of Ossian, iv. 116.
Cutler, Sir John, vii. 285.

D

Dalgetty, Ensign, Prestonpans, i. 51; ix. 60.
Dalgleish, the butler, viii. 28, 91, 241.
Dalhousie Castle, viii. 273.
Dalhousie, George, ninth Earl of, i. 149; iv. 13; ix. 264. Sketch of, viii. 273.
Dalkeith, Charles, Earl of, ii. 40, 51. [*See Duke of Buccleuch.*]
— Harriet, Countess of, ii 88, 162, 163, 167, 208, 288; iii. 182, 183. [*See Duchess of Buccleuch.*]
Dalkeith Palace, residence of Geo. IV at, vi. 229.
Dalrymple, Lady Jane Hamilton, viii 123 *n*.
—— Miss, ix. 60.
Dalzell, Mr. Andrew, Professor of Greek in Edinburgh, i. 67.
"Dance of Death," iv. 258.
"Dandie Dinmont," originals of, i. 226; iv. 283.
Danish and Norwegian seamen, iv. 72.
—— captain, letter of a, vii. 246, 247.
Dante, i. 73; ix. 207. Michael Scott of, ix. 207.
D'Arblay, Madame, viii. 157, 158. Her "Evelina," *ib.*
Darnick, village of, v. 66. Volunteers of, v. 299. Peelhouse of, *ib.* "*Duke of,*" *ib.*
"*Darsie Latimer,*" i. 192, 216.
Daughters, education of, in Scotland. viii. 84.
Dauphine, Mad. La (1826), viii. 147.
D'Avenant, Sir William, viii. 14.
"David, of the blood-stained brush," iv. 249.
Davidson, James, an original of "Dandie Dinmont," i. 227; iv. 283.
—— John, writer to the signet, i. 53 *n*.
—— Professor Robert, i. 184 *n*.
Davidoff, Count, character of, vii. 241; viii. 97.
Davies' Straits whaling vessels, iv. 87.
Davy, Sir Humphrey, ascends Helvellyn with Scott and Wordsworth, ii. 209. Visits Abbotsford in 1820, vi. 39. Anecdote of, 42. His "Salmonia" reviewed, viii. 304. "Life of," ix. 176, 177 *n*.
—— iii. 208; iv. 198 *n*., 216; v. 178; vii. 161.
—— Lady, iii. 118, 207.
—— Letters to, vii. 103, 319.
—— Dr. John, Malta, ix. 167, 170. Medical visit to Scott at Malta, 176.
—— Mrs. John, extracts from her Journal at Malta, ix. 171–179.
Dawson, Captain, Malta, ix. 170.
Deaf and Dumb, a legal witness, viii. 119. Ideas of futurity, *ib.* "*Dean Cannon,*" vi. 244, 245.
Death, coincidences in, iii. 151; v. 103, 106. Change produced by, viii. 74, 75. Punishment by, 276.
Debating societies, i. 79, 176, 183, 184.
Dedication, pompous, of a book to the King, vii. 74.
Deference to superiors, v. 248; vi. 97 vii. 116.
Defoe, Daniel, alleged author of Captain Carleton's Memoirs, ii. 307 *n*.
Deity, belief of a, vii. 260, 261.
Democrat, vi. 92.

Democratical soldier, *ib.*
Demonology. [*See Letters on.*]
"*Den,*" Scott's, in George Square, described, i. 208, 270; in Castle Street, v. 111.
Denham's African travels, viii. 93.
—— Sir James Stewart, of Coltness, viii. 11 *n.*
Denniston, Mr. J., Galloway, iv. 186.
—— Mrs., of Colgrain, vi. 65.
Derwentwater, Earl of, vi. 250.
D'Escars, Duchess, viii. 135.
Despard, Colonel, vi. 92.
Destiny, vii. 320.
Devonshire, Duke of, vi. 119; vii. 174, 319; viii. 292.
"Dialogues on Superstition," proposed publication of, vi. 303, 307.
Dibdin, Rev. Dr., vi. 281. Letter from. 282. Letters to, *ib.* 283.
Dick, Dr., v. 240.
"*Dick o' the Cow,*" ballad of, i. 228.
Dickenson, Mr. John, London, ix. 54.
Dickson, Rev. Dr. David, ix. 231.
—— Mr. Walter, viii. 306.
—— Miss, Kelso, i. 147.
Dinner table-talk—Scott and Jeffrey, ii. 291. Scott and Coleridge, iii. 55.
Dinner at sea, iv. 73.
Dinner-parties, viii. 174, 175.
Distance, effects of, viii. 64.
Ditton Park, the residence of Lord Montagu, v. 44; vi. 98, 193; ix. 268.
Divorced Lady, anecdote of a, vii. 200.
Dods, Mrs., Margaret, prototype of, at Howgate, i. 181.
Dog-fish, iv. 82.
Dog, preservation of life by a, vii. 242.
Domestic happiness, v. 247.
—— history, study of recommended, vi. 296.
Don, Sir Alexander, of Newton, v. 123, 151; vii. 273. Sketch of, viii. 65. His death, 66: and funeral, 67, 68.
—— Lady Dowager, vii. 302.
Don Quixote, ii. 268, 314; v. 10.
—— river, Sheffield, ii. 120.
Donaldson, Hay, Esq., iv. 286 *n.*; vi. 74, 78. Death of, 256.
Donkeys of Ermenonville, iv. 248.
—— of Abbotsford, vi. 41.
"DON RODERICK, THE VISION OF," projected in aid of the Portuguese sufferers, iii. 147. Publication of, in July 1811, 149. Its profits, *ib* Estimate of the poem, 151. Reception of a copy at Lisbon, 155. Edinburgh Review on, 157.
—— iii. 159.
DOOM OF DEVORGOIL, THE," Origin of that play, v. 20–25. Progress of, 85, 86, 89; vii. 301. Publication of, in 1830, ix. 50.
"DOOM OF DEVORGOIL, THE," vi. 310.
Doris, wreck of the, iv. 38.
Douce, Francis, Esq., ii. 96, 111, 135.
Douglas, Archibald, Lord, ii. 27, 28.
—— Lady, ii. 27, 272; iii. 60, 226, 260. Death and character, v. 43.
—— David, Lord Reston, i. 56, 184 *n.*; viii. 26.
—— Rev. Dr., Galashiels, i. 113. Purchase of Abbotsford from, iii. 165. The clergyman of "Paul's Letters." iv. 230.
Douglas, Miss, now Mrs. Cruger, of New York, ix. 19.
—— "The good Lord James," ix. 136
—— Castle, ix. 136.
—— visit to the town of, ix. 135. St Bride's Church, *ib.* Monuments in it, *ib.*
—— Mrs. of Douglas' hotel, ix. 220.
—— Sir Howard, "on Military Bridges," v. 100.
Doune Castle, i. 245.
Dover, viii. 151.
Down Kerry, cave of, iv. 151.
Downie, trial of, for high treason, i. 258.
Downshire, Marquis of, i. 303. His letters regarding Miss Carpenter, 306, 311, 312, 315.
"Dragon of Wantley," the, traditions of, ii. 118.
Dramatic composition, v. 103, 201, 270; vi. 69, 71, 90; ix. 212.
—— representations, i. 111.
Drawing and painting, Scott's incapacity for, i. 77, 154. His lessons in, 155–157.
Drayton Manor, the seat of Sir Robert Peel, ix. 271.
Dreams, phenomena of, viii. 96, 117
Drinking cups at Dunvegan, iv. 113, 114.
Drochel Castle, ix. 132.
Drogheda, town of, vii. 158.
Dromore, Bishop of, (Dr. Percy), ii. 53.
Drumlanrig Castle, iii. 275, 277. Account of, 299; v. 44, 47. Revisited in 1826, viii. 112.
Drummond, Henry Home, Esq. of Blair Drummond, v. 108.
Drunkard, ix. 85.
Drunkenness, habitual and casual, defined, i. 240.
Dryburgh Abbey, i. 36, 106; v. 163; ix. 144. Interment of Lady Scott, viii. 78. Of Lord Buchan, ix. 37. Of Sir Walter Scott, 232.
Dryden, John. ii. 37. Remarks on his writings by Scott, Ellis, and Wordsworth, 214–219. Indecencies of, 233

Publication of Life and Works, in 18 vols., 295. Success of, 296. Modern neglect of the writings of Dryden, 297. His "Fables," 298. Contrast of his literary history with that of Scott, 299. Lely's portrait of, vii. 146. His "Absalom and Achitophel," iii. 217; viii. 142.
Dryden, John, ii. 304; iii. 153, 199; ix. 212.
"DRYDEN'S LIFE AND WORKS," 18 Vols., Scott's edition of, commenced, ii. 185, 191. Progress of, 211, 213 *passim* 219. Publication, in April 1808, 295. Criticised in the Edinburgh Review by Hallam, 296. Success of the work, *ib.* Letter from Ellis regarding, 298.
—— iv. 20; vi. 133.
Duart Castle, seat of the Macleans, iii. 119; iv. 138.
Dubisson, Mr. death of, iii. 151; v. 106.
Dublin, enthusiastic reception of Scott in, vii. 159. St. Patrick's cathedral, 161; St. Sepulchre's library, 162. Deanery, *ib.* Society's museum, *ib.* Theatre, 163. Bank of Ireland, 164. College, *ib.* Phœnix Park, 188.
Dudley, Earl of, viii. 86, 252.
Duff, Adam, Esq., voyage with Scott in the Light-house yacht, 1814, iv. 35, 36 *passim*, 157 *passim*.
Dumergue, Miss Sophia, iv. 303.
——M. Charles, character of, ii. 95. Scott's residence with, in London, *ib.* 96; iii. 53; iv. 212.
Dun Buy, iv. 38.
Duncan, king of Scotland, i. 249.
——Colonel William, i. 48.
——the Hon. Captain Sir Henry, ix. 162, 163.
——Mr., Lerwick, iv. 40, 51.
Duncan, Rev. Dr., Mertoun, sketch of, i. 47.
——Mrs. Mertoun, i. 110.
Duncansby-head, iv. 81.
Dundalk, town of, vii. 158.
Dundas, Lord, iv. 41, 43 *passim*.
——Right Hon. William, ii. 40, 47, 61; iii. 310.
——Letter from, on Mr. Pitt, and "The Lay," ii. 174.
—— Sir David, vii. 150.
——Right Hon. Robert. [*See Lord Melville.*
——Right Hon. Robert, Lord Chief Baron, ii. 40; v. 17. Death of, v. 186, 266, 289
—— Hon. Robert, viii. 121.
——Sir Robert, of Beechwood, ii. 241; viii. 36, 38. Letter to, viii. 45. Secret liberality of, 248.
—— ix. 54.
Dundas, Robert, Esq. of Arniston, vii 251; viii. 273.
——Mrs. R., of Arniston, v. 276; vii 270.
Dundee, Viscount (Grahame). ii. 269 270; iii. 176. Anecdote of, with a *weaver*, iv. 314 *n*. Portrait and character, 317.
Dunfermline, *hawl* from the kirk of, vi. 260.
Dunlop, Mr., Cape Wrath, iv. 105.
——Miss, of Dunlop, iii. 59.
Dunluce Castle, iv. 150.
Dunnottar Castle, i. 247; the Scottish regalia concealed in, v. 82.
Dunmore, Earl of, iv. 109 *n*.
Dunolly Castle, iv. 141–144.
Dunstaffnage Castle, iv. 140.
"*Duns Scotus*," a sobriquet of Scott, i. 183. Letter to W. Clerk, 188, 233.
Dunton, John, iv. 16.
Dunvegan Castle, description of, iv. 112. Curiosities at, 113, 114. Haunted chamber, 114 *n*.
Durham, Bishop of (Van Mildert), Duke of Wellington entertained by, in Durham Castle, viii. 234.
"Durham Garland," iv. 319.
Dutch sailors, iv. 74.
Duty, viii. 66, 77, 78.
"Duty" and "Ego," viii. 108.
Dwarfie stone of Hoy, iv. 89.
Dyce, Rev. Alexander, ix. 113. Notes by, iii. 217, 238; vii. 81, 82.
—— Letter to, ix. 115.
Dymocke, the Champion, vi. 120.
"Dickie Macphalion," song of, vi. 329

E

Eagles at Hoy Island, iv. 91; at Cape Wrath, 106.
Economy recommended, v. 250, 252; vi. 64, 258.
Edgecombe, Hon. Mrs. Geo. viii. 292.
Edgeworth, Maria, "Tales" of, iv. 24. Letter to, on Waverley, from James Ballantyne, 182. Tale of "Vivian," vi. 207. Visits Edinburgh, 299. Description of, 313. Visits Abbotsford, 315. Visited by Scott, vii. 165. Anecdote of, 168. Her ready pen, 189. "Essays on Professional Education," *ib.* "Harry and Lucy," 190. Tale of "Ennui," ix. 19; of "Simple Susan," 178.
——Letters to, iv. 182; v. 245; vi 207, 328; vii. 19, 29; viii. 82; ix 18, 56.
——iii. 307; vi. 186; vii. 110, 148 166, 167; viii. 58.
—— Miss Harriet, vii. 30, 172, 191.

Edgeworth, Miss Fanny, ix. 19.
—— Sophia, vi. 328. Marriage of, vii. 29.
—— Richard Lovell, Esq., vii. 166.
Edgeworthstown, visit to, vii. 165; ix. 58.
Edinburgh, *temp.* K. Henry VI., ix. 72.
—— Assurance Company, meeting of directors, vii. 263.
—— Cross of, v. 68, 309; vii. 145.
—— old City wall, vii. 83.
—— Academy, Scott's speech at the opening of the, vii. 48.
—— High School of, i. 55, 56; vii. 49, 50, 54.
—— society of, v. 115; vii. 38; and London society, contrasted, iii. 198; viii. 176.
—— Ladies' boarding schools, viii. 84.
—— riots, New-Year's day, iii. 196.
—— —— King's birthday, 4th June 1796, i. 271. On acquittal of Queen Caroline, vi. 73.
—— Theatre, riot in, i 256. Management of Mr. H. Siddons, iii. 76. First production of Joanna Baillie's Family Legend, 76, 97. Extraordinary success of the play of Rob Roy, v. 189. Conduct of the audience to Scott, 190. Visited by King George IV., vi. 232.
—— Fires in (1824), vii. 60.
—— City's address to the Prince Regent, iii. 310; iv. 13.
—— popular feeling in, towards Charles X. of France, ix. 70. Successful appeal of Scott to, 70–72.
—— Volunteers, i. 255, 259, 262. Mania of, ii. 186. Sham battles, 187. Summoned in 1819, v. 279.
—— Volunteer Light Horse Corps, plan of, suggested by Scott, i. 255. Organization of, 293. Song of, ii. 16.
—— ii. 88, 107, 108, 187.
—— Weekly Journal, letter to, on the affair of General Gourgaud, viii. 225.
—— vii. 213, 268, 323; viii. 29, 89, 183.
—— intended Monument to Scott in, ix. 264.
"Edinburgh Review, The," Scott's contributions to, ii. 107, 191, 247; v. 173; and remarks on, to Ellis, ii. 137. Controversy with Dr. Thomas Young, 157. Notice of "Sir Tristrem," 158; of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," 166, 169; of Southey's Works, 267; of Wordsworth's, 268; of "Marmion," 281. Scott's connexion with, broken off, 290 iii. 13, 15. Its origin and characteristics, ii. 292. Criticism of Scott's edition of Dryden, by Hallam, 296, 302. Article on "Don Cevallos," iii. 15. Its terms to contributors, 19–21. Circulation, 24. Editor offers terms of pacification to Scott, 30. Strictures on Byron's "Hours of Idleness," 60, 61. Criticism of "The Lady of the Lake," 104. Notice of "The Vision of Don Roderick," 157. Recantation regarding Lord Byron, 207, 213. Criticism of Scott's Life of Swift, iv. 21; of Waverley, 180; of the Lord of the Isles, 203; of Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," v. 195.
"Edinburgh Review, The," politics of, ii. 270, 290; iii. 15, 17, 30.
—— iii. 26, 30, 45, 209; v. 173.
"Edinburgh Annual Register," the, publication of, projected, iii. 14, 27, 35, 39, 41. Commencement of, 139. Yearly loss upon, 265. Stock of, transferred to Constable & Co., *ib.* Scott's historical sketch of 1814, contributed to, iv. 306; and of 1815, v. 46.
—— iii. 159, 209, 237; iv. 34, 293; v. 31, 111.
Edmonstone, John James, Esq. of Newton, i. 81, 177, 181, 184 *n.*, 224, 244, 292.
—— Dr. Lerwick, iv. 46.
Education, advantages of, vii. 48–54. Advancement of, in Scotland, 48–50.
Edward I., ii. 114 *n.*
Egerton, Lord Francis, ix. 263.
Egypt, pyramids of, interesting only from association, iii. 240, 241; ix. 27.
"Eild Kye" (Copyrights), v. 184.
Eildon Hall, vii. 76–78, 85.
—— hills, i. 106.
Elba, Isle of, iv. 15.
Elcho, Lord, anecdote of, in 1746, viii 11, 12.
Elective franchise, extension of, ix. 98.
Elephant — "Lend your elephant a lift," ii. 56.
—— at Chiswick, viii. 292.
Elgin, Earl of, viii. 39. Patronage of Greenshields the sculptor, ix. 11. Letter of Scott to, 12.
Elibank, Patrick Lord, viii. 41.
Eliott, Captain Russell, R. N., ix. 128
Elizabeth, Queen, iii. 39; v. 12; vi. 60; vii. 262; viii. 137.
Ellan Glass Island, iv. 107, 108.
Elland Water, vi. 324.
Ellenborough, Lord, ii. 227, 231; viii. 296.
Elleray, visit to, vii. 183.
Elliot, Dr., Cleughead, presents Border ballads to Scott, i. 227; and a war-horn, 230.
—— Cornelius, of Woollee, i. 16 *n.*
—— Willie, his reception of Scott at

Millburnholm, i. 226. The original of Dandie Dinmont, *ib.*
Elliot, Lady Anna Maria, viii. 110.
Ellis, George, Esq., introduced to Scott, ii. 53. Suggestions regarding Dryden, 13. Notices of Warton, Dryden, and Pope, *ib.*
Character of, iii. 196.
—— Letters to, ii. 54, 55, 57–63, 79, 80, 86, 89, 100, 110, 112, 118, 121, 135, 141, 145, 153, 157, 158, 160, 187, 190, 211, 214, 224, 227, 231, 232, 273, 304; iii. 15, 25, 35, 58, 68, 70, 109, 243.
—— Letters from, ii. 67, 86, 87, 116, 118, 123, 124, 153, 156, 159, 189, 213, 216, 226, 275, 278, 298, 304; iii. 112. Death of, iv. 223.
—— ii. 56 *n.*, 96, 112, 117, 169, 172, 253, 273, 303, 315; iii. 25, 31, 109, 196, 253; viii. 115.
"Ellis's Ancient English Poetry," ii. 53.
—— "Ancient English Romance," ii. 53, 124, 303. Compared with Ritson's, 247.
—— Mrs. George, ii. 67, 96, 112, 157, 191, 233.
—— Right Hon. Henry, iii. 181.
—— Charles, Lord Seaford, iii. 67; vii. 68, 169.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Scott's contributions to, iv. 24, 25; v. 173; vi. 307; viii. 173.
Energy of mind, remarkable instance of, after swallowing laudanum, vi. 213.
Englefield, Sir Henry, his readings of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," ii. 171.
England, Civil Wars of, and the French Revolution, compared, vii. 46.
—— public buildings of, viii. 139.
English, the, in France, 1815, iv. 241, 242, 243.
—— Scotch, and Irish politicians, vi. 208.
—— Jacobins, viii. 284.
"English Review, The," iii. 22.
English Subscription fund for Abbotsford, ix. 263.
"English Minstrelsy," 2 Vols., publication of, iii. 95, 97 *n.*
Envy, iii. 240.
"ERL KING, THE," a goblin story, i. 310.
Episcopal Church, ix. 250.
Ermenonville, iv. 248.
Errol, Earls of, iv. 37.
Erskine, Charles, Esq., sheriff-substitute of Selkirkshire, iv. 200.
—— Letter to, v. 147.
—— Honourable Henry, appointed Lord Advocate of Scotland, ii. 241
Sketch of, ix. 37.
Erskine, Lord, viii. 141; Sketch of, ix 37.
—— John Francis, Esq., of Mar, vi. 249.
Erskine, Rev. Dr. John, i. 136.
—— Sir William, anecdote of, vii. 150
—— William, Lord Kinnedder, i. 107, 233. Account of, 236, 237. Scott's love affair, 276. Publication of "Lenore," 280, 281. His introduction of Monk Lewis to Scott, ii. 12. Visit to Scott at Lasswade, 82, 83. Scott's literary referee, 156, 193; iii. 219; iv. 23, 176, 197, 230, 312; vi. 19, 155; vii. 272. His alleged paternity of "The Bridal of Triermain," iii. 219, 220, 252–255. Opinion of Waverley, iv. 23. Voyage with Scott to the Hebrides, 35 *passim* 40, 60, 80, 130 *passim* 156. Quarterly Review of Old Mortality, &c., 313. Promoted to the Bench, vi. 185, 188. Illness, and its cause, 236. Death, 238, 240, 256. Sketch of, ii. 89; iii. 36, 264; iv. 158; v. 103, 131; vi. 156.
—— Mrs. William, death of, v. 259, 260, 268.
—— Miss, afterwards Mrs. Colquhoun of Kellermont, i. 280. Letter from, 281.
—— Miss Jane, ix. 117.
Eskgrove, Lord, i. 252.
"Essay on the Feudal System," i. 202, 203.
—— on Judicial Reform, iii. 140.
—— on the "Manners and Customs of the Northern Nations," i. 204.
Essays read at the Speculative Society, i. 207.
"ESSAY ON THE PLANTING OF WASTE LANDS," viii. 210.
"ESSAYS ON POPULAR POETRY, AND IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD," publication of, in 1830, ix. 50
—— i. 159, 183, 269; ii. 65, 101.
"ESSAY ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING," printed in 1827, viii. 250.
—— vi. 325. Extracts from, i. 143, 248.
"ESSAY ON CHIVALRY," iv. 25.
"—— ON THE DRAMA," iv. 25.
"—— ON ROMANCE," v. 173; vi. 307.
Esten, Mrs., ii. 20.
Esterhazy, Prince, at the coronation of George IV., vi. 121.
Ettrick Forest, ii. 79, 123, 142.
Ettrick River, ii. 208; v. 17, 58.
New Bridge, ix. 117, 143.
Euthanasia, desire of, ix. 158, 221.
"Evan's Ballads," i. 164.
"EVE OF ST. JOHN," ballad of, ii. 25
"Evelina," by Miss Burney, anecdote concerning, viii. 157.

Evil fortune, remarks on, viii. 297, 298.
Evils, real and imaginary, v. 169.
Exchequer bench, Scott's view towards, v. 15; viii. 33.
Exercise of body and mind, viii. 266.
Exeter, Bishop of (Dr. Philpotts), vii 196; viii. 233, 235; ix. 262.
—— Marchioness of, viii. 127.
Expenditure, improvident, vi. 298
"EYRBIGGIA SAGA," Scott's account of, iv. 14, 89.

F

Faction, iii. 240.
"*Faineants*," "a pack of old," viii 35.
'Fair, fair lady, a," story of, vii. 69.
Fair Isle, visit to the, iv. 65–70.
"FAIR MAID OF PERTH, THE," commencement of, viii. 250, 255. Progress, 270–272, 274. Publication of, in April, 1828, 279. Remarks on, 279, 280.
Fairy Dean, vi. 325.
Falconer's (Captain Richard) Voyages, &c., iii. 302; iv. 191.
Faldonside, estate of, v. 90, 260; vii. 117.
Falstaff, Sir John, character of, viii. 280.
Fame, ix. 27.
Family Bible at Abbotsford, extracts from first leaf of, i. 318; ii. 11, 323 *n.*
"Family Legend," play of the. [*See Joanna Baillie.*]
Family tutors, v. 70; vi. 296.
Fanshawe, Miss Catherine, vi. 310, 311.
Farmers and landlords, speculations of, iv. 305.
Farming and planting, vii. 63.
Fashion and taste, changes in, vi. 166
Fast Castle, Thomson's Painting of, vi. 268.
Fatalism, vii. 320.
"*Fata Morgana*," viii. 41.
"Fat friend" — anecdote of Beau Brummell, iv. 289 *n.*
"Fatsman," sobriquet of James Ballantyne, vii. 59 *n.*
Fear, passion of, iii. 130, 171, 175. Anecdote of Scott under its influence, 175.
Fee-Book, Scott's, i. 300; ii. 128.
"FIELD OF WATERLOO," a poem, preparation of, iv. 256, 258. Proof-sheet — Criticism of the Ballantynes, 258–262. Publication of the poem, Oct 1815, 263. Remarks on, 263, 264.
Fellenborg, educational institution at v. 280.
Female beauty, young and fading, viii 271, 272. Homage to, 301.
—— infanticide, vii. 249.
Fencing and riding, vi. 204
Fenella's Castle, i. 273.
Fergusson, Professor Adam, i. 81, 167; ii. 151; ix. 96. Anecdote of, in the Black Watch corps, vi. 228 *n.*
—— Sir Adam, i. 81, 169, 176, 184 *n.* 214. Sobriquet of "*Linton*," 220 *n.*, 242. At Meigle with Scott, 247. Letter of, from Lisbon, iii. 154. Anecdote of, in reading "The Lady of the Lake," 156. Return from France, iv. 19. Excursion with Scott to the Lennox, v. 46. Resident at Huntly Burn, 48. Wilkie's picture, 62. Appointed Keeper of the Regalia, 85, 145, 187. "*Un drole de corps*," 145. Visits Abbotsford, 148. Accompanies the Duke of Buccleuch to Lisbon, 185. Secretary to the Duke, 194. Marriage, vi. 93. Visit to Ditton Park, 98. Receives the honor of knighthood, 242. Visited by Thomas Moore, vii. 200. His portrait in Wilkie's picture of the Abbotsford family, ix. 270.
—— Letters to, v. 185, 209, 231.
—— i. 267; ii. 207; v. 66, 165, 188, 228, 278; vi. 54, 67, 82, 215, 228 *n.*, 339; vii. 38, 78, 150; viii. 165, 166, 175; ix. 35.
—— Lady, vii. 150.
—— Misses, v. 304. Characters of vi. 99; vii. 199, 200. Death of, vi 155.
—— Miss Isabella, death of, ix. 95.
—— Colonel, vi. 299; viii. 120.
—— Captain John, R. N., v. 151 *passim*, 164, 165, 284; vi. 79.
—— James, Esq., Clerk of Session, i 184 *n.*
—— Sir James, Bart., viii. 32.
—— Dr. Robert, London, his attendance on Scott, ix. 157, 163, 216, 220.
—— Extracts from his Memoranda, ix. 163, 218.
Ferrier, James, Esq., vii. 305. Letter to, *ib. n.*
—— Miss, vii. 305 *n.*; ix. 178. Visit to Abbotsford, ix. 124–126. Novels by, viii. 58.
Ferry Bridge, viii. 300.
"Feudal System, The," Scott's essay on, i. 202, 203, 207.
Feuds of the Scotch, iv. 276.
Fiddles, vii. 201. Lawsuit of one, *ib.*
Fielding, Henry, viii. 14; ix. 151.
Field sports, advice regarding, v. 257
Fiery Cross, the last use of it, vi 215
Fife, Earl of, iv. 219; v. 206.
Fille de Chambre, vii. 111.

Fine arts, viii. 14.
Fingal's dog, vi. 283.
Finlay, Mr. Douglas, ix. 136.
"FIRE KING," ballad of the, ii. 27.
First love, i. 194, 196, 266, 273, 281; iii. 249; iv. 36; viii. 243, 251, 265.
Fish-women, habits, viii. 199.
Fitful-head, iv. 63, 64.
Fitzgerald, Lord Edward, vi. 92. Reversal of his attainder, 251.
"Five-ell web," a, v. 191.
Flag, the, at Abbotsford, history of, vii. 90.
Flaxman, the Sculptor, ii. 54.
"Flocci-pauci-nihili-pilification of misery," viii. 36; ix. 33.
Flodden-field, letter to W. Clerk from, i. 212. Revisited, iii. 222. Anecdote of the innkeeper, *ib.*; and of the blacksmith, 223.
Florence, a cook of the Duke of Buccleuch, v. 152 *n.*
Florida, The, Spanish vessel, iv. 136.
"*Flotsome*" and "*Jetsome*," iv. 71.
Foley, Admiral Sir Thomas, ix. 165.
Foligno, earthquake at, ix. 207.
Foot-ball match at Carterhaugh, iv. 268, 271.
Foote's farce of "The Cozeners," grounds of, viii. 290.
Forbes, Lord, vii. 241; preservation of life by his dog, 242.
—— Sir William, of Pitsligo (1796), i. 294.
—— Sir William, Bart. (1826), vii. 294 *n.*, 301. Generous conduct of, in Scott's affairs, viii. 248, 304. Illness, 308. Death and character, 310.
—— George, Esq., ix. 89. Letter to, 90.
Foreign Quarterly Review, contributions of Scott to, viii. 173, 259.
Foresters, Scott's proposal to raise a corps of, v. 282, 283–285, 298.
Forlorn hope, the, viii. 30.
Fortitude, ix. 246.
Fortune, Mr., his mechanism, ix. 103.
"FORTUNES OF NIGEL," 3 vols., origin of its composition, vi. 167. Commencement, 172. Publication of, May, 1822, 197. Letter from Constable on, 198. Character of the work, 202.
Foul-weather excursion, a, iv. 304.
"FOUNTAINHALL'S (Lord) CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES," published by Scott in 1821, vi. 163.
Fouquè, Baron and Baroness de la Motte, vi. 203.
Fowls, viii. 122.
Fox, Right Hon. Charles James, his approbation of "The Lay," ii. 173, 189. Anecdote of, viii. 291. History of the verses on, in Marmion, ii. 289.
—— ii. 222, 226; vii. 273.
Fox, Mrs., ix. 19.
Foy's (General) History of the Peninsular Campaign, viii. 236.
"Fragments," written by Scott in 1799, ii. 27–37.
France, aspect of, after the battle of Waterloo, iv. 240–249; and in 1826 viii. 138, 139, 145. Religion of, 145 Inns of, 137, 138, 139, 151. Its reception of Scott and his writings, 142 145, 147–149, 152.
—— iv. 199; ix. 109.
Franchise, the elective, v. 93.
"FRANCK'S NORTHERN MEMOIRS," Scott's edition of, in 1821, vi. 163.
"Frankenstein," novel of, v. 86, 100.
Frankfort, excursion to, ix. 215.
Fraser, Mr. Luke, of the High School of Edinburgh, i. 55, 118; iv. 38.
Fraserburgh, iv. 38.
"*Freits*," ii. 152; viii. 123.
Freeholds of Scotland, v. 38.
French, Rev. James, of East Kilbride, an early tutor of Scott, i. 55, 118.
French language, anecdote of Scott's, i. 159.
—— Invasion, alarms of, ii. 121, 210.
—— Prisoners, 1814, iv. 17.
—— Revolution, the, ix. 99; and Civil Wars of England, compared, vii. 46.
Frere, the Right Hon. John Hookham, his opinion of Scott's Sir Tristrem, ii. 159. His war-song from the Anglo-Saxon, 160 *n.* His opinion of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, ii. 169; at Malta, ix. 169, 179 *passim*; ii. 234, 266; iii. 24; iv. 310.
Frescati, visit to, ix. 205.
"*Friday Club*," Lord Holland introduced at dinner of, iii. 94. List of its members, 94, 95 *n.*
Friends, bereavement of, vi. 207, 256 265, 266, 289, 331, 332; viii. 165, 166 310.
Friskin's Cavern, iv. 104.
Fuller, *Jack*, vi. 14.
Funerals, viii. 64. Scott's dislike of *ib.*
"Furth Fortune and *file* the Fetters," motto of, ix. 104.
Futurity, speculations on, vii. 259–261 viii. 75.

G

Gaetani, Don Michael, ix. 202, 204 209, 210.
Gage, Mr., Rachrin, iv. 153.
Galashiels, weavers, riot among, iii 209.
—— state of, in 1819, v. 273, 274.
—— festival, vi. 252, 254, 255. Poetical invitation to, 253, 254.

Galignanis, Paris. viii. 149.
Galitzin, Princess, viii. 145, 150
Gallois, M., viii. 141.
Galt, John, Esq., his "Annals of the Parish," vi. 110. His "Omen," viii. 26, 44.
Garrick, David, anecdote of, ix. 159.
—— Mrs., anecdote of, viii. 98 *n.*
Gas, at Abbotsford, vi. 290, 329; vii. 37.
Gattonside, vii. 39, 41.
Gay, the poet, iii. 288.
Geddes, Mr. A., his portrait of Scott, ix. 268.
Gell, Sir William, ix. 180, 196, 199. His memoranda of Scott at Naples, 185–195; and at Rome, 200–205.
"Genius of the Red Mountain," ix. 32. Dialogue with "Author," 33, 34.
Genius, distinctive qualities of, in age, ix. 39.
"Gentlemen's Magazine, The," viii. 302.
George III., iii. 129, 200. Death of, v. 309, 310.
—— Prince Regent, his treatment of the Whigs, iii. 200. Introduction of Lord Byron to, 202. Offers Scott the laureateship, 281, 298. Reception of the City of Edinburgh's address, 310; iv. 13. His expression regarding the laureateship, iv. 218; and desire to see Scott, *ib.* Entertains Scott, &c., at Carleton House, *ib.* 221. Gift to Scott of a gold snuff-box, 222. Attacked, v. 12. Grants commission to search for the Scottish Regalia, 77, 78. Confers a baronetcy on Scott, 175.
—— iii. 206, 293, 298; iv. 30. "Our fat friend," iv. 289; v. 12, 177, 309. [*See* King George IV.]
George IV. Proclamation at Edinburgh of his accession to the throne, v. 309. Scott, his first creation of baronetcy, vi. 16. Account of his coronation, 116. Visit to Edinburgh in 1822, 221. Gift to the Abbotsford library, vii. 18. Feelings regarding Scott, viii. 33, 252, 291. Commands Scott to Windsor, viii. 132. Sketch of, 133. His patronage of Charles Scott, 252, 253. Illness, ix. 59. Death, 59, 61, 206.
—— vi. 20, 87, 88; viii. 291; ix. 70, 72, 238.
Germany, and the Germans, iv. 247, 249; v. 108: viii. 188. *Têtes échauffées* of, vi. 204.
German studies, Scott's, i. 234, 282, 292.
—— narratives, vi. 268.
Gesner's "Death of Abel," . 54, 235.
Ghost stories—in Scott's infancy, v. 14. Of Lord Castlereagh, vi. 241 Of the Club, president, 319. Lord Minto, vii. 273. Lord Erskine, ix. 36. Glen in Laggan, 126.
Ghost, making of one, ix. 203.
Giant's Causeway, iv. 151. Description of, 152. Contrasted with Staffa, *ib.*
Gibb, Mr., of Advocates' Library, i. 220.
Gibson, James, Esq., now Sir J. G. Craig, Bart., iii. 91 *n.*
—— John, jun. Esq., vii. 292, 296, 301, 306, 311; viii. 20, 27, 38, 58, 122, 245.
Gifford, William, Esq., i. 163; ii. 158. Undertakes to conduct the Quarterly Review, iii. 17. Letter to, from Scott, on that subject, 19. Qualities of, for the office, 27, 28. Opinion of "The Black Dwarf," iv. 302, 303 *n.* His "Juvenal," viii. 183. "Bæviad and Mæviad," *ib.* Attack of Peter Pindar, 184. Death and character, 183–185.
—— iii. 63; iv. 311; vi. 180; vii. 45.
—— Lord, vii. 96; viii. 96.
—— Lady, vii. 96; ix. 157.
Gigs, v. 248.
Gilchrist, Octavius, ii. 277.
Gillies, Lord, viii. 67; ix. 269.
—— Mr. Robert Pierce, his recollections of Scott at Lasswade, ii. 82; at Flodden, iii. 223. Supposed author of Triermain, 259, 260. Scott's benefactions to, viii. 173, 259.
Gillon, Mr. Joseph, ii. 43, 44.
Gills-Hill Tragedy, viii. 105. Visit to the scene of, 299.
Gilmour's Poems, v. 41.
"Gilpin Horner," story of, suggests "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," ii. 162, 163, 167.
Gilray, the caricaturist, v. 253.
Gilsland, visit to, i. 301; ii. 209.
Girdle-Ness, iv. 37.
Glammis Castle visited, i. 247.
Glasgow, visit to, v. 47.
—— radicals, 1819, v. 278, 279
—— punch, vii. 154, 155.
—— monument to Sir Walter Scott in, ix. 265.
Glassford, James, Esq., advocate, i 184 *n.*
Glenbervie, Lord, iv. 310.
Glendower, vi. 76.
"Glenfinlas," ballad of, ii. 25, 64.
Glengarry, M'Donnell of his present to Scott, of a dog, iv. 284; ix. 56 Sketch of, viii. 16, 17.
—— vi. 214, 243; viii. 59.
"Grey Brothers," ballad of the, ii 26.

"Glorious Memory, the," Irish toast, vii. 155.
Gloucester, bishop of, (Dr. Bethell), viii. 239.
Goat-Fell, Arran, iv. 155.
Goat-hunt, ii. 207.
Goderich, Lord, viii. 232, 253.
Godscroft's "House of Douglas and Angus," ix. 235.
Godwin, William, i. 284, 285. His "Caleb Williams," 285. His "Life of Chaucer," reviewed, ii. 106, 136. Interview with Mr. Canning, viii. 284.
Goethe, his tragedy of "Goetz von Berlichingen," translated, ii. 17–19. View of Scott's "Life of Buonaparte," iv. 224. His "Faust," v. 156. Letter from, viii. 187. Letter to, 189. His death, ix. 199, 212.
—— ii. 20: ix. 212.
"GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN," Scott's translation of, ii. 16. Terms of its publication, *ib.* Observations on, 17–20. Extract from, 19.
Golden age, the, ix. 23.
Goldie, Miss, Kelso, i. 147.
—— Mrs., viii. 306.
Goldsmith, Oliver, iv. 21; vi. 284; vii. 218; viii. 291. Birthplace of, vii. 166, 167.
Gometra, island of, iv. 133.
Gooch, Dr. Robert, viii. 42.
Goodfellow, William, a tailor, vii. 12. Death scene of, 13.
Good humour, Irish, vii. 234.
"Good name," a, ii. 230.
Gordon, Duke of, iii. 309; iv. 55.
—— Duchess of, ii. 62; v. 236.
—— James, Esq. of Craig, i. 294.
—— Jean, prototype of Meg Merrilees, viii. 51.
—— John Watson, Esq., his portraits of Scott and Hogg, ix. 118 *n.* His portrait of Scott, 269.
—— Major Pryse, extract from his "Personal Memoirs" on Scott's visit to Waterloo, iv. 232; viii. 259.
—— Mr. George Huntly, amanuensis to Scott, vii. 303; viii. 39. History of, viii. 260–263. Publishes "Two Sermons," the gift of Scott, for £250, 267, 268.
—— Letters to, viii. 263–267.
Gothicizers, viii. 234.
Gourgaud, General, his conduct regarding Buonaparte, viii. 198, 222. Anticipated challenge from, *ib.* Correspondence regarding, 223. Results, 229, 246. Review of his narrative, v. 173.
Gousla, Isle of, iv. 106.
Government retrenchments, impolicy of, vi. 195.
Gow "the pirate," story of, iv. 93.
Gower, Lord Francis, ix. 23. His German translations, vi. 312. His "Tale of the Mill," viii. 185. [*See Lord F. Egerton.*]
Græmsay, Isle of, iv. 87, 96.
Graham of Claverhouse. [*See Viscount Dundee.*]
—— Dr., anecdotes of, i. 153. His *Temple* of health, *ib.*, and Earth-bath, 154; ix. 74.
—— James, author of "The Sabbath, a poem," ii. 168. His death and character, iii. 176 and *n.*
—— Rev. John, Lismore, vi. 97.
—— John, Esq., his portrait of Scott, ix. 269.
—— Lord William, ix. 129.
—— Right Hon. Sir James, ix. 140, 165.
—— Sir Thomas (Lord Lynedoch), iv 13.
Graham's Island (new volcanic), ix. 167. Letter on, *ib.*
Grainger, Rev. Mr., Kinneff, v. 82.
"Granby," novel of, viii. 58.
Grant, Francis, Esq., his portrait of Scott, ix. 111, 112, 269. Sketch of, 112, 113.
—— Sir William, vi. 56.
—— Mrs., of Laggan, her sayings of Scott, ii. 284. Authorship of the Waverley Novels, vii. 19, 21. Application for a pension, 247, 257 Story of the haunted glen, ix. 126.
Grantham, viii. 127.
Granville, Lord, viii. 141, 143, 144.
—— Lady, viii. 144. Rout, 147.
Grasmere, banks of, ii. 209.
Gratitude and ill-will, viii. 30.
Grave, the, viii. 171.
Gravesend smacks, iv. 70.
Gray's "Fatal Sisters," iv. 81. Scene of, *ib.*
"Great Magician, The," first application of this title to Scott, iii. 238.
"GREAT UNKNOWN, THE," origin of that title, v 130, 166.
Greek language, Scott's dislike of, i. 68, 159. Anecdote of Gifford and Bryant, 163. Study of, useful, vii. 52.
Greek war, the, and Lord Byron, viii. 116.
"Green Breeks," story of, i. 128.
Greene's "Plays," ix. 113, 115.
Greenland sailors, Lerwick, iv. 40, 60 Anecdotes of, *ib.*
Greenshields, John, sculptor, his statue of the Duke of York, ix. 10 Scott's interview with, 11; and letter to Lord Elgin regarding, *ib.* His statue of King George IV., 12. Ami

able character, 13. Statue of Sir Walter Scott, 198, 273; and death, 16.
Gregory, Dr. James, writes the inscription for a flagon presented to Scott, iv. 14 *n.*
Grenville, Lord, ii. 226.
—— Right Hon. Thomas, viii. 154.
Greta river, iii. 58, 59. Ghost tradition of, 189, 190. Case of murder near, 246.
Grey, Earl, viii. 215.
Greyhounds, viii. 314.
Grieve, Mr. John, iv. 172, 269, 270.
—— Mr., Cameronian preacher, v. 95.
Griffiths, Mrs., Walworth, ix. 79 *n.*
Gruagach, a highland tutelar divinity, iv. 114.
Guenever, Queen, tomb of, i. 247.
Guisards, vii. [illegible].
Gurwood, Colonel, iii. 38 *n.*
Gustavus, Prince of Sweden, v. 276. Visits Scott in Castle Street, 278, 308, 310; and at Abbotsford, vi. 23.
"GUY MANNERING, 3 Vols.," progress of its composition, iv. 188, 195, 196. Publication of, in February 1815, 199, 203. Characteristics and success of, 210, 211.
—— i. 206, 227, 243; ii. 206, 207; iii. 246; iv. 283, 315; v. 293; vi. 143, 144. "Guy Mannering," "*Terry-fied*," iv. 282.
"GWYNNE'S MEMOIRS OF THE CIVIL WARS," publication of, in 1822, vi. 98.

H

Habits, change of, ix, 57, 77.
Haco of Norway, iv. 105, 155.
Haddington, Charles, eighth Earl of, vii. 42; ix. 35.
Haddow, Mr., Douglas, ix. 135, 136.
Hailes' (Lord) Annals of Scotland, vi. 297.
Hair-powder, tax on, vii. 127.
Hajji Baba in England, reviewed, viii. 304.
Halford, Sir Henry, medical attendance on Scott, ix. 157, 216.
—— iii. 308.
Haliburtons, family of, i. 36, 88, 97. [*See Memorials of.*]
"HALIDON HILL," a dramatic sketch. Origin of its composition, vi. 189, 196. Publication of, in June 1822, 202. Remarks on, 310.
Hall, Capt. Basil, R. N., vi. 162 *n.*, 163. Extracts from his MS. Journal, of a Christmas at Abbotsford, vii. 61–101; of Scott in Mrs. Brown's lodgings, viii. 90–94. His reflections on Christmas and New-year's parties, vii. 67, 68. A "Lion," 75, 76. His habits of composition, 96, 97. Corrections of style, viii. 39. "Fragments of Voyages," &c. ix. 118, 165. Successful application for Scott at the Admiralty, 140, 155.
Hall, Capt. Basil, R. N., vii. 102; ix 164.
—— Sir James, of Dunglass, vi. 77.
—— James, Esq., vii. 61.
Hallam, Henry, Esq., iv. 310. His criticism of Scott's edition of Dryden, ii. 296. Visit to Abbotsford, ix. 45.
——'s, Arthur, Esq., Stanzas to Abbotsford and Melrose, ix. 45–47.
Halles, Dames des, viii. 142.
Hamilton, Duke of, ii. 64.
—— Lord Archibald, ii. 308.
—— Rev. G., of Hoy, iv. 91.
—— James, of Bothwellhaugh, ii. 75.
—— Lady, i. 53.
—— Lady Anne, ii. 64.
—— Robert, Esq., voyage with Scott in the Light-house yacht, iv. 35 Characteristics of, 53, 67, *n.*, 73, 103, 104.
—— ix. 60.
—— Mrs. Robert, ix. 60.
—— Thomas, Esq., author of "Cyril Thornton," &c., viii. 102.
—— William of Wishaw, afterwards Lord Belhaven, i. 223.
Hamlet, Mr. J. P. Kemble's, v. 28.
Hammer, Joseph Von, vi. 159.
Hangcliffe, Noss, iv. 47.
Harden, Tower of, i. 92.
Hardwicke, Lady, vii. 81 *n.*
"Hardyknute," ballad of, i. 47, 110; ix. 175.
Hare-hunting at Balchristie, viii. 315.
Harmony, celestial, vii. 260.
"Harmony Hall," v. 132.
"HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS," Poem of, in progress, iv. 264, 293. Published in January 1817, v. 9. Remarks on, 10. Its success, 10, 11.
—— v. 13.
Harper, Mr., Darnick, v. 284.
Harris, Island of, iv. 108–112.
Hartstonge, M. W., Esq., iv. 20 *n.*; v 246. His MS. tragedy, 270.
—— Letters to, v. 246, 270.
—— vii. 161.
Hastings, Marquis of, vii. 287.
Haussez, Baron d', ix. 73, 86.
Hawick, blackguards of, ix. 127, 128 130.
Hawkins' (Miss) "Anecdotes," vii 233.
Hawkwood, Sir John, story of, vi 279 *n.*

Haxel Cleugh, vii. 64. Etymology of, *ib.*

Hay, Mr. D. R., painter, professional advice of Scott to, vii. 14, 15; and success, 15.

—— W. A. Drummond, Esq., viii. 277.

Haydon, B. R., Esq., sketch of Scott by, viii. 289. His picture of the Mock Election, *ib.*

Hayley's, William, Life of Cowper, ii. 93.

Hayman Mrs., Blackheath, ii. 236, 253.

Health, variations of, vi. 99, 100.

"HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN, THE," 4 Vols., publication of, in June 1818, v. 140. Letters of criticism from the south on the characters in, *ib.* 143. Enthusiastic reception of, 143.

—— v. 132, 293; vi. 135.

—— drama of, v. 212.

Heath, Mr. Charles, engraver, his literary offers to Scott, viii. 268.

Heber, Reginald, Bishop of Calcutta, meets Scott in Oxford, ii. 97; iii. 24. Retrospection of, viii. 160.

—— Richard, Esq., aids Scott in collecting "The Border Minstrelsy," ii. 45. Meets Scott in London in 1820, vi. 13. Letters to, on the authorship of Waverley, 129–150.

—— ii. 96–98, 135, 213; iii. 15, 17, 24; iv. 311, 312.

Hebrides, the first visit of Scott to, iii. 118. Revisit, 1814, iv. 107.

Helvellyn, ascent of, by Scott, Wordsworth, and Davy, ii. 209.

Hemans, Mrs., vi. 310, 311. A tragedy by, vii. 22, 26.

Henderson, Alexander, Esq. of Eildon Hall, history of, vii. 76–78.

—— John, the player, death of, vi. 213.

Henry VI. King of England, ix. 72.

Heraldic enquiries, v. 255.

"*Hereditary descent in the Highlands,*" viii. 303.

Heresies of the earlier Christian period, viii. 266.

Hermand, Lord, vii. 255.

Hermitage Castle, i. 225, 230; ii. 51. Engraving of, for The Border Minstrelsy, 66. Scott's ring from, ix. 153.

Hermit life, ix. 32.

Hertford, Marquis of, iii. 285. Letter from, 286. Letter to, *ib.*

—— ix. 180.

Hexham, *Duke of*, i. 222.

—— excursion to, i. 222.

Hibbert, Dr., vii. 263.

High School of Edinburgh, i. 55, 56; ii 326.

Highland Clans, vi. 213. Muster of on Geo. IV. visiting Edinburgh, 218 *passim* 243.

—— hospitality abused, v. 38.

—— superstitions, iv. 114.

—— whiskey, iii. 305.

"HIGHLAND WIDOW, THE," origin and commencement of the tale of, viii 80. Progress of, 103. Publication in November 1827, 243.

Highlanders, Scottish, anecdotes of, i. 172, 173; iv. 98, 100, 234; vii. 152, 155; viii. 303, 304. Their faith in the authenticity of Ossian, ii. 196.

—— and Irish contrasted, vii. 152, 153.

Highlandman's gun, v. 69.

Highlands of Scotland, Scott's excursions to, i. 70, 244, 300; iii. 60, 117; iv. 303; v. 46.

Hill, Norman, Esq., iv. 24 *n.*

Hinves, David, "yclept Caliban," iv. 176 *n.* Letter from Coleridge to, 177 *n.*; vi. 38.

History, advantages of its study, vi. 176.

—— Mode of acquiring a knowledge of, vi. 100.

—— domestic, study of, recommended, vi. 296.

"HISTORY OF SCOTLAND" for "Lardner's Cyclopædia," viii. 305; ix. 38 Publication of vol. i. in 1829, ix. 38; and of vol. ii. in 1830, 52.

Historians of Scotland, vi. 297, 298.

Historian and philosopher, *minute*, vii. 271.

Historical writing, vii. 129.

Hobhouse, John Cam, Esq., dedication of Byron to, vii. 239.

Hodgson, Dr. F., Oxford, viii. 160.

"Hoffman's Novels," review of, viii 173.

Hogarth's "Distressed Poet," viii. 31.

Hogarth, George, Esq., v. 129; vii. 292.

Hogg, James, the Ettrick Shepherd, his introduction to Scott, ii. 52 Sketch of, *ib.* Visits Edinburgh, 130. His literary ambition, *ib* Dines with Scott in Castle Street, 131. His letter to Scott in consequence, 132. His "Mountain Bard," 131, 236, 312. Ineffectual attempts of Scott to serve him, ii. 147, 198, 314, iii. 182, 303; vi. 112, 114; viii. 19 74, 197; ix. 195. Aspires to the rank of a militia ensign, ii. 312; and of an officer of excise, 313. Obtains life-rent of a farm from the Duke of Buccleuch, *ib.* His "Forest Minstrel,' iii. 182. Letter of Scott on. to the Countess of Dalkeith, *ib.* Its results

183. Scott's account of him to Byron, 303. Byron's comment on a letter from, iv. 169 *n.* Eccentric letter to the Duchess of Buccleuch, 172. Establishment at Altrive, 173. His "Poetic Mirror," 268. Quarrel with Scott, *ib.;* and reconciliation, 270, 271. Song on the banner of Buccleuch, 274. Another outbreak, 275. Removal to Altrive, v. 41. His "Queen's Wake," *ib.* Meets Sir D. Wilkie, 65. His "Jacobite Relics," 195 and *n.* Marriage, vi. 112. Invited to witness the coronation of George IV., 112, 113. Prefers attending the St. Boswell's fair, 113, 125. Galashiels festival, 255. Captain of the "St. Ronan's Games," 338. Meeting of "*huz Tividale Poets,*" vii. 262. His portrait, ix. 118 *n.* His death, 255.
Hogg, letters from, ii. 132, 147; iii. 170; iv. 172, 270.
—— ii. 94, 142 *n.*, 207; iii. 251 *n.*; v. 91; vi. 48, 144, 326.
—— Dr., Naples, ix. 180, 193.
—— Robert, letter from, on the composition of the Life of Buonaparte, viii. 202.
Hogmanay at Abbotsford, v. 180, 181; vii. 67–70.
Holcroft, Thomas, i. 284, 285.
Holdsworth, Mr., of Glasgow, vi. 289.
Holford, Miss, iii. 251 *n.*
Holland, Dr., medical attendance on Scott, ix. 157, 216.
Holland House, ii. 231; iii. 213; viii. 292. Description of, 293.
—— Lord, his speech in the House of Lords, on the case of Mr. Thomas Scott, iii. 90. Scott's resentment of, 94. Estimate of Lord H., ix. 208.
—— iv. 310; ix. 292.
Holland, redemption of, iii. 305.
Holm, sound of, iv. 80.
Home, Earl of, iv. 271.
—— George, Esq., of Wedderburn, resigns his clerkship of session in favour of Scott, ii. 221; iii. 161, 195.
—— John, author of Douglas, meets Scott in infancy at Bath, i. 50, 169, 245.
——'s Douglas, viii. 192. Works reviewed, *ib.*
Home residence of landowners recommended, vi. 50.
Homer, busts of, v. 110.
——'s Iliad, viii. 286.
Homicide, case of, i. 263.
Hood, Sir Samuel, iii. 179.
—— Lady, iii. 179, 230; iv. 197, 198 *n.*
Hooke, Theodore, Esq., his novel of "Maxwell," vi. 244.
Hooke, vii. 124; viii. 152, 276.
Hoole's "Translation of Tasso, i. 65, 72; and of "Ariosto," *ib;* viii. 94.
Hope, Right Hon. Charles, Lord President of the Court of Session, v. 193, 279.
—— Capt. Charles, R.N., v. 193.
—— Sir John, vii. 293; viii. 189.
—— James, Esq., i. 56.
—— John, Esq., Dean of Faculty, sketch of, vii. 264.
—— vii. 251; viii. 29; ix. 17, 269.
Hopetoun, Countess of, ix. 31.
Horner, Francis, Esq., an original contributor to "The Edinburgh Review," ii. 292. Scott's notion of, 293.
Horses, advice in the purchase of, v 248, 249.
Horton, Right Hon. Sir Robert Wilmot, viii. 132, 134, 136.
—— Lady, viii. 136.
Hot temper, "a man of a very," ix. 26.
Hougoumont, iv. 236.
"House of Aspen, The," a tragedy, ii. 20, 21, 60, 248. Printed in Heath's Keepsake, viii. 269.
Howard, the philanthropist, viii. 275.
Howden, Mr. Francis, viii. 32.
Howgate Inn, i. 181.
Howison, William, Esq., iii. 237. His ballad of Polydore, *ib.* vi. 310.
—— sketch of, vii. 312.
Howley, Dr., Archbishop of Canterbury, iii. 55; viii. 285.
Hoy, Island of, iv. 85, 87, 89. Sound of, 85. Hill of, 87, 89. Dwarfie Stone, 90. Eagles, 91.
Hughes, Dr. and Mrs., vii. 42, 43.
—— John, Esq., of Oriel College, vii. 55.
Hugh Littlejohn. [*See John Hugh Lockhart.*]
Human frame, changes of, in decaying and renewing, vii. 284, 285.
—— life, frail tenure of, viii. 172.
—— the great art of, viii. 263. Like a game at cards, 264.
—— its "shadows and storms," ix 162.
—— passion, progress of, ix. 18.
—— race, the improvement of, from experience of the past, vi. 176.
Hume Castle, i. 107.
—— David (the historian), rhymes of, iv. 257.
—— David, Esq., Professor of Scots Law, afterwards Baron of Exchequer; his Lectures on Scots Law, i 84, 214 271; ii. 240; iii. 309; iv. 81; viii. 46
—— death of, ii. 240 *n.*

Hume, Joseph, Esq., advocate, v. 123; Death of, 211.
—— Joseph, M.P., viii. 55, 153.
Hunt family, murder of, at Pæstum, ix. 191.
Hunt, Mr. Henry, at Manchester, v. 258.
Hunter, Tibby, of Sandyknowe, i. 109.
—— Alexander Gibson, Esq., of Blackness, occasions the temporary alienation of Scott from Constable's house, iii. 8, 29, 32, 99, 263. Character of, 33, 36; vii. 277 *n.*
—— Mrs., of Norwich, i. 277 *n.*
Hunting superstitions, iii. 171. Extract from "Albania," 172 *n.*
Huntly, Marquis of, and last Duke of Gordon, iv. 219.
—— Marchioness of, vi. 20.
Huntly Burn, becomes the residence of the Fergussons, v. 48, 210, 304; vi. 93. Visited by Thomas Moore, vii. 199. "Abbotsford Family" picture at, viii. 217; ix. 270.
Hurst, Robinson, and Co., London, vi. 198, 280. Rumours of their instability, vii. 210, 226, 277. Downfall of, 292, 312, 321; viii. 68, 247.
Huskisson, Right Hon. William, viii. 156, 159.
Hussars, the 15th, vi. 82.
—— the 18th, rumours of irregularities among, vi. 81, 92.
Huxley, Colonel, v. 266. Marriage with Mr. Thomas Scott's daughter, 267.
—— Mrs., vi. 31.
"*Hyæna*," or Jamaica Heiress, viii. 290.

I

Ideal world, fancies regarding, viii. 274.
Ill luck, vii. 320.
Illness, Scott's attacks of, v. 20, 25–27, 49. Lines written on, *ib.* Recurrence of, in 1819, 183, 193, 203, 215. Many remedies proposed, 203, 204. Composition of the Bride of Lammermoor under, 215. Another attack, 226, 231, 237. Anecdote under it. 240. The first symptoms of an apoplexy, vi. 262. Violent pains, vii. 280. Rheumatism, viii. 163. Hæmorrhage, ix. 43. Paralytic seizure, 50, 83, 86, 96, 119; at Malta, 175. Fatal attack on the Rhine, 216.
Ill-will and gratitude, viii. 30.
"Illustrations" of Northern Antiquities, contributions to, iv. 14.
Imagination, victims of, viii. 172.
Imitators of Scott's poetry, iii. 251 304; iv. 208;—of his novels, viii 129, 130; ix. 252.
Immortality of the soul, vii. 260.
Impey, Mr., viii. 115.
Impressions from slight hints, viii 167.
Improvident expenditure, vi. 298.
Incest and seduction, "dreadful tale of," viii. 153.
Inchkenneth, Island of, iii 123.
"*Incivisme*," viii. 46.
Income tax, iv. 287, 289.
India, vi. 28, 29; vii. 47.
"Inferno of Altisidora, the," iii. 158.
Inglis, Sir Robert Harry, Bart., M.P., viii. 285; ix. 157.
Innerleithen village, influence of St Ronan's Well at, vi. 337.
Innistulhan, Isle of, iv. 147.
Innovation, political, vi. 297.
Intemperance, evil effects of, vi. 94.
Intimacies, formation of, v. 251, 266.
Intoxication, i. 240.
Invasion. [*See French.*]
Iona, first visit of Scott to, iii. 120; revisited in 1814, iv. 127; ruins of, 128. Monuments, 128–130.
Iona pebble, iii. 122, 127, 128, 172.
Ireland, state of, in 1822, vi. 204.
—— visited by Scott, in 1825, vii. 148, 156. North of, described, 157. Remarks on the condition of, 170, 174, 180, 190. Its peasantry, 157, 171, 173, 174, 232. Catholics and Protestants, 177, 178, 190. State of, ix. 58.
Irish, anecdotes of the, vii. 158, 159. 165, 175, 176. *Wit*, 234. *Absurdity*, ib. *Good humour*, ib.
—— hospitality, vii. 170, 173. 181.
—— and Scottish Highlanders contrasted, vii. 152, 153
—— labourers, importation of, ix. 21, 22.
—— male servants, v. 251.
—— officer's evidence, vi. 265.
—— postilion, iii. 104.
—— squireen, vii. 155.
—— whisky, vii. 176.
Irongray churchyard, ix. 160. Monument to Helen Walker in, 161.
Irving, Alex., Professor of Civil Law afterwards Lord Newton, i. 83; viii 254.
—— Rev. Edward, his pulpit style, viii. 266. Deposition, and sketch of, ix. 44.
—— viii. 289; ix. 23.
—— John, Esq., his suburban walks with Scott, i. 72, 76, 81. Extrac from his letter regarding them, 156

Attends on Scott during his illness, 157. His list of *The Club* original members, 184 *n.*
Irving. i. 119, 176, 267.
—— Washington, Esq., anecdotes of Scott, iv. 254, 276. Visit to Abbotsford. Extracts of, from his journal, v. 54, 56–62. His "Knickerbocker's New York," 53.
—— v. 91 *n.*
Islay, Sound of, iv. 145. Isle of, 146.
Italian buffoon, story of, iii. 174.
—— families, MS. Memoirs of, ix. 201.
"IVANHOE," 3 Vols. progress of its composition, v. 217, 244, 270, 294, 295. Publication of, in December 1819, 289. Extraordinary success of, in England, 292. Moral reflection on the character of the Jewess, 294. Comparison of the work with others of its author, 293, 296. Facsimile of its MS. 293.—See also ii. 20; vi. 135; viii. 271.
—— Drama of, performed at Paris, viii. 141, 142.

J

Jacob, William, Esq., viii. 284.
"*Jacquerie*," iii. 209.
Jailers and turnkeys, viii. 275.
James IV., portrait of, vi. 198.
—— VI., iv. 37, 79 *n.*; v. 125, 161; vii 49.
"James I. (VI.) Secret History of the Court of," iii. 160.
—— G.P.R., Esq., author of "Richelieu," &c., i. 130; ix. 141.
James Watt steam-boat, ix. 220.
Jameson, Mr. Robert, ii. 198. His collection of "Popular Ballads," *ib.* Discovery of a MS. 211. "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," iv. 14. Edition of Captain "Burt's Letters," v. 182.
—— Mrs., her "Winter Studies," &c., viii. 191 *n.*
Jamieson, Rev. Dr., his "History of the Culdees," iii. 139. Edition of "Bruce and Wallace," iv. 28, 31, 32. Visit to Scott, viii. 106.
—— Captain John, of "The James Watt," ix. 220.
Jardine. Sir Henry, vii. 118, 293.
Jedburgh, assizes at, i. 219, 226, 251; viii. 118. A maiden circuit at, viii. 67. Election dinners, 71; ix. 66. Speech of Scott at, ix. 66. Speech against Reform at, 109, and there insulted, 109–111. 127–129, 219, 226.
"Jedburgh Bailies' Boots," story of the, i. 198.
Jeddart fee. i. 252.
Jefferies, Judge, vi. 299.
Jeffrey, Francis, Esq., now Lord Jeffrey, his first acquaintance with Scott, i. 208. Becomes Editor of the Edinburgh Review, ii. 106. His criticism of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," 166, 168. Estimate of Southey, 267. Letter to Scott, with the review of "Marmion," 281; iii. 130. Anecdote of, with Mrs. Scott, ii. 284. A dinner table-talk with Scott, 291. His overtures to Scott, iii. 30. Criticism of "The Lady of the Lake," 104. His poetical criticism, 195, 198; viii. 166. Criticism on Scott's edition of Swift, iv. 21–23. Notice of Waverley, 180. His "Address to Mechanics," vii. 242. His bill regarding the sheriffdom of Selkirk, in Scott's last illness, ix. 227, 228.
—— ii. 143, 178, 234, 246, 247, 261; iii. 18, 29, 41. 94, 206, 226; iv. 26, 31; v. 29, 173; vi. 73; viii. 32, 174, 198, 261; ix. 264.
Jenkinson, Lord Liverpool, extempore lines on, i. 298, 299.
Jenkyns, Dr., Oxford, viii. 160.
Jesuits of France, viii. 145.
Jews, viii. 123. Stock-jobbers, vii. 245.
—— state of, in Germany, v. 295.
Jobson, Mrs., of Lochore, vii. 104, 111, 116.
Jobson, Miss, of Lochore, vii. 79, 102-104. Marriage, 105. [*See Mrs. Walter Scott.*]
"*John of Skye*," the piper, sketches of, v. 152, 154, 264. His remedy for illness, 204.
—— v. 275, 285; vi. 78, 253, 254; vii. 38.
John, "The Turk," v. 285.
Johnnie Groat's house, iv. 85.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, his Greek, i. 163. Visits Dr. Blacklock, 169. His poetry, iii. 115. His "Vanity of Human Wishes," admired by Scott, *ib.*; and Byron, *ib.* Scott's Notes to Boswell's Account of Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, iii. 123, 126.
—— ii. 298, 307, 309, 320; iii. 93; iv. 23, 38, 115 *n.*; v. 124; vi. 284; vii. 52, 57; viii. 157, 281.
Johnstone (The Chevalier), his Memoirs of the Rebellion, viii. 12 *and n*
—— John Hope, Esq., of Annandale, viii. 114.
—— Bailie Robert, vi. 22 *n.*
—— Miss, Suffolk, vii. 82.
Johnson's Musical Museum, ii. 112.

Joint-Stock Companies, vii. 132–134.
Jollie, James, Esq., W. S., vii. 292 *n.*
Jolly-bout, viii. 72.
Jonah, vi. 96.
Jones. [*See Paul Jones.*]
Joseph, Mr., his bust of Scott, ix. 272.
Journalizing, remarks on, v. 114.
Judges, Book of, quoted, i. 120.
Judicial Reform, Scott's Essay on, iii. 141.
Judy's "*Consola*," vii. 243 *n.*
Jura, Paps of, iv. 146.
Jury, Trial by, iii. 142.
Justice of Peace, remarks on the office of, and that of a clergyman united, i. 238.

K

"*Kain and Carriages*," viii. 31.
Kay's Edinburgh Portraits, i. 153 *n.*
Kean, Edmund, iv. 309; v. 134. His quarrel with Mr. Bucke, v. 201.
Keble's "Christian Year," lines from, ix. 233.
Keddie, old Mrs., of Leith, vii. 34.
Keeldar, people of, viii. 240.
"Keepsake, The," editorship of, offered to Scott, viii. 268. Contributions to, 269.
Keith, Sir Alexander, vi. 221. Knight Marischal 1652, v. 82, 83.
—— of Ravelston, anecdote of, vi. 211.
—— Mrs., of Ravelston, i. 115.
—— Mrs. Murray, death of, v. 102. Anecdote of, vi. 165; viii. 80.
Kelly's (Michael) "Reminiscences," review of, viii. 70, 71.
Kelso, Scott's schoolboy days at, i. 61, 143; residence described, *ib.*
"*Kelso Mail*" newspaper established, i. 284; ii. 44.
Kemble, John Philip, Esq., i. 250; ii. 20. Scott's intimacy with, iii. 74, 75. Anecdotes of, 75, 76. Remarks on his acting, 257; v. 28. His Sir Giles Overreach contrasted with Cooke's, iii. 258. His retirement from the Edinburgh stage, v. 28 *and n.*
—— iv. 191; v. 134; vii. 120; ix. 15.
—— Reviewal of "the Life of," viii. 44, 70, 71.
—— Mrs. J. P., vii. 125.
—— Miss Fanny (now Mrs. Butler), ix. 54. Her performance of "Isabella," *ib.*
Kemps, father and son, vi. 14.
"KENILWORTH," 3 Vols., its title suggested, vi. 60. Publication, in January 1821, 80, 142, 148; vii. 96.
Kennedy, the tinker, v. 211.
Kenneth III., i. 273.
Kent, Duchess of, commands Scott to dinner, viii. 293.
Kerr, Lord Robert, vii. 241.
—— Charles of Abbotrule, i. 224. Letters from, 257, 300; ii. 37.
—— John, Esq., Glasgow, ii. 312 *n.*
Kier, seat of Mr. Stirling, i. 245.
Kiery Craggs, vi. 58, 59.
Kilkenny, nunnery of, vii. 310.
Killarney, visit to, vii. 177.
Kilmore, church of, iv. 116.
Kinloch of Kinloch, v. 288; viii. 102.
Kinnaird's Head, iv. 39.
Kinnedder, Lord. [*See William Erskine.*]
Kinniburgh, Mr., viii. 119.
Kippilaw, i. 200.
Kirkaldy of Grange, iv. 59.
"Kirkton's Church History," v. 86, 99.
Kirkwall, visit to, iv. 76.
Kirn, festival of the, vi. 49.
"Kittle Nine stanes, the," i. 126.
Knight, Mr., artist, vii. 287, 293; his portrait of Scott, ix. 269.
Knights of the Round Table, ii. 271.
Knighton, Sir William, vii. 254; viii. 33, 131, 133, 284, 291; ix. 59.
Knowledge newly acquired, our desire of imparting to others, vii. 64.
Knox, David, killed, i. 263.
—— William, a young poet, vii. 256, 257

L

Labour the lot of man, vi. 75.
La Cava, excursion to, ix. 191. Monastery of, 192.
Lacy, Mr., of Drury Lane theatre, vii. 290.
"LADY OF THE LAKE," publication of, in May 1810, iii. 98. Success of, 99. After multiplied editions of, 100. Retrospect of its composition, 101-103. Opinions of the critics — Ellis, 104, 109, 110, Jeffrey, 104–106; Sir James Mackintosh, 106 *n.*; Southey, 107; Canning, 112. Contrasted with the "Lay" and "Marmion," 106, 248. Reception of a copy at Lisbon, 154.
—— i. 173, 245; ii. 21, 192; iii. 84, 97, 110, 113; vi. 147.
—— Melo-dramas of, iii. 130.
Lady, anecdote of a divorced, vii. 200
—— of Session, and the Waverley Novels, v. 188.
"*Lady Green Mantle, the,*" i. 192.
"Lady's Rock, the," Mull, scene of "The Family Legend," iii. 119.

Laggan, story of a haunted glen in, ix. 126.

Lago d'Agnano, ix. 186.

Laidlaw, William, i. 227. Scott's first acquaintance with, ii. 51. His introduction of James Hogg, 52. Character, and removal to Kaeside, v. 29. His song of "Lucy's Flitting," 30. Literary employment, 31–33. Irving's account of, 61. Suggestion for "St. Ronan's Well," vi. 308, 309. Moore's account of, vii. 193. Funeral of his child, viii. 64, 65. Amanuensis to Scott, v. 216; ix. 123. His interviews with Scott in his last illness, ix. 221 *passim* 225 *n.* His death, 256.

—— Letters to, v. 31, 32, 69, 88, 90, 93, 98, 283, 300; vi. 19; ix. 195.

—— ii. 126; iv. 269, 270; v. 166, 216; vi. 19, 44; vii. 268, 309; viii. 197, 242; ix. 28, 62, 63, 79, 83, 92, 106, 107.

—— ("*Laird Nippy*,") his annual kirn, ii. 320. Character, *ib.* Family story of the "black art," 321.

Laing, Malcolm, Esq., i. 271. His "History of Scotland," vi. 298. At Kirkwall, iv. 76, 80.

—— Mr. David, vi. 285.

"LAIRD'S JOCK, The," tale of, viii. 250.

Lake of Avernus, ix. 194.

Lakes of Scotland, superstition regarding, iv. 279.

Lalain, Jaques de, Chronicle of, viii. 23.

Lamb, Charles, vi. 40 *n.*

—— the Hon. William (Lord Melbourne,) iv. 311.

Lambs, sheep, viii. 170; ix. 144.

Lambeth, ix. 159.

Lameness of Scott, iv. 245; vii. 83, 247; and of Lord Byron, 238.

Lamlash, bay of, iv. 154

Landaff, Bishop of (Dr. Copplestone), viii. 285.

Land-doctors, iv. 305.

Landed proprietors, home residence of, recommended, vi. 50.

Landlords and tenants, speculations of, iv 305.

Laudor, Walter Savage, Esq. ii. 277; v. 118.

"Landscape Gardening." [*See Essay on.*]

—— painting, vi. 267.

—— paintings in 39 Castle Street, viii 29.

Landseer, Edwin, Esq., R.A., viii. 16 His portrait of Scott, ix. 270.

Lang, Mr. Andrew, his reception of Prince Leopold at Selkirk, v. 263.

Lang, Mr. Andrew, ix. 107.

Langhorne's poems, i. 165, 166; ii. 24 Lines from, i. 167.

Languages, modern, Scott's acquaintance with, i. 159. Anecdote of his French, *ib.*

—— vi. 67. Classical, studies of, recommended, 66, 67, 75. Not too exclusively, 100.

Lansdowne, Lord, ii. 226; viii. 193.

Larochejacquelin's Memoirs, Scott's preface and notes to, vii. 275, 281.

Lasswade cottage, Scott's residence at, ii. 11, 50, 317. Visitors there, 81 *passim.* Wordsworth, 124. Removal from, to Ashestiel, 145.

Lauchie, Laird, or "*Lauchie Langlegs,*" v. 91. Death of, 259. "*Flyttan out o' the warld,*" 261.

"*Laudamy and Calamy,*" anecdote, iii. 223.

Laudanum, v. 200, 212. Deaths by, vi. 213. Energy of mind in a case of swallowing it, *ib.*

Lauder, Sir Thomas Dick, Bart., vi. 163.

Lauderdale, Earl of, ii. 228, 231. His speech in the House of Lords in the case of Mr. Thomas Scott, iii. 89. Scott's resentment of, 92, 93.

—— viii. 193.

Laughter, *real,* viii. 175.

Laureateship offered to Scott, iii. 281, and declined, 287, 298; iv. 218; accepted by Southey, iii. 292. Its revenue, 293.

Lauriston, Marquis de, viii. 150.

—— the ancient seat of the Laws, viii. 150 *n.*

Laval-Montmorency, Duke of, ix. 73.

Law, Louis, of Lauriston, viii. 150.

Law profession—folly of the general ambition towards it in Scotland, vii. 253. Mistake of T. L. in, *ib.*

Lawrence, Sir Thomas, his portrait of Scott for King George IV., vi. 9–12, 200; viii. 153, 158. Remarks on, 158; ix. 268.

Lawrence, Sir Thomas, viii. 134, 233.

"LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL," origin of the poem, ii. 88. Progress of its composition, 89, 90, 96, 153–158. Publication of, 161. Retrospect of its origin and progress, 161–166, 167. Its success, 166, 174. Opinions of Ellis and Frere, 169. Of Jeffrey, 166, 169 Englefield, 171, Pitt and Fox, 173. Multiplied editions of, 175. Profits of the first two editions, *ib.* Contrasted with Marmion, 276, 278, 285 *passim;* iii. 106; and with the Lady of the Lake, 106, 248. See also i. 193; ii. 95, 158–160, 215, 248 275, 276; iii. 236; vi. 136.

Learned professions, vii. 53.
Learning and Science, early neglect of, deplored, i. 70.
Leave-taking, vii. 251.
Lee, Rev. Dr., viii. 306.
Leechman, Mr., Bristo Port, i. 118.
"LEGEND OF MONTROSE," publication of, June 1819, v. 230, 232.
—— v. 217; vi. 148.
Le Noir, M., vii. 241.
Leopold, Prince, visits Abbotsford, 1819, v. 259, 262. Receives the honour of "*the birse*," at Selkirk, 263. Waterloo Bridge, inscription to, vii. 65.
—— viii. 293.
Lerwick, town of, iv. 40, 43, 58, 59. Bay of, 59.
Leslie, C. R. Esq., R.A., viii. 16. His portrait of Scott, ix. 269.
—— Sir John, iii. 36.
Lesly's (Bishop) "History of Scotland," vi. 298.
Lessudden, seat of the Raeburn family, i. 106.
"LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT," preparation of, ix. 51, 53, 59. Publication of, December 1830, 74.
—— extracts from — on Glammis Castle, i. 249, 250. Legend of Ercildowne, ii. 35. Dunvegan Castle, iv. 115 *n*. Fancied apparition of Lord Byron, viii. 220.
—— vi. 319; ix. 115.
"LETTERS OF MALACHI MALAGROWTHER," origin of their composition, vii. 323; viii. 22, 23. Preparation, 23 *passim*. Publication, in March 1826, 25, 29–31 *passim*. Offensive to the Ministers, 33, 40, 48. Success of, 34. Opposition to, 36, 40. Correspondence regarding, 45. Result of their publication, 73, 118, 131. A fourth letter written, and suppressed, ix. 88, 91–93.
—— viii. 103.
"Letters on the History of Scotland," proposed publication of, iv. 306.
—— of introduction, v. 257, 276; vii. 116.
—— men of, vi. 88.
Leven, Earl of, ii. 329.
Lewis, M. G., his "Monk," ii. 12; ix. 156. "Tales of Wonder," ii. 12, 24. 65. Introduced to Scott, 12, 14. Letter from, 13. His person and character, 15. Letter from, on "Waverley," iv. 178.
Leyden, Dr. John, lines by, i. 92. His extraordinary perseverance in literary and scientific studies, ii. 45–49. Aids Scott in collecting "The Border Minstrelsy," *ib.* 54, 60. Anecdotes of his meeting with Ritson, 81, 85. Letter from Scott, introducing him to Ellis, 86. Ellis's reception of him, 87. His letter to Scott, with a metrical sketch of Ellis, 91. Escapes drowning, 93. Letter from the Isle of Wight, *ib.* Last letter of Scott to, iii. 179. Returned unopened, 181. Death of Leyden, 180. Anecdote of him and Thomas Campbell, viii. 101.
Leyden, Dr John, ii. 57, 59, 61, 67, 79, 93, 102, 127, 217, 229; iii. 10, 28; iv. 146; vii. 33.
Library at Abbotsford, vii. 146, 147; viii. 218.
Lichfield, visit of Scott to, ii. 256.
Liddell, Hon. Henry, viii. 235; ix. 116
—— Dr, of "The Barham," ix. 166, 170.
Liddells, Miss, viii. 239.
Life, its sources of enjoyment, vi. 117.
—— *See Human Life.*
Lilliesleaf, anecdote of a minister of, v. 224.
Lime, use of, vii. 78, 86. Abuse of, 76.
Limerick, vii. 175.
Limpets, iv. 82.
Lindsay, Lady Anne, vii. 81.
Lines on Border Scenery, by Leyden, i. 92, 93.
—— on Scott's grandfather, i. 96 *n*
—— on a Virtuoso, i 114.
—— "*My Walter's First*, 1782," — from Virgil, i. 122. "On a Thunder Storm," 123. "On the Setting Sun," *ib.*
—— to Scott in his 14th year, i. 152.
—— "On a Violet," i. 277.
—— "To Time," i. 277; viii. 251.
—— on Lord Liverpool, i. 298, 299.
—— "The Erl King," i. 310.
—— on the Banks of the Esk, ii. 11.
—— on Scott's Visit at Gundimore, ii. 254 *n*.
—— "The Great Magician," iii. 238.
—— written on a bank-note, iii. 259.
—— Bell-rock Lighthouse, iv. 36.
—— written in illness, v. 49.
—— of Burn, a wandering minstrel, v. 225.
—— doggrel, to Mrs. Brown, St. David Street, viii. 104.
—— "Forget Thee? No!" viii. 238.
—— written on Tweedside, ix. 149.
—— by Wordsworth, "On the Eildons," ix. 152.
—— from "Keble's Christian Year, ix. 233.
Lingholm Bay, iv. 73.
"Linton," i. 220 *n*.
Lions, Nero and Wallace, viii. 103.

“Lions,” Scott, Miss O’Neill, and Captain Hall, vii. 75, 76. Scott and Moore, 236. Ugo Foscolo, 240.
Lismore, Isle of, iv. 138, 139.
Literary controversy, v. 13, 96, 98; viii. 50.
—— envy, ii. 271, 277.
—— Fund, London, ix. 113. Letter to the Secretary of, 114.
—— income, taxation of, resisted, iii. 308, 309.
—— praise, estimate of, viii. 118.
—— reputation, iii. 187.
—— societies, Scott’s estimation of, i. 80, 177.
—— Society, The, formed by Scott and his companions, i. 183. Scott’s appearance at, *ib.* 202, 207.
—— vanity, vii. 283.
Liverpool, the first Lord, extempore lines, on, i. 298, 299.
—— the second Lord, illness of, and dissolution of his Cabinet, viii. 191, 200.
—— iii. 68; viii. 191.
“Lives of the Novelists,” by Scott, vi. 165.
Lives, useful, of short date, vi. 332.
Llangollen, visit to, vii. 182. “Far-famed Ladies of,” 182–185.
Local sympathy, ii. 74.
Loch, John, Esq. viii. 295.
Loch Alline, iv. 137.
—— Bracadale, iv. 117.
—— Britta, iv. 117.
—— Cleik-him-in, iv. 41, 42, 45.
—— Corrisken, iv. 34, 119, 120.
—— Eribol, iv. 97, 104.
—— Etive, iv. 140.
—— Eynort, iv. 117.
—— Folliart, iv. 112.
—— Foyle, iv. 147.
—— Linnhe, iv. 138, 139.
—— of Harray, iv. 88.
—— Katrine, Scott’s first sight of, i. 173. Revisited, 245; ii. 315. Rendered famous by “The Lady of the Lake,” 100.
—— Lomond, v. 46.
—— of the Lowes, ii. 207.
—— Saint Mary’s, ii. 207; viii. 111.
—— Scavig, iv. 118.
—— Skene, scenery of, ii. 206.
—— Sleapin, iv. 121.
—— Sunart, iv. 135.
—— Vennachar, i. 245.
Lochleven Castle, vi. 53.
Lochore, estate of, vii. 108, 114, 149; viii. 115.
Lochwood, the seat of the Johnstones, viii. 114.
Locker, E. H., Esq., viii. 136.
Lockhart, J. G., Esq. Biographical Sketch of, i. 7. First meeting with Scott, v. 108. First visit to Abbotsford, 148, *passim* 168. Visit during Scott’s illness, 1819, 218–226 A Sunday at Abbotsford, 302. Marriage with Miss Scott, vi. 23. Autumn at Abbotsford, 32. Residence at Chiefswood, 152. Excursion with Scott to Clydesdale, 325. *Maida’s* epitaph, vii. 55. Meets Constable at Abbotsford, 126. His description of Abbotsford, in 1825, 137–147. Excursion with Scott to Ireland, 151 *passim.* His letters from Dublin, 157, 161; from Elleray, 183. Communications with Scott, on the commercial alarms of 1825, 210. Retrospective sketch of the Ballantynes, 216 Interview with Constable in London, 276. “Life of Burns,” viii. 305. Visit to Abbotsford at Christmas 1828, ix. 9. Accompanies Scott to Milton Lockhart, 11. Return to Chiefswood, 1831, 120, 130, 141. Excursion with Scott to Douglasdale, 132. Accompanies Scott, on his departure from Abbotsford, 1831, 153; and in last illness from London to Abbotsford, 220. Last interviews with Scott, 222–229.
Lockhart, J. G., Esq., letters from, vii. 157, 161, 183; viii. 33, 54, 63, 98, 192, 198.
—— Letters to, v. 205 *n.*, 242; vi. 22; vii. 314. 315; viii. 192, 193, 194, 202, 234, 305, 311; ix. 41. 148, 195; — in rhyme, vi. 277; vii. 58, 136.
—— vi. 26, 30, 152, 277, 308, 330; vii. 22, 58, 78, 116, 118, 168, 192, 247, 250; viii. 18 *n.*, 67, 128, 152 *passim* 189, 286, 297; ix. 23, 58, 120, 130, 146, 158, 219, 227, 266.
—— Mrs., her marriage, vi. 23. Birth of a son, 82. Illness of, *ib.*, vii. 22. Her Scotch songs, vii. 255. Visit to Abbotsford in 1831, ix. 120, 121 Her death, 257; [vi. 154.] Stanzas on her funeral, 257, 258.
—— Letters to, vi. 82; viii. 307; ix. 102.
—— vi. 25, 26, 32, 65, 72, 110, 152, 190, 322, 332; vii. 118, 250, 255, 320; viii. 51, 54, 128, 257, 286, 297; ix. 58, 141, 195, 220, 266, 268.
—— John Hugh (the “Hugh Littlejohn” of the “*Tales of a Grandfather,*”) viii. 199. Birth of, vi. 82. Illness of, vii. 195, 250, 320; viii. 42, 44, 51, 54, 55, 98, 159; ix. 121. Death, 181, 257.
—— vi. 190; vii. 25, 30, 55, 118, 315; viii. 209, 286; ix. 268.
—— Walter Scott, ix. 261 and *n.*
—— Charlotte Harriet Jane, ix. 261 and *n.*

Lockhart Wm., Esq. of Milton Lockhart, v. 206 *n.*; ix. 15, 16, 138, 139.
—— William Elliot, Esq. of Borthwickbrae. ix. 105, 107, 138.
—— Miss Violet, viii. 77; ix. 50.
Lodge's "British Portraits," ix. 147.
Logan's Sermons, vii. 244.
Lombard Kings, book of the, ix. 193.
London visited by Scott, i. 49; ii. 17, 94, 222; iii. 53; iv. 211; vi. 9, 81, 114; viii. 128, 282; ix. 154. Last arrival at, ix. 216.
—— society, vi. 208.
—— and Edinburgh society contrasted, iii. 198; vii. 43; viii. 176.
—— audience of the theatre, v. 201.
—— anticipated consequences of rapid communication with, vii. 43.
—— Reform Bill riot in, ix. 154.
"London Review, The," vi. 271 *n.* Extract from, on the *Waverley Novels*, 271–276. On Quentin Durward, 304.
London, Bishop of, Dr. Bloomfield, viii. 286.
"*Long Sheep and Short Sheep*," ii. 142 and *n.*
"Longs and Shorts," vii. 57.
Long-hope, bay and fort of, iv. 82, 83.
Longevity, a cause of, viii. 120.
Longman & Co., London, ii. 86, 93, 94, 102, 158. Publishers of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," 175; of Lyrical Pieces," 247. Publish "Guy Mannering," iv. 201, 202; and "The Monastery," v. 312. Constable's anecdote of, 135.
—— ii. 189, 249, 267; iii. 289; viii. 270, 305; ix. 267.
Longtown, dinner of the Marquis of Abercorn at, iii. 277.
Lonsdale, Earl and Countess of, visited by Scott, vii. 186.
Lope de Vega, v. 10.
"Lord of the Isles," progress of its composition, iii. 296; iv. 171, 183, 188–190, 194. Constable's purchase of the copyright, iv. 173. Publication of, in January 1815, 195. Opinions of reviewers, 203. Success of the poem, 205.
—— iii. 118, 270, 296; iv. 34, 171, 188, 190.
Lords of the Isles, iv. 135, 137, 142, 144, 146, 190.
Lorn, Marquis of, ii. 62.
—— brooch of, iv. 142.
Lot's wife, ix. 206.
Lothian, Marquis of, ix. 217.
Loughi, the Marchesa, ix. 209.
Louis XVIII., iv. 19. Anecdote of, 25. Death of, vii. 46.
Louvre, the, viii. 139
Lowe, Sir Hudson, viii. 222, 228.
Lowther Castle, vii. 186.
Lucy, Mr., of Charlecote, viii. 283.
—— Mrs., viii. 283.
—— Sir Thomas (of Shakspeare), viii 283.
"*Luddites*," the, iii. 208, 209.
Lundie, John, "*cow* and *man-doctor*, anecdote of, iii. 223.
Lushington, Lady, ix. 156.
Luttrel, Mr., viii. 131.

M

"*Mabinogion*," the Welsh, ii. 117 120.
Maccallister of Strath Aird, iv. 121 123.
—— Cave in Skye, iv. 102. Description of, 121. Contrasted with Smowe and Staffa, 132.
Macaulay, Mrs., i. 153.
Macbeth, Mr. J. P. Kemble's, v. 28 29 *n.*
—— burial place of, iv. 129.
M'Cormick, Rev. Dr., Prestonpans, ix 60.
M'Crie, Rev. Dr., iv. 313. His defence of the Covenanters, *ib.*; v. 13.
Mac Culloch, David, Esq., iii. 272 *n.*; vii. 236.
—— of the Royal Hotel, v. 187.
M'Diarmid, Captain, Lerwick, iv. 41, 43 *passim.*
—— Mr. and Mrs., of Dumfries, ix 149.
Macdonald, Andrew, author of "Vimonda," i. 73, 236.
—— Marshal, viii. 149.
—— Mr. Lawrence, his bust of Scott, ix. 272.
—— Ronald, Esq., of Staffa, iii. 117. *passim*, 122; iv. 134.
Macdonell of Glengarry. [*See Glengarry.*]
Macdougal, Sir George, of Mackerstoun, i. 45. Scott's infantine recollections of, at Sandy-Knowe, 46 Family of, 45 *n.* 95.
Macdougall, Sir Henry Hay, of Mackerstone, i. 186, 219; v. 44, 151, 269, 277, 278; vi. 78.
—— of Lorn, iv. 142 *passim.*
"Macduff's Cross," a dramatic sketch, vi. [illegible]5, 196, 214, 216. Publication of, 309.
Macfarlan, John, Esq., of Kirkton, i. 235.
Mackintosh, Sir James, ii. 59. His opinion of the Lady of the Lake, iii 106 *n.* Letter from, viii. 10 *n* Meets Scott in London, ix. 160.

Mackintosh, Sir James, ix. 35.
Mackay, Mr Charles, of the Edinburgh Theatre, his inimitable personification of *Bailie Jarvie*, v. 189, 213; vi. 107, 111. Letter to, from Jedediah Cleishbotham, v. 190. Scott's letters to Miss Baillie and Lord Montague in recommendation of him, vi. 107, 110.
—— Rev. Dr., ix. 125, 126. 127
—— Mrs., viii. 53.
—— Mr. of Ireland, viii. 275.
Mackean, James, executed for murder, i. 291. Scott's remarks on the case of, *ib.*
Mackenzie, Colin, Esq., of Portmore, i. 122, 294 ; ii. 94, 240, 287 ; iii. 36. Letter from, on Marmion, ii. 287. Secret Liberality of, viii. 248. His retirement and character, 273.
—— iii. 36, 91; vii. 116, 296; viii. 21, 28, 38 ; ix. 158.
—— Sir George, posthumous Memoirs, vi. 192.
—— Henry, Esq., iii. 36, 120 ; iv. 32, 81, 183. Visits Abbotsford, 1820, vi. 39. Sketch of, vii. 252. His death, ix. 100.
—— vii. 248, 252.
'Mackenzie's Life and Works of John Home," reviewal of, viii. 173.
—— Lord, viii. 96.
—— Miss Hannah, iii. 120, 121.
Mackinlay, John, iv. 188, 195.
Mackinnon, W. A. Esq., iii. 120.
Maclean, Sir Alexander, a Highland chief, iii. 123. Anecdote of, and "the writers," 124.
—— Donald, Esq., W. S., i. 257.
—— the Trumpeter, viii. 69.
Macleod, Mr. and Mrs., of Macleod Dunvegan, iv. 113, 116, 284.
—— Donald, Scalpa, iv. 108.
—— of Harris, iv. 109.
Macleod's dining tables, iv. 115 *n*. 116.
M'Nab of M'Nab, viii. 175 *n*.
M'Naught, Minister of Girthon, case of, i. 237.
M'Neill, Sir John, ix. 258, 259.
Macpherson, David, author of Annals of Commerce, ii. 234.
—— Cluny, ix. 31, 57.
—— James, his poems of Ossian a forgery, ii. 194; iv. 116. But an article of faith among the Highlanders, ii. 195. Remarks on his own poetry, 196.
Macqueen, Robert. [*See Lord Braxfield.*]
Macrimmons, the, hereditary pipers to Macleod, iv. 117
Mad Woman of Alnwick, overture from, viii. 13.
Magee, Archbishop, vii 159.
Magrath, Mr. Terence, v. 65, 66.
Mahomet's paradise, vii. 260.
Mahon, Lord, ix. 158.
Maida's death and epitaph, vii 54, 55. Portraits of, 288. "The Bevis of Woodstock," viii. 88.
Maitland, Charles of Rankeillor, i 294.
Maitland Club of Glasgow, vi. 285 ; ix. 28.
Malachi Malagrowther. [*See Letters of.*]
Malcolm, General Sir John, iii. 181 227, 308; iv. 245 ; ix. 159.
Malta, Scott's visit to, ix. 167, 169 176. His illness at, 175.
—— siege of, a projected tale, ix. 131, 189.
—— Knights of, ix. 155, 170, 179.
Mammoth, the, iv. 279.
Manchester Yeomanry, v. 258.
Mandrin, captain of French smugglers, execution of, vii. 307.
Manicheism, vi. 181.
Manners, Mr. Alexander, i. 280 ; iii. 53.
—— and Miller, Scott's first publishers, i. 280, 281.
Man traps and spring guns, vii. 84 and *n*.
Manufacturers, state of the, v. 51-53.
—— in Lancashire, viii. 161.
Marjoribanks, John, Kelso, verses by, i. 147.
—— Sir John, Bart., of Lees, iv. 13.
—— David, Esq., voyage with Scott in the Light-house Yacht, 1814, iv. 35, *passim*.
Markland, James Heywood, Esq., viii 305, *n*.
Marlborough, Duke of, iv. 18.
"MARMION, A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD," commencement of, ii. 248. Purchase of copyright before completion, 249. Reminiscenses of its composition, 250, 252. Progress of, 253, *passim* 260, 271. Published 23d February, 1808, 273. Letter on, to Ellis, *ib.* Opinions of Southey, 276. Wordsworth, 277. Ellis, 278. Jeffrey. 281, and others, 285. Introductory epistles of, 286. Its success in after editions, 294, 316. Contrasted with "The Lay," 276, 278, *passim* 285 ; iii. 106; and with "The Lady of the Lake, 106, 248.
—— i. 212 ; ii. 20, 250, 258 ; iii. 203. 222 ; ix. 41, 42.
Marmont, Marshal, viii. 150.
Marriage of a midshipman at Portsmouth, Story of, vii. 73.
—— premature, viii. 265.
Marvellous, the, viii. 221 ; ix. 249.

Mary, Queen of England, viii. 137.
—— Queen of Scots, vi. 53; portraits of, vii. 233.
—— vii. 262; viii. 305.
"Mary Duff, My," ix. 60.
Masquerier, Mr., ii. 155.
Mathieson, Peter, Scott's coachman, ii. 149; his evening psalm, v. 150; repulse of the Earl of Buchan, v 235.
—— vi. 225; viii. 241, 242; ix. 123.
Mathews, Charles, comedian, iii. 10 Anecdotes of, 82, 83 *n.*; v. 36, 133. His recitations, vii. 271, 289, 290.
—— iv. 250; vi. 203, 207 *n.*; vii. 110, 263.
—— Mr., junior, vii. 270.
Matrimony, proposals of, to Scott, viii. 117; ix. 62.
Matthias, T. J., Esq., ix. 180, 181.
Maturin, Rev. C. R., generosity of Scott to, iii. 298. His Bertram, a tragedy, iv. 190, 191. Scott's letter of advice to, v. 96. Anecdote of, vii. 163.
Mauritius, the, iv. 19.
Maxwell, Patrick, vi. 126.
—— Mr., Arros, iv. 137.
May, Isle of, iv. 35.
Maynooth College, vii. 191.
Meadowbank, Lord, viii. 178. Speech of, at the Theatrical Fund dinner, 1827, 179.
—— ix. 119.
Meason, Gilbert Laing, Esq., iv. 79; ix. 186
Meath, Earl and Countess of, viii. 289.
Mechanics, effects of a small taste for, vii. 189.
—— Combinations among operatives, vii. 242.
Mechanical devices at Abbotsford, vi. 289.
"*Meg* Murray, *meikle-mouthed*," anecdote of her marriage, ii. 72.
Meigle, i. 246.
Melinet, M., ix. 72.
Mellerstain, i. 218.
Melrose, town of, ix. 231.
"Melrose, in July, 1823," vi. 308, 309.
—— Scene of the battle of, iii. 162.
—— Abbey, iii. 166; v. 49. Visited by Washington Irving, v. 55. Its ancient revenues, 162. Repairs of, vi. 206 *passim* 299. Visited by Moore, vii. 199. Stanzas of Mr. Arthur Hallam on, ix. 45. Epitaph on Thomas Purdie, 48.
—— v. 154; vii. 80, 306 *n.*
Melville, Viscount, (Henry Dundas,) impeachment of, ii. 241. Song on his acquittal, 242. Its results, 244, 299. His speech in the House of Lords, on the case of Mr. Thomas Scott, iii. 90. Death of, 149–151.
Melville, Viscount. (Henry Dundas, ii. 181, 222, 227, 229, 232, 234; iii 18, 91; vi. 249; vii. 264; viii. 29, 46, 50.
Melville, second Viscount, (Robert Dundas,) i. 119 *n.*; ii. 40; iii. 18, 69, 71. Views towards India, 144. Visits Abbotsford, v. 148 *passim* 167. Offended by the letters of Malagrowther, viii. 37, 45 *passim* 50. Meeting with Scott after their publication, 104. Declension from office, 213.
—— iii. 161, 209; iv. 219; v. 85, 148, 186; vi. 115; vii. 90 *n.*, 248; viii 37, 66.
—— General, anecdote of, ii 56 *n.*
—— Sir James, memoirs of, viii. 175.
"Memorials of the Haliburtons," i. 88, 97; v. 255; ix. 235.
"MEMORIE OF THE SOMMERVILLES," 2 vols., publication of, iv. 194.
—— vii. 59 *n.*
Memory, power and peculiarities of Scott's, i. 47, 54, 63, 66, 69, 71, 74, 82, 150.
—— Anecdote of old Beattie's, i 64.
"*Men of Lochaber*," The, iv. 139.
Mental blood-letting, viii. 251.
—— Resources, comparative, of men and women, iii. 259; viii. 122; ix. 57.
Menzies, Hon. William. Anecdote of the composition of Waverley, iv. 27
—— Miss, i. 201.
Merlin, grave of, ii. 57.
"*Merry Men of Mey*," iv. 81.
Mertoun House, seat of the Hardens i. 106; ii. 26, 260. Visit to, viii. 106
Mess, regimental, v. 277; vi. 97.
Methodist clergy, vii. 304, 305. Lawsuit with one of, *ib.*
Meurice, M., viii. 145.
Meyrick's "Account of Ancient Armor," vi. 334.
Mickle, W. J., his "Cumnor Hall," 164. The groundwork of Kenilworth i. 165; vi. 60. His "Lusiad," i 166. Poems of, ii. 24.
"Milch Cow," iii. 295.
Military Services, anecdote of Scott's iv. 246.
—— Hardships, vii. 122, 123.
—— Pedantry, vi. 95.
Miller, Sir William. Lord Glenlee, i. 220.
—— John, Esq., Lincoln's Inn, iii. 128.
Miller, Mr. William, London, purchases a share of Marmion, ii. 250.
—— Miss, governess to Scott's children, ii. 326.

Mills, Scott's gloom about, viii. 185.
Milman, Rev. H. H, his stanzas on the funeral of Mrs. Lockhart, ix. 257.
Milne, Nicol, Esq., advocate, v. 284.
—— Nicol, Esq., of Faldonside, v. 90, 260; vii. 117; ix. 44.
Milton-Lockhart, v. 206 *n*. Visit to, ix. 11, 138.
Milton's Paradise Lost, vi. 180; portrait by Cooper, viii. 127 *n*.
Minds, *real* state of, vii. 271.
Mind and Body, exercises of, viii. 41.
—— "a process of," in literary composition, ix. 27.
Mingary Castle, iv. 135.
"MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER," 3 vols. Preparation of. ii. 39 *passim* 63. Publication of vols. i. and ii., ii. 65. Success of, 67. Remarks on, by Ellis, 68; and others, 69. Publication of vol. iii., 101. Continued success, *ib*. Characteristics of the compilation, 103.
—— i 226, 227, 289; ii. 86 *passim* 98.
Minto, Gilbert, first Earl of, sketch of, vii. 272. Superstition regarding, 273; ii. 227, 230.
—— Earl of, vii. 56, 272.
—— Lady, vii. 272; viii. 110.
Minute historian and philosopher, vii. 271.
Mirbel, Madam, viii. 145, 149.
Mischief-making, Lord Byron's love of, vii. 238.
Mislaying of papers, vii. 252.
Missionary preacher, anecdote of, in Orkney, iv. 86.
Mitchell, Rev. James, Scott's description of him as tutor, i. 57. His reminiscences of Scott, 143. Visit to, at Montrose, 273.
Mob ingratitude, v. 19; vi. 74.
Moguls, last of the, vii. 287.
Moira, Earl of, commander of the forces in Scotland, ii. 186, 228, 231.
Molly and the kettle, ix. 89.
"MONASTERY, THE," 3 vols. 12mo., v. 303; vi. 45. Publication of, March, 1820, v. 312. Remarks on it as a failure, vi. 51.
—— vi. 324, 325.
Monastic establishments in Scotland, remarks on the fate of, v. 160–162.
Moncrieff, Wellwood, Rev. Sir Henry, vii. 48, 53.
Money accounts, advice in keeping of, v. 253, 256.
—— panics, v. 12.
Moneyers and Oneyers, vii. 264.
Monks and Warriors, traditions of. iv 129.
Mons Meg, the restoration of, applied for, vi. 248; vii. 259. Restored to Edinburgh Castle in 1829, ix. 30.
Montague, Lord, ii. 40, 288; ix. 268 Letter from, ii. 288.
—— Letters to, v. 42, 170, 193, 226, 229, 262, 274, 310; vi. 73, 78, 98, 110, 114, 191, 193, 209, 210, 213, 214, 293, 294, 296; vii. 34, 39, 60.
—— Lady, v. 42, 43.
—— Lady Mary Wortley, ii. 119.
—— John, last Duke of, v. 229 *n*.
—— House, ii. 234, 236.
Monteith, Sir, C. G. S. of Closeburn, i. 184 *n*.
—— Henry, Esq., of Carstairs, v. 310.
Montfaucon's Antiquities, 15 vols., the gift of George IV., vii. 18.
Montgomery, James, Esq., vii. 24, 25.
Mont-Martre, iv. 18.
Montmorency, iv. 243.
Montreuil, viii. 137.
Montrose, Duke of, iii. 92; vi. 217 *n*.
Montrose's, Marquis of, sword given to Scott, iii. 200. At Abbotsford, vi 217, 257. Anecdote, 217 *n*.
Monypenny, David, Lord Pitmilly, i. 149, 184 *n*; viii. 21.
—— Alexander, Esq., W. S., vii. 292 *n*.; viii. 21.
—— Colonel, viii. 21.
—— David, Esq. viii. 21.
—— Francis, Esq., viii. 21.
Moore, General Sir John, iii. 38, 47, 151, 157; viii. 301.
—— Thomas, Esq., iii. 41; vii. 179 His "Twopenny Post-bag," iii. 251. Visit to Abbotsford, vii. 196. Sketch of, 235, 236. His "Life of Sheridan," 290.
—— Letters from, vii. 179.
—— Letters to, vii. 180, 196.
—— vii. 262; viii. 40, 134; ix. 179.
—— Judge, visit to his seat at Lamberton, vii. 173.
Moral evil, existence of, vi. 181.
Morals, court influence on, v. 174.
"*Morbus Eruditorum*," a touch of the, vii. 261.
More, Mrs., Dunluce, iv. 151, 153.
Moreau, portrait of, viii. 146.
Morgan's, Lady, novel of O'Donnel, viii. 42.
"*Moriturus vos saluto*," ix. 110.
Mormounthill, iv. 38, 39.
Morning, The, viii. 80, 81, 105; favorable for study, memory, and bodily strength, viii. 9.
Morning Chronicle, the, its allusion to "Marmion," ii. 290.
—— Post, letter to, on Maida's epitaph, vii. 57.
Morris-dancers, iv. 58 *n*.

Morritt, John B. Saurey, Esq., of Rokeby, ii. 314 Visits Scott at Edinburgh, 317. Extracts from his memorandum of their excursions, *ib*. Estimate of Scott's conversation and demeanour, 318, 320. Description of Scott as "a lion" in London, iii. 54. His ballad, "The Curse of Moy," 98. Generous offers of pecuniary aid 221, 295. Reminiscences of Scott at Rokeby, 1812, 224. Visits of Scott to, in 1815, iv. 251; in 1826, viii. 126; in 1828, 300; in 1831, ix. 153. Sketch of, viii. 300. His last parting with Scott, ix. 153. His death, 256.
—— Letters to, iii. 42, 95, 126, 147, 150, 157, 185, 186, 226, 227, 229, 246, 295; iv. 12, 25, 29, 193, 196, 256, 278, 287, 304; v. 11, 25, 50, 78, 145, 168, 174, 175; vii. 170, 187, 317; viii. 200.
—— Letters from, iii. 188, 220; iv. 176.
—— ii. 172, 328; iii. 145, 213, 220; iv. 12, 58, 169, 176, 198 *n.*; viii. 286; ix. 9, 186.
—— Mrs., ii. 317; iii. 97, 213, 228, 279, 300; iv. 16, 198, 251, 256.
"Morte Arthur, The," ii. 268. Southey's edition of, 271.
Morton, The Regent, ix. 132.
——'s, Mr., pupils, i. 130.
Morven, "The Woody," iv. 137.
"Mother Goose," origin of, ix. 191.
Mottoes, Scott's first composition of original ones, iv. 293.
—— ix. 212.
"*Mountain, The*," in Parliament-House, i. 233; ii. 293; vi. 276.
Mousa, Island of, iv. 60. Picts' Castle on, *ib*.
Mowat, Mr., Lerwick, iv. 45, 48, 58.
Muck, Island of, iv. 124, 126.
Mull of Cantyre, iv. 153.
Mull, sound of, iv. 135. Island of, *ib*.
Mulligrubs, viii. 42.
Mundell, Alexander, Esq , ii. 224.
Murder, singular discovery of a perpetrator, iii. 246, 247.
—— of W. Begbie, iii. 260.
Murray, Lord George, of 1745, viii. 12 *n.*
—— Sir George, vii. 159.
—— Sir Gideon, of Elibank, compels Scott of Harden to marry his daughter, i. 94; ii. 72.
—— Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, v. 248, 252.
—— J. A., now Lord, viii 27, 32. Dinner party with, 174
—— John, of Broughton, secretary of Prince Charles Stewart, a client of Scott's father, i. 210, 211.
—— John, Esq., London, purchases a share of "Marmion," ii. 250. Letter from, *ib*. Publisher of Scott's edition of "Queenhoohall," 306. Overture to Ballantyne to supersede Constable, iii. 13. Visit to Scott at Ashestiel, 15. Projection of the Quarterly Review, 17, 20 Introduces a correspondence betwixt Scott and Byron, 202, 204. Publishes "Tales of my Landlord," 1st Series, iv. 297, 310. "*Emperor of the West*," v. 135; viii. 311. His "Family Library," viii. 305 *n.*, 311. Generous surrender of his copyright share of "Marmion," ix 41, 42.
Murray, John, letters to, iv. 311; v 99; vi. 180.
—— Letters from, iv. 310; ix. 42.
—— ii. 308; iii. 43; iv. 202, 215, 312; v. 75, 135; vii. 239; ix. 267, 268.
—— Sir Patrick, of Ochtertyre, i. 177, 184 *n.*; v. 110 *n.*; vii. 309.
—— Patrick, Esq. of Simprim, i. 177, 181, 184 *n.* Visit of Scott to, 246. Letters to, 252, 256.
—— viii. 28.
—— Mr. W. H., of the Edinburgh Theatre, success in the play of Rob Roy, v. 189, 190 *n.*, 213. Of his management, vii. 124.
—— vi. 257; viii. 177, 182.
Music, viii. 15. Scott's incapacity for, i. 79; vi. 322; vii. 200, 201, 235.
Must, and *Ought*, viii. 60.
Mutability, human, vi. 161.
Mutual understanding, ix. 99.
"MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR," tale of, viii. 250. Printed in Heath's "Keepsake," 269.
"*Mysteries and Moralities*," iv. 58.
Mystifying, Lord Byron's love of, vii. 239.

N

"Nameless Glen," proposed poem of, iii 270.
Napier's, Colonel, "History of the Peninsular War," character of, viii. 301.
—— Francis, Lord, ii. 107, 140; v. 45; vi. 293 *n.*
—— Macvey, Esq., viii. 173.
Naples, residence of Scott at, ix. 180; court of, 181, 186; portraits of Scott at, 270.
—— King of, ix. 186, 190.
Nasmyth, Mr. Alex., painter, v. 105.
National taste and delicacy, improvement of, vi. 166.
Nature, external beauties of, contrasted with the chamber of death viii. 73. 75. 78

Natural objects, Scott's early feeling for the beauties of, i. 66.
Necessity, vii. 237; viii. 18.
Neighbours, vii. 85, 86.
Nelson, Lord, ix. 50.
—— Mr., Scott's amanuensis, viii. 38.
"Nest-egg" of earnings recommended, vi. 256.
Newark Castle, ii. 163.
Newarkhill, coursing match on, vi. 38.
New Club, viii. 24.
Newmarket, vii. 40.
Newton, Lord. [*See Alex. Irving.*]
—— Gilbert Stewart, Esq. R. A. his portrait of Scott, ix. 268.
—— vii. 179; viii. 16.
—— seat of Mr. Edmonstone, i. 244.
New Year's Day, reflections on, vii 284.
Nichols, Mr. B., letter to, ix. 114.
"*Nicknackatories*" in a purse from Miss Baillie, iii. 201.
Nicoll, Rev. Principal, viii. 121.
—— W., of the High School, Edinburgh, savage character of, i. 60, 138 and *n.*
Nicolson, Captain, Lerwick, iv. 44.
—— John, the favourite domestic at Abbotsford, ix. 78, 103, 216, 219, 229.
—— Mrs. Sarah, iv. 303.
—— Miss Jane, i. 303, 308, 312, 316.
Nimeguen, Scott's fatal attack at, ix. 216.
Niven, James, case of homicide pleaded by Scott, i. 263.
"NOBLE MORINGER, THE," ballad of, composed under severe illness, v. 219.
Nocera dei Pagani, ix. 192.
North, Roger, i. 233.
Northampton, Marchioness of, iv. 225; v. 27, 122; viii. 230.
Northcote, Mr. R. A., viii. 291.
Northern Lights, Commissioners for, iv. 29.
—— Lighthouse Yacht, nautical tour in, iv. 29, 33–157.
—— Nations, Scott's "Essay on the Manners and Customs of," i. 204, 231.
Northumberland, Duke of, viii. 239, 240.
—— Duchess of, viii. 239, 240.
—— excursions to, i. 212, 222.
North Wales, vii. 182.
Norwegian and Danish Seamen, iv. 72.
Noss, Cradle and Holm of, described, iv. 47; Noup of, *ib.*
Note-Books of 1792, i. 231; of 1797, extracts from, i. 296–299.
'*Not proven*," remarks on the verdict of, viii. 187.
Nourjahad, v. 243.
Novelty in literary composition, viii 130.
Nuns of Wilton, vii. 310; of Kilkenny *ib.*
Nymmites, viii. 82.

O

Oakwood tower, ix. 143.
Oban, iv. 144, 145.
O'Callagan, Sir Robert, vii. 246.
"Occupation's gone," ix. 58.
Ochtertyre, seat of Mr. Ramsay, i 245.
O'Connell, Mr., Killarney, vii. 177, 179.
Odin, iv. 80.
"O'Donnel," novel of, by Lady Morgan, viii. 42.
Ogilvie, George, of Barra, v. 82, 83.
—— Mrs., v. 82, 83.
—— Honourable Mrs., i. 105.
—— Thomas Elliot, Esq. of Chesters, vi. 78.
Oil Gas Company, Scott chairman of, vi. 288; vii. 123, 235.
O'Kelly, an Irish poet, vii. 175.
Old age, not desirable, v. 71, 103.
—— and young, society of, viii. 111.
"OLD MORTALITY," 3 vols., remarks on the tale of, iv. 315. "The *Marmion* of the *Waverley Novels*," 316 Materiel of its groundwork supplied by Mr. Train, 316–318. Italian translation of, ix. 193.
[*See* "TALES OF MY LANDLORD,"] first series. See also, i. 247; ii. 206; iv 306, 312; ix. 39.
Old Plays, viii. 107.
—— Shipping Company of Leith, vessel of, vii. 90.
—— womanries, viii. 277.
"Omen, The," by Galt, reviewed, viii 26, 44.
O'Neill, Miss, iv. 309; vii. 76.
Opposition friends, viii. 174.
Optical delusion, vii. 263; viii. 220.
Orange, Prince of, 1815; iv. 247.
Orcadians, superstitions of the, iv. 80 86, 90, 94. Customs, 82, 86.
Orford, Lord. [See *Horace Walpole.*]
Orkney Islands, ii. 127. Visited by Scott, iv. 76.
—— Agriculture and fishing, iv. 95.
—— Earls of, iv. 54, 62, 63, 77, 78, 79
—— Pythoness, iv. 93, 94.
Orleans, Duke of, (1829,) viii. 144.
Ormes' "History of Hindoostan," i 74.
Ormiston, "auld Saundie, the cowbailie, at Sandy-Knowe," i. 109.
Orphir, Clergyman of, iv. 85.
Oscar, whaler, wreck of the, iv. 87

Ossian's Poems, ii. 194. Opinion of the controversy regarding, *ib.*; iv. 116.

Otter hunt at Borthwick-water, ii 208.

Ought and *must*, viii 60.

Owen, Mr. William, ii. 1[illegible].

Oxford visited by Scott, ii. 97. His account of, to Miss Seward, 98. And to Mr. Ellis, 100. Revisited 1826, viii. 159. Feelings of retrospection at, 160.

— vii. 38, 39.

P

Pæstum, murder at, ix. 191. Excursion to, 192.

Painting, Scott's incapacity for, i. 77.

— vii. 235; viii. 15.

Panics, money, v. 12.

Pantomime clown, ix. 35.

Papa, isle of, iv. 57, 58.

Papers, mislaying of, vii. 252.

Paps of Jura, iv. 146.

Parents, attention to, recommended, vi. 75.

Paris, Dr., ix. 176.

Paris, Scott's first visit to, iv. 241. Aspect of, after the battle of Waterloo, 244–249. Revisited, viii. 138. The Louvre, 139. Comedie Française, 140. Museum, 141. Notre Dame, *ib.* Odeon, performance of Ivanhoe at, 141, 142. Jardin des plantes, 142. Rue de Fauxbourg St. Honore, 143. St. Cloud, 146. Tuileries, 147. Champs Elysées, 148. Inhabitants, 148, 149.

Park, Mr. Archibald, ii. 50, 53.

— Mungo, ii. 149. Anecdotes of, 150–153.

Parliamentary Reform, ix. 82, 92, 93, 108. Speech at Jedburgh against, 109. Bill for, carried, 112.

Parr, Dr., iii. 63.

Parrot, death of one, vii. 93.

Passion, human, progress of, ix. 18.

Patent medicine offers, viii. 12, 13.

Paterson, Rev. N., ix. 117.

— Peter, "the living *Old Mortality*," i. 247. Meets Scott at Dunnottar, *ib.*; iv. 312, 317.

"Patrick Fleming," song of, vi. 84.

Paul, Sir G. O iii. 119, 123, 127.

Paul Jones, Scott's reminiscences of, vii. 31.

"Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," proffered terms of publication, iv. 229. Plan and progress of the composition, 230, 278, 280. Names of the correspondents, 230 The letters characteristic of their author, 231. Publication of, in January 1816, 281. Success of, *ib.*

"Paul's Letters," iv. 227, 312.

Peasant and pig, fable of the, viii. 128

Pedantry, military, vi. 95.

Peel, Right Hon. Sir Robert, Bart. accompanies King George IV. to Edinburgh, vi. 229. His speech regarding Scott, 230, 245. Letter from, on the royal visit, 242. His *carte blanche* for an Anti-Catholic administration, viii. 195. Bust of Scott at Drayton Manor. Letter to, from Sir Francis Chantrey, regarding it, ix. 271.

— viii. 118, 155, *passim* 191, 292 *n.*; ix. 25, 29, 228, 262.

— house, v. 66.

Peninsular war, the, Scott's desire to visit the scene of, iii. 131. Anecdote of a Scotch visiter to, *ib.* [*See Spain, affairs of.*]

Penny-chap-books, Scott's collection of, i. 151.

Pennycuick-house, i. 76.

Penrith, ix. 153.

Pension to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, vii. 247, 257.

— "cabbing a," vii. 257.

— offer of a, declined, ix. 62.

Pentland frith, iv. 81, 83. Skerries, 83.

Pepys' "Diary," vii. 230, 281, 292, 301, 314; viii. 67.

Percival, Right Hon. Spencer, iii. 67–71.

— Mrs., iv. 113.

"Percy anecdotes," misstatement in, regarding Scott, i. 57 *n.*

"—'s Reliques of Ancient Poetry," an early favourite with Scott, i. 65, 144; ii. 18, 57, 104; vi. 62.

Periodical criticism, state of, in 1808, iii. 26.

Peterhead, iv. 38.

"*Peter o' the Painch*," vi. 276.

Peter Pindar, viii. 184.

"Peter's letters to his Kinsfolk," v. 241. Letter on, 242.

"Peveril of the Peak," 4 Vols. progress of, vi. 196, 201. 262 Publication of, January 1823, 270. Remarks on, 270, 271. "Peveril" anecdote, 276.

— vii. 267.

Philiphaugh, battlefield of, visited, v 221. Anecdote of one of the slain at, *ib.*

Philips, Major, iv. 18.

Phillips, Sir George, Bart. viii. 285.

— Sir Richard, ii. 137.

— Thomas, Esq. R. A his portrait of Scott, ix. 267, 268.

Phipps, "a certain Mrs," tricks of, viii. 290, 291.
Phoca, vi. 57.
"*Piccaroon*," iii. 271; iv. 32.
Pichegru, portrait of, viii. 146.
Picts, iv. 86; vi. 65.
—— castle, Lerwick, iv 41, 45. Isle of Mousa, 60.
Picturesque, Tom Purdie's exposition of the, vii. 80.
Piety and virtue, cultivation of, in the high ranks of life, iv. 165, 167, 168, 170.
Pig, at Abbotsford, vi. 40.
Pigeons, ix. 52.
Pigot, Sir Hugh, commander of the Barham frigate, ix. 162, 165, 166.
"Pilot, The," Mr. Cooper's novel of, vii. 31. Drama of, viii. 134.
Pinkerton, John, ii. 69. Writes a play, iii. 259. His "History of Scotland," vi. 297.
Piper, Mr., of Mousa, iv. 62.
"Piranesi's Views," viii. 18.
"PIRATE, The," 3 Vols., progress of its composition, vi. 153, 155. Publication of, December 1821, 179.
—— i. 179; iv. 34, 94 *n.*; viii. 288 *n.*
Pitcairn, Dr., i. 34.
Pitcairn's, Rt., Esq., "Ancient Criminal Trials," vi. 286. Review of, ix. 49.
Pitmilly, Lord. [*See Monypenny.*]
Pitscottie's "Chronicles of Scotland," i. 213; ii. 325, 327; vi. 297; vii. 291.
Pitt, Right Hon. William, his approbation of "The Lay," ii. 174.
—— Letters of, viii. 294.
—— His death, ii. 224, 226.
—— ix. 250.
—— and Fox, history of the stanzas to, in Marmion, ii. 289.
—— Anniversary, the, songs for, iii. 310; meeting, vi. 79.
Pladda, Isle of, iv. 154.
Plagiarism, Scott falsely charged with, from Coleridge, iii. 132, and from Vida, 133, 134.
Plantagenets of England, ii. 101.
Planting, ix. 16, 17.
—— and farming, vii. 63.
—— Alnwick park, viii. 240.
"*Planty-cruives*," in Shetland, iv. 42.
Platanus, at Kelso, i. 143; vi. 62.
Platoff, Hetman, meeting of Scott with iv. 246. Anecdote of, *ib.* The alleged prototype of "Touchwood," 246 *n.*
Players, temperament of, vii. 121.
Playfair, Professor, ii. 292.
"*Pluck*," "blackguardly so called," viii. 224.
Plummer, Andrew, of Middlestead, Esq. ii. 39, 154, 157.
—— Misses, ii 154, 155
Plunkett, Lord, vii. 164, 179.
"POACHERS, The," an imitation of Crabbe, ii. 134.
Poet, sketch of a young, vi. 312.
Poetical criticism, ii. 168.
—— genius, Scott's, vi. 234–236.
—— temperament, vi. 91; vii. 283.
"POETICAL WORKS," 12 vols., new edition with introduction and notes, ix. 50. Mr. Turner's illustrations of, 144.
Poetry, iii. 229; iv. 267; vii. 239, 256; viii. 15.
—— writing of, v. 13.
—— dramatic, vi. 69, 71, 90, 310; viii. 108.
—— octo-syllabic stanza, iii. 111, 152.
—— descriptive, iii. 225.
—— sacred, iii. 233.
—— narrative, iii. 304.
—— of Lord Byron, iv. 207, 208 *n.*, 315, ix. 189.
—— of Crabbe, iii. 234, 236.
—— of Dryden, ii. 37, 217–219, 233; 297–303.
—— of Mrs. Hemans, vi. 311.
—— of Johnson, iii. 115.
—— of Wordsworth, ii. 269; vi. 72; viii. 166, 186.
—— Scott's estimate of his own, vi 186, 311.
"Poetry contained in the Waverley Novels," publication of, vii. 200.
Poets and Novelists, vii. 168.
Poisoning, trial in a case of, viii. 186.
Pole, Mr. Fred. letter from, with offer of money, vii. 297.
Police, commissioners of, viii. 13.
Polier, Baron de, v. 278, 308.
Politics, vii. 273, 295.
Political aggression, viii. 252.
—— consistency, viii. 201, 213, 214.
Political innovation, the thirst after, vi. 297.
—— reform, viii. 214.
—— trials, (1794); i. 257.
Pollio, Roman villa, ruins of, ix. 187.
Polwarth, Lord. [*See Hugh Scott of Harden.*]
"Polydore," ballad of, iii. 237; vi. 310
Pomona, mainland of Orkney, iv. 80.
Pompeii, excursion to, ix. 188.
Pondicherry, iv. 19.
Ponsonby, Governor Sir F., Malta, ix. 171.
—— the Hon. Dr., vii. 162.
—— the Hon. Miss, Llangollen, vii. 183–185.
Pontopiddan's "Natural history of Norway," iv. 57.
Poor Laws, the, v. 51.
Poor, treatment of the, v. 39, 51 88, 98, 181, 300, 301; vii. 87

Pope, i. 124; ii. 304; iii. 283; iv. 21.
Pope's "Homer," i. 54; iii. 110.
Popery. [*See Catholicism.*]
"Popular Poetry, and Imitations of the Ancient Ballad." [*See Essays on.*]
Porpoises, vi. 57.
Port Coon, cave of, iv. 151.
Portland, Duke of, iii. 66, 67.
Portraits and other pictures at Abbotsford, v. 183; vii. 144–146, 147.
Port Rush, iv. 149, 159, 171.
Portsmouth, visit to, ix. 164.
Pozzo di Borgo, Russian minister at Paris, viii. 123, 141, 149.
Pozzuoli, visit to, ix. 186, 194.
"Pragmatic Sanction," i. 53 *n.*
Predestination, vii. 320.
Pre-existence, speculations on a sense of, viii. 274.
Presbyterian Church, ix. 250.
Preston, Sir Robert, Bart., ix. 55.
Prestonpans, Scott's residence at, in 1779, i. 51. Revisited, 75; ix. 60.
Pride, ix. 246.
"Prince of darkness," vi. 283.
Princes, lot of, viii. 12.
Pringle, Alexander, Esq., of Whytbank, ii. 287. Letter from, on Marmion, 288.
—— Alex. Junior, Esq., accompanies Scott to the Continent in 1815, iv. 227, 246, 249.
—— ix. 106.
—— James, Esq., visit to, at Torwoodlee, v. 167.
—— 273, 301 *n.*; viii. 168; ix. 106.
—— Sir John, iii. 125.
—— M. Esq. of Clifton, i. 33; v. 228, 264.
—— Mr. Thomas, original editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," v. 31. Sketch of, viii. 135 *n.*
Prior, Matthew, his "Alma" and "Solomon," ix. 133, 134.
Prison reform, viii. 275.
"Private Letters of the 17th Century," projected publication of, vi. 167. Specimen of, 167–172.
Privy-Councillor, proposal of "a sage," viii. 117.
—— rank of, declined, ix. 59.
Proctor, Peter, Esq. Glammis, i. 249.
Profession, advice on the choice of one, vi. 27.
Professions, learned, vii. 53.
—— overstocked, vii. 74.
"PROSE WORKS, MISCELLANEOUS," first collection of, in 6 vols. published in 1827, viii. 209.
Prosing bores, v. 169; vi. 34. [*See Bores.*]
"PROVINCIAL ANTIQUITIES OF SCOTLAND," 2 Vols. 4to., published in 1818, v. 182, 183.
Prussians in France, 1815; iv. 241, 242, 243.
Public buildings, viii. 139.
Pulci, i. 73.
Pulpit eloquence, viii. 266.
Punishment by death, viii. 276.
Purdie, Charles, vi. 38, 44.
—— Thomas, promoted from a poacher into the service of Scott, ii. 149. His peculiarities, v. 94, 98, 99, 150, 209, 262; vii. 288, 292; viii. 59. Description of his person, v. 303. Anecdotes of, 304, 307 *n.*; vi. 319; vii. 80, 83; viii. 145 *n.* His death and epitaph, ix. 47, 48, 158.
—— iv. 255, 309; v. 155; vii. 11, 34, 116, 268; viii. 53, 55, 68; ix. 11, 62, 164.
Purgstall, Countess of, Letter to Scott on her marriage, ii. 9. Her bereavements, vi. 158. Affecting letter of Scott to, 159.
Pyramids of Egypt, interesting only from association, iii. 240, 241; ix. 27.

Q

"*Quaighs*," Highland, v. 126, 153; vi 47.
Quarantine, ix. 169, 171, 180.
"Quarterly Review, The," Projection of, iii. 17; Scott's Letters to Ellis on, 15, 25; to Mr. Gifford, 19; to Thomas Scott, 28; to Mr. Sharpe, 40; and to Mr. Morritt, 42; publication of, commenced in February, 1809, 56, Scott's contributions to, *ib.* 110; v. 86, 99, 173; vii. 281: viii. 44, 210, 250, 304; notice of Triermain, iii. 253; of "Waverley," iv. 180; of "The Lord of the Isles," 203; of "Old Mortality," 313, 314; of "The Pirate," vi. 179; of "Miss Austen's Novels," 187.
—— iii. 35, 39, 63; vii. 45; viii. 312.
"QUEENHOO-HALL," 4 vols. Strutt's Romance of, published by Scott, ii. 306.
Queensberry, Duke of, vii. 28; viii 112.
"QUENTIN DURWARD," 3 vols. in progress, vi. 263, 269, 278; publication of, in June, 1823, 302; success of, 303; on the Continent, *ib.* criticism of, by Mr. Senior, 304-307.
Quillen Mountains, iv. 115 *n.*, 116, 117-120.

R

Rachrin, Isle of, iv. 153.
Radcliffe, Dr., iii. 268.
—— Mrs., Novels of, ix. 211.
Radical Reformers, v. 14, 15, 254, 258, 268; alarms occasioned by, in 1819, 273; 1820, vi. 29, 30.
Rae, Mr. Clestrom, iv. 88, 89, 95, 96.
—— Right Hon. Sir William, Bart., i. 149, 184 *n.* 294; iv. 246; v. 185, 268; vii. 240, 293; viii. 34, 193.
—— Sir David. [*See Lord Eskgrove.*]
Raeburn, Sir Henry, his portraits of Scott, ii. 318; iii. 33; v. 196, 205; vi. 193; viii. 97; ix. 267, 268; knighted by King George IV., vi. 242; his death, *ib.*
—— Lady, (Scott) aunt of Sir Walter, viii. 106
"Ragman's Roll," the Bannatyne Club edition, ii. 114 *n.*
Railroads, vii. 78, 113, 122.
Ramsay's, Allan, "Tea-table Miscellany," i. 47, 110; "Evergreen," 54.
—— Rev. E. B., viii. 77, 78.
—— James, Esq. Scott's fellow apprentice, i. 75, 200.
—— John, Esq. of Ochtertyre, i. 245; letter from on the "Lenore," 288; iv. 291.
Rat-catcher, ix. 108.
Rattray-head, iv. 38.
Ravelstone House, i. 115, 116.
Raven, anecdote of a, vii. 94.
Ravenswood, Villa of, ix. 116 *n.*
Ravensworth, Lord and Lady, viii. 232.
—— Lord, ix. 116.
—— Castle, Wellington and Scott at, viii. 236.
"Ravishment," viii. 141, 142, 145.
Reay, Lord, country of, iv. 97, 105; tenantry of, 106.
Recipes for illness, v. 204.
Reden, Baron, i. 184 *n.*
"REDGAUNTLET," 3 vols. publication of, in June, 1824, vii. 9; remarks on its characters, 9, 10.
—— i. 192, 209, 210, 211, 214, 216; vii. 164.
Rees, Mr. Owen, ii. 175. 190, 215; iv. 202; v. 261.
Reform, Political, viii. 214.
—— Bill, ix. 208, 227.
—— Bill riot in London, ix. 154.
"Refreshing the machine," iv. 194, 195.
Regalia of Scotland. [*See Scottish.*]
Reggersburg Castle, ii. 10 *n.*
Regimental Mess, v. 277; vi. 97.
"Reiver's Wedding," ballad of the, ii. 76.
Religion, enthusiasm in, vii. 40.
Religion of France, viii. 145.
"RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES BY A LAYMAN," viii. 259; history of their composition, 260; publication of; the gift of Scott, 267, 268.
—— Motives, viii. 285.
"Reliquiæ Trottcosienses, or the Gabions of Jonathan Oldbuck," proposed publication of, iv. 291; vii. 16; ix. 65, 141.
Reputation, literary, iii. 187.
"Resolve, The," a poem, iii. 159
Resources, Mental, iii. 259.
Reston, Lord. [*See David Douglas.*]
Rhetoric, viii. 15.
Rhodes, Island of, ix. 189, 190.
"*Rhymer's Glen*," v. 49, 147; vii. 63.
Rice, Spring, Esq., viii. 293.
Richardson, John, Esq. London, character, iii. 307; anecdote of his angling, vi. 307 *n.*; last interview with Scott, ix. 217.
—— letters to, iii. 92, 308; v. 187, 254
—— v. 53 *n.*; vii. 192.
—— Dr. Port Rush, iv. 149, 171.
—— Samuel, vii. 218.
—— Mrs. Tulsehill, (late Mrs. Terry,) viii. 309 *n.*
"Rich Auld Willie's Farewell," Miss Seward's ballad of, ii. 72.
Riddell house, v. 222, 223; family of the Riddells, 223.
—— John, Esq., v. 162.
—— Thomas, of Camiston, viii. 68.
Ridicule, the fears of, viii. 168.
Ring, a, from Hermitage Castle, ix. 153.
Ritchie, David, original of "The Black Dwarf," i. 301.
—— Mr. Alex. S. Musselburgh, ix. 265.
Ritson, Joseph, the antiquary, ii. 53, 69, 81. His horror of animal food, played on by Leyden, 81, 85, 217. Metrical sketch of, by Leyden, 93. Death of, 122. His "Life of Arthur," *ib.* "Essay on Romance and Minstrelsy," *ib.* "Northern Garland," *ib.*
—— ii. 123, 211, 213.
Robertson, Rev. Dr. Meigle, i. 253.
—— George, of Clermiston, i. 294.
—— Patrick, Esq. "Peveril," anecdote of, vi. 276, 277.
—— vi. 339; viii. 181.
—— Rev. Principal, i. 70. His sermons, 136; iii. 124; vii. 272. Latter days of, iii. 245. "History of Scotland," vi. 297.
Robespierre, ix. 75.
Robin Hood, iii. 235.
Robinson Crusoe, iii. 307.
Robison, Sir John, vi. 289
"ROB ROY," 3 Vols. projected, v. 88.

46. Published 31st December, 1817, 72. Success of, 74.
"Rob Roy," i. 181, 244; iv. 318; vi. 58.
—— drama of, v. 103. Its extraordinary success in the Edinburgh Theatre, 189, 213. Performance of, witnessed by George IV., vi. 232, 233.
Rob Roy's gun, iii. 199; v. 35; vii. 143. His *Spleuchan*, the gift of Mr. Train, iv. 318.
Robroyston, vii. 16.
Robson's "British Herald," ix. 104.
"*Rod* to Selkirk," vii. 83.
Roebucks, ix. 56, 57.
Roedeer, vii. 149.
Rogers, Samuel, Esq. his school, anecdote of Scott, i. 120.
—— ii. 96; viii. 131, 292, 295
—— American Commodore, iv. 66.
"Rokeby," poem of, commenced, iii. 187. Correspondence with Mr. Morritt on the scenery and antiquities of its localities, 187–194. Progress of, 219, 222, 226, 228. Publication of, in December, 1812, 243. Its success, 246, 248, 250. Retrospect of its composition, 248, 249. Causes of comparative failure, 251, 264.
—— i. 193; vi. 147.
Rokeby Park, Scott's first visit to, iii. 58. Description of, *ib.* Revisited, 222; iv. 251; viii. 126, 300; ix. 153.
Rolland, Adam, Esq., ix. 56.
Rollo, Lord, viii. 32.
Rome, residence of Scott at, ix. 200–214. St. Peter's, 200. The Vatican, *ib.* MS. memoirs of Roman families, 201. Castle of Bracciano, 202, 203.
"Rome in the Nineteenth Century," 3 vols. by Miss Waldie, i. 147.
Roman statue in bronze, relique of one discovered, v. 311.
—— Wall, Northumberland, i. 222, 301.
Romance, Scott's last attempts in, ix. 181.
Romilly, Sir Samuel, iii. 309.
—— Mr., vi. 74.
Rorie More's "Nurse," iv. 113, 115 *n.* Drinking horn, 114.
Rose, Right Hon. Sir George, vi. 204.
—— William Stewart, Esq., ii. 96, 174, 254, 315. Lines on Scott visiting him at Gundimore, 254 *n.* His servant Hinves, "yclept Caliban," iv. 176; vi. 38. Visits Abbotsford, vi. 38. Anecdotes of Lord Byron, vii. 238, 239. His "Ariosto," viii. 131.
—— iv. 58; v. 101; vi. 38, 128, 318; viii. 309.
Rosebank, Scott's visit to, i. 158, 184. Letter from, describing his amusements at, 197. Bequeathed to Scott by his uncle, ii. 144.
Rosebery, Earl of, ix. 264.
Ross, Dr. Adolphus, ix. 43, 89, 104 Last visit to Scott, 225.
—— Mrs. Dr., ix. 225.
—— Mr., Collector, Lerwick, iv 44 58, 59.
Ross-shire, hills of, iv. 107; ix. 256.
Rosslyn Chapel, ii. 85.
—— Countess of, ii. 244. Her death iii. 183 *n.*
Rost of the Start tide, iv. 72.
Round towers, vi. 65.
Rousseau, vii. 238, 239; viii. 167.
Rowdill, Isle of Harris, iv. 109. Church and monuments, 110, 111.
Rowe's, Mrs., "Letters," i. 54.
"Rowland's letting off the humours," &c. publication of, iv. 194.
Royal Academy, London, vi. 284. Accident at dinner of, vii. 35.
Royal Bank of Scotland, vii. 293.
Royal Society of Edinburgh, i. 234 Scott elected president of, vi. 77, 79. His demeanour in office, 288 289. Their portrait of Scott, ix 269.
—— Club, dinner at, vii. 252.
—— of Literature, project of, vi. 86, 114.
Roxburgh, John, Duke of, ii. 69, 96. 271.
—— Club, Scott elected a member of, vi. 281, 284.
Ruling passion strong in death, instances of the, i. 61; viii. 100; ix. 225.
Rum, Isle of, iv. 124.
Russell, Claud, Esq., i. 120, 301 *n.*; vii. 240.
—— John, Professor of Clinical Surgery, i. 220.
—— Lord John, ix. 218.
—— Dr., vi. 334.
—— Major-General Sir James, of Ashestiel, i. 261; iii. 170; vii. 248, 287; viii. 61.
Russia, Empress Dowager of, iv. 14.
Russians in France, 1815, iv. 242, 244
Rutherford, Andrew, Esq., viii. 174.
—— Dr. Daniel, Uncle of Sir Walter Scott, i. 40, 157, 169; ii. 94. Sudden death of, v. 281, 286, 287. His talents in chemistry, 281.
—— Dr. John, Grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, i. 39, 44. Character of, as a medical professor, 136.
—— John, Esq. of Edgerstone, v 264 *n.*
—— Robert, Esq. W. S., v. 287; vii 248.

Rutherford, Anne, married to Walter Scott, the father of the poet, i. 39. [*See Mrs. Scott.*]

Rutherford, Christian, Aunt of Sir Walter Scott, i. 40; iv. 230. Letters to, i. 258, 261, 272, 307. Advice in the composition of the Lady of the Lake, iii. 101. Illness, v. 281. And death of, 283, 287, 290.

—— Miss Janet, Aunt of Sir Walter Scott, i. 40.

Ruthven, Lady, ix. 111, 269.

Rutty, Dr., the Quaker, Journal of, vii. 283 *n.*

S

Sabbath-day discipline, i. 54.

Sacheverell, Dr., iv. 128, 136.

"SADLER'S, SIR RALPH, LIFE, LETTERS, and STATE PAPERS, 3 vols. 4to." commenced in 1808, ii. 305, 306; published, 1809, iii. 65.

—— iii. 138.

Sailors' Proverbs, ix. 74.

St. Albans, Duke of, visits Abbotsford, vii. 202. Overtures of, to Mrs. Coutts, 243, 244.

St. Andrews, vi. 58. Revisited in 1827, viii. 210. Feelings of retrospection at, 211.

St. Bride, church of, at Douglas, ix. 132.

St. Catherine's, vii. 240; viii. 252.

Saint Columba Island. [*See Iona.*]

St. Kevin's Bed, vii. 165, 171, 181; ix. 19.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, vii. 161.

St. Peter's, at Rome, ix. 200.

"SAINT RONAN'S WELL," 3 vols., first suggestion for its composition, vi. 308. Progress, 319. Publication of in December, 1823, 335. Its reception in England and Scotland, *ib.* Alteration in its catastrophe, 337. Its influence at Innerleithen, *ib.*

—— i. 181; iv. 246 *n.*; viii. 107; ix. 209.

—— Drama of, vi. 339.

St. Ronan's Border Games, vi. 338.

St. Sepulchre's Library, Dublin, vii. 162.

"ST. VALENTINE'S EVE," Tale of, viii. 250. [*See* "*Fair Maid of Perth.*"]

"Sale Room, The," a periodical paper of John Ballantyne's, v. 11.

Salmon fishing, v. 307 *n.*; vi. 44.

Salt, use of, ix. 206.

"*Salutation of two old Scottish Lairds*," viii. 303.

Samothracian Mysteries, viii. 286.

Sancho Panza, iii. 130, 302; iv. 275; v. 201; viii. 57.

Sanda, Island of, iv. 71.

Sands, W. H., Esq., vii. 93.

Sandy-Knowe, i. 35. Scott's residence at in his infancy, 45, 106. Description of, 106. Visit to, 185. Last visit to, ix. 144.

"*Sans Cullotides*," viii. 69.

"*Saunders Fairford*," i. 214, 218.

Saunders and Ottley, Messrs. literary offers from, viii. 269.

Saving, the mother of riches, ix. 37.

Saxe, Marshal, iv. 18.

"Sayings and Doings," Hook's, viii. 276.

Scalloway Castle, iv. 54, 56. Town and harbour, 55. Sea monsters off, 56. Sword dance at, 57.

Scarba, Isle of, iv. 146.

Scarlett, Captain, vii. 269.

Schiller's tragedy of "the Robbers," i. 236.

"*Schnurbartchen*," use of, ii. 12 and *n.*

School discipline, i. 55, 56.

Schoolboys' watch, simile of, ix. 110.

Schoolmaster, anecdote of Scott's, v. 19.

Science and Learning, early neglect of deplored, i. 70.

Science, advancement of, ix. 22, 23.

Scotch agents, and middlemen in Ireland, ix. 22.

—— Artizans, vi. 109 *n.*

—— Banks, proposed alterations of their system, vii. 323. Meeting of Edinburgh inhabitants regarding, viii. 31, 35. Petition against, opposed by Scott, 35. [*See Malachi Malagrowther.*]

—— charity and hospitality contrasted, vi. 188.

Scotland, advancement of education in, vii. 48–50; deficient in classical learning, 51.

—— Commission regarding its Colleges, viii. 118, 121.

—— English legislation for, viii. 49.

—— Union with England, viii. 41.

Scottish dormant titles, viii. 37.

—— Historians, vi. 297, 298.

—— Peerages forfeited, vi. 249. Hints for their restoration, *ib.*

—— Regalia, Commission to search for, v. 77; names of the Commissioners, 80; correspondence regarding, 78–84; mystery of their concealment, 78, 82, 90; their discovery, February 4, 1818, 81, 84; anecdote of Scott at, 84. Sir Adam Fergusson appointed keeper, 85.

SCOTT, Sir Walter, Bart. of Abbotsford—his Autobiography, vol. i. pp. 31–56
——— His ancestry, i. 33, 87–103; iii. 243, 244. Parentage, i. 103.

1771–1776. — Born in the College Wynd, Edinburgh, 15th August, 1771, i. 43. His life endangered by an unhealthy nurse, *ib.* Becomes lame in his eighteenth month, 44. Sent to the farm-house of Sandy-Knowe, *ib.* Saved from intended murder, 45. First consciousness of existence, 45, 106. Anecdotes of his residence at Sandy-Knowe, 108–111. Sent in his fourth year to Bath, 49. Reminiscences of his journey to, and residence there, 49–51, 111; iii. 172, 177. First introduction to the Theatre, i. 50, 111; and reminiscence of it fifty years afterwards, 111, 112. Returns from Bath to Sandy-Knowe, 51.

1777–1785. — Residence at Prestonpans, i. 51, 116; at George Square, Edinburgh, 53, 113. Sent to the High School of Edinburgh, 55, 118. School anecdotes, 56–67, 120, 125–148. His tutor Mr. Mitchell's reminiscences of him, 133-142. 1782. — Sent to the Grammar School of Kelso, i. 61, 67. First acquaintance there with the Ballantynes, 144. Removed to the College of Edinburgh, 67, 83, 149. Dislike of the Greek language, 67, 159. Progress in other classes, 69, 158. College anecdotes, 68, 177–184, 204.

1785–1792. — Apprenticed to his Father as Writer to the Signet, i. 70, 162. His suburban walks, 72, 75, 150. Early illness, 73, 157. Residence at Rosebank, 158. Meets Robert Burns, 166. Literary associates, 169. First excursion to the Highlands, 170. Literary Societies, 79, 177. Early companions, 72, 81, 177, 188. Studies for the Bar, 82, 176, 214. Early Correspondence, 185. Personal appearance, 193. First love, 194, 266, 273. Disappointment, 196 273–281; Lines on, 277, 278. Member of the Speculative Society, 207; His Essays read there, *ib.* Excursion to Northumberland, and Letters on Flodden field, 212.

1792–1796. — Called to the Bar (11th July 1792), i. 85, 216–218. Second excursion to Northumberland, 222. First expedition into Liddesdale, 225–230. Law cases, 232, 238, 251, 262. German studies, 234, 282, 292. Excursion to the Highlands, 244. Jedburgh Assizes, 251. Plan of Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry started, 255. Play-House riot, *ib.* Translation from Burger, 269–271, 274; Publication of, 280; *passim*, 286–291. Appointed a Curator of the Advocates' Library, 271.

1797. — Organization of the Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry, and appointed Quartermaster, i. 293. Tour to the Lakes of Cumberland, 300. Meets with Miss Carpenter at Gilsland, 301; Marriage, 24th December, 302–318.

1798, 1799. — Early married life, George Street, Edinburgh, ii. 7; at Castle Street, No. 39, 8; at Lasswade Cottage, 11. Writes "War-song of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons," 16; and version of Goethe's tragedy of "Goetz Von Berlichingen," *ib.* Visits London, 17. Writes "The House of Aspen," 20. Letter to his Mother on the death of his Father, 21. His first original Ballads, "Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St. John," "The Gray Brother," "The Fire King," "Bothwell Castle," "The Shepherd's Tale," and "Fragments," 25–37. Prints "Apology for Tales of Terror" at the Ballantyne press — the origin of his connexion with that establishment, 38, 39. Appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, 16th December 1799, 39, 40.

1800–1802. — Preparation of "The Border Minstrelsy," ii. 42 *passim* 55. Correspondence with George Ellis, 54–63. Ballad of "Cadyow Castle," 64 Publication of "The Border Minstrelsy," Vol. I. & II. 65.

1802, 1803. — Preparation of Vol. III. of "The Minstrelsy," ii. 71, 80; and of "Sir Tristrem," *ib.* Ballad of "The Reiver's Wedding," 76. Commencement of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," 88. Visit to London, 94; and Oxford, 97, 99, 100. Publication of "The Minstrelsy," Vol. III., 101.

1803, 1804. — Contributions to "The Edinburgh Review," ii. 106, 137. Preparation of "Sir Tristrem," 107 *passim* 137. Correspondence with Ellis, 109 *passim* 137. Visit of Wordsworth, 124. Publication of "Sir Tristrem," 137. Removal to Ashestiel, 140. Possession of Rosebank by his uncle's bequest, 144. His yearly revenue at this period, 145. Correspondence with Ellis, 145 *passim*.

1805. — Publication of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," January, ii. 161 Partnership with James Ballantyne, 177. Advance of his literary, and decline of his professional reputation, 178–181 Literary projects, 182–185

Scott, Sir Walter —
Edition of the British Poets, &c., 185, 189, 190. Commencement of Dryden's Life and Works, 191. "Waverley" begun, and laid aside, 192 Contributions to the Edinburgh Review, 191. Excursion to Cumberland, and visit to Wordsworth, 208. Gilsland, 209. Alarm of French invasion, 210. Writes "The Bard's Incantation," *ib.* Visit of Southey, 211. Correspondence regarding Dryden, 211, 219.
1806. — Affair of the Clerkship of Session, ii. 220. Visit to London, 222 Appointment of Clerk of Session, 229, 237, 241, 263. Duties of commenced, 237; and description of them, *ib.* 263. Writes "Song on Lord Melville's Acquittal," 241. Engages in party politics, 245. Contributions to "The Edinburgh Review," 247. Publication of "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," *ib.* Edition of "Slingsby's Memoirs," 248.
1807, 1808. — Commencement of "Marmion," ii. 248. Visits London, 253; Gundimore, 254; and Lichfield, 256. Appointed Secretary to the Commission on Scotch Jurisprudence, 263. "Marmion" published, 23d February 1808, 273. "Dryden's Life and Works" published in April 1808, 295. Commencement of "The Life and Works of Swift," 305. "Life and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler," *ib.* Somers's Tracts, 13 vols., *ib.* Edition of "Strutt's Queenhoo-Hall," 306. Publication of "Memoirs of Captain Carleton," *ib.;* and of "Sir Robert Cary," 307. Visit of Joanna Baillie, 314; and of Mr. and Mrs. Morritt, 314, 317. Visit of Mr. John Murray, and organization of "The Quarterly Review," iii. 14 *passim* 30. Rupture with Constable & Co., 8, 27, 30–34. Partnership with John Ballantyne & Co., 34. Projection of "The Edinburgh Annual Register," 14, 27 *passim* 41.
1809. — Procures commutation of sentence in behalf of a convicted burglar, iii. 49–53. Visits London with his wife and daughter, 53. Mr. Morritt's description of him as "a lion" in town, 54. Contribution to the first number of "The Quarterly Review," 56. First visit to Rokeby, 57. Death of Camp, 58. Excursion to the Highlands with his wife and daughter, and commencement of "The Lady of the Lake," 59, 60. His first sight of Lord Byron's Satire, 60. Publication of "Sadler's Life, and State Papers," 65. Somers's Tracts, 66. Influence in theatrical affairs — Miss Baillie's "Family Legend," 76–81.
1810. — Affairs of his brother Thomas Scott, iii. 87–93. Publication of "The Lady of the Lake" in April, 98. Gradual reconciliation with Constable, *ib.* First visit to the Hebrides, 118. Hebridian Notes to "Croker's Boswell," 123. Inclines to visit the scene of the Peninsular war, 131. Falsely accused of plagiarism, 132–134. Publishes "The Life and Poetry of Miss Seward," 135. Waverley resumed, and again laid aside, 136. Commencement of "The Edinburgh Annual Register," 139. "Essay on Judicial Reform," 141.—Scheme of going to India, 144–146.
1811. — "The Vision of Don Roderick," published in July, iii. 147–149. Writes "The Poacher," in imitation of Crabbe, 158. "Inferno of Altesidora," *ib.* "The Resolve," 159. Edition of "Secret History of King James I." 160. Contribution to the Quarterly Review, *ib.* Purchase of Abbotsford, 165–168, 185. Commencement of "Rokeby," 187.
1812. — Correspondence with Lord Byron, iii. 201–208. Removal from Ashestiel to Abbotsford, May, 211. Progress of building, planting, &c. 215. Progress of "Rokeby" and "The Bridal of Triermain," 219–222, 226, 228, Visit to Rokeby Park, 222. Correspondence with Crabbe, 234–236. Edinburgh Annual Register, 237. Publication of "Carey's Poems," 238; and of "Rokeby" in December, 242, 243.
1813. — Publication of "The Bridal of Triermain" in February, iii. 252. Embarrassment of the affairs of John Ballantyne and Co., 262 *passim* 296 Negotiations with Constable for relief, 263, 270. New purchase of land, 270. Expresses of John Ballantyne for money, 272–278. Anxious to withdraw from connexion with the Ballantynes, 279. Yearly income at this period, 281. The Prince Regent's offer of the Laureateship, *ib.;* declined, 286–291. Loan of £4000 from the Duke of Buccleuch, 282. Re-commencement of "Waverley," and progress of "The Lord of the Isles." 296. Desirous of visiting the Allied Armies, 306. Resists a proposed

SCOTT, SIR WALTER—
taxation of literary income, 307, 308. Writes Address of the City of Edinburgh to the Prince Regent, and receives civic honours, 310; iv. 13 Writes songs for the Pitt Club Anniversary, iii. 310.

1814.—Insanity of Henry Weber, Scott's amanuensis, iv. 9–13. Contributions to "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," 14. Letters on the abdication of Napoleon, 15. Publication of "Swift's Life and Works,' 19 vols. in July, 20; and of "Waverley," 23. Writes "Essays on Chivalry" and "The Drama," 24, 25. Diary of his Voyage in the Light-House Yacht to Orkney, Shetland, the Hebrides, and coast of Ireland, 33–157. Letter in verse from Lerwick to the Duke of Buccleuch, 159; and correspondence with, on the death of the Duchess, 163–169. Correspondence on "Waverley," 174–184. Progress of "The Lord of the Isles," 185, *passim* 198; and of "Guy Mannering," 188, 195, 196. "Refreshing of the Machine," 194, 199. Publication of "The Memorie of the Sommervilles;" and of "Rowland's Poems," 194.

1815.— Publication of "The Lord of the Isles" in January, iv. 195; and of "Guy Mannering," 199, 202. Visits London with his wife and daughter, 211. Introduction to Lord Byron, 213. Presented to the Prince Regent, 218. Dinner at Carlton House, *ib.* Tour to the Continent, and visit to the Field of Waterloo, 225. Meeting with the Emperor Alexander, and the Duke of Wellington, &c. 245. Last meeting with Lord Byron, 249. Return to Abbotsford, 251. Publication of "The Field of Waterloo," October, 263. "The Antiquary," 264, 279, 280; and "Harold the Dauntless," 264. Song on "The Banner of Buccleuch," 274. Preparation of "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," 229–231, 278–280.

1816.—Publication of "Paul's Letters" in January, iv. 281; and "The Antiquary," in May, 285, 290. Accession of fortune from the death of his brother Major Scott, 286. Excursion to the Highlands, 303. Writes Historical Sketch of the year 1814, 306. Publication of the "Tales of my Landlord," First Series, in December, 309, 310.

1817.—"Harold the Dauntless," published in January, v. 10. Aspires to be a Baron of the Exchequer, 15. First attack of cramp in the stomach, 20. Story of "The Doom of Devorgoil," 21–25. Writes Kemble's Edinburgh farewell address, 28. "Rob Roy" projected, 33. Writes the History of 1815, 46; and "Introduction to the Border Antiquities," *ib* Excursion to the Lennox, Glasgow, and Drumlanrig, *ib.* Purchase of the lands of Toftfield, 48. Lines written in illness, 49. Visited by Washington Irving, 53; Lady Byron, and Sir David Wilkie, 62. Publication of "Rob Roy" in December, 72.

1818.—"Tales of my Landlord, Second Series," projected, and negotiations for publishing, v. 74. Discharge of his bond to the Duke of Buccleuch, 76. Scottish Regalia Commission, and correspondence, 77–86. Contributions to Periodical Literature, 86, 99, 100, 173. Correspondence on rural affairs, and Abbotsford buildings, 87 *passim* 106. His position in society, 107. Publication of "Tales of my Landlord, Second Series," "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," in June, 140. "*Handsel*" of Abbotsford, 151–155. American MS. tragedy, 159. American tourists, 163. *Heating* of Abbotsford, Yeomanry dinner, 168. Accepts the offer of a Baronetcy, 175. Writes additions to "Captain Burt's Letters," 182. "The Provincial Antiquities of Scotland," 183. Sale of copy-rights for £12,000, 184.

1819.—Declines to renew his application for a seat on the Exchequer Bench, v. 185. Recurrence of illness, 193, 218–220. Ivanhoe in progress, 217, 244, 270. Publication of "Tales of my Landlord, Third Series," viz. "The Bride of Lammermoor" and "Legend of Montrose," in June, 230 Continued attack of illness, and anecdote of, under, 237. Re-establishment of health, 238. His son Walter joins the 18th Regiment of Hussars, *ib.* Correspondence with, and on the affairs of, his son, 244 *passim* 272. Visit of Prince Leopold, 259, 262; and of Prince Gustavus, 278, 308 Movements and correspondence during the Radical Alarms, 273 *passim* 285. Deaths of his Mother, Uncle, and Aunt, 281–283. Publication of "Ivanhoe" in December, 289.

1820.— Publication of "The Visionary" in January, v. 298; and of "The

Scott, Sir Walter—

Monastery" in March, 312. Revisits London, vi. 9; His portrait by Lawrence, 10, 11; and bust by Chantrey, 12–15. Allan Cunningham's Memoranda, 12. His Baronetcy gazetted in April, 17. Marriage of his eldest daughter, 23. Visit of Prince Gustavus at Abbotsford, *ib.* Tenders of Honorary Degrees from Oxford and Cambridge, 25. Autumn at Abbotsford; Visit of Sir Humphrey Davy, Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Wollasten, and W. S. Rose, 32. Publication of "The Abbot" in September, 51 Formation of the Blair-Adam Club, 54. Writes Biographical Prefaces for "Ballantyne's Novelists' Library," 62. Elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 77.

1821.—Publication of "Kenilworth" in January, vi. 80. Visit to London, 81. Letters from Blair-Adam, 107. Revisits London, 114. His account of the Coronation of George IV., 116. Allan Cunningham's Memoranda, 125. New buildings at Abbotsford, 151. Visits at Chiefswood, 152. Progress of "The Pirate," 155. Letter to the Countess Purgstall, 159. Publication of "Franck's Northern Memoirs," and "Lord Fountainhall's Chronological Notes," 163. Writes "Private Letters of the Seventeenth Century," 167. Second sale of copy-rights, £5500, 177. Enormous profits and prospective views, *ib.* Contract for "Four unnamed works of Fiction," 179. Publication of "The Pirate," in December, *ib.* Dedication to, of Lord Byron's "Cain," 180. Affair of the Beacon Newspaper, 181.

1822.—Publication of "The Fortunes of Nigel" in May, vi. 197. "Peveril of the Peak" in progress, 196, 201, 262. Multiplied editions of his writings, 198. Publication of "Halidon Hill" in June, 202. Correspondence on repairs of Melrose Abbey, 206. Exertions during King George Fourth's Visit to Edinburgh, 217, 247, 258. Visit of Mr. Crabbe, 222. Application for the restoration of Mons Meg, 248; and of the Scottish Forfeited Peerages, 249.

1823.—First symptom of apoplexy, vi. 262. "Quentin Durward" in progress, 263, 269, 278. Publication of "Peveril of the Peak" in January, 270. Founder and President of the Bannatyne Club, 281, 285. Chosen a member of the Roxburgh Club, 282; and chairman of the Edinburgh Oil Gas Company, 288. Publication of "Quentin Durward" in June, 302. Third sale of copy-rights, £5500, *ib.* Writes "Essay on Romance," 307; and "Macduff's Cross," 309. Visit of Miss Edgeworth, 315; and of Mr. Adolphus, 316. Excursion to Allanton, 325. Publication of "St. Ronan's Well" in December, 335.

1824.—His last year of undisturbed prosperity, vii. 18. Publication of "Redgauntlet" in June, vii. 9. Second Edition of "Swift's Life and Works," 10. Writes "Tribute to the Memory of Lord Byron," 11. State of Abbotsford, house, library, and museum, 12–18. Speech at the opening of the Edinburgh Academy, 48–54. Death and Epitaph of Maida, 54–56. "Tales of the Crusaders," begun, 61. Christmas at Abbotsford, in extracts from Captain Hall's MS. Journal, *ib.*

1825.—His festive ball; settlement of Abbotsford; and marriage of Lieutenant Walter Scott, vii. 78, 102–105, 321. Pecuniary loss by the Adelphi Theatre, 119. "Life of Buonaparte" projected, 130, 135. Publication of "Tales of the Crusaders" in June, 131. Preparations for "The Life of Buonaparte," 130–136. Excursion to Ireland, 148. Belfast steamer, 151. Enthusiastic reception in Dublin, 159; Wicklow, 164; Edgeworthstown, 165; Killarney, 172–177; Cork, 181; Castle Blarney, *ib.* Llangollen, 183; Elleray, *ib.*; Storrs, 185. Visit of Thomas Moore, 196; of Mrs. Coutts, and the Duke of St. Albans, 202, 243. Commercial alarms, 212. Diary commenced 20th November, 215, 230. Retrospective sketch of his commercial connexion with Constable and the Ballantynes, 216–228. "Storm blown over," and song of "Bonnie Dundee," written at Christmas, 272, 274. Introduction and Notes to the "La Rochejaquelin Memoirs," and "Review of Pepys' Diary," 281, 292.

1826.—Executes a bond for £10,000 over Abbotsford, vii 285. Commercial alarms renewed, 286, 287, 291. Catastrophe of his affairs in the downfall of the three houses of Hurst & Robinson, Constable and Ballantyne, 292, 313
4 *passim* 322. Trust-Deed proposed, *ib.* 301–306: and executed, viii. 27

SCOTT, SIR WALTER —

Publication of "The Letters of Malachi Malagrowther" in March, 29-31 *passim*. Final departure from "poor 39, Castle Street," 42. Domestic afflictions, 44, 51, 54–56. Correspondence regarding "The Letters of Malachi," 45. Abbotsford in solitude, 57. Progress of "Woodstock," vii. 293, *passim* viii. 60; and of "The Life of Buonaparte," vii. 289 *passim*. Removal to Mrs. Brown's lodgings, viii. 72. Illness of Lady Scott, vii. 255; viii. 44, *passim* 72; and death, viii. 74. "Chronicles of the Canongate" begun, 80. Publication of "Woodstock" in June, 85. Meeting of the Blair-Adam Club, 100. Lines on removal from Mrs. Brown's, 104. Trip to Drumlanrig, 111; to Blair-Adam and Lochore, 114, 115. Appointed a member of the Scotch College Commission, 118. Journey to London and Paris, 125–159. Oxford, 159. Abbotsford, 161. Walker Street, Edinburgh, 162. Illness from rheumatism, &c., 163, 164. Retrospections and gloomy forebodings, 165, 166 Christmas at Abbotsford, 165. Progress of "The Life of Buonaparte," and "Chronicles of the Canongate," viii. 163 *passim*.

1827. — Progress of "The Life of Buonaparte," viii. 168 *passim* 204. Contributions to Periodical Works, 172, 173. Dinner parties, 174–176. Theatrical Fund Dinner — avowal of the sole authorship of "The Waverley Novels," 23d February, 177–182. Correspondence with Goethe, 187–191. Publication of "The Life of Buonaparte" in June, 204; of "Prose Miscellanies," 6 vols. 8vo., 209. Writes "Essay on the Planting of Waste Lands," 210. Excursion to St. Andrews, *ib.* Affair of General Gourgaud, 222–230. Excursion to Blytheswood and Corehouse, 231. To Ravensworth, Durham, Alnwick, and Sunderland, 232–237. Autumn at Abbotsford, 215, 241. Publication of "Chronicles of the Canongate, First Series," in November, 243; and commencement of the Second Series, 250. Affair of Abud and Co., 244–247. Writes "Essay on Landscape Gardening," and "Memoirs of George Bannatyne," 250. Publication of "Tales of a Grandfather, First Series," in December, 253. Re-purchase of the Waverley copyrights, 254–256. Dividend to Creditors, 256. Christmas at Abbotsford, and consolatory reflections, 256, 257. School anecdote, ix. 37.

1828. — Preparations for "The *Opus Magnum*," viii. 258. Writes "Essay on Molière," 259; and "Two Religious Discourses," *ib. passim*. Letters to Mr. George Huntly Gordon, 263–267. Contributions to, "Heath's Keepsake," 268, 269. Publication of the "Fair Maid of Perth" in April, 279. Journey to London, 282. Visits Charlecote, 283; Kensington Palace, 293; Richmond Park, *ib.*; Gills Hill, 299; Rokeby, 300; and Carlisle, 302. "Anne of Geierstein" commenced, 304.

1829. — Visit to Clydesdale, ix. 11. Publication of "Anne of Geierstein" in May, 38; and "History of Scotland," Vol. I. for Lardner's Cyclopædia, *ib.* Progress of the "*Opus Magnum*," 28, 29, 41 *passim*. Review of "Ancient Scottish History," 34, 35. Publication of "Tales of a Grandfather, Third Series," in December, 41. Publication and success of The "*Opus Magnum*," 42, 44. Nervous attack — hæmorrhages, 43. Visit of Mr. Hallam, 45. Death and epitaph of Thomas Purdie, 47, 48.

1830. — Reviewal of Pitcairn's "Ancient Criminal Trials," ix. 49. Publication of "Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy," *ib.* Writes "Essays on Popular Poetry, and Imitations of the Ancient Ballad," 50. Paralytic seizure, 50, 53. Preparation of "Letters on Demonology," 51, 53, 59. Publication of the last Series of "Tales of a Grandfather," 51. History of Scotland, Vol. II. for Lardner's Cyclopædia, 52. Review of "Southey's Life of Bunyan," *ib.* Resignation of the Clerkship of Session, *ib.* 53, 57, 59, 94. Blair-Adam Club, 55. Excursion to Culross, *ib.* Commission on the Stuart papers, 59. Prestonpans revisited, 60. Offers of a pension, and of the rank of Privy Councillor, declined, 59, 62, 94. Commencement of "Count Robert of Paris," 65. Election dinner, and speech at Jedburgh, 65–67. Admonition to the citizens of Edinburgh on the reception of Charles X. of France, 70. Visits of the French exiled noblesse, 73. Publication of "Letters on Demonology," in December, 74. Fit of apoplexy, 83, 86 96. Fourth "Epistle of Malachi Malagrowther" written, and suppressed 88. Second dividend to creditors, and their gift of the library, &c. at Abbotsford, 89, 90. Unpleasant discussions with Ballantyne and Cadell, 80 84–88, 91–94.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER —
1831. — His last will executed in Edinburgh, ix. 91, 97, 101, 103, 104. Residence with Mr. Cadell, 102. "Fortune's Mechanism," 103. "Address for the county of Selkirk" written — and rejected by the Freeholders, 105–109. Speech on Reform, at Jedburgh, 109. Insulted there, 109–111, 127–129. Portrait by Mr. F. Grant, 111, 112. Apoplectic paralysis, 119, 122. The Selkirk election 128, 129. Commencement of "Castle Dangerous," 130, 132. Excursion to Douglasdale, 132. Church of St. Bryde, 135. Resolves on an excursion to Italy, 140. A Government frigate prepared for his reception, *ib.* Mr. Adolphus' memoranda, 141. Visit of Mr. J. W. Turner, 144. Last visits to Smailholme, Bemerside, Ettrick, &c., 144–147. Visit of his eldest son, 146; of Captain Burns, 149; and of Wordsworth, 151. Publication of "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," in November, 152. Departure from Abbotsford, 153. Visit to Rokeby, *ib.*; London, 154 Reminiscences by Mr. Scott of Gala, 154–156; and Dr. Ferguson, 163. Epitaph on Helen Walker, 161. Arrival at Portsmouth, 164. Voyage in the Barham, 166. Letter on Graham's Island, 167. Malta, 169. Notes by Mrs. John Davy, 171–179. Arrival at Naples, 180.
1832. — Residence at Naples, ix. 180. Last attempts in romance, 181. Sir William Gell's memoranda, 185–195. Excursions to Pollio, 187; Pompeii, 188; La Cava, 191; Pæstum, 192; La Trinità della Cave, *ib.*; Pozzuoli, 194. At Rome, 200–214. Excursion to the Castle of Bracciano, 202, 203. Memoranda of Sir William Gell at Rome, 200–205; and of Mr. Edward Cheney, 205–214; Journey to Frankfort, 215. The Rhine steam-boat, *ib.* Fatal attack at Nimeguen — "the crowning blow," 216. Arrival in London — Jermyn Street, *ib.* Voyage to Edinburgh, 220. Journey to Abbotsford, 221. Last days there, 221–229.
His Death, 21st September, ix. 229.
— head, post-mortem examination of, ix. 230.
— funeral, *ib.*
— Character, summary of his personal and literary, ix 234–255.
— Last Will, and state of his affairs, ix. 262.
MONUMENTS to his memory, ix. 262–265.
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES of, i. 57–67, 68, 120, 124–148, 177–184, 186, 189, 204. 217, 234; ii. 84, 200, 203, 206, 208, 246, 259 *n.*, 260 *n.*; iii. 175, 177; iv. 68. 228, 245, 251, 254, 255; v. 14, 38, 84, 149, 150, 151, 154, 166, 237; vi. 57 124, 125, 217 *n.*, 222, 223, 230; vii. 70, 74–76, 83–94, 152–156, 164, 168, 169, 199, 200, 312; viii. 215, 218, 288 *n.*, 302; ix. 37, 67–70, 133, 134, 143, 188, 204, 214 *n.*
PORTRAITS of, i. 111, 132, 313; ii. 82, 318; iii. 33, 98; v. 62, 196, 205; vi. 10, 193, 200; vii. 287; viii. 97, 145, 149, 153, 158, 289, 291; ix. 111, 118 *n.*, 266–270.
BUSTS, vi. 12, 125, 128; viii. 292 *n.*; ix. 270–273.
STATUE of — [*See Greenshields.*]

COTT, Walter, *cognom.* "BEARDIE," great grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, i. 33. Portrait of, 96; ix. 236.
—— iii. 243; v. 102, 103, 278.
—— Robert, grandfather of Sir Walter, account of, i. 34, 97. Anecdote of, 98. Portrait of, 99. His death, 110.
—— iii. 243; ix. 236.
—— Walter, father of Sir Walter, character of, i. 37, 103, 133. Mrs. Cockburn's lines upon, 39. Marries Miss Anne Rutherford, *ib.*, 105. Family of, 105, 106. Anecdotes of, 82, 83, 85, 103, 134, 209; vii. 256. Professional habits, viii. 13, 14. Ascetic habits, 57. His death, ii. 21, 22; vii. 256. Characteristics of, iii 243; viii. 64. Relics of, ix. 248 Letter from, i. 218.
—— i. 183 and *n.*, 214, 218; iii. 162; vii. 21.
—— Robert, eldest brother of Sir Walter Scott, character of, i. 40. Lines by, *ib.* Death of, 41.
—— Major John, second brother of Sir Walter, i. 41, 260. Aids Scott in the purchase of Abbotsford, iii. 185. The Veteran officer of "Paul's Letters" iv. 230. Death of, in 1816 285. Habits and character, 286. 288 vii. 256.

Scott, Anne, sister of Sir Walter, i. 41. Her death and character, 42.

—— ii. 8, 23.

—— Thomas, third brother of Sir Walter, i. 42, 106, 255, 262; ii. 23, 94, 179, 250, 253, 261. Proposed as a contributor to "The Quarterly Review," iii. 28. Affair of his Extractorship, 88. Discussed in the House of Lords, 89. Literary proposals to, 28; iv. 179. Domestic affairs, iv. 286. Suspected author of the Waverley Novels, 179, 314 *n.* Marriage of his daughter, v. 267. Overtures to, regarding his son, vi. 26. His death, vi. 299.

—— Letters to, ii. 313; iii. 28, 91, 92, 94, 144, 297; iv. 179, 285, 286; v. 70, 267, 285; vi. 26.

—— Daniel, fourth brother of Sir Walter, i. 43. Unfortunate case of, ii. 143, 216. Return from Jamaica, and death, iii. 64. Contrition of Sir Walter regarding him, viii. 281.

—— Thomas, uncle of Sir Walter, i. 116, 117. Death of, 100.

—— Charles, of Knowe South, i. 100; iii. 103.

—— Miss Janet, aunt of Sir Walter, i. 47, 113. Accompanies him to Bath in his fourth year, 49; at Kelso, 61. Residence at Kelso described by Scott, 143.

—— Captain Robert, uncle of Sir Walter, i. 50, 100. Purchase of Rosebank, 158. Letter to, 202. Excursion with Scott to Northumberland, 212. Death and character, ii. 144. Bequest of Rosebank to Scott, *ib.*

—— i. 255; ii. 94.

—— Mrs., mother of Sir Walter, i. 40. Her disposition and family discipline, 54, 55, 85, 142. Education, 104. Mr. Mitchell's account of, 135. Anecdote of Murray of Broughton, 209. Illness of, v. 281, 283, 286, 288. Death (December 1819), 289. Character and reminiscences of, 290, 291. Bequest of Baskerville's folio Bible, 292. Relics of, ix. 248. Scott's letters to, i. 185, 303. Letter to, on the death of his father, ii. 21.

—— i. 183 *n.*, 195, 206; ii. 8, 94; iii. 30; iv. 285, 288; v. 72, 268.

—— Lady, i. 318. Habits and qualities in early married life, ii. 8. Birth of a son, 60. Excursion to Cumberland, 208. Anecdote of, and Jeffrey, 284. Love of theatricals, iii. 76. Her charities at Ashestiel, 211. Furniture, anecdote of, iv. 251. Her reception of American tourists, v. 163. Death of her brother, 175, 176. Reception of Prince Leopold, 262. Illness of, vii. 255; viii. 44, 51, 55, 56, 67, 70, 71, 72, 83. Her death, 74 Funeral, 77. Scott's reminiscences of her, 79, 95–98, 100, 102, 113, 117, 124, 302. Portrait of, ix. 267.

Scott, Lady, Letters to, vi. 16, 17.

—— ii. 85, 93, 113, 121, 131, 132, 311, 315, 317, 327; iii. 131, 147, 244; iv 13, 17, 169; v. 211, 250, 280; vi. 16; vii. 64, 114, 149, 150, 266, 307, 317; viii. 29, 40.

—— Lieut.-Colonel, afterwards Sir Walter, eldest son of The Poet, birth of, ii. 322, 323, *n.* High School — "*Gilnockie*," iii. 78; v. 245. School anecdote of, iii. 114, 169. Foot-ball match in Carterhaugh, iv. 272, 274, 279, 280. Cornet in the Selkirkshire Yeoman Cavalry, v. 167. Joins the 18th Regiment of Hussars as Cornet, v. 238, 241. Allan's portrait of, vi. 191; vii. 146. Lieutenant in the 15th Hussars, vi. 239. Marriage, vii. 102–105. Military hardships, 123. Reception of his father in Dublin, 159. Revisits Abbotsford, viii. 110. Illness, ix. 43. Bequest to, 104. Visit to Abbotsford, 1831, 120, 146. Horsemanship, 146. Accompanies his father to Portsmouth, Malta, Naples, &c., 164; and attends on, in his last illness, 216, 230. Legacy of £100 to the library of the soldiers of his corps, founded by himself, 260. Tiger hunt, *ib.* Death, *ib.* His character contrasted with that of his brother Charles, 261.

—— Letters to, v. 248, 251, 252, 256 259, 265, 275, 278, 281; vi. 24, 64, 83, 84, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 203, 239, 258; vii. 115, 117, 149.

—— iii. 228; iv. 13, 196, 267, 305, 309; v. 53, 64, 72, 175, 182, 245, 247, 268; vi. 21, 26, 28, 81, 208, 314; vii. 22, 78, 111, 122, 188, 247, 255, 284; viii. 73, 248, 257; ix. 23, 58.

—— Charles, second son of Sir Walter, birth of, ii. 322, 323 *n.* Accompanies Washington Irving to Melrose Abbey, v. 55. Proposal of sending him to India, vi. 28. Sent to Lampeter in Wales, 64; to Oxford, and the plan for India abandoned, vii. 47. Receives his father and sister at Oxford, viii. 159, 160. A clerk in the Foreign Office, viii. 252, 253, 257, 282 Bequest to, ix. 104. Attached to the Embassy at Naples, 120, 140, 176, 180. Accompanies his father from Naples, 199. Private secretary to Sir John McNeill on his mission to Persia, 258. His death, 259.

Scott, Charles, letters to, vi. 66, 74, 93, 174; vii. 54.
—— iv. 309, v. 72, 250, 253, 280, 301; vi. 21, 27, 28, 65, 85, 208, 314; vii. 23, 31, 150, 247, 255; viii. 77 *passim* 81, 116; ix. 91, 257.
—— Sophia, daughter of Sir Walter, birth of, ii. 323 *n.* Anecdote of "Lady of the Lake," iii. 113; and discovery of the Scottish Regalia, v. 84. Remonstrance with Lord Buchan, 235. Letter to, vi. 20. Marriage, 23.
—— iii. 228; iv. 13, 211, 267; v. 60, 203, 237, 280; vi. 17, 21. [*See Mrs. Lockhart.*]
—— Anne, daughter of Sir Walter, birth of, ii. 323 *n.* Anecdote of "the egg," v. 165. The "*Lady Anne*," *ib.*, 166 *n.;* vi. 40. Accompanies her father to Ireland, vii. 151. Anecdote of *vulgar* and *common*, 169. Scotch songs, 255. Spirit of satire, *ib.* Death of her mother, viii. 74, 78. Accompanies her father to London and Paris, 125–161. Accident to, at restoration of Mons. Meg, ix. 31. Bequest to, ix. 104. Accompanies her father to London, Italy, &c. 153, 164. Return to Abbotsford, 221. Pension from King William IV. 256. Her illness, *ib.* Death, *ib.* Letter from, viii. 302.
—— v. 60, 250, 280; vii. 111, 151, 187, 192, 269, 317; viii. 56, 86; ix. 44, 68, 79.
—— Mrs. Walter, now Lady Scott, vii. 105, 118, 122, 150, 172, 188, 192, 284. Offer of pecuniary aid, 304; viii. 82. Visit to Abbotsford, viii. 110. Her gift of £100 to the soldiers' library, ix. 260.
—— Letters to, vii. 106, 111, 115.
—— Mrs. Thomas, sister-in-law of Sir Walter, iii. 272 *n.*; viii. 160; ix. 217.
—— Captain Walter, ("Satchels,") his history of the name of Scott, i. 89. Account of the Lords of Buccleuch, 102.
—— Mary, "The Flower of Yarrow," i. 93.
—— William, Esq. of Raeburn, i. 185, 266; ix. 37. Death and reminiscences of, 52, 53.
—— Walter, of Synton, i. 221 *n.*
—— Miss Anne, niece of Sir Walter, viii. 70.
—— Hugh, Esq. of Harden, now Lord Polwarth, i. 268, 283; ii. 26, 76 *n.* v. 18, 178; vi. 78.
—— Honourable Henry, younger of Harden, viii. 66, 71; ix. 65, 97
—— Letter to, ix. 97
Scott, Mrs. of Harden, aids Scott in his German studies, i. 282. Letter from, 283.
—— Letter to, iii. 149. Letter to, from Naples, ix. 196.
—— Lady Diana, i. 283; v. 209. Death of, viii. 211.
—— Lady Frances (Lady Douglas), ii 27.
—— Lady Anne, iv. 272.
—— C. B., Esq. of Wool, ix. 117.
—— Lady Charlotte, vi. 216.
—— Dr. of Darnlee, v. 151, 219, 300.
—— George, companion of Mungo Park, ii. 153.
—— Captain Hugh, vi. 260.
—— James, Melrose, vii. 315.
—— Lord John, ii. 288. Death of, *ib.* Allusion to, in Marmion, 289. Letter to his mother, on, iii. 182.
—— Major John, of Ravenswood, ix 116 *n.*
—— Sir John, of Ancrum, iv. 56.
—— John, Esq. of Gala, accompanies Scott to the continent, in 1815, iv. 228, 249, 250, 257. Fox-chase accident, vii. 34. Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott in London, 1831, ix. 154–156. Letter to, vi. 24.
—— v. 273, 283; vi. 68, 78.
—— of Scotstarvet, iv. 56.
"Scott, Michael," of Dante, ix. 207.
—— Mr. of Scalloway, iv. 56, 57.
—— Walter, nephew of Sir Walter, Scott's resolution to adopt him, vi. 26. Advice on the choice of his profession, 27, 205.
—— Walter, cousin of Sir Walter, story of his Portsmouth marriage, vii. 73.
—— Walter, of Scotshall, iv. 40.
—— Sir William, ix. 163.
—— Sir William, of Harden, anecdote of his marriage with Meg Murray, i. 94.
Scotts of Reaburn, i. 33 *passim* 45 *n.* 95, 96.
—— of Harden, i. 47, 88, 93, 94, 221 *n.*; ii. 72; v. 108, 109.
"Scots Magazine, The," ii. 130; iv. 23; v. 75.

Scrope, William, Esq., viii. 286, *n.*, 310; viii. 17. Letter to, viii. 18 *n.*
Sculpture, remarks on, ix. 13–15.
Seaforth, Francis Lord, death of, iv 198. Prophecy regarding, 198 *n*
Sea monsters off Scalloway, iv. 56
—— Sickness, iv. 64.
Seals' lying-in hospital, iv. 84.
Seged of Ethiopia, viii. 216.
Selfish feelings in fashionable life, vi 194, 195

Selkirk, Earl of, 1788, i. 31, 184 *n*.
—— Election at, ix. 128–130.
—— poachers, v. 18. Scott's intercession for, 18, 19.
—— "Sutors" of, iv. 271; their "*birse*" 276 *n*.; v. 263. Piece of plate presented to, iv. 276-278.
—— monument to Sir Walter Scott in, ix. 265.
Selkirkshire, freeholders of, reject Scott's county address, ix. 105–108.
—— Sheriffdom, affair of, in Scott's last illness, ix. 227, 228.
Senior, Mr. his criticism on the "Waverley" novels, vi. 271–276; on Quentin Durward, 304–307; "Woodstock," viii. 87; and the "Fair Maid of Perth," 279.
Sentimental correspondence, Scott's aversion to, iii. 85.
Sentinel, Glasgow paper, vi. 183.
Sepulchres, strong feelings in Scotland against violation of, ix. 20, 21; a natural prejudice, 21.
Servants, male, v. 251, 266, 278, 308; vii. 118, 288.
Session, court of, arrangements, ii. 237; viii. 96.
—— Clerk of, Scott's appointment as, ii. 229, 237, 241. Duties of the office, 238. His colleagues, 240. Factious feelings on his appointment, 241. New arrangements in, iii. 161. His retirement from, ix. 52, 53, 57, 59, 61, 77, 94.
—— iii. 61, 96, 144.
—— Lady of, v. 188.
Setting sun, the, Scott's early lines on, i. 123.
Seward, Anna, her remarks on "the Border Minstrelsy," ii. 69. Transmits a ballad for, 72. Her "life of Dr. Darwin," 98. Visited by Scott at Lichfield, 256. Her description of the poet, *ib.* Her death, iii. 83. Bequest of her MS. poetry and correspondence, *ib.* 85. Publication of, 135, 136.
—— Letters to, ii. 72, 75, 98, 108, 109, 167, 193, 261.
—— Letter from, ii. 260.
Shadwell's plays, a projected edition of, iii. 28.
Shakspeare, bust of, vii. 146. Scene of his deer-stealing, viii. 283.
—— iv. 129; vi. 52, 76; vii. 301; viii. 14, 280, 283; ix. 103 *n*.
"*Shakspeare of the Wabsters*," v. 47.
Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, Scott's removal to, viii. 250. Scene of first love reminiscences at, 251, 252.
Shandy, Rev. Mr., viii. 73
Sharpe, Archbishop, vi. 265.
—— Charles Kirkpatrick, Esq., his "Metrical legends," ii. 272. Drawing of Queen Elizabeth, iii. 39 Sketch of him, vii. 233; viii. 17, 18 ix. 103, 174.
—— letters to, iii. 40; ix. 147.
—— Sir Cuthbert, viii. 238. Lines "Forget thee? No!" to, *ib.*
—— Richard, Esq., viii. 115.
Shaw, Corporal, killed at Waterloo, iv. 237 and *n*.
Sheep, lambs, viii. 170; ix. 144.
Sheffield knife, iv. 250. Anecdote of, *ib.*
Shelley, Sir John, v. 242, 250.
—— Lady, v. 250; viii. 292.
—— Miss, viii. 292.
—— Percy Bysshe, vii. 238.
Shepherd, Sir Samuel, Lord Chief Baron of Scotland, a member of the Blair-Adam Club, vi. 54. *Cockneyism* of, amid the romantic scenery of Scotland, 108, 109. Sketch of, vii. 270. Application to Scott of a passage in Cicero, viii. 73.
—— ii. 114 *n*.; vi. 98; viii. 287; ix. 55.
"Shepherd's Tale," unfinished ballad of the, ii. 29–35.
Sheridan, R. B. anecdote of, v. 177 *n*; vi. 11; vii. 290.
—— Thomas, ix. 35, 174.
Sheriff-court processes, vii. 262; viii. 169.
Shetland, its agriculture, iv. 41–43, 48–51. Customs, 40, 41, 43. Superstitions, 51, 59.
Shield, Story of the gold and silver one, viii. 50.
Shillinglaw, Joseph, Darnick, vii. 12; ix. 128.
Ship launch, a, iv. 17.
Shipwrecks, Northern, iv. 52, 70, 71, 96.
Shipwrecked crew, simile of the, viii. 270.
Shortrede, Mr. Andrew, notes by, i 199 *n*.; v. 203, 301; vi. 326; vii. 11, 84; viii. 182.
—— Mr. John Elliot, i. 225.
—— Mr. Thomas, viii. 119 *n*.
—— Robert, Esq., i. 224. Accompanied Scott to Liddesdale, 225. Notice of Scott and Miss Carpenter 306. His death, ix. 40. Inscription of Scott's works to, 41 *n*.
—— Letters to, i. 307; v. 202, 301.
—— vi. 326 *n*.; viii. 67, 118.
"*Shrewsbury*," i. 180.
Sibbald James, his circulating library i. 73.
Siddons, Mrs., i. 250; iii. 74. Anecdotes of, 75 *n*.; ix. 206 Retirement of, 200, 201 *n*.

Siddons, ix. 54.
—— Mr. Henry, becomes manager of the Edinburgh theatre, iii. 76. His new comedy, 85.
—— iii. 130; vii. 120, 124.
—— Mrs. Henry, her performance in "the Family Legend," iii, 79. 80.
Sidmouth, Lord, ii. 226, 227, 231; v. 174, nick-named the Doctor, 177 *n*. Letter to, vi. 87.
—— vi. 113; viii. 293, 294; ix. 159.
Sidonia, Duke of Medina, iv. 69.
Signet-ring, Inscription, iii. 304.
Simpson, James, Esq., iv. 24 *n*.
Sinclair, "old Robert," viii. 18 *n*.
—— Sir John, ii. 304; iii. 188.
—— Mrs. Euphemia, i. 104.
Single Stick, play at, vii. 264.
"Sir Bevis of Hampton," romance of, ix. 190.
"Sir Giles Overreach," Kemble's and Cooke's contrasted, iii. 258.
"SIR TRISTREM," Publication of in May 1804, ii. 137. Success of, 138, 303. Controversy regarding the work, ii. 138, 139.
—— ii. 54, 55 *passim*, 63, 86 *passim*, 96, 107 *passim*, 136, 158, 159.
Six-feet-high Club, ix. 29 *n*.
Skene, James, Esq., of Rubislaw, first acquaintance with Scott, i. 292. Reminiscences of Ashestiel, ii. 200–208. Supplies materials for Quentin Durward, vi. 278. Sketch of, vii. 286. Letter to, on Graham's Island, ix. 167.
—— Extracts from his memoranda of Scott, i. 293, 294; ii. 88, 200, 252; iv. 251; v. 295; vii. 312.
—— v. 251; vii. 299; ix. 144.
—— Mrs., v. 295; vii. 286; viii. 24, 41, 251.
—— James Henry, Esq., Malta, ix. 169.
Skerries, Island of, iv. 83.
Skerry Vohr, ridge of rocks, iv. 126.
"*Skirmish-field*," iii. 163.
Skye, Sound of, iv. 112, 117.
—— Island of, 117.
Slains Castle, iv. 37, 38, 85.
— Well of, iv. 85.
Slain-men's-lee, v. 221.
"SLINGSBY'S, SIR HENRY, MEMOIRS," Scott's edition of, ii. 248.
Sleep, vii. 301, 305; viii. 24.
Smailholme Tower, i. 35, 106. View from it described, 106. Visit to, 185. Ballad of the Eve of St. John, ii. 25. Last Visit of Scott to, ix. 144.
—— ix. 196.
Smallwood and Smith, Messrs. Melrose, vi. 209.
Smith, Messrs. Darnick, vi 151.
Smith, Mr. Colvin, his portrait of Scott ix. 269.
—— Horace, Esq., his novel of "Brambletye House," viii. 128, 130.
—— Mr. John, Darnick, viii. 149; ix. 117.
—— John, Esq., bookseller, Glasgow, v. 47.
—— Dr. Samuel, vii. 40.
—— Rev. Sidney, ii. 293; vi. 192.
—— William, Esq., M. P. his controversy with Southey, v. 37. Scott's opinion of, *ib*. Anecdote of Scott's meeting with, 38.
—— Mrs., trial of, for poisoning, viii. 186, 187.
—— Miss, tragedian, iii. 74, 212, 213.
Smollett, ix. 151.
Snuff-box, French, anecdote, iv. 254.
Sobriquets of Scott, i. 183, 188; vi. 277.
Society or Solitude, choice of, vii. 231, 282; viii. 58; ix. 32, 34.
Solitude, viii. 18.
—— at Abbotsford, viii. 57.
Solomon, iii. 304; iv. 311.
Solomon's Temple, ii. 97.
"SOMERS', LORD, COLLECTION OF TRACTS, 13 vols. 4to," ii. 305, 306; iii. 66.
Somerset House, accident at a dinner in, vii. 35.
"SOMMERVILLES, MEMOIR OF THE," publication of, iv. 194; ix. 235.
—— John, Lord, ii. 203, 230; iii. 207; iv. 230. Illness of, v. 265.
—— Rev. Dr., Jedburgh, i. 288 *n*; viii. 120.
—— Samuel, Esq., v. 284.
Sotheby, William, Esq., ii. 236, 237; iii. 55; viii. 136, 286.
Soul, immortality of the, vii. 260; viii. 75.
Southey, Robert, Esq., LL.D., his "Life of Cowper," i. 189; ii. 276. His "Madoc," ii. 197, 261, 265, 267. Visits Scott at Ashestiel, 211. Curious MS. brought by, *ib*. Scott's opinion of, in a letter to Miss Seward, 261. His "Palmerin of England," 264, 268. "Chronicle of the Cid," 264, 266. "Queen Orraca," 266. "Thalaba," 267, 268. Edinburgh Review Criticism on, 267. Curse of Kehama, 268; iii. 107. Scott's review of, iii. 110. Edition of "The Morte Arthur," ii. 271. His opinion of "Marmion," 276. Becomes Editor of the Edinburgh Annual Register, iii. 42, 139. Unsuccessful application for the office of Historiographer-Royal, iii. 208–210. Accepts the office of Poet

Laureate, 292. Devotion to literary pursuits, 303. Resigns charge of the Edinburgh Annual Register, iv. 293. Controversy with Mr. W. Smith, M. P., v. 37. His Pilgrimage to Waterloo, *ib.* "History of Brazil," iii. 108; v. 39, 202. "Life of Wesley," v. 202. Poem on the King's visit, vii. 45. Proposed editor of the Quarterly Review, *ib.* "History of the Peninsular War," viii. 131.

Southey, Letters from, ii. 264, 269, 276, 277; iv. 17; v. 198.

—— Letters to, ii. 265–269, 270; iii. 44, 46, 59, 61, 62, 107, 132, 209, 291, 292; iv. 17; v. 37, 199; vii. 42, 45.

—— ii. 129, 261; iii. 31, 35–59, 110, 139, 208, 237; v. 197; viii. 98.

Souza, Madame de, viii. 143.

Spain, affairs of, ii. 313, 329; iii. 18, 30, 37, 45, 46, 63, 147, 200; viii. 313.

Spaniards, ix. 118.

Spanish Armada vessels, iv. 136, 152, 186.

—— Ballads, Depping's, v. 201.

—— Proverbs, vii. 293.

"Speates and raxes," story of, vii. 59 *n.*

Speculative Society, Scott a member of the, i. 207. His Essays there, *ib.*

Spencer, ii. 194.

—— Earl, ii. 69, 222, 230.

—— Hon. William Robert, viii. 144 *n.*; Lines of, 171.

Sporting Anecdote, viii. 315.

Sportsmen, vii. 93. Anecdote of one, *ib.*

Stael, Madame de, iii. 307.

Staffa, Scott's first visit to, iii. 120, 126, 133. Second visit in 1814, iv. 131. Cavern of described, 132. Contrasted with other caverns, *ib.*

Stafford, Marquis of, iii. 216; viii. 154.

—— Marchioness of, *ib.* *See Duchess of Sutherland.*

Stag, Canadian, horns and feet, v. 71.

Stalker, Mr. one of Scott's early teachers, i. 50.

Stanfield, Philip, remarks on the case of, for parricide in 1688, i. 296; vi. 317.

Stark, Mr., architect, iii. 185, 216, 302; iv. 190.

Statesmen, consistency of, viii. 200, 201, 213, 214.

Steam-heating of houses, vi. 266, 289.

Steam navigation, vi. 314; vii. 156, 157. Anticipated consequences of, vii. 43.

Steele, Thomas, Esq., iv. 20 *n.*

Stennis, standing stones of, iv. 88.

Stevenson, Messrs. Oban, iv. 145.

—— John Hall, v. 100 *n.*

—— John, "True Jock," v. 100 *n.*; viii. 38.

Stevenson, Robert, Esq., engineer, iv. 30. Voyage with Scott in the Lighthouse yacht, 1814, 35 *passim*, 46, 59 *passim.* Sees a missionary preacher in Orkney, 86. Isle of Tyree, 126 *passim*, 156.

Stewart, Alexandar, of Invernahyle, an enthusiastic Jacobite, i. 170. Invites Scott to the Highlands, *ib.*

—— Andrew, "a poetical tailor," convicted of burglary, iii. 49. His Letters to Scott, 50, 51. Sentence commuted, 53.

—— General David, of Garth, vi. 220, 231.

—— Dugald, Professor of Moral Philosophy, i. 70, 158, 167, 202, 204. Reads Scott's translation of "Lenore," 274. Letter from, on Lenore, 287.

—— Sir Henry, of Allanton, Bart. vi. 325, 330; ix. 16.

—— Sir James, of Allanbank, vii. 145; ix. 9, 268.

—— Mr. James, of Brugh, affairs of, vii. 245.

—— Mrs. of Blackhall, viii. 60.

Sticchini, M., Naples, ix. 191.

Stirling Castle, i. 245; v. 68 *n.*; viii. 302 *n.*

Stirling, Earl, (William Alexander,) i. 88.

Stisted, Major, vii. 62.

Stoddart, Sir John, visits Scott at Lasswade, ii. 50.

—— ii. 124, 162; ix. 169, 175.

Stomach Cramps, v. 71, 73, 195.

Stopford, Lady Charlotte, the grave of, ix. 208.

Storrs, visit to, vii. 185.

Stothard's print of the Canterbury Pilgrims, viii. 219

Stour of Assint, iv. 107.

Stowell, Lord, viii. 294.

Straiton, "Old Willie," — "Man of Wisdom and Proverbs," death of, viii. 53.

Strangers and "*go-about*" folks, iii. 168. Conversation of, 169. Anecdote, *ib.*

Strangford, Lord, viii. 301.

Stratford-upon-Avon, vi. 128.

Strathmore, Earl of, i. 249.

Street, Mrs. Celia, Abbotsford, ix. 79.

Stromness, bay of, iv. 87. Town of, 93.

Strong, Mr., Fair Isle, iv. 65 *passim*, 69.

Struthers, Mr. John, Glasgow, his "Poor Man's Sabbath," a poem, ii. 311, 312 *n.*, 314, 329.

Strutt's, Joseph "Queenhoo-hall," Scott's edition of, ii. 306.

Stuart, Lady Louisa, ii. 27, 315; iii

60, 216; iv. 280; vi. 165; viii. 94. Death of her brother, vi. 213.
Stuart. Lady Louisa, Letters to, ii. 272, 289, 315; iii. 259; v. 13, 289; vi. 165; ix. 74.
—— Dr. Gilbert, iii. 23.
—— Hon. Wm., death of, vi. 213.
—— Prince Charles Edward, iv. 108, 143; v. 126. Anecdote of, viii. 11, Character, 12.
—— papers, commission on the, ix. 59.
Studies, caution against neglect of, v. 249, 251, 256; vi. 85, 174; vii. 54.
Subscription papers, vii. 256; viii. 84.
Succoth, Lord (Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart.) vii. 255.
Suicide, cases of, vii. 36; viii. 172 and *n.* Reflections on, 172.
"SULTAN OF SERENDIB, The," published in 1817, v. 10, 11.
Sumburgh-head, iv. 63.
—— rost, iv. 64.
Sun, Apostrophe to the, viii. 73.
"Sun-setting," Scott's early lines on the, i. 123.
Sun, the, newspaper, viii. 198.
Sunderland, viii. 237.
Sunninghill, residence of Mr. Ellis at, ii. 96, 253; iv. 223.
Superstition, "Dialogues on," proposed, vi. 303, 307.
Superstitions, ix. 213. Of the Highlands, iv. 114. Of Hunting, iii. 171. Regarding lakes in Scotland, iv. 279. Of the Orkneys, 80, 86, 91, 93. Of Shetland, 51. "*Trows*," *ib.* Wrecks, 52. *Thunderbolts*, 59.
"SURGEON'S DAUGHTER," Tale of the, published in November 1827, viii. 243.
Surnames, vii. 261.
—— introduction of, into Scotland, ii. 113.
Surtees, Robert, Esq. of Mainsforth, iii. 109.
—— Mr. Villiers, vi. 175; viii. 159, 160.
Suter, Rev. Mr., Kilmore, iv. 113, 116.
Sutherland, Duke of, iv. 106 *n.*
—— Duchess of, vi. 243. Gaelic title of, vii. 263.
Sutors of Selkirk, iv. 271. [*See Selkirk.*]
Swaby, Mr. London, vi. 198.
Swanston, John, Abbotsford, v. 261 285.
Swift, Dr. Jonathan, character of, iv. 21. His monument in St. Patrick's Cathedral, vii. 161. Stella, *ib.* Portrait, 162. Contrasted with Scott, 168; iv. 32.
"SWIFT'S LIFE AND WORKS," 19 vols. 8vo. Edition of, commenced, ii. 305, 306. Published, July 1814, iv. 19, 20. Characteristics of, 20. Edinburgh Review Criticism, 21. Second edition of, in 1824, vii. 10.
"SWIFT'S LIFE AND WORKS," iii. 32; iv. 13; v. 246.
Swift, Theophilus, iv. 20 *n.*
Swinton, George, Esq., vi. 311.
—— John, Esq., viii. 103. His anecdote of Mr. Kinloch, *ib.*
—— Sir John, of Swinton, materna great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, i. 40, 88; vi. 189.
—— Mrs. Margaret, tragical death of i. 132; vi. 190.
Sword-dance, account of, iv. 57.
S. W. S., viii. 145. Anecdote, 145 *n.*
Sykes, Sir M. M., Bart., vi. 282.
"*Sylva Abbotsfordiensis*," ix. 141.

T

Table-talk, viii. 154, 156, 285.
—— dinner, Scott and Jeffrey, ii. 291 Anecdote of Scott and Coleridge at Sotheby's, iii. 55; viii. 286. At Abbotsford, vi. 33.
Tacitus, excellent qualities of his history, vi. 93.
Tailors, v. 245.
Talbot, Sir George, ix 180.
"TALES OF A GRANDFATHER," 3 vols., 1st Series, (Scotland). Origin of, viii. 199, 209, 241. Publication, 253. Popularity of, 254, 269; ii. 325; iv. 306; vi. 297 *n.*
—— 3 vols., 2d Series, viii. 304, 312.
—— 3 vols., 3d Series, ix. 41.
—— 3 vols., 4th Series, (France), ix 51.
"TALES OF MY LANDLORD." 1st Series, 4 vols., iv. 293, 297–299, 307, 311. Opinions, 314; v. 11. 207. *See "The Black Dwarf" and "Old Mortality."*
—— 2d Series, 4 vols., v. 74–76, 106, 140. [*See "Heart of Mid-Lothian."*]
—— 3d Series, 4 vols., v. 230. Reception of, 232. *See "The Bride of Lammermoor" and "Legend of Montrose."*
—— 4th Series, 4 vols., ix. 152. Extract from the preface to, 161, 162. *See "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous."*
—— Factitious, series of, announced, v. 197.
"TALES OF THE CRUSADERS," 4 vols. — "The Talisman" and "The Betrothed," progress of their composition, vii. 130. Publication of, in June 1825, 131

"TALISMAN, THE," [*See Tales of the Crusaders.*"]

Talleyrand, viii. 135.

Tantallon Castle, how introduced in Marmion, ii. 259.

Tarentum, Archbishop of, ix. 187.

Task-work, vii. 249.

Tate, Nahum, iii. 217.

Taxation of literary income resisted, iii. 308, 309.

Taylor's, William, Translation of Burger's Lenore, i. 269. Compared with Scott's, 274. Letter to Scott on "The Chace," 289.

Tees, river, iii. 58, 192.

Teignmouth, Lord, iv. 94 *n*.

Teniers, paintings of, ix. 15.

Terry, Daniel, comedian, iii. 79. Account of, 81–83. Intimacy with Scott, 177, 178 First appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, 300. Dramatizes "Guy Mannering," iv. 282. Sobriquet "The Grinder," v. 73. Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, 212, 213. Anecdotes of—"Nigel" and "My Surly," vi. 173, 174 *n*. Becomes lessee and manager of the Adelphi Theatre, London, vii. 119. Visit to it, viii. 134. Failure of the speculation, 296, 297. Pecuniary loss to Scott by, 297. Letter from Scott to, *ib.*; and to Mrs. Lockhart on the affairs of, 307. His death, 309 *n.*; ix. 40.

Terry, letters to, iii. 214, 271, 300; iv. 190, 282, 290, 307; v. 21, 66, 67, 86, 89, 101, 104, 105, 212, 269; vi. 216, 255, 259, 263, 289, 290, 299, 333, 339; vii. 27, 32, 120, 124; viii. 297.

—— iii. 307; v. 21, 212; vi. 70, 71; viii. 304.

—— Mrs, iv. 309 *n.*; v. 212, 269; viii. 297, 309 *n*.

—— Walter Scott, v. 21, 213, 269; viii. 297, 298, 308.

"*Têtes échauffées*" of Germany, vi. 204.

Teviot, river, i. 253; ii. 207.

Thackwell, Colonel, vii. 116.

"*The Club*," Carrubber's Close, formation of, i. 184. List of its Original Members, 184 *n.*, 242.

—— London, vi. 284.

"THE LAIRD'S JOCK," Tale of, viii. 250.

"*The Tailor*," song of, . 243; iii. 156.

Theatre, London, audience of the, v. 201; vi. 69.

—— of Bath, i. 50, 111.

Theatrical representations, effects of, in youth, i. 111. Remarks on, iii. 301.

—— Fund dinner February 1827, viii. 177, 182.

—— speculations vii. 119, 125.

Theseus, of Virgil, vii. 288.

Thistlewood, Captain, vi. 92.

Thom, Mr., Sculptor, his figures of "Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny," ix. 14.

—— Rev. Mr., of Govan, vii. 155.

Thomas of Ercildoune, the Rhymer ii. 54, 110, 113 *passim*, 117, 123, 135, 136, 211; vii. 66; ix. 145.

"—— o' Twizzlehope, Auld." i. 228.

Thomson, George, Esq., v. 131.

—— Rev. George, tutor at Abbotsford, description and character of, iii. 217; v. 207, 208; vi. 46. Scott's solicitations on his behalf, v. 207, 210, 231; vi. 65; vii. 282. Death of, ix. 255.

—— v. 154, 165.

—— J. A. Esq., of Charleton, vi. 54.

—— James, "Life of," proposed, ii. 305.

—— Rev. John of Duddingstone, vi. 54; vii. 145; ix. 95. His painting of Fast Castle, vi. 267; vii. 145; of Dunluce Castle, vii. 310.

—— Thomas, Esq., i. 233; ii. 59. Appointed Deputy Clerk Register of Scotland, 233. His antiquarian lore, v. 162. Edition of "Sir James Melville's Memoirs," viii. 175.

—— iii. 94; iv. 36; vi. 54; viii. 175. 212.

—— "The Galashiels Poet," vi. 252, 255; vii. 262. Poetical invitation from, vii. 253, 254.

Thoughts, "concealed," viii. 154.

Thrale, Mrs., viii. 157.

Thunder-storm, its effects on Scott's infancy, i. 109.. His early lines on, 123.

Thurlow, Lord Chancellor, vi. 249, 250.

Thurtell, the murderer of Weare, viii. 105, 299, 300.

Tickell, Major, iv. 20 *n*.

Ticknor, Professor, of Boston, New England, v. 197, 202; ix. 269.

Time, lines to, i. 277; viii. 251. Interest conferred by, on works of art, iii. 239, 241.

Times, the, newspaper, its demolition of General Gourgaud's case, viii. 229

Ting and Tingwald, iv. 56.

Tingwall, church of, in Shetland, iv 53. Parish of, 56.

Tippoo Saib, iv. 18.

Titles, Scottish Dormant, viii. 37.

Tixall Poetry, iii. 138.

Tobermory, Mull, iv. 135.

Tod, Thomas, Esq., W. S. i. 149.

"—— Willie," ii. 206.

—— Colonel, Account of Rajasthan, 202.

Todd and Romanes, Messrs., vii. 77.

Tolbooth, old, of Edinburgh, iv. 308. [A niche *from* or a niche *in*, *ib.*]
Toothach, viii. 62.
"Too well known," the, vii. 266; viii 85.
Toplitz, vi. 258.
Torloisk, Isle of Mull, iv. 134
Torlonia, Duchess of, ix. 201.
"*Tormentil*," iv. 42.
Town and country contrasted, viii. 276, 277, 307.
Toy-woman, a travelling companion, viii. 233.
Tragedy, modern state of, vi. 271; vii. 26.
—— a *quietus* to one in manuscript, v. 270.
Train, Mr. Joseph, poems of, iv. 185. His usefulness to Scott in collecting traditions, anecdotes, and curiosities, 186, 189, 316; v 21; of Old Mortality and Rob Roy, iv. 316, 317. The "Wallace chair," vii. 16.
—— Letters to, iv. 188, 189.
Traquair, Earl of, vii. 114.
Travel, advice regarding, vi. 204.
Travelling, anecdotes of, iii. 169; iv 228, viii. 233.
—— expenses, viii. 129, 161.
Trial by jury, iii. 142.
"Trifles in verse, by a young soldier," (Marjoribanks) i. 147.
Tripp, Baron, anecdotes of, viii. 236, 237.
Trows', of Shetland, iv. 51.
Truth, duty of, when painful, viii. 77.
T. S. sketch of his singularities, vii. 250. Affairs of, 265, 266.
Tuftile, wells of, iv. 83.
Tullibody, i. 244.
"*Tully-Veolan*," i. 116, 246. Silver bear of, 250.
Turf, remarks on the, vii. 40.
Turk, properties of a, iii. 302.
Turnberry Castle, iv. 189.
Turnbull, Rev. John, of Tingwall, his voyage with Scott in 1814, iv. 35, Character, 53. Severe domestic bereavement, 54 *n.*
"*Turn-again*," iii. 163, 165, 270; v. 20
Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons," ii. 80.
—— J. W., royal academician, his drawings at Abbotsford, v. 183; ix. 196. Visit to Scott, ix. 144. Illustrations of Scott's poetry, *ib.*
Tutors, family, v. 70; vi. 296.
"*Twalmby, the great*," vii. 236.
Tweed, river, i. 253; ii. 208; iii. 166, v. 58, 59, 109; vi. 45; vii. 147, 197, ix. 229. A rise of, vii. 76; viii. 220 New bridge, ix. 117.
"Twin bodies" in Pitscottie's "History," vii. 291.
Twizzlehope, i. 228.
"Two Drovers," tale of the, published in November, 1827, viii. 243.
Tyree, Isle of, iv. 126.
Tytler, P. F., Esq., viii. 109. His "History of Scotland," vi. 297 *n.*

U

Uam Smowe, cave described, iv. 98-104 Contrasted with Macallister's cave and Staffa, 132.
Ugo Foscolo, transmutation of, from "a lion" to a "bore," vii. 240.
Ulva, iv. 134.
"Undine," tale of, v. 270; vi. 208.
Unhappy days, viii. 61.
Union of England and Scotland, viii. 41.
Unities, dramatic, vi. 90.
Urquhart, Sir Thomas, quotation from, vi. 149.
Useful lives of short date, vi. 332.
Usher, Mr. John, Toftfield, v. 48, 93 *n.*; v. 284; vi. 46.
Uttoxeter, viii. 281.

V

Valetta, town of, in Malta, ix. 177.
Vanity, literary, vii. 283.
Van Mildert, Mrs., viii. 236.
Variorum Classics, 140 vols., gift of Constable, vii. 18.
Vase of silver, the gift of Lord Byron to Scott, iv. 215, 217, 308.
Vathek, tale of, iv. 210; viii. 154.
"*Vegtam's Kvitha*," or the "descent of Odin," i. 231.
Venice, visit to, ix. 215.
Ventriloquism, vii. 290.
Ventriloquist, a, ix. 38.
Vertot's "Knights of Malta," i. 74.
Vesta, temple of, ix. 207.
Victoria, Princess, now Queen, Scott presented to, viii. 293.
Vida's poems, Scott falsely charged of plagiarism from, iii. 133.
Vidocq, memoirs of, ix. 27.
Villa Muti, the residence of the last of the Stuarts, ix. 205.
Villiers, John, Earl of Clarendon, vi. 87, 115.
Violet, lines on a, i. 277.
Virgil's sailor, prayer of, ix. 100.
Virtue, moral beauties of, ii. 109. Its *own* reward, v. 294.
Virtue and piety, cultivation of, in the higher ranks of life, iv. 165, 167 168, 170.
Virtuoso, definition of a, i. 114 *n*

"VISIONARY, THE," publication of, in January 1820, v. 298.
Visits of three days, vii. 204 *n*.
Volcanic island, new, ix. 155, 166. Letter on, 167.
Volere, Chevalier de la, uncle to Lady Scott, v. 176.
Voltaire, vi. 33.
Volunteers, burgher, v. 14.
—— *See Edinburgh.*
—— levies of in 1809 v. 274, 279 282.
Vulgar, meaning of, vii. 169.

W

Wags, professed, viii. 154.
Waldie, Mr. Robert, i. 146.
—— Mrs., i. 146.
—— Miss, her "Rome in the Nineteenth Century, 3 vols." i. 147.
Wales, North, vii. 182.
Walker, Mr., teacher of dancing, i. 155.
—— Deacon, Galashiels, vi. 255.
—— Helen, the original of Jeannie Deans, ix. 160. Scott's Monument to, 161.
—— Rev. James, Dunnottar, i. 247, 273.
—— Lieutenant, of "The Barham," ix. 166.
—— Street, Edinburgh, Scott's residence in, viii. 162.
—— Patrick, "Lives of the Covenanters," v. 100.
"Wallace Chair" at Abbotsford, vii. 16–18.
——'s Sword, vii. 259.
'Walladmoor," German fabrication of, vii. 131.
Walpole, Horace, Lord Orford, v. 100. His "Letters to Montague," *ib.* "Posthumous Memoirs," vi. 192.
—— vii. 233.
"Walter Scott," Smack named, vii. 90.
Walton Hall, vi. 61. Visited by Sir Walter and Mr. Lockhart, 62.
War-horn, Border, i. 230.
Warriors and Monks, traditions of, iv. 129.
Warton's, Dr. proposed edition of Dryden, ii. 213. Edition of Pope, 214.
Warwick Church, vii. 110.
—— Castle, *ib.*
"Watch and Ward in Ireland, vii. 176.
"Water-bull," superstition, iv. 279.
Watering places, Society at, vi. 335.
Waterloo, field of, visited by Scott, iv. 232. Major Gordon's Narrative of, 232–234. Letter on, from Scott to the Duke of Buccleuch, 235; and to Miss Baillie, 241
Watson, Thomas, Esq., M.D., accompanies Scott in illness from London to Abbotsford, ix. 220, 221.
—— Captain James, R.N., ix. 118.
Watt, James, bust of, vi. 68. His remarks on Scotch artizans, 109 *n*.
—— vii. 189.
—— and Downie, trials of, for high treason, i. 258. Execution of Watt 261.
Wattie Waeman, suicide of, vii. 36.
Waugh, Mr., Melrose, vi. 175, 264.
"WAVERLEY, 3 vols.," opinions of its merits, iv. 23. Constable's offer for the copyright, 24. Published July 1814, 25. Letters to Morritt on its progress and authorship, 25, 29. Unprecedented success of, 174. Retrospect of its composition, 175. Letters on, from Morritt, 176; and from M. G. Lewis, 178. Edinburgh and Quarterly Review notices of 180, 181. Opinions of others on, and characteristics of the Novel, 181. Mr. Senior's remarks on, vi. 275. See also i. 172, 245, 246, 250; ii. 104, 192; iii. 136, 297; iv. 196, 315; v. 293; vi. 136, 143; ix. 39.
"—— NOVELS," (*The Magnum Opus*,) COLLECTED EDITION, *with* NOTES, &c., 48 vols. First suggestion of the scheme, vii. 274. Arbitration on, and repurchase of their copyrights, viii. 254–256. Preparation of, 258, 303, 307; ix. 28, 29. Dedication of, to George IV., viii. 291. Publication and success of, ix. 42, 44, 64, 91, 145, 262.
—— Dramas of, iv. 282; v. 103, 189, 212; vi. 323, 339; ix. 214.
—— Secrecy and suspicion of their authorship, iv. 26, 31, 177–181, 222, 311; v. 165, 187, 295; vi. 57, 284 *passim*. Under a penalty of £2000, v. 184; vi. 177. Letters of Mr. Adophus on, vi. 129–150. Avowal of, viii. 180, 181.
"—— MSS," presented to Constable, vi. 286.
Wealth and Rank, remarks on Scott's estimate of, vii. 205–208.
Weare, murder of, by Thurtell, viii. 105, 299, 300.
Weaver, "a gifted," anecdote of, iv. 314 *n*
Weber, Henry, amanuensis to Scott, ii. 155. His edition of "Ancient Metrical Romance," 303, 304; viii. 38. Of "Beaumont and Fletcher's Works," iii. 138, 265; viii. 38. Insanity of, iv. 9–13. Death of, 12 "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," 14. Sketch of, viii. 38

Weber, Henry, iii. 27; iv. 14, 15.
Wedderburne, James, Esq., vi. 259, 262.
Weir, Dr., of Eastbank, vi. 326, 327 *n.*
Wellesley, Sir Arthur. [*See Duke of Wellington.*]
—— Marquis of, iii. 67, 68, 69, 71; vii. 159, 178.
Wellington, Duke of, Scott's estimate of his military character, iii. 147. Heroism of, iv. 238. Scott presented to, 245; and awe of the Duke's presence, 253, 254. Allusion to, in "The Abbot," *ib. n.* Appearance at the Coronation of George IV., vi. 120. Meetings with Scott in 1826, viii. 155, 156, 158. Opposed to Mr. Canning, 195. Meeting with Scott, at Durham Castle, 232, 233; and at Ravensworth Castle, 236. His anecdotes of Foy and Tripp, *ib.* Meeting at Sunderland, 237. Eulogé of, 313. His bust of Scott at Apsley house, ix. 272.
—— iii. 37, 200; v. 196; vi. 17, 248, 318; vii. 87; viii. 192, 215, 253, 292; ix. 25, 28, 75, 154.
—— Duchess of, iii. 152. Letters from, *ib.*
Wells of Slain, iv. 85.
Welsh Antiquaries and Poets, ii. 161.
—— language, vi. 75.
Wemyss, Earl of, v. 206.
—— Mr., of East Blair, vii. 150.
Wesley, anecdote of, v. 202. Life of, by Southey, *ib.*
Westhall, Lord, ix. 60.
Westmoreland Lakes, ii. 327.
West-Port murders. [*See Burke and Hare.*]
Whale, Mr. Lancelot, of the Grammar School, Kelso, i. 62, 145, 146. Sketch of, 62. Scott's progress in Latin under him, 62, 146; ix. 85.
Whales, iv. 70, 72, 73.
"What for no," phrase of, vi. 308.
"What is this world?" viii. 171.
Whately, Archbishop, vi. 187 *n.*
Whig and Tory, vii. 295; viii. 211. Administration of, viii. 214.
—— party, iii. 23, 69, 200; iv. 256; v. 93; vi. 119; vii. 242; viii. 35, 71, 193, 196, 198, 201, 214; ix. 30, 35, 82.
Whisky, Highland, iv. 305; ix. 33.
—— Irish, vii. 176.
White Boys, the Irish, v. 258.
"White horse in the Revelations," v. 225.
"—— teeth," ii. 273.
Whittaker, Mr. G. B., bookseller, London, ix 154.
Whitworth, Earl of, ix. 268.
Whyte, Miss Lydia, "a blue stocking," ii. 273, 315. Humorous sketch of, 315; viii. 154. Her excursion to the Highlands, ii. 316; and death, viii. 185.
—— Miss, La Cava, ix. 191, 193.
Wicklow County, Excursion to, vii. 164.
Wicks of Baiglie, i. 171.
Widdrington, vi. 250.
Widows, burning of, in India, vii. 248.
—— demands of, viii. 57.
Wild Bull, the, iv. 279.
"WILD HUNTSMAN, THE," from Burger, i. 280, 289 *passim.*
Wilde, John, Professor of Civil Law, i. 83.
Wilkes, John, iii. 113.
Wilkie, Sir David, R. A., visits Abbotsford, v. 62, 65, 68, 92 *n.* The Teniers of Scotland, viii. 16. His portraits of Scott, ix. 270; and picture of "The Abbotsford Family," *ib.*
—— Professor, vi. 58.
William IV., ix. 82, 91, 140, 154, 256.
"William and Helen." [*See* "*Burger's Lenore.*"]
Williams, Archdeacon, vi. 64 *passim* Chosen Rector of the New Edinburgh Academy, vii. 48, 51.
—— vii. 130; ix. 141, 231.
Williamson, W., of Cardrona, viii. 25 and *n.*
Willich, Dr., teacher of German, i. 235, 280.
Wilson, Captain, of the Lighthouse Yacht, iv. 35 *passim*, 156.
—— Harriet, publication of her Memoirs, vii. 257. Meeting with, 258.
—— Mr. Lestock, ix. 19.
—— Professor John, short account of, iii. 196. His "Magic Mirror," 238. Lines from, on "The Great Magician," *ib.* Visit to Abbotsford, v. 148 *passim*, 167. Candidate for the Moral Philosophy Chair, vi. 21. Letter from Scott on, 22. Admiral of the Lakes, vii. 170, 185. Visit to Storrs, 185.
—— v. 29; vi. 144, 339; vii. 170; ix. 264.
—— Robert Sym, Esq., vii. 265.
—— William, Esq., viii. 136.
—— Mrs., Fushie Bridge, viii. 247 *n.*
Wilton Nuns, vii. 295.
Windsor, Visit of Scott to, in 1826, viii. 132.
Wine, indulgence in, vi. 94.
—— habits of drinking, v. 252; vii 112.

Winnos, John, iii. 258.
Winstanly, Mr., auctioneer, iii. 271.
"Wisdom," of Twizzlehope, i. 228.
Wishaw, Mr., editor of Mungo Park's Journal, ii. 150.
Wit, flippant, viii. 154.
—— game of, viii. 51.
—— *Irish*, vii. 234.
"With," a substantive, i. 120.
Wolcott, Dr., his attack of Gifford, viii. 184.
Wollaston, Dr., at Abbotsford, vi. 39.
Woman of Fife, anecdote of a, vii. 176.
—— legal evidence of a deaf and dumb, viii. 119.
—— "vain, beautiful as," viii. 56.
Women, employment of, iii. 259; viii. 122.
—— of fashion, conduct of, vii. 203, 204.
"Women, or *Pour et Contra*," Maturin's novel of, v. 96. Scott's letter of advice on, *ib.* Review of, 173.
Wood, Sir Alexander, i. 257, 270. Letter to, viii. 310.
—— Mr. Alexander, surgeon, i. 44.
—— Deacon, Galashiels, vi. 255.
—— John Philip, Esq., ix. 61 and *n.*
Woodhouselee, Lord, i. 70, 235; viii. 109.
"WOODSTOCK, 3 vols." Contracted for in 1823. Progress of, vii. 293, 298, 299, 303, 305, 306, 317; viii. 13, 23, 59. Sale of, 60. Publication of in June 1826, 85; and reception, 86. Critical remarks on, 87, 88. Its success, 88.
"Woody-Morven," The, iv. 137.
Wordsworth, William, Esq., visits Scott at Lasswade, ii. 125. Reception, *ib.*; and excursions, 125–127. His impressions of Scott, 128, 129. "Sonnet on Neidpath Castle," 130. Visit at Grasmere of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, 209. Letter from, on Dryden, 217. Remarks on his poetry, 269; vi. 72; viii. 166, 167, 186. "Sonnet on Killiecrankie," ii. 269. Opinion of "Marmion," 277. His bust by Chantrey, vi. 72. Visit to Storrs, vii. 185. Visited by Scott, at Mount Rydal, 186. His anecdote of Crabbe, viii. 167. Visit to Abbotsford, 1831, ix. 151. His "Yarrow Revisited," *ib.* "Sonnet on the Eildons," 152.
Wordsworth, letters from, ii. 128, 217, 277.
—— iii. 45, 48, 109; vii. 44.
—— Miss, ii. 125, 126, 128 *n.*; vii. 44, 186; ix. 151.
World "another and a better," viii. 310.
Wortley, Hon. John Stuart, ix. 263.
—— Sir Thomas, *temp.* Henry VIII ii. 119, 121.
Wrangham, Archdeacon, viii. 313 *n.*
Wright, Thomas Guthrie, Esq., ii 257. His reminiscences of Scott, *ib*
—— vi. 286.
—— Rev. Thomas, of Borthwick, viii 272.
—— William, Esq., Lincoln's Inn, vii. 211.
—— Miss, iii. 177.
"Writers," (Attorneys), anecdote of Sir Allan Maclean with, iii. 124.
—— to the Signet, apprentices of, i. 162–164.
Wyattville, Sir Jeffery, architect, viii. 133.
Wynn, Right Hon. C. W., viii. 293.

Y

Yair, seat of Mr. Pringle, ii. 147.
Yarmouth, Lord, now Marquis of Hertford, iv. 219.
Yarrow, river, ii. 146, 147, 150; v. 17. Anecdotes of Mungo Park at, ii. 151, 152.
Yates, Mr. Frederick, comedian, vii. 119.
"*Yeard hunger*," vi. 298.
Yelin, the Chevalier, death of, vii. 298, 300.
Yeomanry, dissolution of, viii. 278 Remarks on, *ib.*; ix. 75.
York, Cardinal of, the last of the Stuarts, ix, 200, 205, 239.
—— Frederick, Duke of, iv. 219, 221; v. 232; vi. 20, 85, 113. At the Coronation of his brother, 119. Illness of, viii. 152, 157, 158. Death and character, 183.
—— vi. 248.
Young, Alexander, Esq., of Harburn, viii. 38.
Young, Charles, Esq., tragedian, iii 74.
—— Dr. Thomas, controversy with the Edinburgh Review, ii. 157. Scott's remarks on the feud, 158.
—— Miss, of Hawick, ix. 50, 86.
—— Poet, sketch of one, vi. 312.
—— and old, society of, viii. 111.
Youth, viii. 116.
—— feelings of independence in, vi. 194.
—— important period of, v. 265; vi 75, 174.
—— and age contrasted, viii. 164, 165, 168, 170, 171.
Youthful promise, viii. 301.

THE END.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 10046 642 2